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# [***New Parts Of Town For Spoleto Festival***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-73C0-000P-N31Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** CHARLESTON, S.C., May 30

**Body**

The Rev. Julius Barnes, pastor of St. Luke's Reformed Episcopal Church, wasn't all that sure what to think when officials from the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. approached him about building a sculpture garden on the 110-year-old church's side lawn.

"At first, I was a little concerned," he said. The proposal by the artist, Martha Jackson-Jarvis, called for a cluster of structures built of oyster shell, concrete, wrought iron and tile, drawing on symbols of the black experience in the surrounding Carolina Lowcountry. "There was mention of old African gods and other things. I wasn't sure how my people would respond."

Now, the finished work, colorful and strange, draws a steady stream of curious residents from the surrounding neighborhood, Charleston's ***working-class*** and largely black East Side. "People are very excited about it," Mr. Barnes said. "The church has had more visitors in the last few weeks than it has ever had. It's as though a spark has been lit in the community."

The Spoleto Festival, its 21st season unfolding in the parks, theaters and churches of Charleston, had generally confined itself to the opulent and historic streets near the southern tip of this city on a palm-flecked peninsula, having infrequent commerce with the poorer neighborhoods to the north.

Now, the festival is picking itself up following several seasons of internal strife and crippling money woes, hoping at long last to exorcise the memory of its founder, Gian Carlo Menotti, the Italian composer whose stormy battles with the festival board and rancorous departure in 1993 left Spoleto in artistic and financial flux.

"One of the things we've been doing, self-consciously doing, is trying to broaden the reach of the festival," said Nigel Redden, its general director. "Part of the purpose of the festival is to draw people into exploring Charleston, and parts of the city they might not otherwise explore. Plus, we are trying to take things to people who might not buy tickets, but for whom it is important to create a sense of festival."

The city's church-dappled, Caribbean-flavored southern tip has once again been engulfed by the festival. Spoleto posters adorn the historic storefronts. The restaurants buzz with talk about performances and artists, some of whom are little known in their own neighborhoods, yet suddenly find themselves surrounded by admirers.

Mr. Redden, who was Spoleto's general manager from 1986 to 1991 under Mr. Menotti, had a very public falling out with the composer and resigned, returning two years ago to attempt to rescue a festival that had a dwindling artistic reputation and a deficit of more than $3 million.

Cranking up Spoleto's fund-raising machine and instituting firmer financial controls, Mr. Redden was able in 1996 to complete the festival with a small profit and to pay off about half of the accumulated debt. He expects to finish in the black this year, too.

"The financial crisis is over," Mr. Redden said. "It's rebuilding that's the issue now, regaining a sense of momentum, redefining the festival, reaffirming the sense of artistic excitement."

The 17-day festival, which opened on May 23, is in many ways similar to the festivals that existed under Mr. Menotti's control. It consists of 126 performances of 31 programs in performance spaces all over the city, traditional and cerebral, predominantly European in style and content. But there are also some changes that point to the direction Spoleto intends to move in the future.

Instead of featuring an audience-pleasing grand opera -- "La Traviata," for instance -- this year's festival chose Alban Berg's solemn and brooding "Wozzeck."

And while it is a common conceit to accompany a production of "Wozzeck" with one of Berg's "Lulu," Mr. Redden said, this year's festival chose instead to present a new interpretation called "Lulu Noire," a collaboration between the director and librettist Lee Breuer and the composer John Faddis that transplants the story to a be-bop era African-American milieu.

Spoleto has often shrewdly exploited Charleston's eclectic choice of performance spaces, and this year a production of Britten's "Curlew River," which Britten and his librettist, William Plomer, described as a "parable for church performance in one act" inspired by Japanese Noh theater, was performed in the city's atmospheric Circular Congregational Church.

Elsewhere was the familiar Spoleto melange: the latest work from the choreographer Twyla Tharp, a fantastical reinterpretation of "The Three Musketeers" by the Theatre de la Jeune Lune of Minneapolis, performances by Meredith Monk, the Westminster Choir and the Tai-Gu Tales Dance Theater of Taiwan, and works by composers from Verdi to Frank Zappa.

Perhaps most significant was the festival's decision to move out into the community with "Human/Nature," a series of environmental sculptures scattered around the city and surrounding area, including the one in Mr. Barnes's side yard.

Plans are being discussed to build on this expansion next year with co-commissioned appearances by the Paul Taylor dance troupe at Spoleto, the Koger Center in Columbia, S.C., and the Peace Center in Greenville, S.C. In addition, Mr. Taylor's other company, Taylor 2, would perform around the state for several weeks.

William Hewitt, president of the festival board, agreed with Mr. Redden that the immediate crisis had certainly passed, but he said the board would not be satisfied until Spoleto had a "sizable net worth, three or four years in a row of festivals in the black, growing in financial and artistic success, maybe an endowment and the capability to begin to plan our festivals two years in advance instead of one."

The continuing problem, he said, is ticket sales, which despite an increase in the last two years, are still far below the halcyon years of the late 80's and early 90's.

The board has asked McKinsey & Company, a consulting concern, to conduct a two-year study that will become the basis for a new marketing plan. "It is exactly the sort of thing that we were never able to do in the past," said Mr. Hewitt. "Gian Carlo Menotti wanted to run this festival like it was his festival. The kind of planning we're doing now could not have happened in 1991."

The festival was founded by Mr. Menotti in 1977, an American adjunct to the Festival of Two Worlds that he founded in the small Umbrian hill town of Spoleto in 1958.

"There were those who were opposed to it in the beginning," said Joseph P. Riley, who has been Charleston's Mayor for 20 years. "There were fears that this big, European festival would come in and overwhelm the local cultural institutions. Of course, just the opposite has happened. Charleston's cultural institutions are stronger than they've ever been, and Spoleto was the catalytic agent."

What was in 1977 a sleepy and declining city, has been transformed into a prosperous city of restaurants and tourists and teeming sidewalks. "Spoleto was critically important in making that happen," Mr. Riley said. "It was like turning on a water- sprinkler system in the desert on parched grass. It brought people to streets, created a spark of life. You know, it's true: A city, when it works hard to create something worthwhile, becomes a better city."

Spoleto Festival U.S.A., under Mr. Menotti's direction, grew steadily in stature until it became perhaps the most important and influential regional arts festival in the country, focusing on a shrewd blend of grand opera, popular works from the classical repertory and a generous helping of new, edgy material. By 1991, the festival was drawing large crowds and important artists and sitting on $1.5 million in the bank.

Then, it all went sour.

Charging that Mr. Redden and some members of the board were being disloyal, Mr. Menotti demanded that they be removed or he would not return for the 1992 festival. Ostensibly, "the great unpleasantness," as it is still referred to in Spoleto circles, concerned a 1991 series of sculpture installations drawing on themes from Charleston's history. Mr. Menotti hated it, called it "rubbish" and tried to have it removed from the festival. Mr. Redden and the board members wanted to keep it. Accusations abounded of political plots and intrigues.

The exhibition, "Places With a Past," remained in the 1991 festival, but Mr. Redden resigned along with 23 of 56 board members. The tensions culminated in 1993 with the new board accepting the last of Mr. Menotti's threatened resignations.

Mr. Menotti returned home to Scotland and to running his Italian festival. A new general director was chosen, Milton Rhodes, head of the American Council for the Arts, in New York City; he was generally credited with saving the truncated 1994 festival. The 1995 festival, however, was a financial debacle.

This was the situation Mr. Redden inherited when he was rehired to put together the 1996 festival.

The answer, he said, is to mount a festival with "fiscally prudent growth" that presents "works for which you have to find an audience rather than works for which an audience already exists."

Mr. Barnes said he thought it was beginning to work. A group of his parishioners, who had never had anything to do with Spoleto before, are organizing a bus tour to look at the other "Human/Nature" installations. "And you know," he said, "I've been at this church for four years, and now, for the first time, I find myself interested in what's happening at the festival."

That is greatly satisfying to Mr. Redden. "I would love to build a black audience for 'Wozzeck,' " he said, paused and laughed. "I would love to build a white audience for 'Wozzeck.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Feed 'n' Seed Band from Atlanta at the opening of the Spoleto Festival in Charleston. (William H. Struhs/Spoleto Festival U.S.A.)

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By Susan Chira

**Body**

TWO young student guides raced through a tour of their school, clearly at home but still a bit in awe at the riches within: computers everywhere, inside classrooms and out. Breakfast for everybody, offered in a sleek, modern space with wide tables, where students serve themselves. A library where books are checked out like groceries, with a bar code.

This is the Kingshurst City Technology College, an alternative inner-city high school in Solihull, England, near the industrial city of Birmingham, that is challenging traditional notions of what school should be.

Kingshurst is actually an incorporated company, founded with donations from British businesses. The business link is important: Kingshurst emphasizes math, science and technology, and it was corporate money that outfitted the school with high-technology equipment, including one computer for every four students. Many of the technological specialists, mathematicians and scientists on staff were hired from companies, not out of education schools. And many of the students take advantage of the workplace experience that Kingshurst, with its business ties, can offer.

There are other innovative practices at Kingshurst. Teachers, for example, are paid according to performance, while students attend classes an hour longer each day and 15 days more each year than is usual for their age and grade. The school offers day care for children of employees and older students.

Many of these ideas are exactly what President Bush had in mind when he called for "New American Schools" -- a rethinking of how schools can best serve children, families and employers in the late 20th century. Like the framers of an ambitious school reform effort now under way in Britain, President Bush believes that such institutions could serve as a model and goad to schools still clinging to the old ways.

They haven't yet in Britain, and Mr. Bush's critics are skeptical about model schools changing the vast majority of schools in the United States.

So far, Kingshurst and the 12 other city technology colleges now open in Britain appear to have inspired more resentment than imitators. Nor have businesses anted up as much money to found new schools as government leaders had expected.

Passionate Allegiance

But the schools have the passionate allegiance of students, parents, teachers and administrators, who believe they are charting a course that will convince the doubters. "In this country, we are only successful with the top 10 or 20 percent," said Valerie Bragg, Kings hurst's principal. "I want to prove to this country that all children are talented." That is a particularly important task in Britain, where only 20 percent of students go on to higher education, and in the area around Birmingham, where only about 20 percent of students stay in school through age 18.

City technology colleges try to reverse these trends by combining academic and vocational training, which in Britain are usually separated. They are supposed to serve inner-city students and, among those who apply, must accept youngsters with a wide range of abilities. Mrs. Bragg was otherwise free to create any school she wanted, using ideas she had garnered from a long career as a principal of conventional schools.

Mrs. Bragg recruited more than 70 corporate sponsors, who paid 20 percent of the $19 million cost of building Kings hurst. While the Government gives Kingshurst the same yearly allotment as other schools, the sponsors have donated about $950,000 a year to pay for such things as computers, software and field trips.

With this money, Mrs. Bragg designed a building defined by space and light -- with a curving roof of glass like a greenhouse, walls of windows and classrooms shaped like hexagons instead of squares.

Students use technology in every aspect of their work, from writing papers to designing lighting for the school stage. Their courses have a heavy dose of business, including food and textile technology, information processing, simulations of stock markets. And students have much more freedom than they usually get in British schools -- to learn at their own pace, use computers scattered at will or stay inside when most schools chase students out for recess or after hours.

Four years after Kingshurst opened in 1988, Mrs. Bragg says she has students who are not only motivated, but also aggressive about making sure they learn. "I am convinced what learning is about is getting children to enjoy learning," she said. "If you show them how to learn, those skills can be used for all sorts of things."

As one example, Mrs. Bragg encourages every member of the school, including the custodian, to teach "enrichment" courses, ranging from pottery to kite-making to Italian, which students take several times a year during the school day.

Her students love the school -- and these are children from poor and ***working-class*** backgrounds who are usually shunted onto vocational tracks and whatever low-level jobs exist. Nearly a third of the students' families are unemployed, 40 percent live in single-parent homes and 35 percent have such low family incomes that they qualify for free meals.

'Allowed to Think'

"You're treated differently here," said Aimee Weir, 12 years old, who started her second year at Kingshurst this fall. "You're allowed to think. In my primary school, the teachers gave you a book and taught. Here, you've got to find your own way."

A quick tour of Kingshurst conducted by Aimee showed a purposeful, lavishly equipped school. In one room a student sat alone, practicing on a tuba. In a religious studies class, students who had examined the character of Henry VIII were writing autobiographies.

Few outsiders dispute that Kingshurst has captured the imagination and allegiance of students who often hate school by this stage. But scholars and Government education inspectors charge that it has not lived up to its billing, primarily because it has not served as a catalyst for change.

Two scholars from Aston University, in Birmingham, studied Kingshurst and concluded in a book published last year that the school is cut off from other schools, parents and community leaders and has not prompted changes elsewhere. They and other scholars say that many schools resent Kingshurst, accuse it of creaming off the most motivated students and believe it does better because it has better facilities.

"City technology colleges have been a policy failure," said Geoff J. Whitty, a professor of education policy and management at London University's Goldsmiths College, who has also examined these schools. "There is no real mechanism for networking. Local schools just say the city technology colleges have much better budgets."

These are precisely the objections that critics have made to President Bush's idea of New American Schools. Model school projects in the past, they say, have created a handful of wonderful schools that remained isolated enclaves.

While most scholars praised the quality of education at Kingshurst, a report last year by Her Majesty's Inspectorate, a Government school inspection team, said the school offered good information technology but faulted its training in design technology and languages. Mrs. Bragg said the criticism was unjust. The book was based on Kingshurst's first year, she said, and the inspectors came on a day when several language teachers were out sick. She believes that Kingshurst's approach is indeed swaying other schools, particularly in its decision to offer several alternatives to the traditional "A" levels, the examinations that lead to college entrance in Britain.

'International' Degree

Instead, students may study for an "International Baccalaureate" that qualifies them to enter both British and foreign universities, or a business diploma that includes work experience and job placements that Kings hurst helps to arrange.

Mrs. Bragg and her students clearly feel the strain of being a closely watched, highly politicized national experiment. But students say the pressure makes them more determined to prove their school works. "Because we're given so much responsibility, we don't want to muck around," said Chantal Jackson, a 13-year-old in her third year there.

Still others say Kingshurst has invited criticism by grandiose claims. "It's partly because of the boasts made -- letterheads saying, 'The future of education has arrived,' " said Martin Dobson, an 18-year-old studying for the International Baccalaureate.

The future of such schools is not clear in Britain. The victory of the Conservative Party in last spring's elections insures that the Government will have the power to continue the market-oriented changes it believes will transform British education. But in the meantime, the successes and failures of the city technology colleges may offer lessons for Americans as this country begins to move down a similar path.

**Graphic**

Photos: "I want to prove to this country that all children are talented," said Valerie Bragg, headmistress of Kingshurst.; Students at Kingshurst City Technology College, an alternative high school in Solihull, England, emphasizing math and science.; Alex Evers, a 17-year-old Kingshurst student, manipulates the arm of a robot as it handles a cup. (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

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[***Chirlane McCray and the Limits of First-Ladyship***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5J34-K2F1-DXY4-X16F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

The first time I had lunch with Chirlane McCray at Gracie Mansion, I was distracted by the wallpaper. This was just about a year after her husband, Bill de Blasio, was sworn in as mayor of New York. In a breathlessly short period, McCray had gone from being a poet, wife and mother, with a job writing ad copy for a neighborhood hospital, to being first lady of New York City with a day-to-day schedule that could consist of everything from reading books to kindergartners in a classroom in East New York to exchanging pleasantries with Catherine, the Duchess of Cambridge.

Standing near the head of a long, polished dining table, as a young white woman in a chef's uniform recited the lunch menu, McCray repeated our choices to me and her chief of staff. But my attention kept drifting to the walls, where a Zuber wallpaper from the 1830s depicted a maiden, her complexion a flushed peaches and cream, trapped in an almost-embrace with a pale and severe-looking soldier in a red-and-blue military uniform. Before they moved into Gracie, McCray and de Blasio lived in a vinyl-sided townhouse in Park Slope, Brooklyn, and worked out at the local Y.M.C.A. Shortly after de Blasio became mayor, McCray said she would be a ''voice for the forgotten voices,'' because, she said, ''black women do not have as many positive images in the media as we should.'' How did it feel for that woman to regularly dine within this patrician fantasy?

I thought of the wallpaper again last month, as de Blasio's second year in office came to a close. Report cards about his administration were being issued by the city's dailies, and many concerned his famous pledge, as a candidate, to end the ''tale of two cities,'' the lasting chasm that income inequality had created in the city. Now, at the halfway mark, a common refrain was that the mayor's record on this was ''mixed.'' Josh Greenman of The New York Daily News wrote that de Blasio's prekindergarten and pedestrian-safety initiatives were two of his most significant wins, but Greenman criticized the mayor for struggling to get a grip on the city's homeless problem, for his ''blurry'' attempt to fix struggling schools and for his brinkmanship with Albany. But his most telling critique was that the mayor was still pushing ahead with his campaign promises: ''To build or preserve 200,000 units of affordable housing within a decade. To get all second-graders reading at grade level over that same span. To extend mental-health help to thousands upon thousands of New Yorkers who struggle with everything from depression to schizophrenia.'' De Blasio was trying to tackle the impossible in a city that was both fearful of and impatient with reform. ''De Blasio's pledges are so seismic,'' Greenman wrote, ''his language so grandiloquent, that he gives the impression of being insufficiently grounded, destined to overpromise and underdeliver.''

The Daily News was right about many things, but it overlooked the most relevant questions. De Blasio sold himself as a mayor who would try to end the effects of income inequality. But for whom? The entire city or those who were the most neglected? While much ado has been made about de Blasio's dismal approval ratings with white voters, white voters are statistically not the people who will determine if de Blasio has a second term. What is much more important is how de Blasio and McCray are each being forced to navigate their obligations to the black and minority New Yorkers who overwhelmingly voted for them.

What made de Blasio exceptional during his campaign in 2013 was his ability to convincingly articulate what many minority families had never heard a white man say publicly about race. He understood their fears and related to them. He was the one candidate who seemed to know intimately the fatigue that many of them felt after 12 years of Michael Bloomberg's leadership as mayor. This was in large part because of the woman by his side with the long dreadlocks, tiny nose ring and activist past. Though she had obviously not made de Blasio black, she gave black New Yorkers a sense of representation, a sense that unlike Rudolph W. Giuliani or Bloomberg, her husband did not lack empathy toward their concerns.

What this meant for de Blasio was obvious; what it meant for McCray was less so. Her gift and her burden for the next four years would be navigating the very real expectations and over­identifications being placed upon her. When I asked McCray at that lunch about her new life, she only laughed at the obvious growing pains that she was enduring. ''There's no manual,'' she said. ''There's just no manual. Donna Hanover called and invited me out. We had lunch, and she offered advice. Hillary offered advice. Michelle Obama offered advice. Joyce Dinkins.'' She counted them in her very deliberate way and then added: ''I spoke with all of them, which was wonderful. Especially Donna, who was the first one to offer.''

McCray seemed to understand that she was being opaque if not impenetrable, that her answer had revealed nothing. ''Think about campaigns and about first ladies and how you see them, what they can do. Jill Biden. Right? Michelle? Jill Biden in government is not as prominent, right? It is not as prominent a role, and you don't expect her to have as prominent a role.'' McCray shot quick, furtive glances at her plate and then her aides. ''It's very different from the campaign,'' she said, before pausing to add, ''When you become first lady, it's like, 'O.K., now what do you do?' ''

McCray can be both personable and evasive. She often offers a warm smile in lieu of an answer. There had been two years of going to Gracie Mansion, going to City Hall, going to Brownsville, going to Queens, and I was accustomed to her deflections. For every question I asked about her family, she asked me one about mine. This happened one morning over breakfast, at a diner in Park Slope, when I brought up her work with the Combahee River Collective, a black feminist organization to which she belonged in the 1970s. Her membership in Combahee had figured in what was, for McCray, a strange coming out of sorts during the campaign. The New York Observer found an article that McCray wrote in the late '70s that described her years as a journalist and an activist and her struggle to feel comfortable as a black lesbian. In it she wrote: ''Telling my story has not been easy for me. I've had to dredge up memories I would have rather forgotten. The lonely, anxiety-ridden months I avoided others, attempting to hide from interrogations about my social life. The questions I couldn't or refused to answer . . . the inescapable nightmares of being rejected by family and friends. The morning when tension­-racked and covered with hives, my body would be raw from my incessant scratching. Through all this I pretended that being known as a lesbian didn't bother me, that it was only a problem for other people. Yet, for me and for many women like me, being lesbian today means living in fear of discovery and in fear of not being liked. Nothing has brought me greater misery or stagnation than those fears.''

In 1974, when McCray joined roughly 30 other black feminists in Boston to start Combahee, they were interested in the ''interlocking'' nature of race, gender, sexuality and class. The organization took its name from the only military campaign ever led by a woman on U.S. soil -- a Unionist, patriotic act by Harriet Tubman that she considered to be one of her greatest triumphs. The group wrote a mission statement about black female activism and organizing that is still taught in many women's studies programs. They tried to identify the specific joys and difficulties of black womanhood in America, writing:

''Black feminists and many more black women who do not define themselves as feminists have all experienced sexual oppression as a constant factor in our day-to-day existence. As children we realized that we were different from boys and that we were treated differently. For example, we were told in the same breath to be quiet both for the sake of being ''ladylike'' and to make us less objectionable in the eyes of white people. As we grew older we became aware of the threat of physical and sexual abuse by men. However, we had no way of conceptualizing what was so apparent to us, what we knew was really happening.''

The group sponsored retreats and built coalitions with other feminist organizations. It tried to create a support system in which the members could be themselves and support others who needed it: black female domestic-abuse victims, prisoners and artists.

At breakfast, McCray remarked on the book I was carrying: Michele Wallace's seminal black feminist text from 1978, ''Black Macho and the Myth of the Superwoman,'' which sought to shed light on the black women who were dismissed during the black-liberation movement. ''Oh, wow, I haven't seen that book in years,'' McCray said. The book set us off into a freewheeling discussion of everything from our shared Ghanaian ancestry to her belief that today's feminist movement was just as robust as it was in the 1970s. She told me about her work, over the years, advocating for more domestic-violence shelters in the city. She ran through the names of organizations she wanted to work with, visibly excited that her new role would let her do this kind of work full time. Soon we were finished eating, and McCray's security detail led her out of the restaurant.

Moments later, as I walked down the street, I saw someone waving me at me. It was McCray, doing some grocery shopping. It all looked very normal, if you failed to notice the undercover police officer beside her and the large black S.U.V. trailing them. I wondered how all of that attention felt for a woman who once wrote, in a poem for a black feminist anthology in 1983, that:

I used to thinkI can't be a poetbecause a poem is being everything you can bein one moment,speaking with lightning protestunveiling a fiery intellector letting the words drift feather-softinto the ears of strangerswho will suddenly understandmy beautiful and tortured soul.But, I've spent my life as a Black girla nappy-headed, no-haired,fat-lipped,big-bottomed Black girland the poem will surely come out wronglike me.

And, I don't want everyone looking at me.

Each time McCray and I talked, she was keen to give me what she called ''context'': photos of her family life, the brown cloth dolls her mother made, stories about tables full of fruits and vegetables from the garden her father tended. McCray was born in 1954 in Springfield, Mass. It was clear that she was not at all comfortable with how her childhood had been portrayed by the press. McCray was too guarded to linger on the hardship of growing up a black girl in an all-white world, but it seemed to bother her that her childhood was perceived as evidence of some unique damage. She repeatedly stressed that her parents worked hard to provide for their three girls. ''They were both coming from families who were broken or missing, and they didn't know how to do it right, and they were very smart, and they put pieces in place,'' she said.

The McCrays moved to Longmeadow, Mass., where the schools were ranked highly, in 1965. Their house was new, and they were proud that nobody had lived in it before. Her father worked at a nearby air base, and her mother worked at an electronics factory, but they told Chirlane, their eldest daughter, to tell the neighbors that their mother stayed home, like the other mothers.

It was a house filled with pragmatic books like encyclopedias and Reader's Digests. ''Every Christmas, I would get one book for Christmas, in my stocking,'' McCray told me. In 1970, when McCray was 16, she got ''The Bluest Eye,'' Toni Morrison's first novel, about a young black girl's desire to conform to the beauty standards of white America. When she was a child, McCray told me, ''there were not a lot of black books.'' McCray's discovery of black writers like Morrison convinced her that she, too, had a story to tell.

''I was hungry for it,'' she said. ''My life was very compartmentalized. I went to a school that was all white and then I went home and to my black family.''

By the time McCray began college at Wellesley in 1972, the most riotous years of the civil rights and feminist movements had passed. But in some ways, Wellesley had not totally caught up to the mood of revolution. Stella Dong, a friend of McCray's, said that just a decade earlier, one socially prominent student's decision to drop out of the school to plan her wedding was not considered unusual. McCray remembers ''a very positive environment,'' but she also recalled that ''there was a black table and a white table and, you know, you're expected to conform to that.'' She added: ''I was part of the experiments they were doing at the time. It was 'salt and pepper.' Salt and pepper is when you have a black roommate and a white roommate together. That was their advancement.''

After college, McCray attended the Radcliffe Publishing Course and then got a job as a low-level editor at Redbook. A senior editor there remembers her as being ''very composed, determined, with her eye on the prize.'' While at the magazine, McCray started an organization called Black Women in Publishing. ''I felt like, 'Whom do you talk to?' '' she said. ''There was one black woman at Random House, one black at -- whatever, you get the idea. . . . It was a way for us to connect.''

She had spent only a few years in publishing when she realized that it wasn't for her. By contrast, her new jobs at City Hall -- first in the press office, then as a speechwriter for Dinkins -- were dynamic. Better still, she recalled, they provided a way to ''know everything that's going on in the city.'' It was only a few weeks into her new job that McCray met a lanky and insistent young Dinkins aide who, unfazed by rumors of her sexuality, began pursuing her for a date.

More than two decades later, McCray and de Blasio invited me to join them on a balcony at City Hall. The sun was out after a relentless winter and what had been, until that day, a very bleak spring. Sitting side by side, they stretched out and took a long breath, basking in a rare moment of quiet, sunlight and togetherness.

Their journey back to the building had been circuitous and improbable. But this was also a relationship that had come full circle in the halls of government. They were a family whose kids had spent the night at the Clintons' White House and had been passing out pamphlets for their father in Park Slope since childhood. I was curious to know how public life had shaped their partnership, and we eased slowly into a conversation about something Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia often spoke about in the 1930s: the personal responsibility of leadership.

''When you think about it,'' de Blasio said, ''there's almost a ministerial or pastoral element to this work, you know?'' He paused. ''Of course, there is ego, realities and other things, too. But on one level, it's supposed to be very selfless work. It's supposed to be a higher calling, and I think for Chirlane and me both, that was sort of unspoken,'' he said. ''It's not another part of your life or a separate part of your life; it is absolutely integrated into your life, and I don't think either one of us would have done well with someone who didn't see the world that way. I think we actually had to find someone who understood things that way.''

Three weeks after the inauguration, McCray gave her first solo speech as first lady of New York, at the Christian Cultural Center, a church in Canarsie, Brooklyn. With almost 40,000 parishioners, the C.C.C. is the sort of megachurch that is more common in Atlanta or Houston or some other wealthy black urban center. It seemed like an odd choice for McCray, who has a background in social-justice circles and no stated religious affiliation. But the C.C.C. has a large black-and-immigrant congregation, and McCray was there to talk about immigration reform as well as the high rates of incarceration and the deportation of black immigrants.

The speech marked a transition. McCray was stepping into her role and taking on more official duties. And the inauguration also ushered in a new, critical tone from the media about McCray. The press corps at times seemed invested in misunderstanding her. In those first few weeks, several newspapers made a big deal about a Quinnipiac University poll that found that a majority of New Yorkers believed a mayoral spouse should have a minor-to-nonexistent role in City Hall. Soon the mayor was described as getting short with a reporter who asked about McCray's role. One publication wrote early on that McCray had cornrows when she has dreadlocks; later McCray made pointed comments on her Tumblr about the importance of diversity in the press. Overnight, McCray, who is often quiet to the point of timidity, was portrayed as a power-hungry enforcer, a stereotypical black woman who was now in control of City Hall.

For those who wanted to cast her as a rogue leftist overstepping her role, McCray's first appointment -- a chief of staff, Rachel Noerdlinger -- served as confirmation. Noerdlinger was formerly a spokeswoman for the Rev. Al Sharpton, and to those who saw Sharpton's bombastic public persona and rallies as the worst kind of spectacle, McCray's pick looked like left-wing cronyism. Just three weeks after her husband took office, The New York Daily News published two letters from its readers about ''Chirlane de Blasio.'' ''Here we go,'' one read. ''Only 22 days on the job and already our mayor's wife, Chirlane, is hiring herself a chief of staff at a six-figure salary. Who is paying? Us poor slobs, that's who. Now I know who wears the pants in the mayor's family.''

Noerdlinger had not even started her job when she was accused of being duplicitous, retaining her loyalty to Sharpton instead of switching it to de Blasio and McCray. De Blasio and McCray seemed to anticipate the criticism at a Sharpton-hosted ceremony honoring the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., where McCray justified the hiring by saying Noerdlinger was a ''pro'' and ''someone who believes in . . . Dr. King's vision of equality.''

At the C.C.C., McCray told the story of her great-grandmother's journey from Barbados to New Hampshire, where she worked as the servant for a white family. If McCray's speech at the C.C.C. felt familiar, it was, in part, because the words channeled her husband's approach, which is homey, down to earth and full of hopeful bromides about working together. It is a quality that de Blasio shares with Barack Obama: the inflections, the backslapping, the cultural shape-shifting modes of interacting. I once watched de Blasio, in his off-the-rack gray suit, trade high-fives with a young black man in City Hall, calling him ''my brother,'' as if they had grown up as best friends somewhere in Brooklyn.

McCray, by contrast, was an uneasy speaker, even in front of an easy crowd. She clearly understood the kind of showmanship that was required for the occasion, but her attempts often fell flat. She was nervous, and it showed. Many black politicians adopt a kind of vernacular that has its roots in the church, but McCray paid that tradition very little mind. Her mannerisms were awkward, her voice occasionally wavered and she paused often for applause that was not forthcoming. ''Is Barbados in the house?'' she asked stiffly. Yet, when she finished, the crowd stood and cheered loudly, like proud mothers at a school recital. Her performance didn't matter; her presence was enough.

The next day, The Post reported that she had been tardy, and very few journalists reported how the crowd treated her as one of their beloved own.

Black politics in New York City has always been a story about the dearth of representation. Until the 1950s and 1960s, when men like Major Owens, Percy Sutton, Charles Rangel and Dinkins and women like Shirley Chisolm and Anna Arnold Hedgeman came into power, black New Yorkers had hardly any political advocates. Though the city had an image as a racially inclusive and even progressive place, this had little foundation in its political structures. The labor activist Kim Moody wrote in his political history of New York City, ''From Welfare State to Real Estate,'' that ''New York's reputation as a racially liberal city was largely a myth.'' He went on to trace how the Democratic Party helped whites maintain a majority of positions long after the demographics of the city had changed. Black voters were instead best represented by religious figures and well-connected activists like Sharpton. This meant that black voters were often powerless to respond after the fact to policies that had rigged their communities to fail.

The story of one pivotal black neighborhood essentially began on May 27, 1945, when Mayor La Guardia went on WNYC to tell the city about the enormous public-housing projects that the city was planning to build. At that time, Brownsville was already what some might call a ''ghetto'': Its residents were largely poor and ***working-class*** Jewish families, who tended to view the neighborhood as Brooklyn's version of the Lower East Side. But as the academic Wendell Prichett wrote in his history of Brownsville, between 1940 and 1950, Brownsville's black population almost doubled, and by 1957 it was up to 22 percent. The towers would house more than 100,000 people, and they would be located in areas like East Harlem and Brownsville.

''Great care,'' La Guardia said in his radio address, ''has been taken in the selection of the sites. All are in undesirable areas where there is not the slightest possibility of rehabilitation through private enterprise.'' In the mind of the mayor and the city's greatest and most megalomaniacal planner, Robert Moses, Brownsville, as Moses said, was simply a ''neighborhood which needs to be cleared and apparently can be rehabilitated in no other way.'' In Brownsville, Pritchett told me when I spoke to him on the phone, residents had long been ''concerned about health issues, safety issues and police relations. They were concerned about the quality of the housing.'' They soon realized that the public housing did very little to rehabilitate the neighborhood; in fact, over time, it just exacerbated the problems, by entrenching the exclusionary zoning, the segregated schools and the segregated recreational centers.

Half a century later, Brownsville, which is now overwhelmingly black, remains home to the city's most disheartening statistics, with the highest concentration of low-income housing in the United States. Forty percent of its residents live below the federal poverty level. The median household income is $31,883. The neighborhood was not born into blight; perhaps more than any other neighborhood in New York City, it is the geographical representation of what decades of racist public policy can do. And this was the significance of the blood red T-shirt I saw worn by a large man who was attending one of de Blasio's speeches in Harlem that read, stretched over the dome of his stomach: ''Mayor de Blasio, do not forget about Brownsville.''

''Under Bloomberg, this area was totally neglected, but it was a reflection of his whole policy,'' said Inez Barron, who is the city councilwoman for Brownsville and a holdover from an older model for black political power in New York. ''Bloomberg's policy was one of supporting the wealthy, Wall Street, the capitalists, and it was not at all a policy that addressed the issues of our community in terms of housing, education, economics, jobs.'' If de Blasio was so ready to change things, she couldn't understand what, exactly, was taking so long.

We were in her office in East New York, a large set of older but tidy rooms full of fliers about immigration, how to sign up for pre-K and how to find a job if you are on parole. There were posters about the African Burial Grounds and reminders to remember our past so that we can go forward. Barron was not willing to write de Blasio off, but seemed wary about just how positive his mayoralty could ever be. ''People may not want to acknowledge it, but there will be an undercutting of representatives from these communities that are black and Latino.'' She stressed the importance of blacks and Latinos ''having representatives that will look like them and have a connection with the issues of their communities.''

De Blasio had been in office only a short while when he told me, sitting behind a large desk that was once La Guardia's, that Brownsville had taken on special symbolic value for him. ''The neighborhood for decades has been held back unfairly, and people have suffered a lot,'' he said. ''I certainly know enough people who have lived and worked in Brownsville who will attest to the sense of a cycle that is hard to break out of there. For me, it's one of the places where we fundamentally have to do better.''

One way he proposed to do that was through ''universal pre-K,'' a free prekindergarten program for any child in the five boroughs whose family wanted it. While pitching the idea that pre-K could change neighborhoods like Brownsville -- places locked firmly in the grip of generational poverty -- the mayor suggested that, for ''about the cost of a small soy latte at your local Starbucks,'' New Yorkers could repair the decades of neglect. During his time on the City Council he began to see that this was one way to close the chasm of wealth disparity and improve people's quality of life in the city. It was his first proposed solution to the ''tale of two cities.''

But although there were many merits to his proposal, I was still troubled by how his rhetoric made the city's most vulnerable sound like charity cases, rather than the victims of systematic disenfranchisement. De Blasio was somewhat taken aback. ''I understand the question,'' he said with a sigh. ''And obviously there are charities: 'For a dollar a day, you can save a child.' I get that, and that was not the inference.'' He continued, ''It was actually constructing it more as a fair act to recognize that we were going in the wrong direction as a society and that one of the things that would help correct it was asking those who had done well to pay a little more and to achieve a very specific goal.''

Talking with McCray, it was clear that the policy also connected to her and the mayor's own experience as struggling new parents to their daughter Chiara 21 years ago. ''At the hospital, they told us: 'You gotta have a car seat. You can't leave the hospital without a car seat,' '' she recalled. ''So we got our car seat, and we put her in it and get her home and just put her on the sofa and said: 'O.K. Now what do we do?' There's no manual. Neither one of us had family we could rely on to help us in the city, we were pretty much on our own. And we had to work. Both of us had to work, it was no question.'' Through that experience, McCray said, she came to realize that for women who are living without a safety net, having access to affordable child care could not only change the quality of their lives but also give their children a better start in life.

In each of McCray's speeches that I attended, she spoke about pre-K as part of a solution to income inequality and poverty; according to her, it was the most logical, immediate next step in the struggle for civil rights. Some educational thinkers, including Marian Wright Edelman and Diane Ravitch, supported her advocacy. At times, though, she suggested that this single policy was a solution to all that has ailed lower-income communities. Pedro Noguera, who at the time we spoke was a professor of sociology at New York University's Steinhardt School of Culture, Education and Human Development, told me that the city's public schools are in trouble not because children don't have adequate preparation but because the city's method of funding allows for racial and class segregation that ultimately results in a kind of redlining. The opportunity to attend a high-performing school is largely determined by the neighborhood a child lives in, not access to pre-K. ''The poorest kids are concentrated in the worst schools,'' Noguera said. ''And those schools are all underperforming.'' Unlike the effects of universal health care, which directly improves the quality of life for many black Americans -- 55 percent of whom are ''more likely than whites to be without health insurance,'' according to a study by the Kellogg Foundation and Ebony Magazine -- those of universal pre-K were more difficult to determine.

Last February, I took the L train to Brownsville for McCray's visit to FirstStepNYC, a model pre-K school that is the brainchild of Laura Ensler, an educational consultant and the school's founder. When I exited the New Lots Avenue station, a group of teenage boys milled about the MetroCard machines until the rumble of an approaching train was heard; then they took off running, clearing the turnstiles like seasoned hurdlers. Out of nowhere, three police officers appeared and tried to catch the boys. It seemed like a halfhearted but still dangerous game of cat and mouse. They all knew their roles so well that the station attendant didn't even bother to look up.

Stepping inside the FirstStepNYC center a few blocks away was like entering another world. There, the children were served family-style organic meals, the classrooms were immaculate and centered in each room were oversize couches and large wooden bookcases, all stocked with classic children's books. It was a state-of-the-art facility, and for its local student body, the school embodied possibility. It allowed parents to work without being concerned about their child's welfare and provided its students with the kind of education most often found in private schools or wealthy districts.

McCray busied herself drilling holes with a student named Joshua, who used a real (but safe) child-size power tool on a block of wood with the help of his teacher.

''Look at all of these beautiful holes,'' she said as she crouched down next to him, ''What do you call these?''

''Drill bits!'' he shouted without looking up from his task. He pressed down hard until there was a small hole in the middle of the block. At this, McCray turned to Ensler and remarked: ''When you said real tools, I never imagined you meant real tools. Wow.''

McCray settled herself into the center of the room for story time. She held ''Whistle for Willie,'' by Ezra Jack Keats. As she read, she stopped from time to time to ask the students questions.

''Can you run away from your shadow?'' McCray asked the kids.

''No!'' a little girl said. ''You can't run away from your shadow, because you're not that fast!''

As voters, we like to believe that each election erases whatever came before, but that is not the case. In New York City, protests, marches and riots are some of the long, thin threads that connect one mayoral administration to the next. During the 1977 blackout, when Abraham D. Beame was mayor, there was mass looting; in 1980 there were protests in Harlem after Edward I. Koch announced that he would close Sydenham Hospital, the first fully integrated private hospital in the country and one that, during his campaign, he had promised would remain open. Dinkins's term was pockmarked by the riots in Crown Heights and a protest by 10,000 police officers who not only blocked the Brooklyn Bridge but overran City Hall, shouting racial slurs about Dinkins. That was in 1992.

The protests that arrived during the summer of de Blasio and McCray's first year in Gracie Mansion didn't come as a surprise to everyone, but their quiet intensity did. Eric Garner's death happened during a season of death and civil unrest across the country, and that summer was an abrupt reminder of what occurs when there is a disconnect between the ''safe'' issues that elected officials tend to focus on and the rawer issues of racial justice that the Black Lives Matter movement raised.

I was at a march in Tompkinsville, the Staten Island neighborhood where Garner was choked by Daniel Pantaleo, a police officer who was trying to arrest him for selling loose cigarettes, when I saw a sign that said, ''It's de Blasio's time and Eric Garner is dead.'' Another asked, ''Since when is resisting arrest a capital crime? Where is Eric Garner's quality of life?'' But the one that really stayed with me was held up by a solemn-faced middle-age black woman: ''Faith in N.Y. will not go back.''

Did this administration still have an understanding of what their voters cared about most? Polling of black voters is surprisingly thin, but several surveys found that economic issues like employment and housing are the most pressing issues for black voters. This is especially true now: Black Americans are twice as likely to be unemployed as white Americans, and homeownership, the one greatest prognosticator of economic stability, fell to 43 percent last year from 49 percent in 2004 for black Americans (compared with 67 percent for whites). Black millennials are also disproportionately likely to know a victim of murder and to know someone who feels as if he or she has been a victim of police brutality or harassment. These are issues that do not face every voter, but they are issues that can no longer be pushed to the margins when black voters go to the polls.

During the protests, much of the anger directed at de Blasio and McCray was born of impatience. The protesters were from a younger generation who had seen just how little playing by the rules had accomplished. They had been promised more, and now they wanted a change in policy. Some of them saw de Blasio's behavior as a disavowal of the one promise that had tipped the scales in his favor. ''De Blasio has made some really great moves when it comes to universal pre-K and definitely paid sick days,'' Monifa Bandele, founding member of the Malcolm X Grassroots movement and an organizer of some of the city's largest protests, told me one afternoon over the phone, at the height of the protests. ''But one of the key pieces that he ran on was reforming policing in New York City. And at the core of racial profiling and aggressive policing in New York is broken windows and the broken-windows policy. And he still has yet to really disavow broken windows as a tactic.''

For de Blasio and McCray, the protests were an emotionally charged and extremely delicate moment. When the grand jury announced there would be no indictment in the Garner case, de Blasio tried to express what many parents of minority children living in America feel: that ''children of color, especially young men of color,'' have to be ''very careful when they have . . . an encounter with a police officer.'' He spoke personally, explaining that because of what his mixed-race children look like, it is possible that policemen will see them as criminals. The statement enraged many of the city's police officers and put him on the outs with officers he was supposed to lead.

And yet movement leaders like Bandele remained unimpressed. ''He said that he has to prep his son about how to go about the city, how painful it is,'' she told me. ''I think that many of us are just looking at the TV like, 'You know, you're the mayor!' '' Bandele chuckled at the strangeness of de Blasio's dilemma: ''Don't be sad about it! Fix it!''

What was of more interest to me was what the protests were like for McCray: the woman who had promised to speak for the voiceless. After two police officers were murdered in Brooklyn that December, the climate of the city was so intense that McCray became the target of ire when, at the funeral of one of the officers, she wore a blue suit vaguely resembling a tie-dye print. Although she would later write about her grief during this period in an editorial for Essence's Black Lives Matter issue, when I checked McCray's Instagram feed that spring, instead of seeing anything about Eric Garner or Ferguson, I found the sort of images one might expect from a first lady: pictures of her hosting Kate Middleton and other British dignitaries, one of her giving a speech at the United Nations about women's rights and another about celebrating her birthday with her family.

When Joan Didion covered the city's troubling but emblematic response to the Central Park Five case for The New York Review of Books, in 1991, she took more than a few pages to describe the black power vacuum in New York City. The absence of black advocates and mayoral neglect were, she explained, what created Al Sharpton. ''Sharpton,'' she wrote, ''did not exactly fit the roles New York traditionally assigns, for maximum audience comfort, to prominent blacks. He seemed in many ways a phantasm, someone whose instinct for the connections between religion and politics and show business was so innate that he had been all his life the vessel for other people's hopes and fears.'' This was the quality that has allowed him to remain one of the few public black men in a city that often corsets most of its black elected officials. Didion wrote that Sharpton had ''disqualified'' himself from playing the role of ''the Good Negro, the credit to the race, the exemplary if often imagined figure whose refined manners and good grammar could be stressed and who could be seen to lay, as Jimmy Walker said of Joe Louis, 'a rose on the grave of Abraham Lincoln.' '' Instead, she continued, ''it was left, then, to cast Sharpton, and for Sharpton to cast himself,'' as the outrageous spokesman for black New Yorkers.

Didion was making an indictment of Sharpton's nature and a pointed comment on the undercurrent of racism found in the city's treatment of black figures, especially those who at all dared to be themselves or, worse, who try to serve the interests of their communities.

Sharpton is an outsider who has become so central to how black power-brokering works in New York that even people who do not particularly like Sharpton understand his importance. He was used to coming to the defense when attacks came, just as he did with Noerdlinger, his former chief of staff, who later left City Hall after a series of personal and professional controversies. During the campaign, when The New York Post mocked McCray (it published a cartoon that depicted de Blasio in bed with a dramatically busty McCray, both of them dressed in lingerie and smoking, as she says, ''I used to be a lesbian but my husband, Bill de Blasio, won me over''), Sharpton was one of the first people, other than her husband, to stand up for her. Soon de Blasio was at Sharpton's House of Justice, in Harlem, chastising The Post. ''First, my first response is as a husband and a father: 'Leave my wife alone, leave my children alone.' And don't misinterpret that sentence for a moment to mean that Chirlane McCray cannot defend herself, because I assure you she can.'' Although he was following Bloomberg's model, de Blasio has worked harder than any of his predecessors to keep Sharpton in his fold.

Sharpton was born in Brownsville, but the offices of his Justice Network take up an entire floor of a building in Midtown Manhattan. The halls are lined with blown-up covers of Sharpton on Newsweek, Time and an image of him from The New York Observer. There is Sharpton with Beyoncé and Jay-Z at a rally for Trayvon Martin. Sharpton and Obama, Sharpton and James Brown. His assistant at the time, Jackie, a young white woman with long blond hair and exacting manners, offered me tea while I waited to see him.

I wanted to ask him: As one of the men most associated with a certain kind of civil rights, did he feel that de Blasio as a white mayor and Chirlane McCray as a black first lady represented an authentic breaking of a glass ceiling?

In person, Sharpton is surprisingly small, with an aged but not tired face that plays second fiddle to his straight, gray slicked-back hair. He looked at me intently as he answered. ''I think that it goes back to goals,'' he said. ''In my lifetime, I went through the 'let's elect a black, put a black in power.' Dave Dinkins, Harold Washington.'' He paused for two beats and said: ''Then, I met Clarence Thomas. And I realized if it is just on blackness and not the right black, you haven't really made progress. So do I really want a black who will say, 'I'm ending affirmative action, or this that and the other'? Or do I want someone who might be biracial, who is going to fight for equity and parity? It is the goal. The goals have got to supersede all of the biases, even in civil rights circles.''

I read him Didion's description of him, the one in which she described his ability to remain vocal and brazen as the key to his longevity and his conspicuousness. I asked him if being first lady would force McCray to change or neuter her personality. At that, his voice rose and trembled with frustration, finally becoming the voice I associate with Sharpton the leader who made black churchgoing grandmothers proud enough to send him a donation, no matter what they said about him.

''Yeah, they are gonna try to neuter Chirlane's voice, and they are gonna keep trying to do it to Michelle,'' he said. ''But what we got to understand is that they do that as a symbol of trying to neuter my daughters, so I fight for them because Dominique and Ashley don't have a shot if they are gonna try and do that to the first lady of New York and first lady of the country.''

He finished by shaking his head. It was a breathless, convincing speech, and just as soon as it reached its fiery peak, it was over. A phone buzzed. He picked it up. The interview was over.

In October, McCray announced that she would soon hang a portrait of a formerly enslaved man on the walls of Gracie Mansion. The buttermilk milkmaid and her lover would be joined by Pierre Toussaint. McCray wrote on her Instagram: ''The same year that my now-home, Gracie Mansion, was built, New York State passed an act that emancipated the enslaved Africans. Gradually. In 1799, New York was home to many different cultures and traditions. Insofar as Gracie Mansion exists to honor history, it should tell the stories of all New Yorkers.''

Six hundred days after the inauguration, I asked McCray in an email message what she would say if she had to campaign again and sell the city on her husband's efforts. A week later, she sent me a response that detailed all that her husband's administration had accomplished until then. That very morning, she wrote, ''65,000 of our city's 4-year-olds started their day in free, universal, high-quality pre-K.'' That afternoon, ''thousands of middle schoolers will participate in free after-school programs.'' She added: ''Today, a young woman who has contributed to this city for years in the shadows will get her IDNYC and join the ranks of official New Yorkers. And tonight, thousands more families will rest under a safe roof, off the streets. We consider it one of our highest callings to make sure that all families in New York City can afford a place to call home. We're making progress. 200K affordable apartments are on track to be built by 2025 -- enough to house half a million people. These are the scenes I would describe to New Yorkers right now. We have improved many lives. But not enough.''

It was impressive, but it read like a stump speech. So I asked for a phone call. The press person told me that she would try to get McCray to answer some questions, but reiterated that McCray ''wanted to look forward'' and focus on the mental-health program she announced last fall; she wanted that to be understood. She and her daughter had announced the program with a video: a very frank but endearingly awkward conversation about Chiara's struggle with depression. After getting the runaround for weeks from her press person, I finally received an email saying that McCray was willing to talk on the phone.

As promised, she wanted to make certain that I understood exactly why they were focusing on an $850 million health initiative. It was the first time I understood that despite how Pollyannaish it sounded to some, in McCray's mind, mental health was the key to how the city uses police officers, prisons, hospitals and schools. Those institutions were being burdened with responsibilities that they were not trained to deal with.

In two years, I am not sure I ever got to see McCray with her guard totally down; the conditions were not right. As she told me once, she thought it was a shame we were forced to meet this way. But in this last conversation, McCray made a remark that briefly lifted the scrim. We were discussing why she thought preventive measures or the long view mattered so much to her, when she interjected to remind me that ''everyone needs coping skills. Everyone needs to learn resilience. Some of us come into this world better than others, but we all benefit by learning these skills that will help us throughout this life, which we don't control.''

I had observed McCray enough to know that this is exactly what she had done as a black girl in a predominately white Massachusetts; and again as a young black lesbian at Wellesley; and, later, in jobs where she was often the only black woman. She had coped and looked forward.

''I think,'' McCray continued, as if we were speaking as two women and not as a first lady to a writer, ''that when people know that there's a solution to a frustration that they have, it just makes it easier to work through. I think that's what we're seeing. . . . Once people realize that there's a solution, it just changes everything. It changes the way they feel and think about something. I think that a large part of the fear people have, and the frustration about anything, is not knowing what the answer is, how to get through it.''

I asked if she became exhausted herself.

''No,'' she said. ''I know that it takes time to change a culture. It takes time to change public conversation.''

Last year I read about an address Michelle Obama gave at Tuskegee University that considered the uniqueness of her position: '' 'What kind of first lady would I be? What kinds of issues would I take on?' . . . The truth is, those same questions would have been posed to any candidate's spouse. But, as potentially the first African-American first lady, I was also the focus of another set of questions and speculations; conversations sometimes rooted in the fears and misperceptions of others. Was I too loud or too angry or too emasculating? Or was I too soft, too much of a mom, not enough of a career woman?''

These questions are relevant because McCray and Obama are black first ladies in a country in which women of color still have to ask a question posed by Sojourner Truth a century ago: ''Ain't I a woman?'' They are black first ladies in a country where there's little relation between the realities of black women and those ''ladies'' who do not look like them. So to be a black first lady is to highlight how little room there has been for women of color to thrive in the political realm, not to mention in real life. Black voters are used to having to accept tacitly the fact that black political figures, especially black women, cannot loudly own their identities; the consequences are simply too great. As the political landscape diversifies, you wonder: Will the penalty for being yourself always be so punishing? Once women or minorities are placed in positions of power -- or even merely near power -- will they ever be allowed to truly and boldly author themselves?

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/02/14/magazine/chirlane-mccray-and-the-limits-of-first-ladyship.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/02/14/magazine/chirlane-mccray-and-the-limits-of-first-ladyship.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: De Blasio and McCray. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMON WINTER) (MM37)

Chirlane McCray and Bill de Blasio and their children, Dante and Chiara, after his inauguration in 2014. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROB BENNETT) (MM39)

McCray at the C.E.O. Summit on Mental Health in the Workplace at the New York Stock Exchange on Oct. 29 last year. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMON WINTER/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM40)

Mayor David Dinkins with McCray, who served as a speechwriter in his administration, in 1993. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHIRLANE MCRAY) (MM43)

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[***VIEWS OF SPORT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9N80-0007-J00H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CAN CYCLING ROLL INTO BIG TIME?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9N80-0007-J00H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CONNIE CARPENTER PHINNEY; Connie Carpenter Phinney won the first United States gold medal in Olympic cycling when she captured the 79-kilometer women's road race at Los Angeles last summer. She will assist in coverage of this year's Coors Classic for NBC and is working on a book on the cycling careers of her and her husband.

**Body**

NEXT month the Warner Brothers' movie ''American Flyers'' will be opening in this country just as the bicycle race it is patterned after is drawing to a close. Is it a case of life imitating art? Hollywood may be making bike racing larger than life, but there should be enough real drama to surpass that on the movie screen.

American cycling is on the verge of something big. Why else would Bernard Hinault, winner of the Tour de France that concluded last Sunday, choose to leave European competition for a race in America? On the lucrative post-Tour European racing circuit, Hinault could expect to earn $5,000 a day. In America, he will receive only his expenses. In Europe, Hinault cannot walk the streets without the instant recognition accorded a superstar athlete. On the streets of San Francisco, where the Coors International Bicycle Classic begins Aug. 3, Hinault will walk unrecognized.

In Europe, cycling is a sport of and for the ***working-class***. Hinault himself is the son of a railway worker. Farmers, shopkeepers and bankers line the streets of small villages, willing to wait for hours to see the best cyclists in the world pedal by in a blur of speed and color, the tension in the air building as they wait.

Cycling is a sport steeped in tradition in Europe. In America it has a newer, fresher face. The Tour de France is in its 72d running; this is only the 11th Coors Classic. The Tour covers a grueling 2,500 miles in 22 stages; the Classic lasts just 13 stages and covers under 1,000 miles. Racing in America is more show and less grind than in Europe.

Nevertheless, worldwide attention will be focused on the Coors Classic; in something of a subplot, it will feature a match between the professionals and the Eastern bloc amateurs, who have long been regarded as the world's best amateur cyclists. In Europe, top professionals would never race against top amateurs, because a loss to amateurs would attract a great deal more attention than in the United States. Jean-Marie LeBlanc, the premier French cycling journalist, says this event boasts ''the finest pro-am roster he has ever seen.''

In the Classic, Americans have an event that aspires to the greatness of the Tour de France. The simple fact that Hinault has chosen to race in America demonstrates the increase of popularity of bicycle racing in this country. Not since the prewar popularity of the six-day races at Madison Square Garden has the sport enjoyed such popular attention. Cycling is fast and dangerous, like auto racing, yet requires the endurance of the long distance runner. It is extremely colorful and familiar, even if only in a vague way, because everyone has ridden a bike at one time.

The race has ambitiously moved west to California for the first time and will start in San Francisco. Over 16 days the riders will follow a course through California's wine country and across the Sierra Nevada mountains, where it will leap-frog by plane to the western border of Colorado. From Grand Junction, the race will wind through the famous resort towns of Aspen, Vail and Copper Mountain before settling in to the finish in Boulder on Aug. 18.

Hinault's La Vie Claire teammate, Greg LeMond of the United States, the 1983 world professional champion, is a favorite to win. But LeMond must watch out; this race is not suited to his style. True, it is in LeMond's home country, but he has not raced here since he last won the Classic in 1981. The professionals are used to extremely long races that are generally more relaxed at the start, then pick up speed in the last of their seven hour tests. The stages of amateur races are cut-throat and fast right from the start, but only last three to four hours.

What has happened to spark the popularity of bicycle racing in the United States? Corporate sponsorship has injected new life into a physically and financially draining sport. The United States Cycling Federation has received close to $1 million in cash and services from corporations in 1985, almost double that received in 1984. Teams now travel the country in brightly painted vans bearing their sponsors logos.

Why are companies investing more in cycling? Levi Strauss's sports marketing coordinator, Paul Danielsen, says, ''Young adults, many of whom are cyclists, are a target market for us and we have seen that cycling is on the surge in the U.S.'' And where racers once had to turn to Europe to improve, the United States race circuit is challenging enough to attract foreign racers here.

When the Southland Corporation, owners of the 7-Eleven chain, decided to be the cycling venue sponsor for the 1984 Summer Olympics, it became the sport's overnight benefactor. Bright green, red and white 7-Eleven jersies adorn the members of the top United States based professional team, the top amateur team, two junior teams and the best domestic women's team. The company also sponsors two nationwide Grand Prix series, one for the track and one on the road.

Other major United States corporations have also jumped in. In 1984, the Ore-Ida Women's Challenge event was born in Idaho; Nabisco Brands has joined the movement by sponsoring an 18 event series throughout the summer, called the Wheat Thins Mayor's Cup. The United States Cycling Federation contracted to run the events and estimated Nabisco's involvement in running the event at over $2 million.

The Mayor's Cup format is a total departure from European racing in that it is designed to educate the spectator, while providing a dazzling show. The races are fast, 40 lap races on a 1-kilometer loop utilizing prime downtown city streets. On July 19, 15,000 fans turned out in Philadelphia. The final event is scheduled in Boston on Sept. 29, but the race which best epitomizes this new concept will be held Sept. 2 on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, Calif. That's show business.

In a role reversal, American racing is having an impact oversees. The popularity of women's cycling in America caused the Tour de France director Felix Levitan to add a women's event in 1984. This year's champion was a 36-year-old Italian Olympian, Maria Canins, who was the overall women's winner of the 1984 Coors Classic. Another twist was the success of the 7-Eleven pro team in winning two stages of the Giro D'Italia (Italy's Tour) earlier this summer.

Late next summer, the United States will host the 1986 World Championships in Colorado Springs. This is another first for United States racing and also another reason Hinault has chosen to race here next week - to see how his body responds to the heat and high altitude. American racers have always done well in the Coors Classic against top international fields. The 1984 Coors Classic champion, Doug Shapiro, who recently became the third American to ever finish the Tour de France, will return to defend his title. This country loves home-grown champions, and this year's expanded edition of America's biggest and best bicycle race will help interest and understanding in the sport to continue to grow.

**Graphic**

Photo of Connie Carpenter Phinney with Jose Petrocinio (AP; UPI)

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[***BARAK'S COALITION CRUMBLES ON EVE OF SUMMIT TALKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40P7-7TY0-00MH-F4S1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DEBORAH SONTAG

By DEBORAH SONTAG

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, July 9

**Body**

Prime Minister Ehud Barak's government disintegrated today as one right-leaning party after another quit in protest against anticipated concessions to the Palestinians, leaving him on unsteady ground on the eve of his departure to the Camp David summit meeting.

Ignoring Mr. Barak's pleas for unity, three parties, including the ultra-Orthodox Shas, defected to the previously weak opposition, upsetting the political balance of power in a single afternoon. Mr. Barak lost his parliamentary majority, and his broad coalition, which was constructed precisely to build a stable foundation of support for difficult peace moves, shriveled to a weak center-left government.

In an address to the nation, Mr. Barak defiantly said that the collapse of his coalition would not affect his trip to Maryland, which he said was backed by a mandate from the Israelis who elected him by an overwhelming majority on a peacemaking platform.

Mr. Barak asserted that, as a lifelong soldier and fledgling politician, he had a direct bond with the voters that existed in a kind of extrapolitical space.

"Citizens of Israel, approximately one year ago I was elected by you to be the prime minister of Israel in order to lead the state of Israel to a safer reality and in order to create a better future for our children," Mr. Barak said. "I did not receive my mandate from the politicians or from the parties. I received my mandate from each one of you."

Experts say that by adding new small parties to his government and relying on the support of Arab parties Mr. Barak could still win a parliamentary majority for any deal that might be reached at the summit meeting. But it would not be the "Jewish majority" that he originally sought in hopes of moving toward peace without deepening divisions that could destabilize not just his government but also the country.

Mr. Barak repeated that he would rely on a popular vote, in the form of a referendum on an agreement, to try to resolve those rifts. And his office predicted tonight that any agreement he achieved at Camp David would be ratified by a significant popular majority.

It is hard to imagine that the new Israeli political reality will not alter the dynamic of the three-way retreat-style summit meeting, where the goal will be to end a 52-year conflict and resolve the most divisive issues between the Israelis and Palestinians.

But precisely how is uncertain. Palestinian negotiators could now perceive Mr. Barak as a weakened leader unable to deliver on his promises. While the prime minister could face a strengthened opposition, he may also now feel free to make concessions without worrying which political partner he might lose.

In any case, Palestinian officials said tonight that they would try to shut out the Israeli political convolutions and, although they were skeptical even before today's events, focus on trying to achieve an agreement.

Some Palestinian officials also said they were suspicious that Mr. Barak was engineering his own political difficulties so that he could hide behind them at the bargaining table.

"It's not the first time that we have witnessed such a show on the stage of Ehud Barak," said Abdul Ahmed Rahman, the secretary general of the Palestinian cabinet. "This is not credible. If Barak thinks that he can manufacture the impression that he is restricted, well, such maneuvers will be transparent to the Americans as well as to us."

Kicking off the snowballing dynamic of the day, Foreign Minister David Levy told Mr. Barak this morning that, in protest at what he labeled the Palestinians' hard-line positions and threats of violence, he would not join the delegation traveling to Camp David. He did not speak publicly about his decision, but associates said he was pessimistic that anything would come of the talks, which are supposed to start on Tuesday.

Yaron Dekel, a political analyst, said he saw this as "a slap in the face" to Mr. Barak and a no-confidence vote in Mr. Barak's policy.

Then Interior Minister Natan Sharansky, leader of a small Russian immigrant party, resigned, saying that Mr. Barak had obstinately refused to divulge his positions in advance and to build the internal support needed for what could be difficult concessions ahead. Mr. Sharansky had been pushing Mr. Barak to form a unity government with the rightist Likud Party.

"You are arriving at the summit in the United States weakened, without red lines, without the support of the government and without the support of most of the people," Mr. Sharansky wrote in his resignation letter to Mr. Barak.

"Under these conditions," he continued, "the agreement that you will be able to reach is dangerous from a diplomatic point of view and has the potential to cause a split in the people, a split from which, God forbid, there will be no turning back."

Several hours later, the Shas Party, whose balkiness has unsettled the government since it took office last July, finally walked out for good.

Shas is a religious party that doubles as an ethnic pride movement for ***working-class*** Jews of Middle Eastern origin. In its routine threats to quit, it was perceived to be maneuvering for its party's interests, particularly the financial health and independence of its religious school system.

If Shas was satisfied, the common wisdom said, it would support peacemaking based on its spiritual leader's religious ruling that territory could be conceded if lives would be saved as a result.

But analysts repeatedly predicted that Shas, whose constituency leans to the right, would get the jitters when a crucial moment arrived. Indeed, by day's end, when it became clear that it would be the only right-leaning party left in the government, Shas made the decision to quit.

"Shas entered the coalition because the peace process is very important to us and we would have expected to have been genuine partners," said Eli Yishai, Shas's political leader. "But to be partners on the road taken one needs to know the road. And we don't. We don't know Barak's red lines. The red lines that he demarcated and presented to the people are obscure and unclear."

Mr. Barak's office, in a statement, countered that his red lines -- which the Palestinians regularly and glumly cite as evidence that an agreement will be difficult to achieve -- have been well known since his campaign. The statement said that revealing them in greater detail would weaken Israel's negotiating position.

The statement reiterated Mr. Barak's absolutes: no return to 1967 borders, "a united Jerusalem under Israeli sovereignty, no foreign army west of the Jordan River, a majority of the Jewish settlers to remain in settlement blocs, and no Israeli recognition of legal or moral responsibility for creating the refugee problem."

Officials of the leftist Meretz Party, who recently resigned their cabinet positions so that Shas would stay in the government, were furious. "All through the years we heard of the moderate stand taken by Shas because Rabbi Ovadia Yosef, their leader, he puts foremost the saving of lives -- that saving lives is more important than territories," said Ran Cohen, the former trade minister.

"Now Barak comes along and with tweezers goes over every detail, every settlement, every road, every section, measures exactly as possible in order to save lives, to prevent returning to the killing of Jews and Arabs in a continuation of 100 years of war, and the Shas people, the moment they stand before the most important diplomatic, ideological, test of principle, they say they are about to quit?"

"For what? Do they want to return to the intifada?" he asked, referring to the uprising of the late 1980's.

After Shas's resignation, the National Religious Party, which represents religious Zionists and the settlers, said that its central committee had voted unanimously to pull out of the government.

All three parties that quit were part of the rightist government of former Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, which fell after Mr. Netanyahu concluded an interim peace agreement with the Palestinians.

Mr. Barak faces a no-confidence motion in his government on Monday, which was submitted by the Likud Party on the basis of his supposed "capitulation" to Yasir Arafat, the Palestinian leader. Analysts predict that Mr. Barak will survive it, but his office said tonight that he had changed his travel plans to return to Israel from a trip to Egypt on Monday so that he could be present in the Parliament later in the day. Then he will proceed to the United States.

The parties' resignations will reduce Mr. Barak to a 42-member government in a 120-member Parliament. He could build a heftier minority government of 52 members by pulling in three other small parties: a liberal Russian immigrant faction, a secularist party and a trade unionists' party.

But it would be an unstable political base for running the government, and it remains to be seen how Mr. Barak will handle either a success or failure at Camp David. Political analysts consider new elections likely. As a leader routinely accused of haughtiness and autocratic behavior, Mr. Barak is taking a risk in his bid to ignore the political system and appeal directly to the people.

"Had I been forced to listen to all the prophets of doom -- the very same prophets who are now speaking at large -- I suppose that our children would still be in the Lebanese mud," he said, referring to those who predicted that the Israeli troop withdrawal from southern Lebanon in May would lead to war. "No one will teach me what security is."

He continued: "I have to rise above all of the political disputes and above all party considerations and exhaust all of the possibilities on the way to a peace agreement that will put an end to the bloody conflict between us and our neighbors. Put an end to it at the negotiation table and not in the battlefields and in terror-stricken streets."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Prime Minister Ehud Barak of Israel, right (Reuters), facing political convulsions at home, is to meet with the Palestinian leader, Yasir Arafat, at Camp David on Tuesday. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. A10)

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[***With Dad Laid Off, Finding Ways to Hold On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7WFT-DT71-2PBB-221M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Dateline:** MORENO VALLEY, Calif.

**Body**

Among the flotsam and jetsam that gather over the years in a home, there is now the random taillight behind the Winklers' living room couch. And a 1967 Buick Riviera dashboard under the desk. When jobs are short and the savings account dwindles, selling spare parts on the Internet can help put braces in mouths, and pay a credit card bill or two.

''Check it out,'' Phil Winkler said, hoisting a chrome piece of trunk onto his lap. ''This one is next.''

Unemployed for a year, Mr. Winkler, 41, who until last August had never lost a job, has sold his favorite car, canceled the cable and is now scavenging junkyards for auto parts that he resells on eBay.

It is a role that Mr. Winkler, a teddy-bearish, clean-cut guy -- the sort whose tattoo from the first gulf war is thoroughly unintimidating -- has stopped wearing with discomfort. It is boring, it is unpleasant, but it is also something he has learned to live with, as he has made the transition from the primary breadwinner for his family of four to its bus driver, disciplinarian, schedule organizer and head chef.

It is a familiar story here on Beth Court, a cul-de-sac of eight houses about 60 miles east of Los Angeles that The New York Times has visited since January as the financial crisis shredded it bit by bit. Half of the eight houses have been in and out of foreclosure, and in July, for the first time since 2007, all eight homes were finally occupied. That did not last even into August.

For some families, the strain on Beth Court has meant unraveled marriages. For others, a house taken by the bank. For Mr. Winkler, his wife, Eloisa Sanchez, 37, and their daughters, Kyra and Eva -- the cul-de-sac's longest residents -- it has had an odd side effect of bringing some stability to their family life and to life on the block, where people depend on Mr. Winkler to keep them in the loop and to be vigilant against the deterioration of a neighborhood in transition.

For the Winklers, more often than not, the experience has been a study in how spouses can change roles and survive; struggle as a family and still feel better off than a neighbor; and acknowledge unmet expectations while still dreaming of better times.

But within the Winkler family, there has also been an unmooring. The family's comfortable middle-class life can no longer be sustained on Ms. Sanchez's job as a dental office manager and checks from Mr. Winkler's unemployment benefits, which he has renewed twice and are set to run out in November.

Losing his job has wounded Mr. Winkler's self-esteem and strained his 14-year marriage. In the lexicon of the modern recession, he has found himself at the center of the ''man-cession,'' the downturn that has hit men much harder than women. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the gap in the male-to-female jobless rate is at a record high: 2.4 percent -- 10 percent for men and 7.6 percent for women.

While Ms. Sanchez says the hardship has brought the family closer together, Mr. Winkler conceded that sometimes too much time with a spouse can seem like a bad thing. They have found that fights about Ms. Sanchez's spending too much at the mall have been replaced with arguments about how best to discipline the kids.

''Being out of work for that long, you get kind of antsy,'' Mr. Winkler said. ''Our biggest fights before were credit cards. But I don't have it to spend anymore anyway.''

And although the eBay sales have been an unexpected blessing, months go by with all job inquiries met with silence.

''I'm starting to sweat it,'' Mr. Winkler, clutching an unemployment check stub, said in one particularly disheartening moment in the spring. ''We have to start practicing acting poor.''

The Winklers began their lives in Moreno Valley a dozen years ago, like so many people before them, learning the city's name only when they decided to move here. Priced out of Hacienda Heights, a ***working-class*** town closer to Los Angeles, expecting their first child and wanting desperately to own their own place, they began searching.

First they looked in Chino, closer to Los Angeles. Still, too expensive. Six months went by, looking, looking, looking. The real estate agent said to consider Moreno Valley in Riverside County. The quiet spot on Beth Court in the shadow of Box Springs Mountain beckoned, and they became the block's third residents in 1997, buying a three-bedroom stucco house with a two-car garage.

Becoming a Community

It was not long before Beth Court grew into a community of families, tucked away from the adjoining street where renters filled smaller houses and trouble sometimes visited. Mr. Winkler compared the cul-de-sac to the United Nations, with Latinos, a few African-Americans and a family from the Philippines.

In a city like Moreno Valley, which sprang up from dust over the last two decades as Los Angeles reached eastward into the desert, one does not have to be old to be the block historian. The Winklers have filled the role with aplomb.

Wonder who used to live in the house down the block, and who is about to lose theirs to the bank? Whose children are well behaved, and whose need to be watched because they sometimes wander into homes unbidden?

The Winklers can tell you. Their daughters will watch your cats while you are on vacation, and Mr. Winkler might just fix your broken sprinkler, too, before you get back. They remember who has come and gone, and the acts of kindness and malfeasance while here.

It is not uncommon to find a neighbor, troubled in marriage or finances, sipping coffee at the Winkler table while Ms. Sanchez folds another pile of ubiquitous laundry and gives counsel.

''I've been in every house on this block,'' Mr. Winkler said one day in the fading afternoon sun. ''We try to keep an eye on each other's kids; we have our own little neighborhood watch, that kind of thing.''

Unlike some of their neighbors, who over the years have used their home equity to add a hot tub or buy a fancy new truck, the Winklers had been squirreling their savings away to trade up on a new home, borrowing only to buy a much needed car.

Two years ago, with housing prices soaring and Eva and Kyra getting toward middle school, the Winklers started to wonder about something bigger. Rooms were closing in. Family belongings appeared to grow under the couch. The schools were better in nearby Orange Crest.

They paid $110,000 for the house in 1997, almost fully financed, and had taken out $15,000 in equity. As their neighbors' homes sold for or were valued at over $300,000, they knew they could get enough to put something down on a bigger and better place.

For almost two years, Mr. Winkler had worked on the production line at the Nestle Waters bottle factory in nearby Ontario, Calif., and before that for 14 years in another factory. If Nestle were to move, he figured, there were plenty of other jobs to be had.

What was more, Ms. Sanchez was doing well at the dental office. It was time to trade up, they decided. This is how homeownership was meant to work. They even started looking around.

But then early last year, the foreclosure crisis that has swept California and much of the nation came to Beth Court. First the Winklers' next-door neighbor lost her home. Then another neighbor did, too. The next-door neighbor on the other side sold his house and now rents it back.

By last August, the problems had swooped toward the Winklers. Mr. Winkler was laid off, along with 30 other workers at the bottle company. Home values plummeted; dreams of trading up were dashed when the Winklers' home was revalued at around $150,000, half of its estimated peak.

For the Winklers, two salaries had never meant extravagant spending or fancy vacations, but the means of keeping the girls ''out of trouble,'' as Ms. Sanchez likes to say. Though between their cat sitting, Wii bowling matches and flopping on the bed with a book from the Twilight series (Eva) or the Wolf Brothers (Kyra), the girls seem to do a pretty good job of behaving even without costly distractions.

Still, changes were in order.

Choir practice is free. Catechism is cheap. Those became the rhythms of life during the winter months -- school, homework, church on Sunday, the occasional concert.

By spring, the Winkler home was filled with the joyful sensation of the winding down of school, but this year there were no swimming lessons to look forward to, ''no more shopping at random,'' Ms. Sanchez said. ''We have to plan out what we will be spending the money on.''

This spring, Kyra, who is 10, needed new eyeglasses, but she did not get the light-sensitive ones this time. Too expensive. Both girls are getting braces, which would normally cost a prohibitive $10,000 but were knocked down to a more affordable $6,100 because of Ms. Sanchez's employment in the dental office. That price still does not include the dental surgery that Kyra will eventually need.

Eva, 12, bit deeply into a tomato pulled from the vine in the backyard. Her mother is proud of those plants, which thrive under the relentless desert sun as long as they are properly watered and cared for. It is a small culinary pleasure, and a low-cost one at that, now that dinners at the little Italian place down the road are a memory, as are margaritas at the Mexican restaurant and pizza at the strip mall.

''We used to eat out Friday nights,'' Ms. Sanchez said. ''No more. We don't buy anything big either.''

On the block all day, Mr. Winkler sees people coming to look at the empty homes, but most leave quickly. One day, he heard the sounds of a fighter jet in the distance and pondered something he read in the local paper about the possible reopening of the nearby Air Force base, which ceased active-duty operations in the mid-1990s.

''That would be great,'' he said, and made his way to the mailbox for a pile of bills.

Dreams on Hold

Mr. Winkler had taken a test for a job at the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department. It had gone well, but there was still no word. He wonders when he goes to job fairs why the Riverside County Sheriff's Department is always there. He had passed its test, but never heard from them. He took another test to work in the Kimberly-Clark factory nearby. Passed that one, too.

Dreams are not dashed, his wife insisted; they are placed on hold. ''We just have to see what's coming next,'' she said.

It was vintage Ms. Sanchez. As Mr. Winkler vacillates between dark humor and frustration over his protracted unemployment, his wife focuses on what could be worse.

Many of the women of Beth Court have lived traditional lives, often standing in the shadow of their husbands. They would slip away when a reporter came calling, letting their husbands do the talking. But Ms. Sanchez has been different.

Ms. Sanchez lets her thoughts be known, and when it comes to her troubled block, her central message has been that men should be held accountable for the undoing of their families' homes through financial folly.

When one neighbor slipped quietly into the house for some girl chat one afternoon, Ms. Sanchez, carefully folding socks, lectured her on not letting her husband lose the house to the bank. That advice, she would say later, fell on deaf ears.

''It's frustrating,'' she said. ''But people have their own ways.''

Her grip on her girls is loving and firm. Pull your shirt down, Eva. Stop asking for sweets, Kyra, when you know you gave it up for Lent. Her musings -- even those rendered most critically -- are rarely done without a smile. Lately, she has been reading ''The Secret,'' the New Age self-help book by Rhonda Byrne.

One day last winter, Ms. Sanchez stood in her doorway, still wearing her pink dental scrubs and clutching a sweater around her arms. February is cold in the desert, and the sun sets early. Parents whistle for their children when dinner is ready.

Ms. Sanchez feels mad sometimes, she confessed, at her former next-door neighbor -- and best friend -- who lost her house to foreclosure. Their children were growing up together, but no more.

''I was kind of angry when she moved,'' Ms. Sanchez said. ''You can't make stupid choices,'' she added, referring to the large amounts of cash her former neighbor's husband drew on their home's equity.

One of four children of Mexican immigrants, Ms. Sanchez has almost always worked to help the family. When summer arrived and Mr. Winkler found an ingenious way to pay for the girls' braces, Ms. Sanchez was at his side, combing the county junkyards, buying an old ashtray here, a chrome piece there. He studies other sellers on eBay, then posts and sells. The girls' braces are already almost paid for.

''I think it helps the relationship when you are together a lot more -- it will remind us of why we are together,'' Ms. Sanchez said. ''When you work all the time, you don't get to spend as much time as you would like together. But I guess it would just depend on the person, if they would want to be together all the time. I really enjoy it.''

Mr. Winkler offered a more nuanced view.

''It's stressful,'' he said. ''I've got to be questioning everything Eloisa buys.''

When asked together about unemployment and marriage, hardship and love, both looked away. Clearly the past year has not been easy for either of them, but sharing such intimacies is not their way.

The girls have not been shaded from the harsh realities of economic stress -- their parents speak openly about the crushing cost of proper dental care and the dwindling unemployment checks -- but nor do they seem to carry its burdens. In numerous conversations with a reporter, neither girl mentioned their father's unemployment.

A Smaller Gathering

Memorial Day weekend came, and Mr. Winkler threw some burgers on the grill, and, as he does every year, opened the backyard to the neighbors. A couple who live around the corner on Parkland Avenue were still jetlagged from a trip to Europe, but they came to have a bite and see how Ms. Sanchez's tomato plants were holding up and whether the girls were studying their singing.

It might have been a larger crowd in the past, but two new sets of neighbors were just moving in that weekend.

In July, after four months of no response from potential employers, Mr. Winkler found himself with three job interviews and one call back, from Ruskin Manufacturing for a possible production supervisor job. But as of this week, still no job.

The couple also recently decided to take assessment tests at the local junior college -- neither has a college degree -- to make themselves more desirable to potential employers.

''It's so hard to get a job anymore, we have realized, unless you want one that pays these little minimum wages,'' Ms. Sanchez said.

Mr. Winkler passed his test with honors, but she is less confident about her coming exam. Still, she will do it.

''It's to show the girls who is successful,'' Ms. Sanchez said. ''Kids learn by example.''

Articles in this series explore how a block of eight homes in Moreno Valley, Calif., about 60 miles from Los Angeles, has been reshaped by the housing bust and recession.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Eloisa Sanchez helping her husband with a job application. (pg.A1)

Eloisa Sanchez and her daughter Eva at their home on Beth Court, a cul-de-sac in Moreno Valley, Calif. The family has seen many neighbors leave. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONICA ALMEIDA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A13)

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[***A Basic Idea in Paterson***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7FV0-000P-21CX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By EVELYN NIEVES,

By EVELYN NIEVES,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PATERSON, N.J.

**Body**

Several years ago, an aggressive principal named Joe Clark brought nationwide attention to this city's school system with a baseball bat and tough love. And though he inspired a movie and focused debate on the problems of turning around troubled urban schools, the district continued on a downward slide.

Last year, the State Education Department stepped in, seizing control of the district, removing the administration and installing a new one. Only one other district in the state, Jersey City, had suffered the same blatant declaration of utter failure.

But within the last year, the district has started to change in radical ways that would probably even surprise the bat-wielding Mr. Clark. With 22,000 students in 35 schools and a $213 million budget, the Paterson school system has become a laboratory percolating with ideas for improving schools at every level.

Longer Day and 15 Libraries

It has unveiled programs that range from a pilot project for the country's first tuition-free, residential urban prep school to a summer music camp; it has offered bonuses to all staff members in a school that achieves agreed-upon goals and it has relieved teachers of their duties as lunchroom monitors, allowing them more time in the classroom. Moreover, it has started school-based management, lengthened the school day by a half-hour and opened 15 school libraries. Not least among the improvements is the teachers' equivalent of a chicken in every pot: a photocopier in every school.

Perhaps the most radical program is a new curriculum for freshman high school students. While most high school students are juggling seven or eight courses, freshmen in this city are spending their time in just three: reading, writing and math. The back-to-basics curriculum, introduced last year, is a response to an early warning test that predicted that 96 percent of the students would fail a new state test they must pass to graduate.

The program, which some teachers and parents here considered so bizarre that they bitterly protested it, gave results last June, when students at John F. Kennedy High School who were in it scored higher on standardized practice tests than students at Eastside High School, where students had been receiving one hour of basic skills after school and on Saturdays. This year, the program has been expanded to Eastside High as well.

'No Magic Involved Here'

Charles Lighty, Mr. Clark's successor at Eastside High School, said the program, called Paradigm, opened smoothly because staff members had a year to prepare programs and notify parents and students.

All the changes, said Laval S. Wilson, the state-appointed superintendent, are less an experiment than a "tried and true" formula that will produce steady results.

"There is no magic involved here," said Dr. Wilson, who has headed the Boston and Rochester school systems. "What does it take to be good at anything? Dedicated time on the task, along with the tools and encouragement to do it."

Many of his ideas and changes, which he devised while meeting a mandate to reorganize the district's central office within six months, have received high praise. Gov. Jim Florio has singled out his incentive program, which offers bonuses of up to 1 percent of each staff member's salary, as a way to encourage teachers, and through them, parents and children, to become more involved in the schools. The State Education Commissioner, John Ellis, calls Paterson's progress in its first year under his department's control "very encouraging and exciting."

To David Hornbeck, a former Maryland Education Commissioner who now does educational consulting for several states, the district's attempts "ought to be applauded."

"There are some interesting ideas," he said. "I'd be interested to see how they turn out."

And in this ***working-class*** district, one of 30 the state has singled out for needing more attention and money, word is out that the schools are getting better. Attendance rates are up among both students and teachers. Buildings are beginning to get much-needed attention.

Teachers Still Complaining

But the new administration, which the state expects to keep in place for at least five years, has its share of critics and skeptics. Although Mr. Clark left in 1989, many parents and teachers are still sensitive about his criticisms of teachers and parents on national television. They say the new administration seems to be doing the same, by action rather than words.

Teachers and administrators, for example, have complained that despite the administration's commitment to school-based management, it is issuing orders with little warning and no input from school-level management. And they say some changes seem intended for shock value -- for instance, when the administration announced it would remove the principals of three elementary schools and transfer all staff from another, telling the dumbfounded staff two days before school ended last year.

Peter A. Tirri, president of the Paterson Education Association, said his members were encouraged by the district's commitment to reform and found some of its programs, particularly the planned year-round prep school, "inspired innovations." But he said that teachers and administrators felt left out.

"When they vacated the school last June, teachers were in such shock they were crying," he said. "No one told them what the criteria were for their poor assessment review. They still don't know why it happened."

Moreover, the Paradigm program remains controversial with some teachers who are not convinced that holding off required subjects like history and science in favor of the basics is a good idea. Even in the nine elementary schools where a similar emphasis on reading, writing and math has been introduced, Mr. Tirri said, teachers are worried that the curriculum is not diverse enough.

And Mr. Hornbeck said: "I have not heard of this intensive a curriculum before. My concern is that you'd probably have students who would need the electives as incentive who are going to be dissuaded from this kind of basic course load."

Yet teachers critical of the system are afraid to be identified, telling a reporter that they fear retribution.

There is also concern, Mr. Tirri said, that the system is falling into a familiar trap: focusing on test scores at the expense of a broad education. Finally, he added, the financial incentives have not generated much enthusiasm; some teachers consider it insulting that the state would dangle a bonus as a way to motivate them. A teacher at the top of the pay scale makes $58,621; the maximum bonus for such a teacher would be only $586.

Defensive About Change

"The bottom line is not throwing a couple of extra bucks at teachers so they'll work harder," he said. "What they care about on a day-to-day basis is: Do they have enough paper to make copies of lessons for their students? Are there enough books? Will they be given enough time to plan their classes?"

But others in the school system say the complaints come from staff members who believe that the district's history of failure -- it fell short of state certification requirements for 16 years -- is a reflection on them, even though officials in Trenton cited chronic mismanagement, not poor teaching, as the culprit.

Dr. Wilson, whose five-year tenure with the Boston city schools was marked by similar changes and similar complaints about a top-heavy management style, said his programs are being met with enthusiasm by teachers and students.

"We have many fine teachers and administrators," he said. "They know the bottom line is the students don't know how to read or write or do math, and they need help."

And if the Paradigm program is stirring doubts among some people here, Mr. Ellis, the Education Commissioner, cautiously supports it.

"There are substantial misgivings about putting that much emphasis on basic skills," he said. "We have to watch that carefully. But on balance, it was our opinion that there was such a high failure level in Paterson that maybe the radical emphasis is just what's needed."

Dr. Wilson said that in the next few years, as the district adjusts to its changes, more will come. "Our students don't have the comforts of students in Princeton," he said. "They don't have the manicured campuses or the fancy encyclopedias. People keep asking if we'll beat the suburban schools, and I say this isn't a contest. This is a plan to make Paterson the best it can be."

**Graphic**

Photo: With 22,000 students in 35 schools, the Paterson school system has become a laboratory percolating with ideas for improving schools at every level. At John F. Kennedy High School, first-year students participate in the Paradigm program, in which they study only reading, writing and math. (Najlah Feanny for The New York Times) (pg. B5)

Map of New Jersey showing location of Paterson. (pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** September 28, 1992

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[***Pride Grows In Brooklyn;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7HD0-000P-N4WF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Legendary Dodgers Aren't Coming Back Yet, But the Borough Is***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7HD0-000P-N4WF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DOUGLAS MARTIN

**Body**

For generations, the consolidation of New York City in 1897 was known in Brooklyn as "the Great Mistake."

By a margin of just 277 votes (some say ballot boxes were stuffed), Brooklyn, the nation's fourth-largest city, had voted to give up its proud and independent history. Foes of the merger predicted that forever after, Brooklynites would live in the cursed shadow of Manhattan.

While none of those doom-sayers are still around, some of their descendants have kept the tradition alive. Each new blow or slight -- need we mention the Dodgers' former owner Walter O'Malley? -- only reinforces their unshakable belief that Brooklyn's past was brighter, its old ball fields greener, its original Nathan's juicier than anything in today's New York City.

But that wistfulness -- if a pining for the sound of "dem" and "dose" can be called wistful -- is running smack into a growing revisionism. Replacing the enormous chip on Brooklyn's shoulder are signs of new life in the borough. In this view, Brooklyn in the 1990's is the place to be, and you can tell that to Manhattan.

In fact, many Brooklynites now see the borough as the embodiment of the city's strengths. Immigrants have flocked there (Brooklyn has two Chinatowns, for instance), and many of the city's creative people have chosen to call Brooklyn their home, forsaking the Upper West Side or downtown, say, for a Brooklyn brownstone or a Williamsburg loft.

Even Brooklyn's name has taken on a growing cachet among marketers. The Brooklyn Diner on Manhattan's West 57th Street, for example, is opening another, bigger restaurant on Long Island. And CBS is betting on a new television series from Steven Bochco of "N.Y.P.D. Blue" fame called "Brooklyn South" and filmed in the gritty precincts of the borough.

Although this local pride has not obscured seemingly intractable problems like poverty, poor schools and antiquated housing, Brooklyn's spirit shows a marked change from a generation ago, when widespread arson during the the citywide 1977 blackout highlighted the inexorable decline of the borough's once proud middle-class neighborhoods. Today, areas that were written off have come back with surprising vigor: downtown has been totally recast with huge new office buildings, and will soon be home to a hotel from the Marriott chain, the borough's first large hotel to be built in half a century.

Dick Zigun, whose Coney Island U.S.A., a theater and sideshow, has brought live entertainment back to the beach, says artists moving to former manufacturing areas in Greenpoint and Williamsburg are recharging the borough's batteries, so that it no longer endures second-class status.

"Brooklyn in some ways is hipper than Manhattan, in terms of where the scene is, what's cutting edge, what's avant-garde," he said, happily acknowledging that he is also official shill for the Astroland amusement park in Coney Island.

Indeed, when Lincoln Center wanted to draw a younger audience by creating its Serious Fun festival, it drew inspiration from the Next Wave festival at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. And whereas two decades ago, newcomers to the city might have settled in Greenwich Village or other Manhattan neighborhoods, today they often gravitate toward Brooklyn, which boasts cheaper rents and an increasingly desirable reputation.

Despite being abolished as a city a century ago, Brooklyn has also retained an identity that is known throughout the world. In Italy, for instance, one of the most popular chewing gums is called simply Brooklyn; its wrapper features a drawing of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Trying to capitalize on the borough's mystique, Kenneth Adams, president of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, is planning a Brooklyn tourism campaign. (Although the borough is well known, tourists don't generally venture there from Manhattan.) One of the campaign's strategies may be a booth welcoming visitors as they arrive at Kennedy Airport. (Reminded that the airport is in Queens, Mr. Adams responded, "A minor detail.")

The recent changes in Brooklyn have even led to something of a backlash against those who look nostalgically at the borough. In an article titled "The Last Schmaltz" in the glossy new magazine Brooklyn Bridge, the writer Phillip Lopate said that instead of looking at the past, people should focus on the new Brooklyn, warts and all.

"Slobbering over Brooklyn past," he wrote, "obscures this new, emerging reality, with its energy, its opportunities and dislocations, its class stratifications and racial segregations. We need to stop being nostalgic for the old days, or stop sanitizing the current picture, and pay attention to what is happening in Brooklyn now."

Still, many longtime Brooklynites, along with those who have fled elsewhere, continue to nurse the wounds of the past. Marvin Gelfand, wearing the battered Brooklyn Dodgers cap he has treasured since growing up in Williamsburg a half-century ago, gives tours in which he attacks what he calls the conspiracy that led New York City to swallow the borough.

"Brooklyn no longer carried the political weight of a full citizen," he said of the merger's impact. "And that has made Brooklynites feel inferior, always."

Such passions remain so strong that last January, when it was announced that the Los Angeles Dodgers were up for sale, the Borough President, Howard Golden, jumped at the opportunity to get back what for many decades was the borough's strongest symbol of its own identity. Until the moment the team returns, Mr. Golden has decreed that the Dodgers' flag must fly on Borough Hall's eastern mast, the one nearest the former site of Ebbets Field.

"This isn't a joke," Mr. Golden insisted, saying the borough has received four offers of "substantial money" from four private businessmen to buy the team. "In fact, it's building momentum."

Those longings were also a force behind the creation of Ebbets Field Ventures, a company in Hartford that seeks to sell the Brooklyn myth to the world. On the World Wide Web, the company sells merchandise like a table clock modeled after the Ebbets Field scoreboard and original chairs from the ball park ($1,500 apiece -- enough for 3,000 bleacher tickets a half-century ago). Soon, the company plans to release a candy bar shaped like the old home plate.

But its greatest vision is to re-create a slightly downsized Ebbets Field at a cost of $25 million. To be located anywhere, the field would be a minor-league park and tourist attraction. Glenn Martin, the president of Ebbets Field Ventures, said he has had discussions with Hartford, Springfield, Mass., and even Brooklyn itself. "We want to create a national tourist attraction," he said.

John C. Muir, however, who is president of the Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment, chafes at wallowing in the past. "This pathetic nostalgia," he calls it. Even as Brooklyn has become home to 93 ethnic groups from 150 countries -- a true world city -- the image lingers of the cocky G.I. in World War II movies, who speaks in a ***working-class*** dialect, chews gum and bums cigarettes. He is always from Brooklyn.

Lately, some have been able to capitalize on the borough's past while taking advantage of its current strengths. Last year, The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, the voice of the borough for the better part of a century, resumed publication in truncated form. And Lundy's, the legendary seafood restaurant in Sheepshead Bay, recently reopened, drawing people not only from the borough, but also ex-Brooklynites who now call the suburbs home.

Frank Cretella, owner of the new Lundy's, notes that people tend to see the past through rose-colored glasses. He says people keep congratulating him on keeping the old chandeliers. (He didn't.) They also chastise him for moving the oyster bar. (He wouldn't have dreamed of it.) Others have even longed for the days when there were no reservations, and customers stood by people's tables, whistling and tapping their feet as they waited for them to finish dessert. ("I actually toyed with that idea," Mr. Cretella admitted.)

The evanescence of memory was particularly apparent at Farrell's, a crusty old saloon in Windsor Terrace, where nobody could answer what once would have been the simplest of Brooklyn Dodger trivia questions: what four streets surrounded Ebbets Field? (McKeever, Montgomery, Sullivan and Bedford.) At another Brooklyn watering hole, the smoky O'Connor's on Fifth Avenue, there was an even darker take on nostalgia for Brooklyn's seemingly glorious past.

"Generally, what people are nostalgic for never really existed," said Haynes Atkins, a painter. "All that's a death trip, ultimately."

**Graphic**

Photos: Brooklyn still has its separatists. One is Marvin Gelfand, center, pointing as he describes the Brooklyn Bridge on his nostalgic tour of the borough. (Jose R. Lopez/The New York Times)(pg. B6); A Marriott hotel is being built, above, on Adams Street between the Brooklyn Bridge and Borough Hall. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times); At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the actor Donal McCann, right, appeared this year in "The Steward of Christendom." (John Haynes); Brooklyn even has cachet in Manhattan: the Brooklyn Diner, below, is on West 57th Street. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times); Borough President Howard Golden has ordered the Dodgers' flag flown over Borough Hall until the team returns. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** May 13, 1997

**End of Document**



[***A PERSONAL CRUSADE AGAINST PROSTITUTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9XP0-0007-J2KH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 24, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 16, Column 2; Style Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** By JUDY KLEMESRUD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

**Body**

Kathleen Barry is a soft-spoken Brandeis University sociologist whose first concern as a feminist was rape - she was a co-author of the first Stop Rape Handbook in 1972. ''In those days,'' she said, ''I thought that nothing could be worse than rape.''

Then she heard about the international traffic in women for forced prostitution.

Today the 43-year-old Miss Barry is one of the recognized experts on the subject, and her goal is the eradication of forced prostitution around the world - something she believes is possible.

''It's like black slavery in the 19th century,'' she said recently in an interview in her apartment here. ''You have to begin to imagine it would not exist. Then cracks start to form, and eventually you get rid of it. There is nothing inevitable about prostitution.''

Article on socioligist Kathleen Barry's campaign against international forced prostitution; interview; photo (M)

Miss Barry is the author of ''Female Sexual Slavery,'' first published in 1979 by Prentice-Hall and recently reissued by New York University Press. In it, she tells of women who are abducted or sold for sexual purposes and wind up in the United States, West Germany, Saudi Arabia and other countries. The book, which has been translated into four languages, served as the basis for a 1983 United Nations report that said ''prostitution is slavery'' and a grave cause for international concern.

In 1983 in Rotterdam, Miss Barry founded the International Feminist Network Against Female Sexual Slavery, involving 24 women from 24 countries who work with grass-roots women's organizations in their respective countries. The network is financed by grants from the Dutch Government and the Ford Foundation.

On Conference Agenda

Largely because of Miss Barry's work, international trafficking in women will be on the agenda of Forum '85, the nongovernmental women's conference to be held next month in Nairobi, Kenya. The conference will be held in conjunction with a United Nations-sponsored women's conference in Nairobi, which may also discuss the issue. The two conferences mark the end of the United Nations Decade for Women.

''I hope the U.N. conference takes strong and clear action against the issue,'' she said, ''and that it will direct the United Nations Commission on the Status of Women to receive complaints on the trafficking in women.''

Last November, Miss Barry was one of 14 women honored by the Wonder Woman Foundation, an organization that gives grants of $7,500 to women over 40 for their contributions to society. At the award ceremonies in New York, Miss Barry was hailed as ''a fearless pioneer who forced recognition of the global scope of this forbidden subject.'' The citation continued, ''For a long time the truth her work unearthed was denied and she was considered a wave-maker.''

Miss Barry has spent 10 years of her life researching and writing about what she calls female sexual slavery. She said that although her book has not received any negative reviews, she has been criticized by fellow sociologists, as well as some civil libertarians.

''Sociologists have tended to consider forced prostitution as too controversial too deal with,'' she said. ''There's this notion that I should be doing something that's nicer.'' Some civil libertarians, she said, defend prostitution as freely chosen work.

According to Miss Barry, a number of countries, including the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Paraguay and the island of Zanzibar are involved in the trafficking of women. She said that these women, often as young as 12, are usually purchased, kidnapped or fraudulently recruited, then sent to ''eros centers'' in West Germany, Arab harems in North Africa and Saudi Arabia, or brothels in the United States, Thailand, France and South America.

The sociologist said she had obtained her information through Interpol, the international police organization; from former prostitutes who had escaped, and from people who had witnessed or been involved in the trafficking.

''The practice has been shrouded in secrecy,'' she said, ''because the male brotherhood protects it. There are economic interests involved, plus the assumption that sex is a right for men.''

The secrecy aspect, she said, is one reason that not many other organizations or feminist groups have gotten involved with the issue. Among those that have, she said, are the Anti-Slavery Society, based in England, and Equipes d'Action (Action Teams Against the Traffic of Women and Children), in France.

Another topic in her book that is on the agenda of Forum '85 in Nairobi is ''sex tourism,'' which, she said, involves the organized travel of men to Asian countries - especially Thailand, South Korea, the Philippines and Sri Lanka - where they have sex with women, whom they sometimes marry and bring home.

Miss Barry said the male travelers were from the United States, Japan, Germany, Scandinavia and the Netherlands. At least four travel agencies in the United States arrange such tours, she added.

''The passivity and docility of the women are stressed,'' she said. ''The promoters say that is the nature of the Asian woman. Many men who take the tours say they are looking for brides who are alternatives to liberated American women.''

She said that members of the International Feminist Network Against Female Sexual Slavery would actively promote the discussion of both trafficking in women and sex tourism in Nairobi.

Miss Barry said one of the biggest problems she faces in her work is ''the happy hooker'' image, which she believes tends to glorify prostitution and makes it seem like an alternative work experience. ''The Xaviera Hollanders of the world only represent about 5 percent of the prostitute population,'' she said, quoting from her research. ''More often, prostitutes are runaways who become pimp-controlled, and pimp-controlled prostitution is female sexual slavery.''

Asked if she had any cause for optimism, she said she thought that some prostitutes were becoming more aware of the exploitative nature of their work, and were using a new language to describe their situations. ''In the 1970's their language was very passive, and they would say things like 'This happened to me' or 'I fell into this,' '' she said. ''Now they're saying things like 'I was held in slavery and tortured.' ''

This new terminology, she said, is the result of feminist work on pornography, new sexual assault units in police departments, rape crisis centers, television programs and books like ''Female Sexual Slavery.''

Miss Barry said she had no evidence that women were leaving the work, but added, ''Recognition of the abuse and enslavement of one's condition is absolutely the first step in getting out, and usually one follows the other.''

She told of a recent meeting with a 17-year-old prostitute in Boston who had escaped after having been kidnapped and tortured by a pimp. ''She recognized it as a sexual assault, and she had the sense to go to the police department's sexual assault unit rather than the vice squad,'' she said. The girl, she added, is being protected by a group of former prostitutes while the pimp is in jail, awaiting trial.

'Victimized and Exploited'

Asked about Margo St. James, who heads Coyote, a San Francisco-based organization that defends prostitutes' rights, she replied: ''Margo was very helpful in providing information about women being victimized and exploited by police. But we basically disagree, because I want to end prostitution, and she regards it as a viable profession.''

Miss Barry, who is single, was born in Syracuse, N.Y., to ***working class*** parents - her father worked in road construction, her mother was a homemaker. She holds a double doctorate in sociology and education from the University of California in Berkeley. Before coming to Brandeis, where she is an assistant professor of sociology, she taught at the University of Massachusetts and California State University.

She said she planned to use her $7,500 Wonder Woman Award to finish a biography on Susan B. Anthony, and to further her campaign against female sexual slavery.

''Unfortunately, I'm the expert,'' she said, ''and when it has to be addressed, I have to do it.''

**Graphic**

photo of Kathleen Barry

**End of Document**



[***A Firehouse Tradition Gives Way, Uneasily;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40JC-X6H0-00MH-F2WR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With Volunteer Ranks Dwindling, Communities Bring In Professionals - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40JC-X6H0-00MH-F2WR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1515 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

By JANE GROSS

**Dateline:** LA GRANGE, N.Y.

**Body**

No one can fault the volunteer firefighters here for not trying. With their corps dwindling, the department in this Dutchess County town put billboards on Route 55, built a gymnasium to attract young members, tried a pension plan for old-timers and set up an 800 number for new recruits.

None of it made a difference.

So beginning a decade ago with one paid firefighter and picking up steam so that today there are 14, the La Grange department took the step that experts say was unavoidable, if unwelcome. It challenged a tradition that dates back to pre-Revolution days, put community safety ahead of nostalgia and joined a small but growing number of fire departments across the nation that supplement volunteers with professionals.

"Nobody wants to see it change on their watch," said Shawn Murray, a volunteer who joined in 1976 and is now a paid deputy chief in La Grange, east of Poughkeepsie. "But we saw the writing on the wall."

Nationwide since 1983, there has been a 5 to 10 percent reduction in volunteers, who represent 74 percent of America's firefighters, according to the National Volunteer Fire Center in Washington. In New York State, the decline has been 25 percent in the last 25 years.

Everywhere, the reasons are the same. The stalwarts are dying off. Young families are juggling careers and children, racing from the train to Little League. And housing prices are forcing out blue-collar workers in exchange for professionals without the inclination, the skill or the time to fight fires.

The logical solution is hiring a few professionals to ensure that the rigs get out the door, especially during the hard-to-staff weekday hours, when the fire signal once summoned farmers, shopkeepers and shift workers. But change comes hard to this tight fraternity, even in the face of demographic upheaval.

Since Benjamin Franklin founded one of the earliest companies in Philadelphia in 1736, robust volunteer departments have been the gold standard of fire protection. And the firehouse has been a hub of community life. There was food, even in the Depression, and often the first television set in town. There were pancake breakfasts, carnivals and smoke-filled bars where grandfathers, fathers and sons shared tales of courage.

La Grange hoped a gradual approach would blunt resentment from old-timers, the ones who buff the parade wagons to a sparkle for the Fourth of July. After hiring one paid employee 11 years ago, the department added another every few years and, with the transition going smoothly, 10 more since 1997.

Only last January did La Grange allow a paid man into the command structure, naming Mr. Murray deputy chief. By all measures, the 14 professional firefighters and paramedics have improved service, reduced requests for help from neighboring departments and cost each taxpayer less than $20 a year.

"They did it exactly right, steppingstone by steppingstone," said Henry Campbell, a former firefighter who is now a consultant to Westchester County's new Department of Emergency Services.

Mr. Campbell said that few departments had the foresight of La Grange and thus would resist professional reinforcements until a catastrophe. But combination departments have existed in Westchester for decades and are popping up in other northern suburbs and outside Albany, Rochester and Buffalo.

Statewide, there are 1,800 fire departments, 1,650 of them all volunteer and 150 all paid or a combination. New York State has 112,500 volunteers and 19,500 professionals, more than half in New York City.

Attrition is measured in many ways. In Port Washington, on Long Island, Walter Trapp was on a waiting list for 13 months when he volunteered 28 years ago. A decade ago, half a dozen recruits joined the department each month. Now, nobody has volunteered in the last four months. Erie County, in upstate New York, spent $300,000 on recruitment efforts, but landed just six new men.

John Cullen, 68, a longtime firefighter around Westchester, both paid and volunteer, can tick off the changes he has seen in the last 30 years. Two-career families. Long commutes. Extracurricular activities for children. Soaring real estate prices that force out the ***working class***. Families scattered. "That chain is broke," Mr. Cullen said. "Everything's changed. We got rich; that's what we did. When we were poor, the firehouse was everything."

The firehouse was home away from home for men with dirt on their hands: carpenters, sanitation workers, foremen. Some live in the houses where they raised their children. But they are losing ground to college-educated professionals, urban transplants with no history in the community.

"People who live in million-dollar houses aren't volunteer firemen," Mr. Cullen said, adding that it is a rare lawyer or stockbroker who rushes into a burning building. "These are not the type of people to drop The Wall Street Journal and grab a fire hose."

Mr. Cullen noted that the most vibrant volunteer departments in the region are in former factory towns along the Hudson. Descendants of those laborers remain, into the third and fourth generations -- plumbers, small merchants, municipal workers -- and gung-ho volunteers.

One such village is Hastings-on-Hudson, where the volunteer Fire Department is the envy of Westchester County, with 120 active members. Few communities expect more than a dozen volunteers on a weekday, even for a major blaze. But Hastings's chief, Robert J. Schnibbe, counted 47 recently when burning food set off a home smoke alarm, and 39 when a pipe burst in the beauty parlor of an old age home.

But Chief Schnibbe is not complacent. "It just shows we don't have a problem here yet," he said. "And I mean 'yet.' I'm not saying it's not going to happen."

Real estate values are starting to force the issue in Hastings, as they have elsewhere. "We have 18-, 19-, 20-year-old kids who still live at home," said John McDwyer, a paid firefighter in Rye, where the average house now costs $600,000. "But when they get married, they move because they can't afford to live here."

Then there is sprawl, turning farmland into distant suburbs. "They're on a 6 a.m. train," said Chief Murray, talking about La Grange residents who commute two hours to Manhattan, a recent development since construction of half-million-dollar houses. "They're not home till 8 at night. How can they come to the fire station?"

Feminism, too, has taken a toll. The Ladies Auxiliary is a relic. And it is a rare woman willing to bathe the children and supervise homework while her husband drinks beer and shoots pool at the firehouse. (These days, a firefighter who has been drinking can't answering a call.)

"Our generation, dads are more active with their children," said John Castelhano, a paid firefighter in Rye.

It has not helped that the number of false alarms has skyrocketed and the number of fires plummeted, both a result of smoke detectors. A call to 911 results in a message on volunteers' pagers. "Unless they hear the magic words 'working fire' or 'smoke showing,' they won't go," Mr. Castelhano said.

Rye is one of 14 combination departments in Westchester County, along with four fully paid and 39 all-volunteer forces. Although paid firefighters were added decades ago, the tension remains thick between the two camps, one fighting to preserve a way of life and the other seeking more union jobs.

The integration of paid firefighters in Rye was made with none of the care of La Grange. On paper, the 15 professionals are supposed to do nothing but drive the fire trucks and operate the pumps while the volunteers fight the fires. "But sometimes we pull up and we're the only ones there," Hal Aken said.

Rye has 240 volunteers, but rarely do more than two dozen show up. Some are too old to enter a burning building. Others are what Walter Roode, the 69-year-old chief, calls "social members," who pull up each afternoon at 4:30 only to retire to the second-floor bar, and who limit their work to "helping with picnics."

The paid firefighters would like the bar closed, as it has been in La Grange. They would like to be part of the command structure, as Shawn Murray is. "We wouldn't even consider that," said Mr. Roode, a retired public works foreman who has been fighting fires since the end of the Korean War. "Our system works, so why fix it?" Mr. Roode first denied there was tension in the firehouse, then blamed it on union organizers.

Mr. Roode, typical of volunteer chiefs, drives a shiny Ford Explorer emblazoned with department insignia. It has a flashing roof light and is gassed up at the Department of Public Works. It is but one of the perks of the job, which also include a front-and-center position at holiday parades, in a $350,000 custom pumper with gold leaf to spare.

"The gold leaf, the trophies, the bragging rights, all that built morale and helped drive membership," Mr. Campbell said. "Part of being a volunteer firefighter was strutting your stuff. But you can't go back to yesteryear. As more and more people come up from the city, they have no idea. They complain about the siren blowing. It's hard and it's going to get harder."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A picture caption last Thursday with the continuation of an article about the dwindling numbers of volunteer firefighters nationwide misidentified a professional firefighter in Rye, N.Y., who was shown talking to a volunteer. He was Hal Aken, not John Castelhano.

**Correction-Date:** June 29, 2000, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photos: Over the last decade, the Fire Department in La Grange, N.Y., has hired professionals like Jason Lopes, left, to work alongside volunteers like Mike Macak.; Firefighters in La Grange assist a child injured on a playground. Walter Roode, far left, the fire chief in Rye, N.Y., says of his force's all-volunteer command structure, "Our system works, so why fix it?" (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. B1); At the Fire Department in Rye, N.Y., paid professionals like John Castelhano, a dispatcher, right, work with volunteers like Ryan Prata. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. B9)

**Load-Date:** June 22, 2000

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[***Britain's 'New' Labor: No Specifics, Few Promises***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7VW0-000P-N4YB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 28, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1487 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** LONDON, April 27

**Body**

Last fall, Britain's Labor Party put out its official platform and boasted that its nostrums for what ails Britain had been unanimously approved by the entire party conference.

But more recently, with the party entering a national election campaign, a substitute manifesto emerged, this one bearing the stamp of only one person -- the party's leader, Tony Blair, likely to be the country's next Prime Minister before this week is out.

What had been a 40-page typed consensus document had been repackaged as a list of 10 principles in Mr. Blair's own crabbed handwriting -- scribbled down, his campaign managers said as they distributed photocopies, in the solitude of his backyard.

Mr. Blair had been sitting in "a patch of sunlight," they said, and they circulated pictures of the luminous moment. The piety of the presentation illuminated how emblematic Mr. Blair has become of the party that he has refashioned into what he calls "New" Labor, and how reverentially his pitchmen are treating his image in what is being called the most personality-centered election in British history.

He has gained wide acceptance for his personal mission to become the next Prime Minister, but his tightly managed and cautious campaign has shed less light on his plans for the country than it has on him.

The same voters who are confiding to pollsters that they remain unsure of what he envisions for Britain are also confirming that they will cast votes on Thursday that will put him in the country's highest office and, if the polling numbers are even remotely accurate, back him up with a substantial majority in Parliament.

Four newspaper polls published today showed Labor leads ranging from 15 to 24 percent. Those figures translate into a majority of at least 150 seats in the 659-seat Parliament.

The attraction is Mr. Blair himself, an articulate 43-year-old Oxford graduate who has raised little expectation other than a change of personality in 10 Downing Street. He speaks in unrevealing contradictions, saying he wants change but continuity, toughness but compassion, and, in what has become the mantra of the latter days of a campaign that has made few promises, something he calls "radical centrism."

Approach Mr. Blair on a campaign stop with a plea for a specific pledge on a concern of particular interest to Labor -- like education, health or welfare -- and you will not get a typical politician's laundry list of predictions. A smiling promise to "do better" is the extent of the commitment.

The party's appeal cannot be attributed to the policy alternatives it is offering the public. Its proposals so resemble those of the ruling Conservative Party that Paddy Ashdown, the leader of the Liberal Democrats, has said the campaign between Labor and the Conservatives reminds him of synchronized swimming.

Part of the reason for Labor's double-digit lead is public weariness with the Tories, who, despite producing a robust economy and significantly improving the lot of the upwardly mobile, have worn out their welcome after 17 years in power.

"Labor will win because it is not the Conservative Party and because it is not much different from the Conservative Party," said Ross McKibbon, a historian of the Labor Party at Oxford.

That thinking has been behind Labor's strategy of criticizing the tactics of the Tories while promising not to tamper with the results of their policies. On becoming the Labor leader in 1994, Mr. Blair set out to make the party a mainstream alternative to the Conservatives. He brought profound change to the party, doubling its membership, reducing its dependence on the financial backing of trade-unions, democratizing its internal procedures, and rewriting its charter to get rid of language supporting nationalized industries, broad union power and the growth of the state.

In the campaign, he has gone further to assure people worried about Labor's stormy past that the party has learned its lessons. He has pledged to maintain Tory spending limits for the next two years and not to raise income taxes for the next five. New Labor has abandoned its bedrock notion of using taxes to redistribute income and now, in the words of Mr. Blair, is "pro-entrepreneur, pro-business."

He has apparently succeeded in the tricky task of maintaining the trust of people despite frequent skittering to the right on basic issues like privatization, union legislation, Britain's integration into Europe and autonomy for Scotland and Wales.

Mr. Blair has proved to be an elusive target for the Conservatives, who began the campaign likening him to Stalin and Kim Il Sung for his tough stewardship of the Labor Party and are ending it saying he is too weak to "stand up to Europe."

Mr. Blair speaks with great fluency, but he is given to uttering bromides. The manifesto supposedly composed in the flush of inspiration speaks of "stable economic growth," getting "tough on crime and the causes of crime," safeguarding the environment and reducing the costs of the National Health Service. While passionate about public service, he can sound distrustful of politics, particularly when talking about the conditions in the Labor Party he joined in 1983 and watched lose three national elections.

The one goal Mr. Blair has been very clear about is the need to win, and that accounts for the discipline he has brought to the party. In 1995, a group of union leaders, distressed at signs he was altering the party's philosophy, asked him what his secret plans were.

"We have an agenda," he said, "and it's not secret. It's to win the next general election."

While the Conservatives have been riven by boisterous disputes over Europe, Labor has gone through the election with no outbursts from the once-vocal members of its ***working class*** and ideological left wings.

Whether Labor's candidates are campaigning in a leafy suburb, a grimy pit village, or an inner city housing project, its politicians stay "on message,"sometimes using the same wooden language as Mr. Blair.

This uniform style, opponents say, proves that Labor will change any position and silence any dissent in its desire to win. "If Labor had a collective grandmother," Prime Minister John Major charged last week, "it would sell it."

Mr. Blair's lieutenants have put proposals of the "New" Labor through the focus group process learned from friends in the Clinton Administration, and opponents have consequently charged that Mr. Blair will say whatever he thinks the public wants to hear.

"I certainly don't think that because we are electable and winning new support that we are unprincipled," is his response.

As for charges that he has betrayed the party's old principles, Mr. Blair said, "It's not about disavowing our past, but about refusing to live in it." At every appearance, he voices the new Labor dogma, which is that every proposal is fully "costed out."

He is a reassuring figure, but not a galvanizing one. Intelligent, articulate and in command of his facts, he was a worthy combatant to Prime Minister Major during question time in the House of Commons.

He has said he does not like to "foist himself" on people, and the truth of the statement is evident to anyone who has seen him campaign. He thrusts his hands into crowds and moves briskly down rows of well-wishers, but he looks uncomfortable doing it. Not one to linger, he is a politician whose "battle bus" always leaves on time.

He is young and fit with the alert eagerness of a junior executive. He was counseled early on in the campaign to dim a toothpaste smile that was seen to be undercutting his gravitas, and he seems to have modulated down a vocal tone that could on occasion sound like a 33-r.p.m. record being played at 45-r.p.m.

He is strait-laced and appears just enough ill at ease to forestall any accusations of being slick. There are obvious similarities between what he did with Labor and what President Clinton did with the Democrats, but the two men are otherwise not that comparable.

"He is the kind of boy your mother wants to keep in touch with after you split up," Allison Pearson wrote in the weekend Daily Telegraph magazine.

He is famously attentive to his wife, Cherie, a successful London lawyer, and his three children, but keeps them out of his public life. Her prominence in the legal world has prompted comparisons to Hillary Clinton, but he has made it clear that if he is elected his wife will return to her private practice.

Mr. Blair credits his Christianity for having shaped his social conscience but visibly hates to discuss it publicly. "I value my faith, but I don't want to imply that that's a reason to vote for me or not vote for me," he said in answering a question today from David Frost on the BBC.

When Mr. Frost asked him whether the Labor Party would honor its pledge to hold a referendum on any move to join monetary union in Europe, Mr. Blair fell effortlessly into a first person response.

"I give you my absolute personal guarantee," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: As Labor's candidate for Prime Minister, Tony Blair, shown campaigning in the town of Rochedale in northwestern England on Saturday, has won a reputation for being both articulate and tight-lipped. (Associated Press) (pg. A8)

**Load-Date:** April 28, 1997

**End of Document**



[***ONE WOMAN LEADS TO ANOTHER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BDN0-0007-J4FJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 28, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 13, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Reveiw

**Length:** 1347 words

**Byline:** By Gail Godwin; Gail Godwin, whose most recent novel is ''The Finishing School,'' has taught literature at Vassar College and the University of Illinois.

**Body**

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF LITERATURE BY WOMEN *The Tradition in English. Edited by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar. 2,457 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. $28.95. TWO years before her death in 1979, Elizabeth Bishop explained in a letter to a friend why she resisted inclusion in women's anthologies. ''Undoubtedly gender does play an important part in the making of any art,'' the Pulitzer prize-winning poet wrote, ''but art is art and to separate writings, paintings, musical compositions, etc., into two sexes is to emphasize values in them that are not* art.''

Her words could serve as a critical epitaph for this weighted and weighty anthology (described by its publishers as ''the ultimate word on women's literature'') in which the values of feminist interpretation are elevated to a *summa* at the expense of literary art and individual talents.

For a seasoned reader, it offers some serendipitous moments in the history of female expression: two visions by the 17th-century spiritual autobiographer Jane Lead; speeches by Sojourner Truth, born into slavery in Ulster County, N.Y.; a funny story about childbirth, with Ghanian dialect, by Ama Ata Aidoo; a burgeoning tradition of spirited lesbian poems. But the thousands of core-curriculum students for whom it is designed to be a one-book course are likely to come away with some skewed ideas about the literature produced by women during the last six centuries.

This is because the work is organized to bear out Virginia Woolf's opinion that women's books ''continue each other'' and to serve as a proving ground for the feminist poetics set forth by Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar in ''The Madwoman in the Attic'' (1979), their lively, provocative study of some major 19th-century women writers.

In that book, which has since become a sort of bible for feminist critics, the two scholars made a case for a distinct and separate female literary tradition, replete with its own images, themes - and anxieties. In texts ranging from ''Jane Eyre'' to the poems of Emily Dickinson, they claimed to find striking coherences. They cited recurring patterns (images of enclosure and escape, maddened doubles functioning as asocial surrogates for docile heroines, metaphors of physical discomfort and constraint) in the works of women ''geographically, historically and psychologically distant from one another.'' Underlying these works they also discerned what they called an ''anxiety of authorship,'' echoing the critic Harold Bloom's theory of the ''anxiety of influence'' suffered by men writers. But whereas the male tradition of literature has evolved from its writers rebelling from or revising their predecessors, the female tradition, ''dis-eased'' by women worrying whether they had any authority to write at all, has been built by writers painstakingly gaining courage of the pen through the cumulative examples of their literary foremothers.

In this anthology, Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Gubar are most concerned with tracing the link between women writers who gather power from a shared (often subversive) fund of themes, imagery and plots and as a result become less defensive about making uniquely female experiences the subject of their writing. In the anthology, their selections as well as their omissions are dictated by a stated desire to document and connect female literary experience rather than present a showcase of the most distinguished writing by women in English from Julian of Norwich in the 14th century to the present day. (Authors appear chronologically according to birth dates.) To this end, they have made major reparations to obscure writers and to neglected traditions of black, regional, lesbian, ***working-class*** and native-American writing. They have apportioned more space to little-known works of significant feminist content and less space (or none at all) to those works, or those writers, whose prose or poems do not always deal with female experience or lend themselves to feminist explication.

Readers familiar with literature by women will therefore notice the absence of many of those writers they would expect to read in an anthology purporting to present the full historical canon. (I missed many distinctive contemporary voices, such as Cynthia Ozick, Anne Tyler, Joan Didion and Susan Sontag.) Readers who have kept up with the veritable renaissance in good writing by young American women in the last six or seven years may wonder why there is no work included by anyone under 37. The last entry in the anthology is Leslie Marmon Silko, born in 1948. G IVEN their aims - stated clearly in the preface and throughout the introductions to periods and individual writers - the editors might more appropriately have subtitled their anthology ''The Feminist Tradition in English'' instead of ''The Tradition in English,'' which is both misleading and overreaching. It fails to emphasize the retrospective feminist pattern they are attempting to impose, a pattern which, all too frequently, diminishes the power and scope of the literary art produced by women down through the ages and distorts or undermines the achievements of individual artists.

As I perused the anthology, I kept imagining myself as an apprentice student of literature in a course that had adopted this book. Unless I were curious enough to read on my own, or were fortunate enough to have a teacher who believed anthologies should be appetizers but not main courses, I would come away judging literature produced by women in English solely by what I had found in this book.

\* If I had carefully read the editors' preface, I would know that ''Jane Eyre,'' Kate Chopin's ''Awakening'' and Toni Morrison's ''Bluest Eye'' had been included in their entirety, contributing almost a third of the bulk of this hefty anthology, ''because their plots, themes, and images have been especially important in delineating the distinctively female literary tradition'' and because each ''focuses on problems of gender'' - not because they are three wonderful novels written in distinctly individual styles by three unique people who happen to be female. (If I *hadn't* read the preface, I might well assume that these three novels were a sufficient sampling of women's contribution to the novel form in English.)

\* I would make Jane Austen's acquaintance solely on the basis of her teen-age spoof, ''Love and Freindship'' (sic), which represents, according to the editors, ''the parodic stance by which some women resisted the sentimental education accorded Regency ladies.''

\* George Eliot, whose broad perspectives, knowledge of the world and acute perception of human nature make her one of the great novelists of either sex, in any language, would be introduced to me by ''The Lifted Veil,'' an over-excited early novella she later told her publisher she did not wish included in an anthology of tales. The editors chose it because it ''extends the tradition of female Gothic established in Shelley's 'The Mortal Immortal' and Bronte's 'Jane Eyre.' ''

\* Poems, stories, novels, essays, memoirs, plays and letters bounce off one another and ''continue'' each other, forming a gigantic voice-documentary of ''female experiences of creation and procreation, marriage and maternity, adolescence and aging, desire and death'' until I might long to flee the echo chamber and seek refreshment on the seas of Joseph Conrad or the prairies of Willa Cather. That is, if I knew about her spacious works: in the anthology she is represented only by ''Coming, Aphrodite!'' - a rather un-Catherish Greenwich Village love story - because it ''integrates mythic material and social analysis to explore both the triumphs and the irrevocable personal costs of the artistic ambition that clearly propelled her [Cather's] own career.''

It is this pervasive tone, turning everything into a feminist interpretation, this leveling of artists and their art, this forcing the individual female talent to lie on the Procrustean fainting-couch of a ''dis-eased'' tradition, that disappoints me as a lover and teacher and practitioner of literature. And as a woman.

**Graphic**

Drawings of women writers

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[***HURRICANE ANDREW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7P80-000P-253Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After Homes Are Ruined, Hopes Are Dashed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7P80-000P-253Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1272 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER,

By LARRY ROHTER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MIAMI, Aug. 27

**Body**

It is a figure that staggers the imagination: at least one of every 10 of the two million residents of Miami and its southern suburbs was left without a home by Hurricane Andrew. With the storm gone and the authorities occupied with cleaning up debris and delivering food and water, the many homeless are now searching, desperately and largely without help, for places to live.

In the ***working-class*** suburb of Princeton south of Miami, for instance, more than 40 members of the Soto family have been crowded into the four-bedroom home of the family patriarch, Jose Soto, since Monday. Over the years, nine of Mr. Soto's children, their spouses and 23 of his grandchildren have built or bought homes within blocks of his house. All were destroyed.

"We're all of us looking for places to live, but we just don't know where to go for help," Nelly Soto said this afternoon as she hauled ice from her car into her father's house, which was left without electricity or potable water.

The Boom to Come

In the long run, the destruction inflicted on Dade County, which includes about 30 municipalities, is expected to lead to a construction and employment boom. Kate Hale, the director of emergency services for the county, estimated Wednesday that at least 63,000 single-family homes and apartment buildings have been destroyed.

But for the moment, thousands of families of every economic class and ethnic background share the Sotos' plight. If nothing else, the storm was indiscriminate, displacing a few millionaire owners of mansions in the Cocoplum section of Coral Gables as well as many migrant farm workers living in trailer parks.

Insurance claims adjusters have descended on Dade County, trying to find homeowners who need cash for emergency supplies and new housing. But the dire conditions here are making it hard for adjusters and customers to find each other, and the checks being written are hard to cash because so few banks have reopened. [Page A15.]

Carlos Vargas, a Homestead resident who works for the state welfare agency and whose own trailer was destroyed, said he had seen people wandering the streets in a daze, with nowhere to go and no idea of where to seek help. Those without friends or relatives, he said, "are either moving into abandoned buildings or taking shelter in construction sites."

Staying With Friends

Ann Jones, a 43-year-old customer relations officer at a travel company that sells real estate time shares, was forced out of her three-bedroom house when the storm leveled everything except the kitchen. She and her two children are staying with friends.

"I'm a working single parent who lives from paycheck to paycheck, and I paid the mortgage just before the storm hit," she said. "When I get back to work, I'll get a paycheck, but I don't have the money in the bank right now to pay first, last and security" for temporary rental quarters, as most landlords here require.

Ms. Jones said she had been left homeless by a hurricane once before. While living in her native Mississippi in 1969, she lost her house to Hurricane Camille but was helped by a government relief effort.

"After Camille, they sent people out door to door right away to see what you needed, and within three months, I was in a brand new house built after the hurricane," she said. "But this time, there are no numbers to call for help on housing, and when you call the other emergency numbers, you can never get through to anybody."

In fact, Ms. Jones said, when she finally got through to the authorities this week, "they said that unless you have a real emergency, don't bother us." She is willing to concede that her situation might not qualify as a real emergency by current standards, "since I have a place to stay for two weeks," but she wonders what will happen to the legions of homeless.

Recently, southern Florida has been a buyer's or renter's market. As a result of overbuilding in the 1980's and the recession of the 1990's, it has been possible to rent a decent one-bedroom apartment for $250 a month or buy a four-bedroom house for under $100,000.

But real estate analysts here are already predicting that prices will rise sharply, to the disadvantage of those who used up their savings to become homeowners and may find themselves unable to re-enter the market.

One such person is Tressey Walker, a 21-year-old school crossing guard. With the help of her mother and sister, she paid cash for a house. "And now all that money has gone down the drain," Ms. Walker said of the ruined $80,000, four-bedroom house that she shared with her three children in the southern suburb of Perrine.

On the rental side, even those able to meet the various requirements of landlords are running into trouble. They are finding that demand for housing of every type has taken a sharp leap upward precisely as the supply has dropped even more abruptly.

"I went over to the apartment complex where my sister lives," Mae Johnson, a 40-year-old mother of two teen-agers, said as she waited in a food distribution line. "There are empty apartments, but the manager told me that the people already living there whose own apartments are messed up get first choice."

For the thousands who lived precariously in trailer parks or migrant labor camps, the situation is even more onerous. Olinda Bonilla, a 30-year-old plant nursery worker who came to Florida six years ago from El Salvador, sat on a cot in a shelter at Homestead Middle School this morning, her two children at her side, and acknowledged that the storm had dealt a blow to her hopes:

"I applied for public housing a year ago, and I thought my chances of getting something soon were good. Nobody has come to talk to me about where I'm going to live now, but since everything here has been destroyed, I suppose that the public housing is also gone, and that the people who used to live there are ahead of me."

Enormous as the number of homeless is already, government officials say they expect it to grow. Thousands of people in Dade County are still living in the rubble of their homes, hoping to fend off looters.

As has been the case with distribution of food and water, private enterprise has rushed to fill the wide gaps in official efforts to deal with the sudden housing crisis. The Greater Miami Apartment Association is making available a limited amount of free temporary housing to those who can prove they have been left homeless by the hurricane. Some real estate brokers are also offering, without commissions, to match those left homeless with apartments that are vacant.

Everyday Things a Problem

Many real estate agencies, however, have been immobilized by the storm, with no telephone and electrical service and their offices and records destroyed or waterlogged. Branches of many banks are still closed, and many of those that are open are limiting withdrawals, so that even those homeless who still have checkbooks do not have the means to make a down payment or security deposit.

Government officials realize that sooner or later they will be forced to confront the housing crisis. Some, like Alex Muxo, City Manager of Homestead, 90 percent of whose 30,000 residents are believed to be without a place to live, are already trying to mobilize a construction effort to provide temporary quarters.

"One of the things we have thought of is possibly a tent city," Mr. Muxo said. But such a plan locally would require an effort beyond the abilities of the small municipalities south and west of Miami.

In the meantime, people like the Sotos wait. "Fifteen years of effort to get everybody into houses of their own, and it disappeared in hours," a tearful Maria Soto said this afternoon.

**Graphic**

Photo: Olinda Bonilla and her children rested on cots yesterday at the Homestead Middle School, which has become a shelter for people left homeless by Hurricane Andrew. Ms. Bonilla, who left El Salvador six years ago, admitted the storm has challenged her hopes for a better life. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times) (pg. A14)

Map of southern Florida showing location of Princeton. (pg. A14)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 1992

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[***IN SULMONA, EASTER DRAMA IN THE PIAZZA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BKX0-0007-J3B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 7, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 10; Page 27, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1282 words

**Byline:** By SUSAN LUMSDEN; SUSAN LUMSDEN is a writer who lives in Italy.

**Body**

In northern Italy, the death and Resurrection of Christ is celebrated symbolically

at Easter mass, followed by a huge

family lunch and the cutting of the colomba, an Easter cake shaped like the dove of peace. In many parts of southern Italy, Easter is not only celebrated but also lived, starting at the latest on Holy Thursday, which is when I arrived in Sulmona, the ancient capital of the mountainous Abruzzi region.

''You've returned for the procession,'' exclaimed one of my host's delighted friends as I entered the crowded Piazza XX Settembre. To all appearances, Sulmona's medieval Easter procession had already begun, so many people were gathered there under the brooding statue of Ovid, the Latin poet, born in Sulmona in 43 B.C. But no, the friend went on to explain: ''It's always like this after 5 P.M. This is the daily passeggiata, not the processione. If you don't see someone for two days here, you know something's wrong.''

Susan Lumsden comment on Easter celebrations in Sulmona, in northern Italy; photo (S)

Easter processions are still staged in various parts of Sicily and Calabria. And in all of southern Italy there may be nothing quite as popular, elaborate and dramatic as Sulmona's feast of La Madonna che Scappa in Piazza - the Madonna who races through the square - which takes place annually in this market town of some 20,000 inhabitants, about a two-hour drive from Rome. Four days of events culminate in an Easter Sunday procession in which life-size polychrome wooden statues representing the characters in the Resurrection are paraded through the Piazza Garibaldi, one of the largest marketplaces in Italy.

The celebration begins on Holy Thursday. Small models depicting the preparation of the tomb of Christ - allestimento del sepolcro - could be seen in nearly a dozen churches, some of which date back to the Middle Ages. On the night of Good Friday there is the procession symbolizing the deposition and burial of Christ in which statues of the crucified Jesus and the mourning Madonna are paraded through the town.

This procession is organized by the Confraternita della Trinit a, a lay brotherhood that dates from the Middle Ages when such associations were formed throughout Italy to assist in the work of the Lord. The Confraternita della Trinit a began in the 13th century as an association of noblemen whose purpose was to help the needy and bring the dead to the cemetery. In the country's industrial north, such brotherhoods have shrunk to folkloric remnants. But in the more traditional south, they still represent the main divisions of social life.

In the medieval version of the Good Friday procession, the personalities of the Crucifixion were portrayed by townspeople. The event became so emotional and often violent, particularly for the character of Judas, an original member of the procession, that statues had to replace human beings as the protagonists. Yet standing in the dark, medieval streets, one could see the pathos painted on the faces of the statues reflected in the faces of the Sulmonesi. The main exception was the well-known and obviously well- loved town tippler, who swayed and joked with the crowd. As the statues of Christ and the Madonna loomed up in front of him, he suddenly yanked his cap from his head, made the sign of the cross and began to weep silently.

This eternal dialogue between the sacred and the profane was echoed in the music of the Good Friday procession, performed on brass instruments by members of the Confraternita della Trinit a. The music was brassy, even raucous, and not in the least religious to one brought up in the well-tempered tradition of Bach. It was modified, however, by the dragging step of the brothers, intended to evoke the sound of the chains of prisoners bearing their own crosses. To expiate their sins, the nobility of Sulmona used to parade naked to the waist and be flagellated or flagellate themselves as part of the Good Friday procession.

On Saturday evening, there was another procession. Though I was only a visitor, I was invited to join the townswomen who were carrying candles and accompanying the statue of the Madonna to the Church of San Filippo Neri, where she would wait until Sunday. The only other outsider in this female ceremony was a man, the town character, who rushed about constantly asking the time. In Sulmona, he is known affectionately as ''Seikoquartz.''

Another local personality is Ferdinando D'Eramo, an 83-year-old carpenter who has inherited the task of dressing the Madonna for the Easter procession. He must do so in such a way that her black robes of mourning fall away with the first gust of wind, revealing a green dress that signifies the arrival of spring. The secret of how he manages this is shared only by his nephew, Ennio, 50, who will ultimately take over the task, as will Ennio's 17-year-old son, Gaetano.

The statue bearers are chosen in a sorteggio, or lottery, of the young and athletic members of the Confraternita di Santa Maria di Loreto, Sulmona's ***working-class*** brotherhood. Just as the rival and more aristocratic Confraternita della Trinit a is responsible for the events related to the death and deposition of Christ on Good Friday, so the laboring brothers of Santa Maria di Loreto, including Ferdinando D'Eramo, are responsible for those related to the Resurrection.

Easter Sunday dawned bright and sunny, and we made our way through the narrow, gray streets to the Piazza Garibaldi. Had I not actually seen the spectacle before me I never could have imagined it. Thousands of excited Abruzzesi had filled the piazza and were packed shoulder to shoulder - on the ground, on the rooftops, in every window and even on the large, medieval aqueduct that borders part of the square.

On the open side of the Piazza Garibaldi, the magnificent snow- capped Apennines provided a backdrop to the people and the architecture. Miraculously, it seemed, the piazza had been transformed into a larger-than-life theater.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, there appeared the brothers of the Confraternita di Santa Maria di Loreto, robed in green and white, bearing the statues of St. Peter, St. John and a triumphant Risen Lord, a crown atop his head. First, St. Peter was paraded from one end of the piazza to the other, symbolically bringing the news of the Resurrection to the Madonna mourning in the church. Then came St. John, to confirm the message.

When the black-robed statue of the Madonna finally bobbed through the portal of the church to face the statue of Christ at the opposite end of the piazza, an audible wave of emotion swept through the crowd. The brothers holding the statue of the Madonna, who had been pacing carefully in front of the church, broke into a run. As their shoulder- borne Madonna was raced across the piazza, her black robes of mourning fell cleanly away to reveal a bright green dress, symbolic of fertility and spring. With the ascent of 12 doves, symbolic of the 12 apostles of peace, the crowd burst into applause, hugs, tears and kisses.

After four days of mournful masses and sonorous processions, I, too, felt a great relief, perhaps even joy, never quite experienced at Easters elsewhere. If the black veils of mourning had remained stuck to the Madonna, it is said, crop failures and general bad luck would have been in store for Sulmona. In 1913 and 1930, when some of the black fabric stayed fixed, there were earthquakes.

On Easter Monday, the Sulmonesi traditionally pack a picnic and head for the countryside for an alfresco celebration of spring. Ideally, the picnic takes place near the ruins of the massive Roman Temple of Hercules or in the Campo di Giove - the Field of Jupiter, father of all the gods.

**Graphic**

photo of figure of Madonna figure being carried through Piazza Garibaldi

**End of Document**



[***CABLE TV NOTES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BDC0-0007-J45K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CATERING TO THE ARMCHAIR TRAVELER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BDC0-0007-J45K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1311 words

**Byline:** By STEVE SCHNEIDER; Steve Schneider frequently reports on developments in cable.

**Body**

Can Tulsa, Okla., become America's gateway to the world? It seems a formidable challenge, but the Satellite Program Network, a basic service whose headquarters are in that Middle Western city, is attempting to make its name as an outlet for programming that brings bits of the globe to viewers sitting snugly at home.

With titles like ''Hello Jerusalem,'' ''This Is New Zealand,'' ''Germany Today,'' ''Brazil/2000'' and ''Scandinavian Magazine,'' regularly scheduled series in English that explore events and trends in foreign lands now account for roughly 20 percent of SPN's round-the-clock mix of financial, musical, religious and hobbyists' fare - and spokesmen for the service say this number is expected to grow.

In addition, specials on international subjects are also being presented with increasing frequency. Two examples of such specials arrive this week: ''An American in Tahiti,'' which will have its premiere Thursday afternoon at 2:30, looks at that South Pacific island's customs and pastimes - including oceangoing canoe races and various traditional dances - while paying a visit to the French Polynesian *fete*, Tahiti's tumultuous answer to mardi gras. With the actress Brenda Vaccaro as host, the hour-long program was produced by the independent film maker Bob Yde in 1984.

Satellite Program Network is offering TV shows from around world in attempt to make its company an outlet for international programming (S)

Then, Saturday evening at 7, ''Jewish Life in Today's Vienna'' examines the recent resurgence of Jewish awareness in the Austrian capital. Produced by Eugen Freund over the past six months, the 30-minute program reports on the first meeting of the World Jewish Congress in Vienna, which took place in January, the opening of the city's fifth Jewish school and New York City Mayor Edward I. Koch's 1984 visit to the Viennese museum that documents the Austrian resistance movement during World War II.

According to R. B. Smith, president of the six-year-old service, SPN's international fare is predominantly made by independent production organizations located in the subject countries and is expressly crafted ''for the American market.'' Portions of several of these offerings, however, draw on films and video tapes produced by foreign governments for promotional purposes. As a result, the programs tend to accentuate the upbeat or the visually alluring, while largely overlooking an area's problems or controversies. ''They contain what the countries want to be shown to the American audience,'' Mr. Smith said.

Some of the series, however, occasionally tackle more substantive issues. An example is ''Looking East,'' a 30-minute magazine-style glimpse of the Orient presented Saturday nights at 11, with rebroadcasts the following Monday evenings at 9. It is produced by Yue-Sai Kan, who also serves as host. This Saturday's installment of the four-year-old series features an interview with Thailand's Princess Maha Chakri Sirindhorn, in which she discusses her fund-raising efforts on behalf of Thai veterans of the Cambodian conflicts. The interview is believed to be the first that the Princess has granted to an American journalist.

SPN neither produces nor purchases any programming; rather, ''We are a vehicle for distribution,'' Mr. Smith explained. ''Producers come to us and pay us to provide them with air time.'' At a cost of from $700 to $2,000 per half-hour, depending on when the program is run, SPN gives producers access to its estimated 11.5 million nationwide subscribers. The producers are responsible for selling the commercial time available during their programs, from which they derive their revenues. And the arrangement has been a happy one for SPN: The network boasts of being substantially profitable for the past two years.

According to Kip Farmer, vice president of International Programming for the service, SPN exercises some editorial control over what is presented on its airwaves; it has declined to carry a few programs that ''didn't fit our standards or needs,'' he said, citing offerings that contain pornography and ''continuous commercials'' as ones that were turned down. ''We try to stay away from overtly propagandistic content, too,'' Mr. Farmer added. SPN feels no need to balance its admittedly rosy-colored fare with programming that delves into the harsher aspects of contemporary life. ''I don't think that's our job,'' Mr. Farmer said. ''There are plenty of people doing that, and it's not what our audience has told us it wants to see. We want to show the good side of the rest of the world.''

Strauss Profile

A trove of documentary material never before made public - photographs, diaries, letters, even home movies from the 1930's - contributes to ''Richard Strauss Remembered,'' a profile of the celebrated German composer and conductor that will have its American television premiere on Bravo, Thursday evening at 9:30.

Drawing on reminiscences from Strauss's acquaintances Herbert von Karajan and Sir Georg Solti, who speak of his substantial influence on their conducting, as well as Hildegarde Ranczak and Viorica Ursuleac, who sang in the first performances of Strauss's ''Arabella,'' ''Salome'' and ''Ariadne,'' the two-hour film was produced in 1982 by Blackford Carrington Productions in association with the British Broadcasting Corporation. John Gielgud serves as narrator.

Rare footage of Strauss coaching the Vienna Philharmonic for a performance of his ''Capriccio,'' along with excerpts from Strauss's ''Die Rosenkavalier,'' ''Thus Spake Zarathustra'' and ''Schneiderpolka'' are also featured. Location filming in Munich, Vienna, Berlin and Dresden illuminates where Strauss lived and worked.

One Acters

The unexpected appearance of significant people - one loved, one loathed, one slightly hoodwinked in Los Angeles - is the thread that runs through ''Answers,'' a trilogy of early plays by Ernest Thompson, author of ''On Golden Pond,'' that will have its world premiere Tuesday evening at 8 on the Arts & Entertainment Network.

In the first piece, ''A Good Time,'' an unattached divorced woman living in New York receives a surprise visit from a Los Angeles highway patrolman who had overlooked her speeding violation when she offered him ''a good time'' should he come East. In ''The Constituent,'' a Democratic senator from Maine stops in on a cranky oldster living in a log cabin who has sent him a ceaseless stream of rancorous letters. And ''Twinkle, Twinkle'' brings an adored soap-opera star to the doorstep of a ***working-class*** wife who also has a fondness for writing letters - but hers are steamy and suggestive. Burgess Meredith, Eileen Brennan and Ned Beatty are among the featured players.

The two-hour program was commissioned in 1982 by CBS Cable, one of A&E's antecedents in cultural programming; however, the service went out of business before it could present the finished work.

Channel Hopping

''U.S.A. for Africa: The Story of 'We Are the World' '' goes behind the microphones of the 10-hour recording session in which Bruce Springsteen, Bob Dylan, Cyndi Lauper and more than 40 other rock luminaries performed for a number one-selling recording whose profits are being donated to help combat the famines in Africa. Taped in Los Angeles in January, the hour-long production will make its debut Wednesday evening at 10 on HBO. . . . An acclaimed tenor saxophonist's return to the United States is commemorated in ''Johnny Griffen - Village Vanguard,'' which will have its national cable premiere this evening at 9 on the Arts and Entertainment Network. Supported by a trio, Mr. Griffen essays such compositions as ''When We Were One'' and ''A Monk's Dream'' before a full house at the fabled Greenwich Village jazz club; the two-hour program was taped in June 1981, honoring Mr. Griffen's first performances in America after living in Europe for many years.

**End of Document**



[***Sex, Ambition and the Politics of the Closet: A Double Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D3G-V0X0-TW8F-G21H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 33; THE GOVERNOR RESIGNS: THE CONFLICT

**Length:** 1873 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL SLACKMAN and ANDREW JACOBS

**Body**

On July 29, Gov. James E. McGreevey walked into a banquet room at the Marriott Copley Hotel in Boston to address the Stonewall Democrats, a gay and lesbian political organization that had gathered for the Democratic National Convention.

Mr. McGreevey went right to work, sticking with his poll-tested, aiming-for-the-middle approach, attacking President Bush for supporting a constitutional ban on gay marriage, while never actually supporting gay marriage himself. He called the Bush plan ''tragic'' and said the president was gay-bashing.

Then Mr. McGreevey extolled his own credentials on gay rights, a domestic partnership law among them. ''Couples today in New Jersey now have protection against prejudice,'' he said, drawing a warm, if modest, response.

The one credential Mr. McGreevey left out in trying to convince the audience of his support for them, of course, is the one that is now so very public.

Mr. McGreevey is gay.

In his nationally televised speech on Thursday, Mr. McGreevey, the married governor of New Jersey, declared that he was gay, admitted to having an affair with a man and then announced his plans to resign, saying circumstances had compromised his ability to govern.

For much of his life, Mr. McGreevey said in a resignation speech rich with self-reflection, he had lived a kind of double life, building a personal resume of what he thought was proper, while harboring feelings that he felt were dangerous, maybe destructive.

As he stood there that afternoon in Boston, his aides now say, he knew the two sides of himself were about to collide, perhaps disastrously.

He knew that the man he had had a sexual relationship with, the man he had once put on the state payroll at a six-figure salary, was considering exposing their relationship and had threatened to file a sexual harassment lawsuit. He knew, or at least suspected, his aides now concede, that he might no longer be able to compartmentalize his two worlds.

Yet even then, among a crowd of people who were more like him than anyone might have then guessed, he stuck to the public script that had guided his entire, divided life.

''The sight of a lonely man, 47 years into his life's journey, unable to break the code with even his father and family for so long is the biggest tragedy to me,'' said Jim McQueeny, a friend Mr. McGreevey's for 25 years.

It is impossible to know exactly what Mr. McGreevey was feeling and thinking this past week, and whether his revelations were simply a way to blunt other troubles he knew were looming.

The more serious question of whether he abused his position by giving the man he was involved with a government job is something for future debate and perhaps legal action.

But what is clear is that Mr. McGreevey is the latest powerful public figure to find himself ensnared in what, at some level, is a tragic American narrative, one that involves building a storybook life -- a wife, two children and white picket fence -- while repressing feelings for something different.

Mr. McGreevey's reluctance to be openly gay may have been rooted in his upbringing, or perhaps in the ample and painful experience of other prominent people -- from politicians to movie stars to business tycoons -- whose double lives ultimately collapsed in public.

In his confessional announcement, with his wife and parents standing at his side, Mr. McGreevey offered a small window into the inner turmoil that had bedeviled him for much of his life. He spoke of the ambivalence he had felt as a young person, a ''certain sense that separated me from others.''

''But because of my resolve, and also thinking that I was doing the right thing, I forced what I thought was an acceptable reality onto myself, a reality which is layered and layered with all the quote 'good things' and all the quote 'right things' of typical adolescent and adult behavior.''

Indeed, he had built just such a layered world -- and sold it to voters again and again. His degrees from Columbia, Harvard and Georgetown. His close family. And at nearly every public appearance, and throughout his campaign literature, his frequent mentions of his Roman Catholic upbringing, his wife and his children.

''My story is a lot like yours,'' Mr. McGreevey once wrote on his campaign Web site, listing details of his middle-class working family: his father, a Marine Corps drill instructor, and his mother, a nurse, both of whom valiantly struggled to provide for their children. ''They taught me important values by the examples of how they lived their lives,'' he said.

The phenomenon of the closeted powerful public figure -- business people, athletes -- carries with it a whole raft of complexities and conflicts, according to those who have experienced it and those who have studied it.

What can feel mutually exclusive -- a desire for a traditional family life and an openly gay life -- often is not, and those who know Mr. McGreevey have been quick to say that they believe the love he feels for his children, and for the two women who have been his wives, is real and deep.

''He is totally dedicated to his family and his career in public service,'' said Kari J. Schutz, Mr. McGreevey's first wife, who moved back to Canada with their daughter and filed for divorce in 1997.

Mr. McGreevey was molded both by the stern expectations of his father, who believed that discipline was best dispensed with a firm hand, and the Catholic, ***working-class*** ethos of his hometown, Carteret.

Mr. McQueeny, who met Mr. McGreevey when both men worked as legislative aides in Trenton, said the governor was adept at keeping his true feelings hidden from public view, and attributed that to his upbringing.

''It makes you a good politician because you're personable to the world but only personal with a few people,'' said Mr. McQueeny, who said he was raised in a similar environment.

Certainly, some of the most personal feelings Mr. McGreevey held were buried from the public.

If Mr. McGreevey had begun to recognize that he was gay as far back as high school, it was submerged under his ambition, religiosity and conservative family values, said David Bixel, who taught Mr. McGreevey American history in high school.

Mr. Bixel, for his part, said he viewed Mr. McGreevey as an opportunist. ''What you have is a very high-strung, highly ambitious young man, and you can't go beyond that,'' Mr. Bixel said. ''Jim's only interest as far as I could see was getting himself into higher places.''

In his announcement, Mr. McGreevey made clear that he recognized a basic dishonesty in his life, and hinted at the enormous human toll he paid in sustaining a false public life.

''Yet at my most reflective -- maybe even spiritual -- level, there were points in my life when I began to question what an acceptable reality really meant for me,'' he said.

Those moments of self-realization, though, do not appear to have been a match for his ambition, a drive that ultimately brought him one of the most powerful governorships in the nation. And so, in some ways, he continued to lie to his family, to his colleagues, to the voters of New Jersey.

Michelangelo Signorile, a columnist who gained notoriety for outing public figures in the 1980's, said Mr. McGreevey may simply have been straitjacketed by a powerful sense of denial, one that leads to the construction of a double life.

''People just don't realize how irrational the closet can be and how much people are ruled by fear,'' said Mr. Signorile, who is the host of a gay radio show on Sirius Satellite Radio.

Dennis Mangers knows full well what it is like to be a public figure with a secret life. He was married, with two children, when he was elected to the California State Legislature in 1976 -- the same year he said he realized he was gay. He lost his seat four years later, which turned out to be liberating. Freed from public office, he told his family of his sexual orientation.

''I got every book I could find, talked to some gay guys, and decided I am either bisexual or gay,'' Mr. Mangers recalled. ''From that moment on I became terrified I would be outed and disgraced, and that everything else I did in my life would be negated by this one revelation.''

That kind of fear may have also guided Mr. McGreevey's advisers, who were not deaf to the rumors that had been circulating in Trenton for years. One Democratic Party official said he recalled that Mr. McGreevey's aides spread a story about how the governor, as a candidate, had been caught with a female prostitute.

''In retrospect, it was the most clever disinformation campaign,'' said the official, who spoke on the condition of anonymity.

It was hardly the only unusual step taken to protect the governor's double life, some suggest. For years state police officers on the governor's protection unit complained that Mr. McGreevey was a difficult governor to keep watch over.

The executive protection unit, which serves as his bodyguard, is supposed to protect the governor around the clock. But some troopers, speaking on the condition of anonymity, said Mr. McGreevey would frequently leave their company and order them to let him wander off on his own.

In 2002 the governor also moved the executive protection unit out of the governor's mansion in Princeton, Drumthwacket, to a garage about a hundred feet from the building. The governor said that the costly move was an effort to give the troopers more space and better accommodations.

But some troopers said they had always interpreted it as the governor's attempt to gain more privacy and prevent bodyguards from seeing who came and went at the mansion.

According to experts, the often elaborate mechanisms employed to sustain the double life only make it more difficult for the closeted public official to find a way out of fear and guilt.

And when the truth finally does come out, many people stand to get hurt, said Abigail Garner, a writer whose father revealed that he was gay when she was a child.

''The children have to rethink their whole understanding of what their families were,'' said Ms. Garner, the author of ''Families Like Mine: Children of Gay Parents Tell It Like It Is.'' ''They wonder if the very foundation of their family was based on an untruth. It turns everything else upside down.''

In the end, for all his political savvy and instincts, some think Mr. McGreevey may have made the biggest miscalculation of all by working so hard to keep his sexuality a secret. Although he came of age in an era when homosexuality was almost universally demonized, times have changed.

Some people in New Jersey said they believed that the governor's political future might have been very different today had he disclosed his sexual orientation earlier instead of being forced out by the threat of a lawsuit.

Steven Goldstein, chairman of Garden State Equality, a gay political organization, said New Jersey voters would have been more inclined to stand behind Mr. McGreevey had it been only about his sexuality and not about his stewardship of the state.

''I am absolutely convinced that if the only issue here was the governor's sexual orientation, he not only would have thrived, but he would have stood a good chance of re-election,'' he said. ''That's what makes this so sad.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: At left, Jack McGreevey, a Marine Corps drill instructor, and his wife, Veronica, a nurse, with their children, James and Carolyn, about 1960. At right, Mr. McGreevey as a high school student.

James E. McGreevey and his wife, Dina Matos McGreevey, with their daughter, Jacqueline, after he was sworn in as governor on Jan. 15, 2002. (Photo by Brian Branch-Price/Associated Press)(pg. 36)

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[***Hugo's 3-Year Wake: Lessons of a Hurricane***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7J20-000P-24DJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME,

By PETER APPLEBOME,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** McCLELLANVILLE, S.C.

**Body**

Three years after Hurricane Hugo's screaming winds and 17-foot storm surge left this town torn to pieces and buried under five feet of water and mud, life here seems almost back to normal, right down to the regrown Spanish moss hanging from the oak trees on Pinkney Street.

But for hurricane-ravaged residents of South Florida, Louisiana and Hawaii starting to rebuild their lives, a journey along the South Carolina coast and into the rural hamlets ravaged by Hugo provides a complicated picture of equal parts loss and renewal. Like McClellanville, South Carolina has recovered sooner than many thought possible, but its experience is a vivid lesson both in how much man can and cannot do to repair a world that nature blew apart.

Three years after what was the costliest storm in American history -- Hurricane Andrew, which struck South Florida and Louisiana last month, has since passed it -- South Carolina still is full of harsh reminders of Hugo's fury. They include the ghostly, denuded remains of what used to be the lush Francis Marion National Forest, the demons haunting children like Matthew Mable of Summerville who are terrified whenever a stiff wind blows, and the quiet despair of the rural poor like Viola Reed of South Santee who are still waiting to get their houses repaired so they can return home.

There are also harsh memories of the faltering Federal relief effort after Hugo, and an often-voiced resentment about the billions of dollars in election-year aid being rushed to Florida, Louisiana and Hawaii, as opposed to the $500 million spent in South Carolina at a time when no Presidential election was pending.

An economic analysis of the storm indicates that despite the rebuilding boom it brought, the storm overall was a severe economic drain on the state.

Still, South Carolina is the scene of remarkable recovery from the pastel town houses of Charleston, to the ***working-class*** trailer parks in Copahee to the rebuilt seaside communities like Pawleys Island and Folly Beach, where homes wrecked by the storm were not just rebuilt but improved so much that people on Pawleys Island, who used to playfully bill the town as "arrogantly shabby," now say they are still arrogant but no longer shabby.

To some the recovery is the most telling lesson to come out of Hugo.

"I would say the state's recovery from Hugo has been nothing short of miraculous," said Luther F. Carter, executive director of the South Carolina Budget and Control Board.

Estimate of $6 Billion Toll

Still, interviews along the coast made it clear that how people recovered from the storm had a lot to do with their financial circumstances before it hit. Many of the poor took hits they may never recover from. Many of those better off were cushioned by insurance that allowed them to replace homes with more modern ones.

Everyone who was here after Hugo roared ashore on Sept. 22, 1989, can identify with those trying to rebuild after Andrew and Hurricane Iniki, which ravaged the Hawaiian island of Kauai last week.

"I remember flying the coastline right after the storm, looking down on Charleston and thinking, 'Will we ever recover?' " Mr. Carter said.

Economists are still poring over the storm's ultimate toll, a job made difficult by the fact that the devastation was followed by a huge influx of aid and a construction boom.

Douglas P. Woodward, a University of South Carolina economist who has analyzed the storm's economic impact, said the storm did $6 billion in damage, about half of it in real estate and half in natural resources, particularly timber. Of that only half was reimbursed from any source. It also created a building boom that over two-and-a-half years created about $500 million in added income, enough to forestall the recession's arrival in South Carolina for more than a year.

"It was a net economic loss to the state, which may seem obvious, but you'd be surprised how many thought for a time it might be good for the economy," Professor Woodward said. "Eventually, the artificial boom ended, and when the recession came, it was like a cold bath. In the end it was the poor who really got hurt, and a lot of them are hurting still."

There are poor people in Charleston whose homes have never been repaired from the storm, but the worst toll can be found in hundreds of rural communities that were poor before the storm and poorer now.

Miriam Green, who heads the rural Berkeley County Electric Cooperative's project to deal with housing problems left behind by Hugo, is still working to get aid to people like Mrs. Reed, a 71-year-old widow, whose house is still an uninhabitable morass of broken sheetrock and pools of water, and James Vanderhorst, a 74-year-old widower here, who was victimized by a shoddy contractor and left with a house jacked up on cinder blocks, but not high enough to meet local codes.

But just as common are stories of remarkable renewal. To this day, Lloyd McClellan and her husband, James McClellan, are amazed at the volunteers who rebuilt their home that was inundated by the storm.

"You see on television about babies starving and people firing bombs at each other in the streets, and think how lucky we are to be in a country where when you need help, people come and help," Mrs. McClellan said.

Still, even many of those whose lives seem back to normal are still carrying heavy financial burdens.

"I tried to get assistance from the Small Business Administration and got nothing," said Buster Brown who owns one grocery store here. Largely uninsured at the time of the storm, he estimates he lost $200,000 on his home and business.

But Professor Woodward's study found that while only 45 percent of residential losses were covered by insurance, about 80 percent of business and commercial losses were covered.

And, particularly near the waterfront, many people are now living better than they were before the storm because insurance payments allowed them to rebuild seaside homes into more modern structures that have higher building standards.

To some experts on coastal development property, there is no small bit of folly beneath the renaissance here.

Peter Sparks, an engineering professor at Clemson University, said many structures were hurriedly rebuilt with roofs less able to withstand a storm than they were before Hugo. In addition, new flood insurance regulations that require buildings in flood-prone areas to be at least eight feet off the ground have left a slew of trailer homes sitting on eight-foot concrete blocks, more vulnerable to hurricane winds than they were before.

"I wouldn't want to be in one of those things in a thunderstorm, Mr. Sparks said. "Overall, Hugo was a warning unheeded."

But homeowners say many beachfront homes have been rebuilt to standards that far exceed the ones they replaced. And in places like Folly Beach, where the waves almost lap at the front porches of beachfront houses, it is clear one thing that was not altered by Hugo was the desire of people to live by the shore. In fact, the city is spending $16 million -- 85 percent of it in Federal money -- on a beach renourishment project that will create 150 feet of beach at high tide.

Overlooking the ocean at the home he rebuilt, James Kennedy readily acknowledges that Folly's shifting sand may well be the kind of place that should not be built on.

But having said that, he adds that he never gave a thought to not rebuilding, especially when insurance paid for everything but his $20,000 seawall.

Josephine Humphreys, the Charleston novelist, is aware of many changes that linger after Hugo. She misses the endearing shabbiness of old Charleston blown away and replaced by something more sanitized.

She is also aware of the haunting, indelible memory of the wind that will haunt so many lives from here to Homestead, Fla., and from the bayous of Louisiana to the beaches of Hawaii.

"If you've ever been in a car wreck, you remember the sound of it for years and years and it just gives you the creeps," she said. "That's how I feel about the wind now, the sound of wind. It was just terrifying, and it's something you don't forget."

**Graphic**

Photos: The fury of Hurricane Hugo, which ripped into South Carolina three years ago, has been pushed from the memory of most by Hurricane Andrew, but the consequences are still alive for many residents, especially the poor who find repairs harder to accomplish. James Vanderhorst's house in McClellenville is uninhabitable because a contractor did not raise it high enough to meet local codes; Viola Reed's house in South Santee is still a morass of broken sheetrock and pools of water. (Photographs by Wade Spees for The New York Times) (pg. A16)

Map showing the location of McClellanville, South Carolina. (pg. A16)

**Load-Date:** September 18, 1992

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[***Maintenance: Up, Up, Up - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RX5-G3R0-TW8F-G0TS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

NEW YORK CITY apartment owners can hardly be blamed for feeling nostalgic, and a little depressed, as they receive their increases in condominium common charges and co-op maintenance fees this year, for many, the fifth or sixth in a row.

In the old days, the fees rarely rose, and then usually by very little. Owners and prospective buyers, rationally or not, expected common charges and maintenance to remain about as constant as their mortgage payments. But six years ago, rising operating costs and property taxes put an end to that.

Average co-op maintenance fees in Manhattan last year were 30 percent higher than in 2002, compared with a 9 percent difference in the previous five-year interval, according to an analysis of residential sales data by Miller Samuel Inc., the Manhattan appraisal company. (Data for other boroughs was not available.) Condos had a 38 percent increase in combined common charges and real estate taxes in the most recent five-year comparison, versus 27 percent in the previous five-year period.

The old yardstick of $1 in maintenance for each square foot in the apartment has gone the way of the nickel candy bar. Doorman buildings in Manhattan now average $1.37 per square foot in maintenance fees or in the case of condos, real estate taxes and common charges, according to Miller Samuel. Buildings without a doorman average $1.22 per square foot.

Many brokers selling in Manhattan's prime residential areas put the range higher -- at $1.40 to $1.60 for a doorman building to more than $3 a square foot for ultraluxury buildings.

Surprisingly, the increases have not been met with the loud and bitter complaining that one would expect. ''New York is just so strange right now -- anytime you go out to dinner or to the dry cleaner, everything costs so much money that nobody flinches anymore,'' said Dennis Mangone, a senior vice president at the Corcoran Group.

Mr. Mangone recently sold a $13 million co-op at 15 Gramercy Park North with maintenance charges of $13,000 a month. Even he struggled to comprehend the monthly sum: ''I'm a simple guy from the Bronx, and nothing makes sense. But if they want to have room service at 2 in the morning, they can have it.''

This year, according to several large property managers, many ordinary buildings ended up with another round of 5 to 7 percent increases. As usual, the reasons were largely outside the control of the buildings or their managers.

''Co-ops control a very small percentage of their actual costs,'' said John R. Janangelo, the president of Bellmarc Property Management. ''About 85 percent you really have very little or no control over. Real estate taxes, insurance, payroll, fuel, water and sewer costs make up the vast majority of the budget. The leftover 10 or 15 percent you have some control over, like repair and maintenance costs, your service contracts, your building supplies, the administrative costs.''

Unfortunately, prices for nearly every item in the 85 percent category have surged in recent years.

Shortly after Sept. 11, property insurance rates shot up, even tripling in certain high-profile buildings. (Rates have begun drifting downward again, but not to previous levels.)

More significantly for many, an 18.5 percent increase in property tax rates in 2002 dealt an enormous blow to co-op budgets. Soaring property tax assessments, the byproduct of a roaring real estate market, magnified the impact.

''We saw increases of 25, 50, 75 percent in assessed values,'' said Gary Ziprin, chief financial officer at Midboro Management. ''Sometimes they even doubled.''

A modest reprieve arrived in the form of a 7 percent reduction in tax rates in 2007, but it was good for only one year. Assessed values continue to rise, albeit at a slower pace this year.

(It could be worse. Although assessments are way up, they still trail property values. To help shield owners from unaffordable tax increases in a rising market, the law requires that co-op and condo buildings be assessed as if they were rental buildings, resulting in far lower tax bills.)

As water and sewer costs have ratcheted upward, fuel costs have spiked. ''The price is three and a half times higher than it was six years ago,'' Mr. Ziprin said. Recent upticks have been especially brutal.

''Fuel has been a big, big issue,'' said Lynn Whiting, the director of management for the Argo Corporation, a property manager based in Manhattan.

Consider the impact on a 35-unit Manhattan co-op managed by Argo. This year the building budgeted $2.50 for a gallon of fuel oil, compared with $1.50 for 2007.

''In this particular building, fuel expenses make up about 10 percent of their budget,'' said Richard Apell, Argo's controller. ''That means about a 43 percent increase in fuel cost and a 4 percent increase in maintenance. I would say that's pretty typical.''

Building boards can offset rising costs with money-raising measures. Flip taxes, often a small percentage of the sales price, paid by apartment owners when they sell, are an example.

''Maintenance has not mirrored operating costs in many well-run buildings,'' said David Kuperberg, president of Cooper Square Realty, a property management company. ''Flip taxes have been able to add income because of the large volume of sales over the past few years, and co-ops that have refinanced their mortgages have been able to, in many cases, offset operating costs with lower debt-service costs.''

In addition, many buildings have scrappily pursued other revenue-generating avenues, from transforming unused stairwells into storage spaces to charging buyers application fees of $1,000 to $2,500, said Michael Wolfe, president of Midboro Management.

Many co-op buildings with commercial space are benefiting from a recent change in the ''80-20 rule,'' the federal tax regulation that required them to earn at lease 80 percent of their gross income from tenant-shareholders and no more than 20 percent from commercial tenants. ''A lot of buildings had to give sweetheart deals or rebates to their commercial tenants because they were limited to how much rent they could charge, '' said Mr. Ziprin, Midboro's chief financial officer.

Now they may be able to stop giving rebates or to renegotiate the rent for their commercial space, raising it to market value. A building managed by Midboro canceled a $30,000 rebate payment in late December, just after the change in the law.

That maintenance and common charges may not fully reflect the spike in operating costs is small consolation to some owners who are handing over ever-larger sums each year.

Robert Alper, the vice president of Advanced Management Services in Brooklyn Heights, which manages buildings with some 7,000 apartments throughout Brooklyn, has observed a range of reactions.

''The more ***working-class*** buildings tend to have a renter mentality where prices only go up when the lease is renewed,'' he said. ''You really find people thinking there is a conspiracy -- that if the building were well-managed, it couldn't possibly need a 6 percent increase. But the better-educated the residents of the building, the more understanding they are of it.''

For anyone, though, it can be a rude shock. ''People buy into an apartment, and they figure out how they will pay the monthly charges, and then all of a sudden the rules change, and they feel a degree of betrayal because the maintenance goes up more than they would expect,'' said Anthony vanEyck Miller, a vice president at Bellmarc Realty. ''I have known cases where people feel positively bitter.''

For many owners, rising property values have acted as a balm, for now.

''It would be one thing if costs were increasing and values of apartments were decreasing, but so far that hasn't been the case,'' said Mr. Janangelo of Bellmarc Property Management. ''The one chart everybody looks at in the annual meeting is how many apartments sold last year and how much per share or square foot did they sell for.''

Deborah Colitti, 53, a real estate investor and property design consultant, barely flinched when her maintenance increased by 22 percent during the five years she owned her apartment. She paid $639,000 for her one-bedroom co-op on Greenwich Street in the West Village and recently sold it for $950,000 with the help of Tamir Shemesh, a managing director at Prudential Douglas Elliman.

''My maintenance was around $900 a month when I bought it in 2002, and it popped up to $1,100,'' Ms. Colitti said. ''That was like, 'Oh!' But I made almost 50 percent in five years.''

Real estate agents say that buyers, by and large, seem to have become as inured as many owners to the steady increases of the last few years

'' 'I don't want a high maintenance' used to be a kind of mantra years ago,'' said Elaine Clayman, a senior vice president at Brown Harris Stevens. ''I just don't find you hear people talk about maintenance the way they used to. I think income is so high right now -- 25 percent of sales are to financial people and they're making a huge amount of money even this year -- that prices are dwarfing the prospect of higher maintenance. Once you've swallowed the pill about price per square foot, maintenance per square foot becomes secondary.''

Similarly, even higher-than-average maintenance fees aren't necessarily the deal slayers they once were.

''You might get comments, but they're still selling,'' said Deanna Kory, a senior vice president at Corcoran. ''It's different from previous markets.''

Richard Grossman, the executive director for downtown sales at Halstead Property, offered an illustration: ''Ten years ago, to buy a two-bedroom apartment that cost $1 million, you put down 25 percent and financed $750,000. Your payment at 6.5 percent interest for 30 years was $4,740 per month, and your maintenance was $1,500.

''Flash forward 10 years. The maintenance is maybe up to $2,200, but the price is $2 million. If you finance 75 percent at 6.5 percent, your mortgage payment is going to be $9,500 a month. The proportion of maintenance is so much less.''

Of course, whether a buyer will overlook a higher-than-average maintenance depends on why it's high: financial mismanagement, land leases and pending lawsuits signal further outsized increases ahead. If maintenance is a little high -- say, $1,500 for a Junior 4 (a large one-bedroom with a dining area) in a doorman building, or about $300 above average -- ''it's not going to be the death knell it was 15 years ago,'' Mr. Grossman said.

''Twenty percent above market is acceptable,'' he added. ''But a maintenance 50 percent above market would not be acceptable. People will start looking at that property with a different set of eyes.''

Last July, Tristan Louis and his wife, Amy Shertzer, bought a large two-bedroom co-op in a full-service doorman building on East 28th Street at Lexington Avenue. The 1,600-square-foot apartment came with a maintenance that was nearly twice as high as the neighborhood average.

After knocking 10 percent off the purchase price and scrutinizing the building's finances, Mr. Louis concluded that ''the finances were very solid'' and that the maintenance had more to do with heating oil and labor costs for a fairly large staff. ''I'm very happy, actually,'' he said. ''It's one of those things where living in Manhattan has a premium, and living in a really nice building in Manhattan has a higher premium.''

Going forward, Mr. Louis, an Internet consultant, is hopeful that his maintenance will climb no faster than fees at other buildings.

And climb it almost certainly will.

''I think further increases in energy, water and labor are inevitable,'' said Mr. Kuperberg of Cooper Square Realty. ''The biggest are energy and taxes.''

Indeed, real estate taxes are set to continue their ascent, if at a slower pace than earlier this decade. The city's finance commissioner, Martha E. Stark, recently projected that co-op and condo tax bills would increase by an average of 6.8 percent this year because of higher assessments.

Even if property values stagnate or drop (potentially softening assessments), real estate taxes could continue to rise if the city decides to replenish its beleaguered coffers by declining to extend last year's 7 percent rate cut.

At the same time, property-tax appeals aren't going as well as they used to. Mr. Wolfe of Midboro Management said that co-ops managed by his company used to get reductions of 20 to 25 percent. Of late, they have been offered just 5 to 10 percent.

Meanwhile, buildings that have so far avoided passing on all of the increase in operating costs may find themselves running short of options. Flip-tax revenue, for example, is expected to diminish in a slowing real estate market.

But just as falling interest rates may trigger a refinancing boom among homeowners, even co-ops that refinanced a few years ago may soon return to the well.

''One thing they have to be very careful about,'' Mr. Wolfe said, ''is putting a lot more debt on the building. If you're paying the prepayment penalty and pulling out money for capital improvements, what happens when the end of the rainbow comes, and you have to refinance again when rates are up dramatically?''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on Feb. 24 about steep increases in monthly fees in co-ops and condominiums misidentifed a building where a $13 million co-op has a maintenance charge of $13,000 a month. It is 50 Gramercy Park North. (There is no 15 Gramercy Park North.)

**Correction-Date:** March 9, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: KEEPING TRACK: Deborah Colitti, above left, said the maintenance rose 22 percent on her West Village apartment, but she made almost 50 percent when she sold it. At Midboro Management, Gary Ziprin and Michael Wolfe, above right, monitor costs. With them is Shana Altstaetter, Mr. Wolfe's assistant. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE FORNABAIO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. RE 10)

SUM OF ITS PARTS: At apartment buildings like the Park Royal, a co-op at 23 West 73rd Street, maintenance covers everything from security and wages for the staff to the elevators and the trash compactor. (pg. RE1) (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TINA FINEBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) GRAPH: RISING COSTS: Maintenance fees for co-ops and common charges plus real estate taxes for condos in Manhattan over the last 15 years. (Source: Jonathan Miller/Miller Samuel Inc.) (pg. RE10) Graph showing the rise in maintenance fees and common charges for co-ops.

**Load-Date:** February 24, 2008

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[***The Not-So-Proper Victorians;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9180-000P-N3H9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Exhibition Reveals Not Tea Parties but Libidos Rampant***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9180-000P-N3H9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Out of the chaos of history we fashion a narrative, inventing periods and ages and epochs in an effort to impose order on the random development of civilization. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the neoclassical period and the Romantic age: these arbitrary designations reflect our impulse to classify, to make of the time in which we live an Age.

Nowhere is this impulse more evident than in the Victorians' perception of their epoch. Neatly bracketed by the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837 and her death in 1901, it was an age "marked by a deep historical self-consciousness," the British curator Malcolm Warner observes in the catalogue for the exhibition of Victorian paintings at the National Gallery of Art here. "This was an age that had broken away from the past as no other in history, and was keenly conscious of its own singularity."

Yet it is possible to come away from this show, "The Victorians: British Painting in the Reign of Queen Victoria, 1837-1901," with quite an opposite impression: that what the Victorians thought of as "Victorian" was a richly diverse period, much like our own. In his classic "Victorian England: Portrait of an Age," G. M. Young cautioned, "I read constantly that the Victorians did this and the Victorians believed that; as if they had all lived within the sound of the town crier's bell, and at all times behaved, and thought, and worshiped with the disciplined unanimity of a city state on a holy day."

Of course they didn't, and this exhibition, the first survey of Victorian painting ever held in the United States, confirms Young's point.

Like all provocative exhibitions "The Victorians," organized by Mr. Warner in collaboration with Nikolai Cikovsky Jr., curator of American and British paintings at the National Gallery, has a thesis: that our association of the Victorians with "sermons, tea parties and general uptightness," as Mr. Warner breezily puts it, badly needs renovation.

The Victorians' manners and manic energy are very much on the table these days, in new film treatments of the Brontes, in biographies of Gladstone and others and in historical polemics like Gertrude Himmelfarb's "De-Moralization of Society: From Victorian Virtues to Modern Values"

What this show, which runs through May 11, confirms is that the buttoned-up image of the Victorians as obsessed with hard work, discipline and virtue turns out to be all wrong. In assembling an exhibition that includes the virtually Impressionist work of Turner, Whistler and James Tissot along with more predictable examples of pre-Raphaelite art, court portraiture and social realism, the curators have tried to show how progressive and free-thinking the Victorian age really was. And they have admirably succeeded.

Some of Whistler's most celebrated works are here: the "Symphony in White, No. 1: The White Girl" and the somber portrait of Carlyle, a masterpiece of realism that in its mournful visage, mottled complexion and veinous hand perfectly captures both the writer's human frailty and the keenness of his intellect.

These paintings prove that Whistler was fully modern: his "White Girl" gives off an air of secretive, almost furtive sexuality.

Turner was equally modern. His "Keelmen Heaving in Coals by Night," a hallucinatory vision of England on the threshold of a new age and the industrial inferno it portended, shimmers like a Monet. And the blurred faces in Walter Sickert's "Gallery of the Old Bedford" and John Singer Sargent's lush "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" possess a radiant indeterminacy imported from the Impressionists.

Certain works of the later Victorians go even further, toward a kind of post-Impressionism. George Frederic Watts's "Sower of the Systems" is a nearly abstract swirl of color. In Whistler's portrait of the Thames in fog, "Nocturne: Grey and Silver," the gauzy haze that shrouds the clock tower, as much an effect of pollution as of the Thames sea-damp, is as mysterious as a Rothko.

If these paintings are "Victorian," it is only in the chronological sense. In every other respect, they could just as easily belong to our own time.

But it is not only the so-called English Impressionists who subvert our notion of what it means to be Victorian. What is remarkable about the pictures in the National Gallery is how sensuous so many of them are, and not only those by Turner, Whistler and Tissot.

In William Holman Hunt's "Awakening Conscience," a young woman -- modeled on Hunt's own ***working-class*** girlfriend, Annie Miller -- rises from the lap of a clearly lust-inflamed young man, her face flushed, hair streaming down her back. In Tissot's "On the Thames," with its trio of a man and two women lounging beneath their parasols on an oily river jammed with smoke-belching tugs, the suggestion of a potential threesome lurks. Even the nun gazing out from Millais's "Vale of Rest" has a smoldering intensity.

As if determined to suppress the latent eroticism of their work, the pre-Raphaelites decked out their fleshly reveries in allegorical motifs drawn from Greek myth and medieval romance. But the stylized nymphs and damsels of Watts and Edward Burne-Jones could not conceal the sensuality that spilled from their ornate canvases.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," ostensibly a portrait of Dante's fabled heroine (based on studies of Rossetti's wife, Lizzie Siddall, who committed suicide with an overdose of laudanum in 1862), radiates uxorious desire. Frederic Leighton's "Flaming June," which features a drowsing female figure in a diaphanous orange gown, flamed in more ways than one.

As Mr. Warner suggests, the painters of that generation may have been looking back to classical culture out of nostalgia "for qualities of which they felt bereft in their own." But they were also looking forward, to the liberated manners and morals of the age to come.

There are plenty of examples of Victorian art at its worst in this exhibition: static, boringly representational, inert. Edwin Landseer's "Eos, a Favorite Greyhound, the Property of H.R.H. Prince Albert," could hang comfortably over the fireplace of a Yorkshire hunt club. William Holman Hunt's biblical rendering of "The Scapegoat," cast out upon the desert against a backdrop of empurpled mountains, has a taxidermic look.

But for the most part, the curators have managed to assemble a collection of paintings that surprise us with their truthfulness and candor, their modernity.

And however preoccupied the Victorians appeared with older cultures, it was their own society that obsessed them. The dark side of Victorian life is shown in the social realism of Hubert von Herkomer's "Hard Times," a portrait of the rural laboring class, and in Samuel Luke Fildes's Dickensian "Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward," a sad tableau of the London poor.

"The Victorians were haunted, ever increasingly, by nostalgia," Mr. Warner writes. "In the optimistic time of the Crystal Palace, when progress was an article of national faith, it was easy to see the present as ascending toward an even better future; by the 1870's, it seemed to many to be more like exile from a better past."

How like our own national fantasies of domination in the 1950's, punctured by the social problems that confronted us a decade later and confront us still.

It is tempting to see in the conflicts of the Victorian Age a prefigurement of the conflicts that beset our own. The fear of progress and threat of a world destroyed by its own technological ingenuity; the yearning for an imaginary Eden before the world grew untidy and unmanageable; the sexuality that struggled for expression beneath the surface of daily life: the congruence of themes between then and now is striking.

In his thunderous calls for education, Carlyle sounds like a neo-con, and the long-haired figures in Millais's "Lorenzo and Isabella" conjure images of Woodstock. That Matthew Arnold could write, in "The Scholar-Gipsy," of "this strange disease of modern life" reminds us how long we've been modern.

But there are significant differences, too, between that time and this. As Ms. Himmelfarb has observed: "A century ago the 'advanced' souls were just that: well in advance of the culture, whereas now they pervade the entire culture. This is the significance of our 'sexual revolution': it is a revolution democratized and legitimized."

In the works of the Victorians, sex is a latent force, a disturbance in the atmosphere. A century later, the anatomical exactitude of Stanley Spencer, Lucian Freud and Francis Bacon would leave nothing to the imagination. Where the Victorians' sensual longing was veiled, ours is aggressive to the point of violence.

One of our most prevalent myths is the myth of improvement: that history is a progression, an evolving of civilization toward some ever-higher state. In this scheme of things, the Victorians represent an early stage of the technological triumph that culminated in our own marvelously advanced society. Scientific mastery defined the epoch in which they lived, "the Mechanical Age," as Carlyle named it.

It was a notion that enabled the Victorians to interpret as progress the never-ending trauma of change.

**Graphic**

Photos: In William Holman Hunt's "Awakening Conscience," at a National Gallery show of Victorian art, suggestions of lust. (Tate Gallery); Whistler's subtly sexual "Symphony in White, No. 1: The White Girl." (National Gallery of Art, Washington)

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[***Vibrancy to Vacancy: Remaking the Deuce***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7VC0-000P-20B1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

On 42d Street, near Seventh Avenue, Harry Kakoulides sits in his fast-food restaurant dreaming of Spartan kings and waiting for the sheriff.

"City, I don't have nothing to say, just 'Molon lave,' " said Mr. Kakoulides, quoting the taunt that King Leonidas of Sparta and his 300 guards shouted at the invading Persian Army in 480 B.C. "Come and take it."

King Leonidas lasted two days, and Mr. Kakoulides, a Greek immigrant who owns Bill's Deli on 42d Street, does not expect to hold out long. He has been ordered by the state to pull down his shutters and walk away forever from the store where he has served gyros, pastrami sandwiches and Jell-O for 15 years.

Once the sheriff evicts Mr. Kakoulides, his gleaming sign will be the last to go dark on the eastern end of the Deuce, the block of 42d Street braced by Times Square and Eighth Avenue. In a mere two years, city and state developers hoping to remake the block have turned this once-fevered, sleepless stretch of fast-food joints, porn shops, offices and theaters into a veritable ghost town in the heart of Manhattan.

From Bustling to Vacant

"This area was so filled with people, I cannot walk in the streets," Mr. Kakoulides said with a nostalgic smile as he sat at one of his Formica tables under a bust of Alexander the Great. "A lot of traffic -- tourists, bums and good decent people."

Whether 42d Street was ever so delightful is the subject of some debate these days. And what it and all of Times Square will ultimately be is equally murky after developers announced last week that they were halting their plans to build the four giant office towers that required the eviction of Mr. Kakoulides and scores of other merchants and tenants.

But the present is clearer. Today, the Deuce offers only eerie reminders of its old bustle. The signs are still up for the Roxy Theaters and Pizza by Fiorentino ("The Pizza King"). Desks sit in empty office towers at Broadway, the chairs pushed back as though their occupants just wandered off to the water cooler. The grill still waits behind the windows of Tad's Steaks, and the menu above it still asks "Please order by numbers."

The people, though -- the tourists and voyeurs, shoppers and addicts, businessmen and pimps -- are mostly gone. And although the developers say that what will eventually replace the boarded-up storefronts will be a vast improvement over the past, critics say the project has carved the heart out of midtown and wiped out valuable tenants that provided low-cost entertainment to tourists and ***working-class*** New Yorkers.

State Senator Franz S. Leichter, a Manhattan Democrat, said that even at the strip's worst, 80 percent of the tenants were "perfectly legitimate."

The New York State Urban Development Corporation condemned about 34 buildings and moved out 236 tenants to pave the way for the project it abandoned last week. Over the next six months, the agency hopes to come up with a new plan to revive the area as a shopping, tourism and entertainment center.

More Evictions, Faster

To do so, the agency will have to condemn the rest of the buildings and clear out the tenants remaining along 42d Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, said Rebecca Robertson, president of the 42d Street Development Project, a subsidiary of the Urban Development Corporation.

"If anything," Ms. Robertson said, "our present plan has accelerated our schedule." On Friday, the agency distributed a letter to remaining tenants that said its "need for possession" was "even more imminent" and urged them to move on schedule.

Significant renovation will not begin until at least the fall of 1993, Ms. Robertson said. In the meantime, she said the peace that prevails on 42d Street is an improvement over the seamy honky-tonk scene that preceded it. According to the Police Department, crime on the block dropped 54 percent between the beginning of 1989 and the end of 1991, as the crowds thinned out and more officers moved in. Much of the drug dealing and other crime is now concentrated by Eighth Avenue, where several pornographic video stores remain.

"I think that 42d Street is a street that means New York to a lot of people, but for many years what 42d Street has meant is six to seven crimes a day," Ms. Robertson said. "It's meant child prostitution. It sometimes seems to me the people who sentimentalize it are up in their houses in northern Connecticut."

Even many of the seemingly legitimate businesses, the developers say, served as stash houses for drug dealers or manufacturers of phony identification cards.

But the critics particularly lament the loss of of several movie theaters that provided entertainment for thousands of people who did not come to the block to buy drugs or rent people. They flocked there for the first-run features that played at cut rates beside movies like "Night of the Creeps" and "Scent of Sex."

"I don't have the audience anymore," said Norman Adie, who has seen the screens he runs on the block dwindle from seven to two in the last two years. Because of all the empty buildings, he said, "a lot of people think we're no longer in existence."

In addition to Mr. Adie's two theaters, the Harris and the Selwyn, only one other remains open on the block. It shows pornographic films.

When the movie marquees began to go dark, Seymour Post started closing his improbable dive shop at 7:30 P.M. instead of 11:00. For 46 years, Mr. Post has sold swim suits, aqualungs and spear guns at 233 42d Street, and his counters are decorated with Polaroid shots of Jacques Cousteau and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia buying his gear.

"They did a good job destroying the area," Mr. Post said of the developers. "They took the heart out."

Let There Be Light

As he walked the strip last week, Mr. Post recalled how, alongside native New Yorkers, busloads of tourists used to wander the broad sidewalks after the Times Square theaters emptied out. These days, only the few signs remaining at the western end of the block help the six streetlamps illuminate the Deuce at night. "Now everybody runs," he said.

Rather than spending hundreds of million of dollars, Mr. Post said, the key to reviving the block is simply to switch the bright signs back on. "Light up the street," he said. "The people will come."

While they criticize other aspects of the project, many local merchants are delighted with the increased police presence. "They really cleaned up the block," said one of the owners of Peepland, where naked women dance in the basement. He spoke on condition of anonymity because, he said, his business still bears a stigma.

Peepland, across the street from Mr. Post's store, is one of the brighter spots remaining on the block, with a sign made of yellow light bulbs arranged like a keyhole, through which a neon pupil flashes red. Inside, dim lights flicker, and muffled, recorded cries emanate from the occupied video booths on the first floor. But, despite all the men in suits who walked swiftly through on two evenings this week, business, the owner said, is hurting.

While he agreed that 42d Street needed sprucing up, the owner argued for a simpler approach: planting trees and shrubs along the sidewalk, and painting all the storefronts the same colors. He protested when asked if the old 42d Street was as sleazy as some remember it.

"Let's use other adjectives," he said, pausing in the middle of emptying hundreds of golden tokens from one video booth. "Exciting, mystifying, adrenaline-causing, razz-a-ma-tazzy, spiffy." He caught himself.

"No," he said. "Forget spiffy."

**Graphic**

Photos: The New York State Urban Development Corporation would have to condemn most of the buildings along 42d Street between Eighth Avenue and Broadway to fulfill a plan to revive the area, which the agency hopes to have in the next six months. Boarded-up businesses lined 42d Street (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times); Harry Kakoulides, owner of Bill's Deli on 42d Street, has been ordered by the state to close down, although plans have been dropped for the four office towers that prompted his eviction. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times)

Diagram/graph: "TIMES SQUARE: Going Dark," diagram shows different sites around of 42d Street Redevelopment Project; graph show occupancy status of condemned sites in Times Sqaure.

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[***Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5934-CV51-JBG3-62R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current productions, additional listings, showtimes and ticket information are at nytimes.com/theater. A searchable, critical guide to theater is at nytimes.com/events.

Previews and Openings

'Avi Hoffman's Still Jewish After All These Years' (previews start on Saturday; opens on Aug. 19) You really needed to be told? After all, Mr. Hoffman began performing at the Folksbiene Yiddish Theater at the age of 10 and has enjoyed long runs in shows like ''Too Jewish?'' After a 15-year hiatus from the New York stage, the bigger news is that he is still performing through story and song after all these years. Stage 72, 158 West 72nd Street, Manhattan, (800) 838-3006, brownpapertickets.com. (Eric Grode)

'The Hill Town Plays' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Sept. 5) Seemingly every space in the West Village that isn't hosting the New York International Fringe Festival will be part of this ambitious cycle of five related plays by Lucy Thurber (''Scarcity,'' ''Ashville,'' ''Where We're Born,'' ''Killers and Other Family,'' and ''Stay''). In addition to Rattlestick Playwrights Theater, Ms. Thurber's most reliable base of operations in New York (three of these plays have previously been staged there), Axis Theater and the New Ohio Theater and both Cherry Lane Theater spaces will present important stages in one fictional woman's life. Various locations, (866) 811-4111, theatervillage.com. (Grode)

'Love's Labour's Lost' (in previews; opens on Monday) Shakespeare in the Park hit it big in 1971 when it set some of its young talent loose on a lesser-known Shakespeare comedy: ''Two Gentlemen of Verona,'' which was turned into a Tony Award-winning delight by Galt MacDermot and John Guare. Now the Public Theater's summer outpost has deputized the ''Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson'' team of Michael Friedman (music and lyrics) and Alex Timbers (adaptation and direction) to musicalize this even more obscure comedy. A batch of ''Bloody Bloody'' performers are on board, along with Daniel Breaker and Rachel Dratch. Delacorte Theater, Central Park, enter the park at 81st Street and Central Park West, (212) 539-8750, shakespeareinthepark.org. (Grode)

New York International Fringe Festival (starts on Friday) Theater, dance, clowning, performance art and puppetry fans will once again have 20 different downtown Manhattan sites to choose from for this sprawling festival, now in its 17th year. The star quality isn't as high as in past years -- Bruce Vilanch of ''The Hollywood Squares'' is probably the biggest name -- but there does seem to be a preponderance of racy offerings, among them ''Inexcusable Fantasies,'' ''Mercedes Benz Awkwardly'' and ''A Fallopian Fairy Tale.'' Theater fans might take note of ''Waiting for Waiting for Godot'' and ''Who's Afraid of Me, Myself, and Edward Albee?'' Various locations, (866) 468-7619, fringenyc.org. (Grode)

'Soul Doctor' (in previews; opens on Thursday) This musical odyssey -- after engagements in South Florida and New Orleans, as well as Off Broadway -- examines the life of ''The Singing Rabbi,'' Shlomo Carlebach, a key figure in popular Jewish music, and his friendship with Nina Simone. The show is written and directed by Daniel S. Wise, with choreography by Benoit-Swan Pouffer. Circle in the Square Theater, 1633 Broadway, at 50th Street, (800) 432-7780, telecharge.com. (Grode)

'Under the Greenwood Tree' (in previews; opens on Sunday) Don't let the pastoral title, the time of year and the subject matter (Shakespearean adaptation) fool you. This ''musical reimagining'' of ''As You Like It'' is one of the few examples of summer Shakespeare being presented indoors. This will presumably help the acoustics for one of the production's main selling points, an indie-Americana score performed by the 17-member cast. Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, (866) 811-4111, theflea.org. (Grode)

Broadway

'Annie' James Lapine's revival of the singing comic strip from 1977 is merely serviceable. But its smiley-faced mixture of hope and corn scratches an itch in a city recovering from a recession and a hurricane. Theatergoers may occasionally feel the urge both to mist up and throw up, but Lilla Crawford is a nigh irresistible Orphan Annie. With Anthony Warlow and Faith Prince as Miss Hannigan (2:25). Palace Theater, 1564 Broadway, at 47th Street, (877) 250-2929, ticketmaster.com. (Ben Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Kinky Boots' Cyndi Lauper has created a love-and-heat-seeking score that performs like a pop star on Ecstasy. This Harvey Fierstein-scripted tale of lost souls in shoe business, in which a young factory owner (Stark Sands) teams up with a drag queen (Billy Porter), sometimes turns into a sermon. But it's hard to resist the audience-hugging charisma of the songs in this Tony winner for best new musical (2:20). Al Hirschfeld Theater, 302 West 45th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Let It Be' Another Beatles tribute on Broadway? But this concert is the best of the bunch by far, with a rotating cast, 40 or so songs, and a burst of musical magical realism (2:20). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, Manhattan, (212) 239-6200, letitbebroadway.com. (Anita Gates)

&#x2605; 'Matilda the Musical' The most satisfying and subversive musical ever to come out of Britain. Directed by Matthew Warchus, with a book by Dennis Kelly and addictive songs by Tim Minchin, this adaptation of Roald Dahl's novel is an exhilarating tale of empowerment, told from the perspective of that most powerless group, little children. Bertie Carvel is priceless as their schoolmistress nemesis (2:35). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Motown: The Musical' A dramatically slapdash but musically vibrant joy ride through the glory days of the Detroit music label founded by Berry Gordy. Mr. Gordy's book is sketchy and obvious -- you want to plug your ears whenever the music stops. But the music is, of course, some of the greatest R&B ever recorded, and the performers mostly electric (2:40). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, (877) 250-2929, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

'Pippin' Diane Paulus sends in the acrobats for her exhaustingly energetic (and now Tony-winning) revival of Stephen Schwartz and Roger O. Hirson's 1972 musical. As for the 99-pound story at the center of this muscle-bound spectacle -- the one about the starry-eyed son of Charlemagne (Matthew James Thomas) -- that's there too, if you look hard. With Patina Miller and a delightful Andrea Martin (2:35). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella' This ultimate and most enduring of makeover stories, via the team who gave us ''Oklahoma!,'' has been restyled by the director Mark Brokaw and the writer Douglas Carter Beane into a glittery patchwork of snark and sincerity, with a whole lot of fancy ball gowns. Laura Osnes and Santino Fontana are the appealing leading lovers (2:20). Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'The Trip to Bountiful' Michael Wilson's slow-handed staging of Horton Foote's 1953 drama about an old woman's journey into the past is most notable for its remarkable star, Cicely Tyson, who seems thoroughly rejuvenated by her return to Broadway. The attractive supporting cast includes Cuba Gooding Jr., Vanessa Williams and Adepero Oduye (2:10). Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike' Portraying a woman mired in what appears to be a permanent midlife crisis, the marvelous comic actor Kristine Nielsen provides much of the laughing gas in Christopher Durang's uneven but intermittently delightful riff on Chekhovian themes. David Hyde Pierce and Julie White also star in this Tony-winning play directed by Nicholas Martin (2:30). John Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

'Around the World in 80 Days' This stage version of the Jules Verne novel is an odd combination of steampunk and vaudeville. The actors' shameless mugging grows annoying after a while, but the pace stays brisk and the energy level high (1:30). New Theater at 45th Street, 354 West 45th Street, Clinton, (866) 811-4111, aroundtheworldinnyc.com. (Neil Genzlinger)

'Bill W. and Dr. Bob' Making the story of the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous 99 percent preachiness-free is quite an accomplishment. Samuel Shem and Janet Surrey's purpose-driven script, which never forgets the humor of the human experience, goes a long way toward making this a satisfying revival (2:15). SoHo Playhouse, 15 Van Dam Street, South Village, (866) 811-4111, billwanddrbob.com. (Gates)

&#x2605; 'Buyer & Cellar' Jonathan Tolins has concocted an irresistible one-man play from the most peculiar of fictitious premises -- an underemployed Los Angeles actor goes to work in Barbra Streisand's Malibu, Calif., basement -- allowing the playwright to ruminate with delicious wit and perspicacity on the solitude of celebrity, the love-hate attraction between gay men and divas, and the melancholy that lurks beneath narcissism. In the capable hands of the director Stephen Brackett and the wickedly charming actor Michael Urie, this seriously funny slice of absurdist whimsy creates the illusion of a stage filled with multiple people, all of them with their own droll point of view (1:30). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, West Village, (212) 868-4444, smarttix.com. (David Rooney)

'Cougar the Musical' Three older women find themselves attracted to younger men, two against their better judgment. The concept seems made for bus tours, but imagination, appealing numbers with original melodies and theme-transcending jokes lift this show well above the level of ''Menopause: The Musical'' and its ilk (1:30). Fridays and Saturdays only. St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

'Cuff Me: The Fifty Shades of Grey Musical Parody' What can I possibly say that isn't said by the title of this production? Here's one thing: It's not exactly great theater, but I'd still rather see ''Cuff Me'' than read the novel upon which it's based (1:30). Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Claudia La Rocco)

&#x2605; 'The Designated Mourner' This revival of Wallace Shawn's anatomy of a survivor in a totalitarian country makes the definitive case for its author as one of the most complex and uncompromising moralists of the American theater. André Gregory, who directed the New York premiere in 2000, returns with the same first-rate cast: Deborah Eisenberg, Larry Pine and Mr. Shawn (3:00). Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, at Astor Place, East Village, (212) 967-7555, publictheater.org. (Brantley)

'I Forgive You, Ronald Reagan' This overwrought new play, about the aftermath of the 1981 air-traffic controller strike, wants very much to be a modern-day ''Death of a Salesman.'' It has its own ***working-class*** hero who loses his identity (and ultimately his sanity) after being forced out of his livelihood, and who compensates by pinning unrealistic hopes on his coddled, lazy offspring. But problems with John S. Anastasi's script keep us from fully empathizing with its everyman protagonist and agreeing that attention must be paid (2:00). Beckett Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Catherine Rampell)

'It's Just Sex' Jeff Gould's lightweight comedy, a long-running hit in Los Angeles, is about three married couples whose party turns into an evening of spouse-swapping and postcoital navel-gazing (metaphorically). The cast is personable, but the script's only deep thought is that if women were told they could talk only to one person for the rest of their lives, they would understand why sexual fidelity is so stifling for men (1:30). Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

'Me and Jezebel' Kelly Moore (that's Mr. Kelly Moore) is great fun to watch as Bette Davis in Elizabeth Fuller's real-life ''Man Who Came to Dinner'' story. Too bad Ms. Fuller, who plays herself, isn't really an actress. This comedy about a movie star taking over the guest room and the lives of a Connecticut family one month in 1985 is admirably self-deprecating (1:45). Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, Manhattan, (212) 921-7862, ticketmaster.com. (Gates)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' A virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer, in this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street, fourth floor, (212) 246-4422, 2st.com. (Isherwood)

'My Name Is Asher Lev' Aaron Posner's adaptation of Chaim Potok's novel feels like a well-made play from the era in which the story takes place: the 1950s. Set in a Hasidic neighborhood in Brooklyn, this tale of an artistic prodigy has been directed with an attention to emotional nuance by Gordon Edelstein and features strong performances from its three-person cast: Ari Brand, Mark Nelson and Jenny Bacon (1:30). Westside Theater/Upstairs, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rachel Saltz)

&#x2605; 'Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812' Dave Malloy's transporting pop opera dramatizes an emotionally potent slice of Tolstoy's ''War and Peace.'' Rachel Chavkin directs a superb young cast who bring the loves and losses of 19th-century Russian aristocrats to vibrant, intimate life in a stylish cabaret setting expressly built for the production (2:30). Kazino, West 13th Street, at Washington Street, West Village, (877) 704-2821, thegreatcometof1812.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Peter and the Starcatcher' The most exhilarating and inventive example of story theater since the Royal Shakespeare Company's ''Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.'' This production, about the boy who became Peter Pan, is an enchanted anatomy of the urge to defy gravity. Roger Rees and Alex Timbers direct (2:10). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Potted Potter' With no new Harry Potter adventures to pore over, what's a Muggle in need of a fix to do? One answer: this gloriously goofy parody by Daniel Clarkson and Jefferson Turner, which compresses a retelling of the seven books into 70 minutes, complete with a game of Quidditch. Clearly the two comics attended Professor Flitwick's charms class, because they cast the perfect spell over the audience: reductio ad absurdum (1:10). Little Shubert Theater, 422 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Daniel M. Gold)

&#x2605; 'rogerandtom' From a conventional start -- Penny waits in her apartment for Roger to arrive so they can go see the new play by their brother Tom -- Julien Schwab's witty absurdist comedy quickly gets surreal, with a subtle plot that twists and folds back on itself. Smartly using meta-theatrical devices like a broken ''fourth wall'' and benefiting from excellent performances, the play reminds us that acting doesn't only take place onstage (1:10). Here, 145 Avenue of the Americas, at Dominick Street, South Village, (212) 352-3101, here.org. (Gold)

'Shida' This one-woman musical, written and performed by Jeannette Bayardelle, is an earnest portrait of Shida, a young woman who survives sexual abuse and drugs to reach adulthood with newfound hope. The structure, though, racing from scene to scene and song to song, doesn't allow Shida to emerge as a distinct individual; she feels instead like a generic compilation (1:10). Ars Nova, 511 West 54th Street, Clinton, (866) 811-4111, shidathemusical.com. (Genzlinger)

'Storyville' This Ed Bullins and Mildred Kayden musical may begin with a funeral procession, but in this production, set in New Orleans in 1917, the mood is not mournful. The contrived plot concerns a boxer-trumpeter and a singer trying to escape the confinements of the Crescent City demimonde. But the show is really about atmosphere and music, which its costume and scenic designers and spirited cast generously deliver (2:15). Theater at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, 619 Lexington Avenue, at 54th Street, (212) 935-5820, yorktheatre.org. (Andy Webster)

Summer Shorts 2013 (Series A) The first set in this year's edition of short plays at 59E59 Theaters -- a tasty and astringent foray into show-business rivalry by Neil LaBute, an imagining of Sarah Palin's job interview with John McCain by Lucas Hnath, and a fairy tale satire by Tina Howe -- is consistently entertaining without dramatic histrionics or knee-slapping hilarity (1:45). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, Manhattan, (212) 279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Webster)

&#x2605; 'The Two-Character Play' Playing strung-out sibling theater troupers in Tennessee Williams's rarely seen fever dream of an eternal folie à deux, Amanda Plummer and Brad Dourif don't just strike sparks. They're a raging conflagration that keeps changing form and direction. Gene David Kirk directs this revival of a demented, messy and oddly affecting self-portrait from an American master (2:10). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'The Unavoidable Disappearance of Tom Durnin' David Morse gives a precise, chilling performance as the title character, a mini-Madoff, in Steven Levenson's downbeat drama about a man trying to make amends for the damage his crime inflicted on his family (1:40). Laura Pels Theater, Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300, roundaboutunderground.org. (Isherwood)

'Unbroken Circle' Eve Plumb, a k a Jan of ''The Brady Bunch,'' demonstrates a flair for grown-up comedy as a born-again Christian with drinking and divorce habits in James Wesley's comic drama. Too bad the production is uncertainly paced and a little unpolished, because this story of a 1970s Texas family dealing with the death of an abusive patriarch has a lot going for it (1:50). St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

&#x2605; 'The Weir' This first-rate revival of Conor McPherson's play gathers a group of friends as they tell ghost stories to drive away a loneliness than can be even more frightening (1:30). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737, irishrep.org. (Ken Jaworowski)

&#x2605; 'Were Gonna Die' The venturesome playwright Young Jean Lee takes to the stage to perform this weird and thoroughly winning combination of indie-pop concert and autobiographical lament for the human condition (1:00). Claire Tow Theater, Lincoln Center, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com, lct.org. (Isherwood)

Off Off Broadway

'Richard III' Last year his bones were found under a parking lot in England. This year Shakespeare in the Parking lot revives this story of the scheming king in a production powered by a first-rate lead actor, Alessandro Colla (2:25). Municipal parking lot at Ludlow and Broome Streets, Lower East Side, (212) 873-9050, shakespeareintheparkinglot.com. (Jaworowski)

&#x2605; 'Then She Fell' Inspired by Lewis Carroll's ''Alice'' books, this transporting immersive theater work occupies a dreamscape where the judgments and classifications of the waking mind are suspended. A guided tour of Wonderland, created by Third Rail Projects, leads its participants through a series of rooms and an interactive evening of dance, poetry, food and drink (2:00). The Kingsland Ward at St. John's, 195 Maujer Street, near Humboldt Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, (718) 374-5196, thenshefell.com. (Brantley)

'Wanda's Monster' Making Books Sing, which turns children's books into musicals, has adapted Eileen Spinelli's 2002 picture book about Wanda, a little girl who knows that a monster lives in her closet. Barbara Zinn Krieger, who wrote the script, has transformed Wanda's Granny -- the only adult who acknowledges the truth of Wanda's perception -- from a sensible soul into a kick-out-the-jams rocker. This characterization works beautifully with the show's upbeat score and lyrics by the children's pop star Laurie Berkner. This charming production brings home a point worth considering at any age: embrace what you fear, and you just may find a friend (1:00). Vineyard Theater, 109 East 15th Street, (646) 601-1406, wandasmonster.com. (Graeber)

Long-Running Shows

'Avenue Q' R-rated puppets give lively life lessons (2:15). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'The Berenstain Bears Live! In Family Matters, the Musical' This adaptation of three of Stan and Jan Berenstain's children's books is pleasant enough, but the cubs are showing their age. Saturday and Sunday only (:55). Marjorie S. Deane Little Theater, 5 West 63rd Street, (866) 811-4111, berenstainbearslive.com.

'Black Angels Over Tuskegee' The tear-jerker story of these trailblazing African-American pilots (2:30). Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

Blue Man Group Conceptual art as entertainment (1:45). Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette Street, East Village, (800) 258-3626, ticketmaster.com.

'The Book of Mormon' Singing, dancing, R-rated missionaries proselytize for the American musical (2:15). Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 West 49th Street, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com.

'Chicago' Jazz Age sex, murder and razzle-dazzle (2:25). Ambassador Theater, 219 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'En el Tiempo de las Mariposas' Caridad Svich's Spanish-language adaptation of Julia Álvarez's novel (''In the Time of the Butterflies'') about the Mirabal sisters, who opposed the Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo and died as a result (2:00). Repertorio Español at Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 East 27th Street, (212) 225-9999, repertorio.org/mariposas.

'The Fantasticks' Boy meets girl, forever (2:05). Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

'Fuerza Bruta: Look Up' A sensory bath aimed at clubgoing college kids in search of cultural diversion (1:05). Daryl Roth Theater, 20 Union Square East, at 15th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Jersey Boys' The biomusical that walks like a man (2:30). August Wilson Theater, 245 West 52nd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'The Lion King' Disney's call of the wild (2:45). Minskoff Theater, 200 West 45th Street, (800) 870-2717, ticketmaster.com.

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Cadillac Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Newsies' Extra! Extra! enthusiasm (2:20). Nederlander Theater, 208 West 41st Street, (866) 870-2717, newsiesthemusical.com.

'Old Jews Telling Jokes' With old jokes, a few songs and a little schmaltz, this winning revue is simple, effective entertainment executed with obvious affection (1:20). Westside Theater, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Once' Almost love, in a singing Dublin (2:15). Bernard B. Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Perfect Crime' The murder mystery that has been investigated since 1987 (1:30). Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

'The Phantom of the Opera' Who was that masked man anyway? (2:30). Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Rock of Ages' Big hair, thrashing guitars and inspired humor fuel this jukebox musical (2:25). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Sistas: The Musical' Black women reflect on their lives, with songs (1:30). St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Sleep No More' A movable, murderous feast at Hotel Macbeth (2:00). The McKittrick Hotel, 530 West 27th Street, Chelsea, (866) 811-4111, sleepnomorenyc.com.

'Spider-Man: Turn Off the Dark' Web surfing with music (2:45). Foxwoods Theater, 213 West 42nd Street, (800) 745-3000, spidermanonbroadway.marvel.com.

'Stomp' And the beat goes on (and on), with percussion unlimited (1:30). Orpheum Theater, 126 Second Avenue, at Eighth Street, East Village, (800) 982-2787, ticketmaster.com.

'Wicked' Oz revisited (2:45). Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

Last Chance

&#x2605; 'Choir Boy' (closes on Sunday) A supremely gifted cast of singing actors breathes vivid life into Tarell Alvin McCraney's appealing but diffuse play about a gay teenager, played with beaming intensity by Jeremy Pope, trying to come to terms with his sexuality at an all-black boys prep school (1:30). City Center Stage II, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Civil War' (closes next Friday) Presented by Theatreworks USA's free summer theater program, this earnest and absorbing musical for families illuminates history through period songs and the perspectives of a handful of well-chosen characters: a girl who disguises herself as a man to join the Confederate army; a struggling Irish immigrant and Union corporal; a plantation owner's son and his former best friend, who was also his father's slave. With a book by Arthur Perlman and musical arrangements and one new Broadway-style number by Jeff Lunden, the production is stronger in its intense, intimate moments than in its bids for comic relief. You sense the weight of the carnage in America's bloodiest war: the Union, fortunately, won, but everybody lost (1:15). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, twusa.org. (Laurel Graeber)

'The Nance' (closes on Sunday) Playing a gay burlesque performer whose onstage specialty is mincing effeminacy, Nathan Lane combines shiny expertise and dark conviction to sometimes devastating effect, in this strained if heartfelt play by Douglas Carter Beane. Not even Mr. Lane, though, can reconcile all the disparities the script asks him to weave together. Jack O'Brien is the estimable director (2:25). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Nobody Loves You' (closes on Sunday) A perky new musical, by Itamar Moses and Gaby Alter, spoofing the seemingly spoof-proof world of reality television. Heath Calvert, as the gorgeous and dumb host, and Rory O'Malley, as a swooning fan boy Tweeting himself into a happy stupor as he watches, highlight the director Michelle Tattenbaum's terrific cast (1:30). Second Stage Theater, 305 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 246-4422, 2st.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Patti Issues' (closes on Thursday) In his funny, tender coming-of-age monologue, Ben Rimalower traces the obsessive Patti LuPone fandom that provided him with an empowering role model. That inspiration proved perhaps most useful to Mr. Rimalower in processing the fallout after his father kicked down the closet door and bailed on the family. While on one hand, this is the story of many young gay men's propensity for diva worship, the tartly observed show goes several steps further by exploring the wide-eyed experiences that result when the acolyte gets to interact with his idol (1:00). Duplex Cabaret Theater, 61 Christopher Street, at Seventh Avenue, Greenwich Village, pattiissues.brownpapertickets.com. (Rooney)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/09/theater/theater-listings-for-aug-9-15.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/09/theater/theater-listings-for-aug-9-15.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (C16)

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**Body**

ATTRACTIONS

Museums and Sites

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park West and 79th Street. "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter," an exhibition of hundreds of specimens from Africa, Asia and the Americas; through May. In the Imax Theater, "Bears," "Kilimanjaro: To the Roof of Africa" and, opening tomorrow, "Pulse"; call for show times. Imax tickets, including museum admission, are $24; $17.50 for students and 60+; $14 for children under 12. Tickets to one Imax feature, including museum admission, are $17, $12.50 for students and 60+ and $10 for children under 12. Admission to the Butterfly Conservatory, which is by timed entry and includes museum admission, is $17, $12.50 for students and 60+; $10 for children under 12. General museum admission (suggested donation) $12; $9 for students and 60+; 12 and younger, $7; under 2, free. A combination ticket, including museum and Rose Center admission and the Hayden Planetarium space show: $21; students and 60+, $15.50; 12 and younger, $12.50; under 2, free. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Fridays, when the Rose Center is open until 8:45 p.m. for the "Starry Nights" music program. Information: [*www.amnh.org,*](http://www.amnh.org,) (212) 769-5100 or (212) 769-5200.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, Alexander Hamilton United States Custom House, 1 Bowling Green, Lower Manhattan. "Booming Out: Mohawk Ironworkers Build New York," a photography display that documents contributions by Mohawk ironworkers on landmark structures in Canada and the United States, including the Empire State Building and Rockefeller Center; through Thursday. Hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Thursdays until 8 p.m. Free. Information: (212) 514-3888.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 2 West 77th Street, Manhattan. Four photography exhibitions on the World Trade Center including "Twin Towers Remembered: The Photography of Camilo Jose Vergara"; "Pilgrimage: Looking at Ground Zero," with works by Kevin Bubriski; "In the Light of Memory: A Spherical Panorama from the South Tower, World Trade Center, January 2001," by Christoper Evans; and "Beyond Ground Zero: The Forensic Science of Disaster Recovery," by Richard Press; all on view through Sunday. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: $5; children and 62+, $3. Information: (212) 873-3400.

WALKING TOURS

"CARNEGIE HILL AND THE MUSEUM MILE" explores sites associated with the Astor, Vanderbilt, Carnegie and Woolworth families, as well as former mansions that are now museums, schools or apartment houses and the architectural works of Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Morris Hunt and Stanford White. Meets tomorrow at 1 p.m., on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 79th Street. Fee: $12. Sponsored by "I'll Take Manhattan Tours." Information: (212) 732-270-5277.

CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY. Tomorrow at 11 a.m.: "Conservatory Garden," a curator-guided tour of the six-acre horticultural garden, meeting inside the Vanderbilt Gate at Fifth Avenue and 105th Street. Tomorrow at noon: "The Castle and Its Kingdom." exploring the land around Belvedere Castle, meeting at the castle, mid-park at 79th Street. Both tours are free. Directions and information: (212) 772-0210.

NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF HOUSING PRESERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT offers two free tours, both tomorrow at 11 a.m. "The Bronx" explores Melrose Commons and Mott Haven North, meeting on the corner of East 156th Street and Third Avenue. "Bushwick, Brooklyn" takes participants to two houses, a nursing home and one of the "greenest" blocks in Brooklyn. Meets on the corner of Evergreen Avenue and Cedar Street. Information: (212) 863-8000.

92ND STREET Y. Three tours on Sunday. At 11 a.m.: "Back to Bushwick," a historical overview of the 19th-century township, which has recently experienced a resurgence. Fee: $25. At 2 p.m.: "Sacred Havens: Guide to Manhattan's Spiritual Places," an exploration of the Lower East Side's tucked-away havens, led by Terri Cook, who wrote the book of the same title. Fee: $35 (includes autographed book). At 2 p.m.: "Hamilton Heights," a walking tour through the residential historic district north of Morningside Heights and south of Washington Heights, including the Sugar Hill area. Sites include Alexander Hamilton's former residence. Fee: $22. Reservations and meeting places: (212) 415-5500.

MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY. Today at 11 a.m.: "Grand Central North: Terminal City." Meets at the entrance to Track 29, Grand Central Terminal. Tomorrow at 1 p.m.: "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken," visiting the former ***working class*** Victorian community in New Jersey. Meets at the 33rd Street and Sixth Avenue PATH train station. Sunday at 2 p.m.: "Finding Sacred Space in a Secular City." A nondenominational walk from the United Nations to Rockefeller Center, exploring tranquil locations that invite meditation and relaxation. Meets on the west side of First Avenue at 43rd Street. Fee for each: $15, $12 for society members. Information: (212) 439-1049.

"FIFTH AVENUE GOLD COAST," a tour of the great mansions bordering the east side of Central Park. Meets Sunday at 1 p.m., at the Frick Collection, 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan. Fee: $12. Sponsored by Joyce Gold History Tours of New York. Information: (212) 242-5762.

"TAKE A WALK, NEW YORK!" sponsors a free walk through eastern Queens Sunday at 10 a.m., with City Councilman David Weprin. Sites include Jamaica Estates, Hollis and Queens Village. Meets at the last F train stop, Jamaica/179th Street. Information: (212) 379-8339; [*www.WalkNY.org*](http://www.WalkNY.org).

"TRIBECA: THE NEWEST NEIGHBORHOOD IN TOWN." Sites include John F. Kennedy Jr.'s former residence, Robert De Niro's current residence and TriBeCa Grill. Meets Sunday at 2 p.m., on the southeast corner of Canal Street and Broadway. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Bernie's New York. Information: (718) 655-1883.

"VISIT WILLIAMSBURG." An introduction to this diverse Brooklyn neighborhood, exploring both the Hasidic south side and the artsy, ultra-hip north side. Sunday at 3 p.m. Fee: $15. Sponsored by New York Like a Native. Reservations, directions and meeting place: (718) 393-7537.

RECREATION

M.S. BIKE TOUR, a 30-, 60- or 100-mile tour of New York and New Jersey. Starting and finishing points are at the South Street Seaport. Sunday, check-in at 6:30 a.m., start time at 7:30 a.m. Fee: $26; $40 day of event; minimum pledges of $50 for 30-milers, $75 for 60-milers and $100 for 100-milers required. Information: (212) 463-9791;   [*www.msnyc.org*](http://www.msnyc.org).

"HARLEM GOSPEL-CENTRAL PARK BIKE TOUR." Bike ride for the family through the area with stops at a gospel service, a poetry reading and former President Bill Clinton's office. Meets Sunday at 10 a.m. Sponsored by Tours by Bike. Fee: $45, includes bike and helmet. Reservations and meeting place: (201) 941-0100.

"HASIDIC WILLIAMSBURG AND MORE." A 10-mile bike ride through the neighborhood and over the Williamsburg Bridge. Sponsored by Tours by Bike. Fee: $55, includes bike and helmet. Meets Sunday at noon. Sponsored by Tours by Bike. Reservations and meeting place: (201) 941-0100

"RUN NEW YORK!" A run with tour-guide and marathoner to Wave Hill in Riverdale for a lunch along the Hudson. Meets Sunday at 10 a.m. Sponsored by Run Tour. Fee: $15, not including lunch. Reservations and meeting place: (917) 921-9273.

EVENTS

ANNUAL TURKISH FILM FESTIVAL, Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village. With 21 films, many being shown here for the first time . Today through Oct. 27. Screening times and other information: (212) 505-5181 or (212) 218-7665.

"CROSSING TRACK: INDIGENOUS FILMS FROM AUSTRALIA," Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street. Featuring full-length films, shorts and documentaries. Today through Sunday. Screening times and other information: (212) 517-2742.

PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES SHOW, Wallace Hall, Park Avenue at 84th Street. Today and tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission, $10. Information: (212) 288-3588.

GRAMERCY PARK ANTIQUES SHOW, 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Avenue and 26th Street. Today and tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission, $12. Information: (212) 255-0020.

ORGAN RECITALS. Both on Sunday. At 3 p.m., Mark Bani, organist and music director at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, will perform works by Bach, Reger, Franck, Messiaen and others at the church, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street; information: (212) 744-2080. At 5 p.m., Paul Richard Olson, organist and choirmaster at the Grace Church in Brooklyn Heights, will play works by Handel, Bach, Messiaen and Liszt at the church, 254 Hicks Street; information: (718) 624-1850. Donations accepted at both recitals.

ORNA HASSID AND THE ISRAELI ALL-STARS, Rego Park Jewish Center, 97-30 Queens Boulevard, at 64th Road, Queens. A performance of Jewish music from the 11th century to the present. Sunday at 3 p.m. Tickets, $15 in advance, $20 at the door. Information: (718) 459-1000.

HARVEST FESTIVAL, Manhattan Country School, 7 East 96th Street, Manhattan. Games, music, dancing and food. Tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Free admission. Information: (212) 369-0247.

STATEN ISLAND WATERFRONT FESTIVAL AT THE FERRY. Three celebrations tomorrow. An Oktoberfest and a Halloween Carnival will take place at the corner of Hyatt Street and St. Marks Place, while a "Roktoberfest" with music and a halloween costume contest is planned on the steps of Borough Hall in St. George, across from the Staten Island Ferry. Hours, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. Information: (718) 815-3874.

"MY DOG LOVES CENTRAL PARK," Great Lawn. A free event for dogs and their favorite humans, with games, contests, obedience demonstrations and a doggie parade. Tomorrow, 8:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Sponsored by the Central Park Conservancy and the New York City Parks and Recreation Department. Information: (212) 628-1036, Ext. 16.

SECOND "POETRY SLAM FOR SENIORS," Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge Street, Lower East Side. Writers 65+ will read from their works. Sunday at 2 p.m. Free. Sponsored by the Eldridge Street Project. Reservations: (212) 219-0903.

ARTWALK NY, Manhattan. An all-day event tomorrow to benefit the Coalition for the Homeless. It begins at 11 a.m. with an interview with the artist Jeff Koons by Peter Jennings in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, Third Avenue and Seventh Street, East Village; admission is free. Guided and self-guided tours of artists' studios on Wall Street, the Lower East Side, Chelsea, Harlem and Williamsburg, Brooklyn, follow from 2 to 5 p.m.; fees range from $75 for a self-guided tour to $125 for a curator-led tour. Information: (212) 243-7300.

EIGHTH AVENUE MIDTOWN WEST FESTIVAL, from 47th to 57th Streets, Manhattan. Tomorrow, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the Midtown North Precinct Police Community Council.

AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS FAMILY EXPO, from 42nd to 57th Streets. Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by Global Role Models, Inc.

CRAFTS ON COLUMBUS, Columbus Avenue, from 77th to 81st Streets and 81st Street, near Central Park West. Tomorrow and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Sponsored by the American Arts and Crafts Alliance.

"WALK THE WINDOWS OF ATLANTIC AVENUE," Brooklyn. A weekend celebration along the avenue, between Hicks Street and Fourth Avenue, with fashion shows, storytelling, lectures, face painting, pony rides and other activities. Tomorrow and Sunday, noon to 7 p.m. Sponsored by the Atlantic Avenue Local Development Corporation.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: MUSEUMS -- Tropical butterflies at the Museum of Natural History. (Spencer Platt/Getty Images)

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[***Portland, Me.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D21-1PV0-TW8F-G20J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1815 words

**Byline:** By WAYNE CURTIS

WAYNE CURTIS is a freelance writer who lives on Peaks Island, Me.

**Body**

When the breezes were blowing just right, the aromas from the B&M baked bean plant, the Jordan's Meats hot dog factory and the Nissen bakery would swirl and harmonize around the Munjoy Hill neighborhood in Portland, Me. It smelled like Saturday supper, the residents say.

Alas, the bakery closed about a decade ago. And anyway, that's no longer the smell of a Portland Saturday night. Dining has taken on a more complex tang recently.

With just 64,000 residents in a metropolitan area of about 243,000, Portland has emerged as a surprisingly cosmopolitan city of brick sidewalks and Victorian architecture. Sidewalks can be crowded and parking scarce in August, but after Labor Day a more-relaxed pace resumes. Portland has a downtown compact enough to walk everywhere, yet it's filled with independent bookstores, art galleries and boutiques selling clothing and crafts you won't find at any mall.

Visitors who've been away from Portland for the last decade marvel at all the new hotels and freshly tidied streets. But it's the array of new food choices that startle most. Downtown strollers come upon greengrocers, bakers, fishmongers and enough intriguing restaurants to enable a two-week dining binge. And Saturday night? Today it smells like microbrews and artisanal breads and freshly caught seafood sizzling on a wood-fired grill. Or franks and beans if you're in the right spot.

Events

The Portland Museum of Art, 7 Congress Square, (207) 775-6148, [*www.portlandmuseum.org*](http://www.portlandmuseum.org), presents ''Monet to Matisse, Homer to Hartley'' an exhibition featuring 80 paintings exploring the influence of European artists on notable American painters, including Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Thomas Eakins. Through Oct. 17; admission, $8.

The grand Kotzschmar Memorial Organ was given to the city of Portland in 1912 by the publishing magnate Cyrus Curtis. The organ, the second largest in the world when installed, has had several expansions and renovations (most recently last year), and now has 6,862 pipes. Public concerts at Merrill Auditorium, Congress and Myrtle Streets, will be held Aug. 24, when Otto Kramer of Germany plays Vivaldi, Bach and Mendelssohn, among others, and on Aug. 31, when Nigel Potts of New Zealand and Bay Shore, N.Y., plays Mozart, Rachmaninoff and Percy Whitlock. Performances are at 7:30 p.m., with a suggested admission of $10. Contact Friends of the Kotzschmar Organ, (207) 883-9525, [*www.foko.org*](http://www.foko.org).

Lighthouse buffs will compare notes on Fresnel lenses and commissioning dates during the American Lighthouse Foundation's 10th anniversary cruise on Sept. 11. The tour departs from the Casco Bay Lines pier on Commercial Street at 4 p.m., and will feature offshore views of four lighthouses. Depending on the weather, some of the beacons may be lighted. The four-hour cruise features live entertainment and buffet dinner, and costs $75 a person; to make reservations, (207) 646-0245, [*www.lighthousefoundation.org*](http://www.lighthousefoundation.org).

Between Sept. 26 and Oct. 2, old-fashioned New England is on display -- loudly and with lots of cholesterol -- at the Cumberland County Fair, Blanchard Road in Cumberland, (207) 829-5531, [*www.cumberlandfair.com*](http://www.cumberlandfair.com). The event, 12 miles north of Portland, is in its 133rd year with attractions including midway rides, fried dough, harness racing, a full circus, a demolition derby and exceedingly large vegetables (last year's winner was an 896-pound squash). Admission to the fairgrounds is $8 weekends, $6 weekdays. Carnival rides cost extra.

Sightseeing

Portland Public Market, 25 Preble Street, (207) 228-2000, [*www.portlandmarket.com*](http://www.portlandmarket.com), features butchers, bakers, wine sellers, cheese makers and specialty-food vendors clustered under a soaring timber frame roof. A contemporary version of an old idea, the market is ideal for stocking up for a picnic along the bay. Especially good are the six-inch apple-raspberry or chocolate-pecan pies ($4) at Valley View Orchard Pies.

Seeing Portland under sail is a most enjoyable way to put the city in its geographic context. The 72-foot schooner Bagheera, Maine State Pier, Commercial Street, (877) 246-6637, [*www.portlandschooner.com*](http://www.portlandschooner.com), was designed by John Alden and launched in 1924 from an East Boothbay shipyard. After travel around the world, the black-hulled ship is back in Maine, and is now outfitted for up to 48 passengers. Two-hour sailing excursions among the islands of Casco Bay are offered through October, with rates of $25 to $28; the longer sunset cruise is $35.

To learn more about what lies connected to the colorful buoys dotting the bay, sign up for a 90-minute tour with Lucky Catch Lobstering, 170 Commercial Street; (207) 761-0941, [*www.luckycatch.com*](http://www.luckycatch.com). Visitors head to sea on a commercial 37-foot lobster boat and haul eight traps in four styles. Not only do you learn how they work and what ends up inside, but you also have a chance to buy your catch and have it cooked at the pier. The price is $20.

A century ago small diesel and steam trains chugging along two-foot-wide tracks connected rural western Maine towns to the larger train networks. Some of these putt-putts are still operating at the Maine Narrow Gauge Railroad Company and Museum, 58 Fore Street; (207) 828-0814, [*www.mngrr.org*](http://www.mngrr.org). The trains run daily during the summer down a mile-long track along the shoreline. Museum admission is free; train rides are $6.

Portland is a lively collection of historic neighborhoods, both residential and commercial. The brick architecture of the Old Port, a historic commercial district, is the focus of guided walking tours led by docents from Greater Portland Landmarks; (207) 774-5561 or [*www.portlandlandmarks.org*](http://www.portlandlandmarks.org). You'll learn about the great fire of 1866, which goes a long way toward explaining why much Old Port architecture is so similar. Tours are given Monday through Saturday, through Columbus Day, departing at 10:30 a.m. from the Convention and Visitors Bureau, 245 Commercial Street; $8.

Where to Stay

Rates are for two in summer; most hotels lower rates after Labor Day.

The Eastland Park Hotel, 157 High Street, (207) 775-5411, fax (207) 775-2872. [*www.eastlandparkhotel.com*](http://www.eastlandparkhotel.com), finished a $2.5 million guest-room overhaul last month. The hotel, built in 1927, is across from the art museum. The 202 guest rooms are larger than you'll find elsewhere, and many have great views of the city. Rates are $129 to $239.

Students in the hotel industry learn their trade at the Peter A. McKernan Hospitality Center, 2 Fort Road, South Portland; (207) 741-5662, fax (207) 741-5673, (call weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.). There are eight tidy guest rooms in a pair of brick 1902 officers' quarters inside the remains of a former fort overlooking Portland's shipping channel. The building, part of the campus of the Southern Maine Community College, is run by hotel and restaurant management students, and features a mix of mission-influenced decor and institutional blandness. Weddings pump up the volume on summer weekends, but it's quieter midweek, when the sea breezes and the nearby beach make this an inviting spot. Rates: $125 to $165, with Continental breakfast.

Near an Interstate a mile from the city's center but within walking distance of the Amtrak and bus station is the Doubletree, 1230 Congress Street; (207) 774-5611, fax 207-871-0510. The chain hotel has 149 rooms, many of which have been nicely updated. It also has an indoor pool and a free shuttle to the airport and downtown. Rates: $189 to $229.

Budget: Wild Iris Inn, 273 State Street, (800) 600-1557, [*www.wildirisinn.com*](http://www.wildirisinn.com), is set in a leaf-and-brick ***working-class*** neighborhood about a 15-minute walk to the Old Port. The 1892 Queen Anne home has seven guest rooms of varying size (five with private bath), and guests have access to a high-speed Internet terminal. Rates, including Continental breakfast, are $99 with shared bath; from $120 to $175 with private bath.

Luxury: The Portland Harbor Hotel, 468 Fore Street, (888) 798-9090, fax (207) 775-9990, [*www.portlandharborhotel.com*](http://www.portlandharborhotel.com), which opened in 2002, strives for Old World ambience. The hotel, centrally located a block from the waterfront and featuring an inviting outdoor courtyard, has 97 guest rooms with luxe touches like granite walk-in showers. Rates are $259 to $289.

Where to Eat

Sam Hayward at Fore Street, 288 Fore Street, (207) 775-2717, was the winner of the 2004 James Beard Award for best chef in the Northeast, and is known for his unfussy approach to local fare. The open kitchen is the centerpiece of the spacious restaurant. Hayward's emphasis on local products -- lamb raised on Maine islands, mushrooms gathered by his forager -- is such that his food is not only delicious but also conveys a sense of place. Dinner for two with wine, $130.

Cinque Terre, 36 Wharf Street, (207) 347-6154, serves northern Italian specialties in a former ship chandlery on a cobblestone alley. Among the options: grilled vegetables served with local goat cheese, and grilled king salmon with arugula and a two-olive tapenade. Dinner for two with wine, $125.

With the Old Port increasingly filled with excellent restaurants, a growing number have begun to crop up in outlying neighborhoods. Blue Spoon, 89 Congress Street, (207) 773-1116, opened atop Munjoy Hill in January in a small storefront with cheerful yellow walls. Open for lunch and dinner Tuesday through Saturday, and brunch on Sunday, it serves simple but well-prepared fare like burgers with caramelized onion and burgundy, and flank steak served on a horseradish potato cake. Vegetarian and vegan entrees are always offered. Dinner for two with wine, $65.

Across the harbor on the South Portland waterfront is Joe's Boathouse, 1 Spring Point Drive, (207) 741-2780. It is in a marina within view of rusting oil tankers offloading fuel, giving it a raffish, unselfconscious charm that belies the quality of the food. The menu ranges from lobster fettuccini to fish and chips. Sunday brunch is popular under umbrellas on the deck, and includes both a salmon and lobster Benedict, along with less elaborate options. Dinner for two with wine, $75.

Norm's, 617 Congress Street, (207) 828-9944, is next to the State Theater and is a favorite with Portlanders on the near side of middle-age. The wide-ranging menu includes Thai-spiced chicken wings, hummus plate, steamed mussels, and lamb shish kebabs. With its tomato red walls, checkerboard floor, and bustling and convivial bar, it's a relaxed choice for a reasonably priced meal. Dinner for two with beer, $50.

Flatbread Pizza, 72 Commercial St., (207) 772-8777, has a small but inviting menu of organic wood-fired pizzas made in a domed clay oven that dominates the dining room. The spacious, loud interior is festive, and you'll be into your second microbrew before you notice that you're right on the water, with island-bound ferries coming and going from the slip just outside the windows. Pizza and beer for two, $25.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Aboard the Bagheera. Weighing a pumpkin at the county fair. ''New York-Paris No. 2,'' by Stuart Davis. The Public Market. The Narrow Gauge train. (Photo by Convention and Visitors Bureau of Greater Portland)

(Photographs by Herb Swanson for The New York Times [pumpkin, train], Murray Cohen [boat] and the Portland Museum of Art)Chart: ''Vital Statistics'' lists travel information and statistics on Portland, Maine. (Sources by Runzheimer International, U.S. Census Bureau, Northeast Regional Climate Center, local businesses)Map of Portland, Maine.

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**End of Document**



[***The Talk of Hollywood;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8910-000P-229C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Movie of One Man's Riot Exploding From the Inside Out***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8910-000P-229C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BERNARD WEINRAUB,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, June 8

**Body**

It's the hottest day of the year in downtown Los Angeles, and morning rush-hour traffic on the freeway is gridlocked. A bespectacled man in his late 30's, neatly dressed in a short-sleeved white shirt and tie, his hair in a crew cut, has been dismissed from his job in a defense plant because the cold war has ended. He watches a fly buzz around his car, and suddenly, inexplicably, goes haywire, abandoning the auto while drivers shout at him, curse and honk horns.

That's the start of "Falling Down," a new film, not yet completed, starring Michael Douglas, which details a seemingly normal man's daylong over-the-edge odyssey across the tense city, an odyssey that underscores the man's personal disintegration and rage.

Hollywood executives often insist they want to make timely films, but rarely do so because such movies are too risky and unpredictable at the box office. So "Falling Down" has attracted considerable attention because of its social and political timeliness.

Although the film was written long before the Los Angeles riots and the political rise of Ross Perot, it taps into the same sense of anger and frustration. In one early scene, Mr. Douglas's character has a confrontation with an Asian grocer, and filming in South-Central Los Angeles had to be delayed for several days because of the riots.

The screenplay of "Falling Down" is by Ebbe Roe Smith, a low-key 42-year-old who has acted in several Sam Shepard plays, worked at the Public Theater in New York and played many, he says, "drug addicts and bad guys" in the movies. He said his idea for the film was inspired by a newspaper article about a truck driver who, in a frenzy, began ramming cars in front of him on a freeway. Mr. Smith completed the screenplay, his first to be produced, in 10 weeks.

"The thing about L.A. is that the anger is manifested in cars," he said. "In New York, you see people angry in the streets. In L.A., the cars become sort of weapons. They express anger with their horns, by cutting people off, by not letting people in. It's in your face."

"This is Joe Normal, a guy who bought the American dream, and it's blown up in his face," Mr. Smith said of Michael Douglas's character, while seated in a trailer at Warner Brothers with Arnold Kopelson, the producer of the film, and Joel Schumacher, the director.

The movie also stars Robert Duvall as a police officer seeking to find Mr. Douglas; Tuesday Weld, as Mr. Duvall's wife, Barbara Hershey as Mr. Douglas's estranged wife, and Rachel Ticotin as Mr. Duvall's police colleague. The cost of the film, which is to be released late in the year, is high: $30 million. A good chunk of that is Mr. Douglas's salary, one of the highest in Hollywood, perhaps as much as $8 million to $10 million, or even more.

Mr. Schumacher, whose directorial credits include "Flatliners," "Dying Young," and "St. Elmo's Fire," said of the Douglas character: "This is not a bad guy. But he's had it. He's part of the the vanishing middle class; it's about the people who used to be the strength of this country, the people who played by the rules and feel abandoned. There aren't a lot of programs or help or sympathy for these people and they're very, very angry."

Mr. Kopelson, who produced "Platoon," said several studios passed on the relatively downbeat script, and he was about to make it as a television drama for Home Box Office when Warner Brothers changed its mind and decided to make the film. Though the movie is not about poverty or racial strife, the producer said, the furies of the recent riots have left an imprint on it.

"Everyone said after the riots to get the camera crew in there and use some of it," Mr. Kopelson said. "But that's not what the film is about. It's about one man's anger. It's the same anger that has allowed Ross Perot to touch people, an anger with complacency, with unemployment, with crime, with government. People are fed up!

"The Michael Douglas character would have voted for Perot."

For Love and Money

Although "Falling Down," seems to have embarked on a relatively smooth journey to the screen, another out-of-the-mainstream movie, "Mistress," has had a more difficult time. "We had problems; it goes to show you," said Robert De Niro, a producer and star of the offbeat comedy about a once promising film maker (played by Robert Wuhl) whose prospects for making a personal film are sidetracked because the investors want to put their mistresses in it.

The film is directed by Barry Primus, a film and stage actor and drama teacher who co-wrote the script with J. F. Lawton, who wrote "Pretty Woman." The film's cast includes not only Mr. De Niro, but also such performers as Martin Landau, Christopher Walken, Danny Aiello, Sheryl Lee Ralph, Laurie Metcalf and Eli Wallach.

Although the movie is crammed with name actors, the studios have been reluctant to pay for its distribution because the film seemed too offbeat. It was faced with the bleak possibility of moving directly into the video market without appearing on movie screens -- the fate of some other independent films -- when Rainbow Releasing, a company headed by the film maker Henry Jaglom joined with Mr. De Niro's TriBeCa Productions, to market and distribute the movie. It finally has an opening date: Aug. 7 in New York City.

"You've got to tell yourself it's one of those things, not to take any of this personally," Mr. De Niro said in a telephone interview from New York City about the difficulties of getting the movie off the ground. "People wanted Barry Primus to make changes, but I said: 'Yeah, right. Barry wants to make it his way; it's his vision, so let's do it his way.' Look, it's a personal film and the studios are geared to something big and important, and not like this."

Mr. Jaglom said his small company began distributing his own movies ("Someone to Love," "New Year's Day" and "Eating") and now works by other film makers because theater chains avoided these art house movies. Mr. Jaglom said his office staff calls newspapers in cities across the country, speaks to film critics, and asks for the name of the local art-house theater, or where Woody Allen films play. Then they make a pitch to the theater.

"We were told these films can't play in Oklahoma or Dubuque," Mr. Jaglom said. "That's not true at all. The problem with some of these studios is that art films are dirty words to them. You can't even say it."

Imitation of Life?

Frank Capra remains in the pantheon of Hollywood directors for making such classics as "It Happened One Night," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet John Doe," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "It's a Wonderful Life." On the basis of these films, and on the persona Mr. Capra himself cultivated, he was viewed as a tolerant and passionate advocate of the poor and disenfranchised, a man who despised the rich and selfish.

But Joseph McBride, a reporter and film reviewer for Daily Variety, the trade newspaper, spent eight years on a major study of the director, who died in 1991, and said he found that like so much else in Hollywood, myth had overtaken reality. This has resulted in a copiously researched and highly acclaimed book, "Frank Capra: The Catastrophe of Success," published by Simon & Schuster. It depicts Mr. Capra as duplicitous, mean-spirited, bigoted, an admirer of Mussolini and Franco, a man who betrayed colleagues during the McCarthy period and viewed the poor and ***working class*** with distrust.

He was also extraordinarily complex, suicidal at times. "He wanted to perpetuate the myth but he also wanted to reveal himself," said Mr. McBride, who spent more than a year interviewing Mr. Capra. When the director gave all of his papers to Wesleyan University for study by film scholars, Mr. McBride said "it was nothing less than an act of confession."

"He was a great film maker," Mr. McBride said. "But as with other great film makers, it's important to get behind the myth and find out who he really was. It illuminates his films in a new way."

**Graphic**

Photo: Michael Douglas faces unemployment in "Falling Down." (Warner Brothers)

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**End of Document**



[***Martha Stewart's at Kmart, Changing the Sheets***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-95W0-000P-N26C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Body**

SHE prodded average Americans to consider quince preserves. She ratcheted up their sense of inadequacy because they did not press their vintage linens and whip up exotic omelets with eggs from their own chicken farms.

Now, she wants to take away their burgundy sheets.

She, of course, is Martha Stewart, and her remaking of the American bed and bath is part of a joint venture with the Kmart Corporation. Next month, Ms. Stewart will roll out her new line of sheets, towels, pillows and bed throws at Kmart stores.

The collection, named "Everyday," also features coordinated bath rugs, shower curtains and a smattering of home accessories like toothbrush holders and drinking cups. Further, there are 256 house paints whose hues were inspired, Ms. Stewart said, by findings at her own homes and barns. And a video of Ms. Stewart explaining how to mix and match underscores the style-it-yourself aspect of the collection, which is already offered in 290 Kmart stores and will be in the rest of the 2,020-store chain by year's end.

The idea behind Everyday is to lure Middle Americans away from what Ms. Stewart sees as the often dismal offerings of lower-priced stores -- dark colors, polyester fabrics, fruit prints -- by giving them a taste of what shoppers with a lot more money and time for glue guns get from fancier outlets.

"I am trying to encourage the Kmart customer to be more luxurious," Ms. Stewart said last week, while touring the Manhattan showrooms of two sheet manufacturers that make the Everyday line.

Sheet research has shown that most Americans who buy linens in discount stores gravitate toward dark greens, blues and burgundies: colors that are perceived as rich and have the added benefit of hiding dirt and stains better than lighter tones. But this does not daunt Ms. Stewart. To her, the Kmart shopper, defined by the company as the low- to middle-income young mother, sleeps on gingham or at least green-leaf stripe.

Bounding across the showroom of Westpoint Stevens, which makes part of her line, Ms. Stewart grabbed a scarlet polyester valance hanging in the middle of nowhere and cried: "See this? None!"

Since 1987, Ms. Stewart has been a life-style and home-entertaining consultant through a licensing agreement with Kmart, whose headquarters are in Troy, Mich. Some bed, bath, kitchen and table-top items have been sold under her name through that arrangement.

But the housewares program was a minor part of both Ms. Stewart's empire and Kmart's business. Indeed, under Joseph E. Antonini, the former chief executive of Kmart, the line floundered, along with the rest of Kmart's business, which was in danger of going bankrupt until recently. When Floyd Hall took the helm in 1995, he asked Ms. Stewart to jump-start the line.

Under the new deal, Ms. Stewart will receive royalties for the use of her name on products and a percentage of the gross profits from the line. Neither company would provide exact figures for the arrangement.

The collection will reach the shelves next month. It was shown to the press yesterday at Ms. Stewart's summer home in East Hampton, L.I., where she had made up the beds in her 11 bedrooms as well as out in the guest cottage.

The sheets and towels are broken down by fabric quality into two segments. The "blue label" sheets are 50-50 cotton and polyester, with a thread count of 180. They come in 10 prints, including an elegant ribboned pattern, and 11 solid colors with evocative J. Crew-like names, among them bone and pale sage. Ginghams, plaids and checks, Ms. Stewart said, were inspired by things she found in her apparently boundless attic.

Sheet sets (pillowcases included) begin at $12.99 for a twin in this line and go to $39.99 for king-size. Bed skirts and comforters are sold separately. For the bathroom there are matching towels and rugs; a lid cover is $5.99, a bath sheet $9.99.

The "white label" line is a step up, with a 200-thread-count sheet of 60 percent cotton, 40 percent polyester. Again, solids, prints and reversible sets abound in soft colors and subtle patterns. There are cotton thermal blankets in 100 percent cotton, as well as mattress pads and bed skirts.

The sheets are sold "open stock" -- piece by piece -- at prices from $5.99 for a twin to $21.99 for king-size. In the fall, a 100 percent cotton sateen sheet of 230 count will be introduced, along with 100 percent cotton flannel sheets.

There are also beach towels with patterns inspired, Ms. Stewart said, by a vacation she took in the Galapagos Islands. One features an iguana, another a blue-booted booby.

Ms. Stewart said she hoped to attract Kmart shoppers first to the less expensive lines, and eventually to have them "shop up" to the more expensive ones. The more expensive brands are also meant to draw in people who love Ms. Stewart but does not shop at Kmart. "We're trying to get new customers with this," she said.

Indeed, these sheets are a huge step up for the Kmart shopper. While the 50-50 blend is a bit stiff, the white label has a nice feel, and the sateens are as good to the sleeper's touch as any from a department store.

Ms. Stewart straddles two oddly placed fences in her life as a home entertainment guru: there is the upscale Martha, of her many books, shop-at-home catalogue, bimonthly magazine and product lines like the oil-based house paints made by the Dutch company Schreuder, which are much more expensive than the acrylics she offers at Kmart. Then there is the mass-market Martha with the syndicated newspaper column, television shows and Kmart alliance.

But by so openly extolling the virtues of raising one's own chickens on a palatial estate furnished with antiques while selling polyester-blend sheets at Kmart, Ms. Stewart risks confusing her audience, especially those who look at her as the chic alternative to mass merchandising.

Sharon Patrick, the chief executive of Ms. Stewart's company, Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia, wants to be sure that Martha Stewart the brand covers all markets.

Ms. Patrick, who tends to smack the shoulder of whomever she is talking to for emphasis, is the architect of this mass retail explosion: the paints offered in Kmart are part of a joint venture with Sherwin-Williams and may be offered in other stores, and more merchandise alliances for "enabling products" are on the way, she said. (To be "enabled" apparently means to be able to live the Martha Stewart way of life, but on a budget.)

Since Mr. Hall has joined Kmart he has worked hard to build the brand recognition on his shelves. He jettisoned many minor vendors and sought to improve the quality of lines like the clothing collection by Jaclyn Smith, the former Charlie's Angel, who remains, despite her longtime absence from television dramas, a household name across America. Ms. Stewart is a logical extension of that strategy.

"We have always felt she was a household name in terms of quality and decor," Mr. Hall said. "She got some of the best ratings I have ever seen." In consumer market research, Ms. Stewart said, "we found out that the Kmart shopper trusts me more than her lawyer or even her doctor."

Ms. Stewart may be challenged to take her esthetic viewpoint to the middle market. The paint colors, for example, which she said were inspired by things like the smoky fur of her Himalayan cat and the whites of her chickens' eggs, are fairly sophisticated. A brochure features chicly spare houses that do not resemble ***working-class*** American homes. (They were found in Westchester County and on Long Island and then painted, Ms. Stewart said.)

And it is yet to be seen whether a working mother with two toddlers has time to follow Ms. Stewart's advice for making beds with sharp hospital corners, as demonstrated on the store videos.

In fact, the Kmart alliance was not altogether smooth. Mr. Hall confessed that Kmart had to reign in many of Ms. Stewart's grand visions and keep her firmly focused on the shopper who lives in the middle of, say, central Michigan. Many of Ms. Stewart's preferred sheet patterns were shelved in favor of common-denominator solids.

"Martha had preferences that would do very, very well in a specialty store or upscale store," he said. "It was a big adjustment for both sides."

Sleep Test: So-So

WHAT is it like to spend a night in Martha's sheets?

Well, they're coarse and scratchy. Even after washing with lots of fabric softener, the 60-40 cotton-polyester sheets in color-saturated florals remained stiffer than the 50-50 polyester-cotton sheets, which were white with a light colored border. That's because more dye means more stiffness.

Still, the Martha Stewart sheets were softer than the "control" sheet, a generic ensemble of light blue half-and-half bought at a bargain store.

For insomniacs, Ms. Stewart even includes projects on the packages, like how to make a sheet into a table skirt.   MARIANNE ROHRLICH

**Graphic**

Photo: Martha Stewart, sachem of style to the reasonably well-to-do, hopes to find new devotees for a lower-priced line of home furnishings at Kmart. (Naum Kazhdan/The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***EDUCATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BPK0-0007-J2JM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SHIFTING AWAY FROM THE LIBERAL ARTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BPK0-0007-J2JM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

UNTIL the 1970's, Albertus Magnus, a small college in New Haven, was devoted entirely to the liberal arts. But then, seeing the increasing demand for training in business, the college expanded its tiny economics department to enable students to major in such areas as accounting, management, finance and international business.

The shift away from the liberal arts at Albertus Magnus and many other colleges and universities has occurred as students have increasingly concluded that the best route into business and industry is a major in business, not liberal arts. It is a trend that has caused consternation among educators who maintain that students are being narrowly educated by focusing on technical business courses, but the educators have been unable to stem the tide.

Today, at Albertus Magnus one- third of the 350 students are seeking business majors.

Many colleges and universities are shifting away from liberal arts as students have increasingly concluded that best route into business and industry is a major in business, not liberal arts; CBS plans to donate $750,000 to establish Corporate Council on Liberal Arts to explore influence that a liberal arts education has on effective business leadership (M)

''I suppose in an ideal world everyone could major in the liberal arts, but in a less than ideal world you also have to look at what the market wants,'' said Julia M. McNamara, president of Albertus Magnus, which will make another major accommodation in the fall, when it accepts male students for the first time.

A sign that some business people may now be ready to confront the trend was an announcement last week by CBS Inc. that it would donate $750,000 to establish a Corporate Council on the Liberal Arts. The council is to be administered through the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Cambridge, Mass., which has 2,400 members who have distinguished themselves in the arts and sciences. Frank Stanton, a former president of CBS, will be chairman of the council, which will have an executive committee that includes representatives from such corporations as American Express, Exxon, General Motors and Prudential Insurance. The council will sponsor research exploring the influence that a liberal arts education has on effective business leadership.

The climate in which the council arises is indicated by the growth in the number of students getting bachelor's degrees in business, which increased from 113,254 in 1971 to 212,474 in 1982, according to the National Center for Education Statistics. During the same period, the number of bachelor's degrees conferred in literature, English and the classics declined from 64,933 to 34,334.

A Cause of Problem

A problem in all this is that business itself seems to have contributed to the flight from the liberal arts by giving students the impression that those who major in business are more likely to get jobs.

''I hope the chief executive officers in their commitment to this new council will send the message to the personnel officers who do the hiring,'' Joseph S. Murphy, Chancellor of the City University of New York, said of the new group. ''Far too often, it is more secure and safe for personnel officers to hire people with narrow professional and vocational skills rather than people who are more risky and have a broader liberal arts background.''

The liberal arts majors who have been most assurred that their majors would not work against them in seeking jobs in business have been the graduates of the most prestigious institutions of higher education.

''Our program is solidly liberal arts and we do not offer any courses or majors in business,'' said William J. Moynihan, Dean of the College at Colgate University. ''We have not found that this in any way keeps students from finding positions in business and having the goals of becoming leaders in business.''

But students at less prestigious colleges and at state institutions often believe they do not have the luxury of majoring in the liberal arts.

Even the purity of the liberal arts degree has been diluted at the less selective institutions in an effort to hold onto liberal arts majors. The lure is a block of courses in business that the student majoring in, say, philosophy or history takes on the side to enhance his or her employability.

A Compromise Solution

At Temple University in Philadelphia, for instance, the faculty in the arts and science college voted last year to allow its students to increase the number of credits they could pursue outside the college.

''We see it as a gain for our college because it will give students the sense that they can afford to take an arts and science major and not fear they won't have enough technical courses to get hired,'' said Carolyn Adams, acting dean of the college at Temple.

Ivy League-type institutions, however, have not found it necessary to make such compromises in the liberal arts curriculum.

''For years, people like me have been pointing out that the notion that the Ivy League should concentrate on the liberal arts and train the future leaders while public education trains the children of the ***working-class*** for entry-level jobs is antidemocratic,'' Mr. Murphy said.

The formation of the council is seen by as a step toward pinpointing the strengths of a liberal arts education and making it easier for corporations to understand what liberal arts graduates from all kinds of institutions can contribute to business and industry.

Awareness of Problem

''I think business helped create the situation by the kinds of people it has tended to hire,'' John Voss, executive officer of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, said of the reluctance of students to major in the liberal arts. ''The establishment of the council is an indication that the leaders of large industrial concerns are beginning to realize that they are missing something in not recruiting liberal arts graduates.''

One business executive who believes that the liberal arts provide adequate preparation for a high-level career in business is Thomas H. Wyman, chairman and chief executive officer of CBS, who is the force behind the creation of the council.

''My own education was in the liberal arts and I have been convinced for a long time that it is the best way to start life,'' said Mr. Wyman, who majored in English at Amherst and went directly into the business world as a trainee at Citibank. ''I hope the council will explore the question of how we can convince young people that they will not limit their futures by studying the liberal arts.''

Need for Broader Perspectives

''For most of business the need to find people who really know how to read and write and talk and think exceeds by a wide margin any other need,'' Mr. Wyman continued. ''A person who writes a thesis on Yeats ought to feel comfortable going to I.B.M. or Citibank or CBS. It should be recognized that such people have a head start in having their minds opened wider than others and in learning how to express themselves.''

Those who want business to be more open to hiring liberal arts graduates do not contend that undergraduate study of accounting or management or finance is inappropriate. But they would like to see liberal arts majors have a chance to show that they, too, can handle the work.

The boast of a liberal arts education, after all, is that it prepares a person to learn and adapt. Furthermore, there is always the opportunity for additional education specifically devoted to business skills through internal training programs and outside graduate programs.

Now it will be up to the new council to show whether this is so.

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[***Turning the High Line Into The High Life - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HV0-S3S0-TW8F-G2BH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 11; Column 4; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2071 words

**Byline:** By CLAIRE WILSON

**Body**

SAY bye-bye to the parking lots along 10th Avenue, between 14th and 30th Streets, and maybe a few of the chaotic clubs and bars on the side streets. Bid adieu to the rough-and-tumble allure of taxi garages and the fringe of weeds running the length of the High Line, the derelict but irresistibly charming dinosaur of an elevated railroad that is the backbone of West Chelsea's thriving gallery scene.

Say hello to designer buildings, valet parking, concierges, meditation gardens and, oh yes, lines of limos jockeying for position outside the borough's trendiest new restaurants branded by celebrity chefs like Mario Batali, Tom Colicchio and Masaharu Morimoto.

The heady grit-and-glamour cocktail that New Yorkers so love about the meatpacking district is about to expand northward -- although perhaps with more glamour than grit in the final equation -- as the city's major developers snatch up any and all available parcels along the High Line and start work on a planned 5,500 units of housing, all but 1,100 of them for the fabulously well-heeled.

Zoning changes made final last summer have won praise for how they put the spotlight on the elevated 22-block park the High Line is to become and protect the estimated 200 galleries while allowing extensive luxury residential development. Height limitations and required setbacks on some new buildings will complement the 66-year-old structure and conserve views of it, while preserving some of the light and open spaces that have defined the neighborhood. Work on the High Line is to begin next year, with the first phase scheduled to be completed by 2008.

Alf Naman, a principal with Alf Naman Real Estate Advisors, plans four projects and is considering a fifth along the High Line, which the city officially took possession of last month from CSX Transportation.

''The neighborhood would not be half as interesting if it didn't have the galleries, which bring vitality and life to an area that would otherwise be just a bunch of residential buildings,'' said Mr. Naman. One of his projects is a 20-story condo tower designed by the French architect Jean Nouvel.

What some say amounts to Manhattan's biggest land grab since a handful of Native Americans took a few beads in trade for the entire borough gets high grades for the most part, but that was not always the case. Developers balked -- and some who wanted it torn down threatened to sue -- when Friends of the High Line was formed in 1999 and proposed the idea of turning the railroad bed into an elevated park. Six years later, the corridor is like catnip to the same developers, with more than a dozen projects planned and countless others being considered.

At the southern end of the High Line, at Gansevoort Street in the meatpacking district, the Dia:Chelsea museum will serve as anchor for the new neighborhood, with a tony 330-room Andre Balazs hotel, the Standard, nearby. One block north, 10 stories of commercial space will be added to the building on the southwest corner of 14th Street and 10th Avenue, and the adjacent building will likewise be converted to commercial space, according to Charles Blakeman of High Line Development LLC.

At 16th Street, between 9th and 10th Avenues, partners in the Chelsea Market, Stephan Zoukis, who is a partner at Jamestown Properties, and Irwin Cohen, have hired Gwathmey Siegel & Associates Architects to explore adding a residential component to the popular shopping complex, which will also be home to Mr. Morimoto's restaurant. Across the street, at 85 10th Avenue, is where Del Posto, Mr. Batali's new restaurant with Joseph Bastianich and his mother, Lidia Bastianich, is to open sometime in the next month. Craftsteak, Mr. Colicchio's restaurant, is to follow next year.

Where the Chelsea Garden Center once stood, on the east side of 10th Avenue between 16th and 17th Streets, the Related Companies and Taconic Investment Partners plan a 23-story tower that will have 200 condos and 250 rentals, with stores on the 10th Avenue side. Related is also considering development at 30th Street and 10th Avenue, where the High Line ends, but no details are available, according to David J. Wine, vice chairman of the company.

Diagonally opposite the Related project, on the block that stretches between 10th and 11th Avenues and 17th and 18th Streets, Edison Properties will be constructing two mixed commercial and residential buildings, both designed by Robert A. M. Stern Architects, replacing two parking lots. Both buildings have been controversial because of their height, one topping out at 25 to 30 stories, the other at 35 to 40 stories -- more than double most of the other new projects.

The community fought the heights of these buildings but lost. Melva Max, the owner of La Luncheonette, across the street from the Edison projects, who has lived in the neighborhood since opening the restaurant 18 years ago, worries about density and how the tall buildings will obscure views of the new 6.7-acre High Line park.

''You won't even see the High Line any more and there won't be any light,'' Ms. Max said. ''What are they going to do, put grow lights in there?''

On 11th Avenue between 18th and 19th Streets, the buildings are on a smaller scale. Work has begun on a project by the Georgetown Company and IAC/InterActiveCorp, a nine-story building that will be the architect Frank Gehry's first in New York. Adjacent to the Kitchen Theater Company, it will serve as headquarters for IAC's Home Shopping Network, Ticketmaster, Lending Tree, Expedia.com, Match.com and Citysearch. Georgetown is also in the predevelopment stage of a mixed-use building, likewise designed by Frank Gehry, that is to occupy the 10th Avenue side of the block.

As per the new zoning, midblock buildings will be smaller in scale than those on the avenues. On the north side of 18th Street east of 10th Avenue, Madison Equities plans a 12-story residential structure, with gallery configurations at ground level.

Adjacent to the Kitchen on the south side of 19th Street, Bishop's Court Realty is to begin construction next month on an 11-story residential building designed by the architect Annabelle Seldorf. It will replace a three-story vacant warehouse, according to John Jacobson, a partner in the company.

The Jean Nouvel building being built by Alf Naman, in partnership with Cape Advisors, is to be at 11th Avenue and 19th Street, in place of a parking lot. A block away, Tamarkin Architects P.C. plans a 12-story condo tower on the southeast corner of 10th Avenue and 19th Street, once the site of a driving school.

On 21st Street, the General Theological Seminary has proposed a 17-story residential tower on Ninth Avenue, at the east side of its historic campus, which occupies the entire block.

At 23rd Street and 10th Avenue, the developer Leviev Boymelgreen is to break ground next spring on a residential tower with retail stores at street level, where a gasoline station once stood. On the north side of 23rd Street, between 10th and 11th Avenues, Alf Naman is to build a 12-story apartment building, behind which, on 24th Street, there will be two small galleries and a retail complex. Alf Naman is also planning a 12-story residential building on the north side of 24th Street and west of 10th Avenue.

Developers are reluctant to speculate on prices for new residential buildings, none of which will open before 2007. Recent sales of new apartments in the area include $2.7 million for a triplex penthouse in the Chelsea Club, on West 19th Street near 10th Avenue, and $3.65 million for one of four penthouses at the 14-story Vesta 24, nearing completion on 10th Avenue near 24th Street.

Demand for new apartments in the neighborhood will not be a problem if the Vesta 24 is any indication. ''All the two-bedroomapartments sold out within 36 hours,'' said Jim Brawders, senior vice president for the Corcoran Group. When the sales occurred a year ago, prices on a two-bedroom ranged from $1.1 million to $1.4 million.

On West 25th Street close to 11th Avenue, floors of the Chelsea Arts Tower, a 20-story commercial condo tower under construction, have been selling for $750 to $1,200 a square foot, or an average of $3 million, according to Stuart Siegel, managing director of Grubb & Ellis, which is marketing the building. Designed to house galleries and private collections, the 75,000-square-foot structure will open in August.

Area rents will probably be higher than in the adjacent Chelsea historic district, but they are also hard to predict. At the Tate, a rental building with two towers on 23rd Street that was built by Related and opened in late 2001, rents range from $2,300 for a studio to $6,500 for a two-bedroom, two-bath unit with a terrace, according to Mr. Wine.

Sites for the affordable-housing units have not yet been determined but will be designed for a broad swath of working people, not just the poorest of the poor, according to Lee Compton, chairman of Community Board 4. Chelsea has historically been a ***working-class*** area, but hurtling gentrification over the last two decades has forced many of those people out and isolated those who remain, particularly in places like the Fulton Houses, the 944-unit public housing project on Ninth Avenue between 16th and 19th Streets.

''We were a blue-collar neighborhood where people had lived for 40 or 50 years,'' Mr. Compton said. ''We wanted to preserve the opportunity for them and their children to stay in the community. We didn't want it to become completely gentrified.''

Del Posto will be the latest arrival on a restaurant row that includes established hot spots like Florent, Jean-Georges Vongerichten's Spice Market, La Luncheonette, the Red Cat and Bottino. There are also the other newcomers: Cookshop, the Korean-infused D'or Ahn, and Stephen Starr's Buddakan, as well as Craftsteak and Mr. Morimoto's restaurant when they open.

Add that lineup to the stellar roster of top-tier architects, a hip hotel, design museum, Hudson River Park, Chelsea Piers and the High Line itself, and what is emerging is a strangely organic yet somewhat self-consciously cutting-edge neighborhood where just about everything passes the style test. If that is the goal, it appears to be succeeding in ways no one ever imagined.

''It makes the city young, attractive and exciting and it will bring people to New York to visit, to work and to look at it,'' said Amanda M. Burden, commissioner of the Department of City Planning. ''It puts us on the world stage in a whole new way.''

The high-profile architects are a big part of that. It is something the art galleries and the reinvented High Line, with its $130 million price tag, laid the groundwork for, according to Joseph Rose, partner in the Georgetown Company and a former planning commissioner. ''The art world has brought a sensibility that creates a context where the commitment to first-class architecture is not something that's alien,'' Mr. Rose said. ''This is clearly a recognition on the part of the private sector that there is value in being open to and investing in architectural quality.''

If clubs in the area -- and there are many, like Bungalow 8, Spirit, Glass, Crobar and Marquee -- become casualties of development, many area residents won't miss the chaos of late-night traffic and noise. Gallery owners worry about the same fate, and whether they will eventually have to move out of Chelsea the way many moved from SoHo as real estate prices soared.

Magda Sawon, the owner of the 20-year-old Postmasters Gallery on 10th Avenue, migrated to Chelsea from SoHo eight years ago and was in the East Village before that. She views 5,000 high-income newcomers as potential art viewers and art shoppers but worries about the effect increasing costs will have on the rent galleries pay.

''The radical work which guides art and makes it progress will get priced out,'' she said.

Frank Maresca, a partner in the 27-year-old Ricco/Maresca Gallery, which also started in SoHo, said it is hard to imagine people buying in Chelsea and not being influenced by the gallery scene or wanting to support it. But he acknowledged that the vitality of the Chelsea art community is impossible to predict.

''Right now, the art market is hot, but art is of the moment and when the moment is over, it won't be there,'' he said. ''If you want to know the future, just look at the past.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article and picture caption last Sunday about planned development along the High Line elevated railroad track in Chelsea misspelled the name of a restaurant that has been in the neighborhood for 18 years. It is La Lunchonette, not La Luncheonette.

**Correction-Date:** December 25, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: GOING UP -- The High Line, above, looking north from 19th Street. Frank Maresca, from left, a partner in the Ricco/Maresca Gallery

Melva Max, the owner of La Luncheonette

and the developers Craig D. Wood of Cape Advisors Inc. and Alf Naman of Alf Naman Real Estate Advisors. (Photographs by MARILYNN K. YEE/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

DEFINING CHANGE -- The High Line, left, heading south from 19th Street, and crossing 10th Avenue at 16th Street, below. Magda Sawon, the owner of the Postmasters Gallery, above. (Photographs by MARILYNN K. YEE/The New York Times)(pg. 9)Map of Manhattan highlighting The High Line and approved residential or mixed-use buildings and approved commercial buildings. (pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** December 18, 2005

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[***STAGE: DALE AND CHANNING IN NICHOLS'S 'JOE EGG'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CC20-0007-J22V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1287 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

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Theatergoers are not likely to think about Jim Dale and Stockard Channing in quite the same way ever again after ''A Day in the Death of Joe Egg,'' the Peter Nichols play that has brought them into perfect harmony at the Haft Theater.

Mr. Dale is best known in New York for his high-flying acrobatics in the entertainments ''Scapino'' and ''Barnum.'' Miss Channing, whose talents were submerged in three flop plays last year, is most widely remembered for her ditsy appearances in trivial movies and television series. We can forget about all that now. In this Roundabout Theater Company revival directed by Arvin Brown, Miss Channing and Mr. Dale may make us laugh, but the humor is a form of protective coloring. ''Joe Egg'' tells of the most painful kind of marital breakup - one that even love can't prevent - and the stars tear through it with a naked intimacy that is as compelling as any acting we've seen this season.

The subject of ''Joe Egg'' is often thought to be infirmity, not marriage - which may explain why this disturbing, funny play, the breakthrough work by the author of ''Privates on Parade'' and ''Passion,'' lingered only a few months in its original West End and Broadway productions of 1967 and '68. The confusion is understandable: Mr. Nichols' title refers not to Bri and Sheila, the middle-class English couple at center stage, but to their 12-year-old child Josephine, eponymously nicknamed Joe Egg.

The daughter is an incurably brain- damaged spastic who spends much of the evening in a wheelchair, lolling about in the blind, wordless, incontinent state she has always known. Yet even so, ''Joe Egg'' is not a precursor of the many sentimental whose-life- is-it-anyway plays that have followed it. Mr. Nichols puts Joe Egg (Tenney Walsh) on stage simply as a fact of life - only one of the many horrifying, inexplicable facts of life in a world supposedly governed by a divine plan. Given such unalterable facts, the playwright then asks, how do we go on?

Sheila and Bri don't sit around crying; they usually tell jokes. Nor do they debate any possible ''solutions'' to Joe Egg's plight; they've long ago decided against institutionalization and euthansia, in favor of keeping the girl at home. Sometimes they pick through the past: Sheila guiltily wonders if her pre-marital promiscuity somehow produced Joe Egg, and both parents wonder if their child was maimed by incompetent doctors. But mostly, Bri and Sheila just cling tightly to their own respective ways of coping with the present.

Those methods are antithetical. Bri, a schoolteacher who once dreamed of being an artist, makes endless wisecracks about the ''vegetable'' whose diapers he constantly changes. He has stopped looking for parables and explanations that might rationalize Joe Egg's suffering; he'd rather believe in nothing than ''a lot of lies.'' Sheila still has faith. As Bri explains - with awe, not cynicism - his wife is a ''truly integrated person'' who ''embraces every living thing.''

Contrary as the couple's philosophies may be, they are also complementary. Mr. Nichols has written Act I of ''Joe Egg,'' as he has some of his subsequent plays, as a quasi-Brechtian music-hall routine: Bri and Sheila chattily confide in us from the downstage edge of their living room, as if they were a Midlands George Burns and Gracie Allen exchanging well-practiced shtick on their front porch. As Mr. Dale recalls the nightmare of the child's birth, he does jolly burlesque impersonations, firm in accents and postures, of a German pediatrician and a hip, patronizingly supportive clergyman. Miss Channing responds with a straight man's knowing, encouraging smiles and, occasionally, a bit of her own: To explain how Joe Egg's brain malfunctions, she mimics a harassed telephone switchboard operator at a company appropriately named Universal Shafting.

These two actors have never worked together before, but they seem lifelong partners. The strong bond between them, both of sympathy and sexuality, suggests that Sheila and Bri have the ideal marriage, if not the ideal family. The couple's disagreements are loving conflicts which neither spouse tries to win; if Sheila can't stop enjoying even Bri's sickest, Thalidomide-tinged gags, Bri can't stop adoring Sheila's simple candor and utter lack of self-pity.

No wonder it's devastating when the relationship starts to fall apart. What makes our sorrow even greater is Mr. Nichols' refusal to pin the couple's rupture directly on Joe Egg. ''Everyone is damaged in some way,'' Bri tells us - and it is the husband's infirmity, not his daughter's, that wrecks the fabric of a marriage. Like his child, the boyishly middle- aged Bri can never grow up: He wants to be the only ''spoiled, coddled baby'' in the household, and he's jealous of Joe's claims on Sheila's affections.

''Our marriage might have worked as well as most if Joe hadn't happened,'' Bri says. We're not so sure. If the marriage in ''Joe Egg'' is put to the cruelest imaginable test, Mr. Nichols is asking tough questions about the nature of emotional responsibility, of giving and loving, of faith and defeat, that challenge and trouble us no matter what kind of children we may or may not have at home.

Mr. Brown has directed many Nichols plays at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater and in New York, but this one is the first, in my experience, that he's gotten exactly right. His production is different from, but no less valid than, Michael Blakemore's Broadway staging, which starred Albert Finney and Zena Walker. The on- stage band, which punctuated the jokes, has been removed; the tone is more reflective than harsh. The sporadic Act II lulls are bolstered by the amusing yet human performances of Gary Waldhorn and Joanna Gleason as posh, hypocritical neighbors who try to appropriate Joe Egg as a cause.

As Mr. Brown has knit his stars into a team, so he has also elicited powerful solo turns in which Bri and Sheila give full vent to the two differing visions of existence that make and break their marriage. Mr. Dale's big moment is a harrowing fantasy of infanticide - a ghoulish practical joke that only a master comic actor could prevent from curdling. When it's over, the actor has done what Bri intends - forced us to feel the relief that might arrive were Joe Egg to disappear.

Miss Channing makes us feel something else. At the end of Act I, she sits alone in fading winter light to tell us of the one, long-ago time when Joe Egg showed a short-lived sign of improvement. As she pours maternal joy into a description of how her child seemed to master the simple task of moving an arm, the actress makes us share Sheila's belief in miracles as fully as we do Bri's bleak realism. And though Joe's miracle ended almost as soon as it began, the mother won't give up. Speaking in sweet, ***working-class*** intonations and looking completely defenseless, Miss Channing goes on to deliver Sheila's cliched declaration of faith as if it were a revelation: ''I believe, where there's life, there's hope,'' she says. Then the actress takes a long pause, looks directly at us with brimming, begging eyes, and, in a whisper, asks, ''Do you?''

Love and Conflict

A DAY IN THE DEATH OF JOE EGG, by Peter Nichols; directed by Arvin Brown; set design by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg; costume design by Bill Walker; lighting design by Ronald Wallace; sound design by Philip Campanella; production stage manager, Kathy J. Faul. Presented by Roundabout Theater Company Inc., Gene Feist, artistic director; Todd Haimes, managing director. At the Haft Theater, 227 West 27th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. BriJim Dale SheilaStockard Channing JoeTenney Walsh PamJoanna Gleason FreddieGary Waldhorn GraceMargaret Hilton

**Graphic**

Photo of Stochard Channing and Jim Dale in performance

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[***MALCOLM FRAGER, REFLECTIVE MUSICIAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BYR0-0007-J3J1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 24, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 27, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1305 words

**Byline:** By Andrew L. Pincus; Andrew L. Pincus is the music critic of the Berkshire Eagle.

**Body**

Malcolm Frager's appearance with the New York Philharmonic this week as the soloist in Bartok's Third Concerto is something of a homecoming. But for him it is more significant than that. Although he has performed with the Philharmonic often since 1960, the deeper connection for him is with this week's guest conductor, Erich Leinsdorf. They have been close friends ever since Mr. Leinsdorf gave Mr. Frager his start as a soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood in 1962.

Now the 50-year-old pianist speaks of the 73-year-old conductor as a ''very sensitive musician'' and ''superlative accompanist.'' Mr. Leinsdorf, returning the compliment, says Mr. Frager is not only a ''consummate musician'' but also one of a ''tiny, tiny group of people whom I call friends.'' They are such friends that Mr. Frager helped the conductor to edit and proofread his 1981 book, ''The Composer's Advocate.'' ''He showed me he was a very astute person,'' Mr. Leinsdorf says in regard to the pianist's literary capabilities.

Mr. Frager has made a considerable pilgrimage in his musical and personal life. Speaking of the changes in his playing over the years, he says, ''I hope that there is in my playing what I'm trying to achieve in my life and my relationship with other people, which is more openness, less inhibition, less self-consciousness, more warmth, more tenderness, more freedom.''

Pianist Malcom Frager, who is appearing with New York Philharmonic, interviewed; photo

Mr. Frager says it hasn't been easy to change colors like this. Born to a father who was (and is) a hosiery wholesaler in St. Louis, and who converted from Judaism to Christian Science, he was, he says, raised in a ''somewhat repressive, somewhat inhibiting'' Midwestern milieu.

''I think,'' he recalls, ''that like many people in mid-America I was brought up to be a nice boy, and that sometimes means repressing your feelings and not necessarily saying and acting as you feel you should. Now I don't think it's ever right to be rude, but I think that being nice at the expense of being truthful is not a virtue. I've had to learn that the hard way.''

At the age of 14, like another Missouri boy, Huck Finn, Mr. Frager struck out on his own. Because he insisted on it, he was allowed to come to New York to study with Carl Friedberg, who had been a student of Brahms and Clara Schumann.

Every Friday night in New York, the adolescent, Midwestern Christian Scientist went to his great-grandmother's home for dinner. ''She had,'' he says, a gleam coming into his eye, ''a kosher restaurant in the East 20's for 35 years, and she was a *marvelous* cook.'' Years later, when he saw the movie of ''Fiddler on the Roof,'' he cried. Though the nostalgia seems somewhat strange, the picture of East European *shtetl* life took him back to the world of his grandparents and great-grandparents.

At the proper time, the young soft- spoken pianist entered Columbia University, where he majored in Russian and became fluent in other languages as well. He won the Leventritt award in 1959, the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium in 1960. Soon after, he took an apartment in New York and began building a promising career.

But in 1969 Mr. Frager turned onto what Robert Frost called ''the road not taken'' - at least by most pianists. After the birth of their second child, he and his Scottish wife, Morag, decided to bring up the family in the country. They tried a couple of houses in the Berkshires and then settled in 1971 on a 70-acre farm in Lenox. They live less than a mile up the road from Tanglewood, which remains on Mr. Frager's concert itinerary.

Now both children, Andrew and Melanie, attend a private school in St. Louis, near their grandparents, and the parents occasionally cast longing eyes toward New York. But, Mr. Frager says, they and the children sill love the country, travel is convenient from airports in New York, Boston, Hartford and Albany, and ''I don't feel really far from New York. We see more of our friends here than we ever did in New York because all our friends want to get out into the country.''

Mr. Frager says he sometimes gets lonely while away on tour, as he is for up for nine months of the year. To keep busy, he sets a goal for himself, which can often be to read the complete works of a great author. Two years ago, for instance, he went through the works of Melville, who for a time lived in the Berkshires. Last year, the author was Jane Austen. He happily recalls sitting in a hotel room in Valencia, absorbed in ''Sense and Sensibility'' for five hours while waiting for his baggage to catch up with him.

Despite his early successes, Mr. Frager says, he had a way of being ''nice'' to his fellow-musicians that was ''off-putting.'' He especially had trouble, he explains, ''with people whom I placed on a plateau higher than my own, on some kind of pedestal. I never wanted to do it and I always knew it wasn't right to do that. But I did, whether it was because of fame or money of whether it was because I felt they had some power that I didn't have.''

The problem was particularly troubling with managers. Mr. Frager says he put them on that pedestal and gave them too much power over him. Agents, as a result, sometimes didn't promote him adequately and one in Europe actually embezzled money from him. Only in the last few years, he says, has he come to have a good working relationship with his current management at Columbia Artists.

In other areas as well, this modern Huck Finn has traveled the road not taken. He plays less contemporary music and does less recording, for instance, than some of his peers. Both decisions, he says, were conscious; both leave him somewhat dissatisfied.

Mr. Frager does play the Prokofiev and Bartok concertos (he's doing the Bartok No. 3 with the Philharmonic), as well as the much newer one by John Corigliano. He even commissioned a concerto by Tadeusz Baird, a Pole who died before he could begin the commission. But, Mr. Frager regretfully says, most contemporary music simply takes too long to learn. He feels more comfortable with Mozart and Beethoven, with whom ''the more you study the more you find and the more you feel you're able to give.'' He also expresses a special affinity for Brahms, whose ***working***- ***class*** background ''wasn't maybe too dissimilar from my own father's,'' and for Weber, whom he considers much underrated and neglected.

As for recordings, Mr. Frager has made about 25 over the years. But, he says, Friedberg, his teacher, didn't believe in recordings and discouraged his students from making them. Mr. Frager now regrets the opportunities he turned down. He doesn't need the publicity or extra concert opportunities, he says, but he realizes recordings are a way of reaching listeners who might otherwise not be touched by music.

Mr. Frager's other peculiarities include the fact that, almost alone among pianists, he plays the original versions of the Schumann concerto and the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1. (He actually discovered the manuscript of Schumann's first version, tracing it to a private collection in a village in West Germany.) He contends that Romantic composers ''worked under the heat of inspiration, and their very first ideas are sometimes the most characteristic and the most vivid and the most direct.''

Critics remark on the cleanness and the honesty of Mr. Frager's playing. But, especially as he has matured, few call him charismatic or exciting. His search for freedom seems to have been focused within - on both the music and himself - rather than on crowds or making a name.

Looking back, he says his ''struggles'' with himself - and in becoming a husband and father - have taught him that life and music are ''one in the same.'' And his ideal? ''To be the same offstage as onstage, so that there is no dichotomy between who I am and what I am.''

**Graphic**

Photo

**End of Document**



[***Coney Island, Once a Wonderland of Whimsy, Is Still Waiting for a Rebirth***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D0H-7FD0-TW8F-G1WT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 1, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 25; Ballpark Hums, but Not the Neighborhood

**Length:** 1802 words

**Byline:** By LYDIA POLGREEN

**Body**

It was the bottom of the ninth of a scoreless game under a canopy of threatening black clouds, but the thousands of fans who had traveled from throughout New York City to Coney Island to watch the Brooklyn Cyclones play the Williamsport Crosscutters did not seem to mind. The 7,500-seat stadium was about three-quarters full, and when outfielder Ambiorix Concepcion sneaked in a run, stealing two bases and making it home on a wild pitch, the crowd erupted.

When the game was over, most fans filed to their cars, in a vast parking lot west of the stadium, though some stopped at Nathan's for a hot dog on the way to the subway.

''People come here for the ballgame, and then they leave,'' said Heshy Wiederman, who lives in Seagate, a gated community at the western end of Coney Island. ''It's like Yankee Stadium. You go to a game, and then you go home.''

From a sports perspective, the Cyclones are clearly a huge success. By the middle of this season, its fourth, the team had sold a million tickets, making it one of the most successful teams in minor league baseball. And psychologically, the stadium has given a flagging neighborhood a big boost, prompting talk of a Coney Island revival and drawing thousands of new visitors who not long ago might have written off the fabled resort as a crime-ridden, filthy place, which for many years it was.

''This was one of the biggest July Fourths we have seen in a long time'' said Carol Hill-Albert, who along with her husband owns Astroland, one of two amusement parks that are the legacy of the 1920's and 30's, when such parks dominated the peninsula and thrilled 15 million visitors a season. ''The Boardwalk was literally jammed, you could barely walk on it. Something is changing, something is happening. There is an excitement I haven't seen in a long time.''

But from an economic development point of view, the return on the city's $39 million investment in the Cyclones is less clear. When the stadium was being built, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani predicted that the team would ''serve as a catalyst to the revitalization of Coney Island, much as Disney's investment on 42nd Street helped turn Times Square around.''

That has not happened. The Cyclones have given the existing amusements at Coney Island a leg up -- the number of riders on the Cyclone roller coaster shoots up by about 30 percent after a win by the Cyclones, but by only about 15 percent when they lose, Ms. Hill-Albert said, and the hot-dog lines at Nathan's can be daunting.

But one look at the empty buildings and vacant lots along Surf Avenue reveals that the stadium has yet to spark a wholesale revitalization of Coney Island or to create a significant number of jobs.

Indeed, much of Coney Island, the ragged thumb to Brooklyn's patchwork mitten for half a century, remains in the same state of suspended animation it has been stuck in since the 1970's, when the bottom dropped so far that part of Coney Island's bombed-out streetscape became a set for ''The Warriors,'' a violent film tale of a bloodthirsty New York street gang ruling ruthlessly over an urban wasteland. Those days are long gone -- crime is down more than 70 percent from a decade ago, a drop mirrored throughout the city. But the barren streetscape remains, owing at least in part to a handful of property owners who have held vacant land and buildings in the neighborhood for decades.

''There are a lot of obstacles to development in Coney Island,'' said Charles Denson, whose book, ''Coney Island: Lost and Found,'' chronicles the rise, fall and nascent rebirth of the neighborhood where he grew up. ''There is a lot of unused land, but it is very tightly controlled by a few property owners, some of whom are rational and others who are not. Some have good intentions and others are just waiting for a big payday.''

Peter Agrapides, the 68-year-old owner of Pete's Clam Stop, a local institution, gestured at the empty Shore Theater opposite his store, part of a row of derelict structures on the north side of Surf Avenue. ''They have been empty for many, many years,'' he said. ''I hope I'll live long enough to see it all rebuilt again like it used to be.'' In the old days, Kister's Carousel whirled, the towers of Luna Park glittered, and mile-long roller coasters climbed to the heavens, a spectacle that prompted one visitor to write in 1904, ''Verily this is Dreamland, and one rubs one's eyes and pinches one's arm to see if one be really awake.''

Public investment has flooded the neighborhood. The grim portal that was the Stillwell Avenue subway terminal will become, when it is completed next year, one of the grandest subway stations in the city, with a price tag of about a quarter-billion dollars. It will be the first major new building on the north side of Surf Avenue, giving the street a much needed face-lift. The Boardwalk has new bathrooms from the Parks Department, and the New York Aquarium is working on an expansion with a shark exhibit.

But private investment in the neighborhood has been harder to come by. Despite whispers that Disney is looking at one vacant lot, or that a hotel might rise on another, no shovels are close to hitting the dirt.

''We read in the newspaper that Coney Island has a big future,'' said Vladimir Zats, who has been selling antiques and bric-a-brac on Surf Avenue for more then 20 years and hears each new plan to revitalize Coney Island with a little more skepticism. ''But it isn't here yet.''

In September 2003, Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg formed the Coney Island Development Corporation, to spark ideas and attract investment to the neighborhood, and he put one of the city's top economic development officials at its helm. The corporation is now meeting with residents, businesses and community groups to come up with a master plan for the neighborhood.

It is not the first time city officials have set their sights on remaking this corner of Brooklyn. In the 1930's, New York's controversial master builder, Robert Moses, who hated Coney Island's honky-tonk atmosphere, set his sights on making it more like his beloved Jones Beach, a tranquil resort on Long Island that he had completed the decade before. He tore down ornate restaurants and bathhouses to make room for more beach, and over the next two decades the city rezoned much of the vast amusement district for low-income housing and erected glowering towers of drab brick that still dominate. With few jobs to support the huge influx of poor people, the neighborhood that had once amused millions quickly descended into despair, becoming a place of violent drug gangs and prostitution.

This time the city hopes to get it right. It has hired a battery of consultants to develop a master plan that they hope will transform a still seedy, seasonal destination that relies on nostalgia to draw visitors to a small set of attractions, into a shining year-round entertainment mecca.

''Coney Island is an extraordinary resource that frankly can be doing much more than it is,'' said Joshua Sirefman, chairman of the development corporation and chief operating officer of the New York City Economic Development Corporation. ''We are trying to figure out what the right kind of development is, how to increase economic activity and make it a year-round destination by enhancing what's there and making a place that can both serve as regional attraction but also work well with the neighborhood around it.''

The corporation hopes to build on the baseball stadium's popularity and find ways to link it to the slow but steady revival already taking place here -- among the hordes of magenta-haired hipsters who came for a recent alternative rock festival, dozens of sets of twins who came for what was billed as the world's largest gathering of twins, and thousands of families from across the city wanting to taste a little bit of that old carnival magic.

For these visitors, Coney Island has slowly become what it once was -- a wonderland by the sea, just a subway ride from the stifling heat of the city, packed with whimsy that can be found nowhere else but on this oddball peninsula.

''To me, Coney Island is magical,'' said Roman Macia, a preschool teacher from Dallas who rode the subway from the Upper West Side to eat a Nathan's hot dog and stroll on the Boardwalk on a drizzly Tuesday afternoon. When he was a little boy growing up in Camaguey, Cuba, he said, his grandmother would regale him with tales of visiting the Boardwalk in the 1930's. He never forgot the stories, and comes back whenever he can. ''I always come here when I am in New York, no matter what.''

Some people credit the Cyclones for putting for Coney Island back on the map. But many in the neighborhood say that other factors also played a role, including the drastic drop in crime and the overall improvement in the economy, which gave the ***working-class*** families that are the mainstay of Coney Island's amusement industry the cash to spend on a day at the beach and on the Boardwalk.

''I'm glad that they are here because they forced the city to pay attention to Coney Island,'' said Dick Zigun, artistic director of Coney Island USA, a nonprofit arts group that runs Sideshows by the Seashore and a museum and organizes the annual Mermaid Parade. ''With their short season, they draw about 300,000 people, which is hardly a drop in the bucket. We get that many people in a day at the Mermaid Parade.''

And Coney Island's rebirth will have to contend with the social ills that cling to its seashore. Public housing still dominates the neighborhood and crime has not disappeared entirely. Last month, a notorious drug dealer was gunned down at the corner of Mermaid Avenue and 24th Street. Standing at the desolate corner near a street tribute to the dealer, who was known as Dada, Verzon Fonville, a 35-year-old former drug dealer and felon turned community activist, said change had come slowly to the western, most populated end of Coney Island.

''They talk about rebuilding, but west of Stillwell it is a very different story,'' Mr. Fonville said, gesturing at the knots of teenagers congregated on Mermaid Avenue's litter-strewn corners. ''The kids around here have nowhere to go. There are no jobs for the people who live here. The revival hasn't gotten here yet.''

Still, longtime Coney Island residents and business people say the neighborhood's current upswing differs from the nostalgia-fueled hope that opens each sunshiny season, only to be dashed when Labor Day rolls around and the receipts are counted.

''Right now there is a lot of optimism,'' said Judi Orlando, director of Astella Development Corporation, a nonprofit organization that has built low cost single-family houses in Coney Island for 25 years. ''People believe that this could be it, the moment they have been waiting for.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The Cyclones bring thousands to KeySpan Park, but most fans don't linger in Coney Island -- or spend their money there. Desolation marks the end of 16th Street near the stadium. (Photographs by Michelle Agins/The New York Times)(pg. 25)

''The revival hasn't gotten here yet,'' said Verzon Fonville, above, a former drug dealer who is now a community activist. Sideshows by the Seashore, on Surf Avenue, right, is striving for revival -- of business. (Photographs by Michelle Agins/The New York Times)(pg. 28)Map of Brooklyn highlighting Coney Island: Coney Island, the thumb to the mitten of Brooklyn, used to draw millions to its spectacles: ocean beaches, roller coasters and carousels. (pg. 28)

**Load-Date:** August 1, 2004

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:408P-VTV0-00MH-F34V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Civic Theater: Shakespeare, O'Casey And Ventura***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:408P-VTV0-00MH-F34V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 2000, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By BRUCE WEBER

By BRUCE WEBER

**Dateline:** MINNEAPOLIS, May 14

**Body**

Last weekend Austin, Minn., a pleasant, if not exactly mythical city of 22,000, two hours south of here, had a visit from a number of sprites, fairies, gods and foolish Athenians, as the Guthrie Theater's traveling production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ensconced itself in the high school auditorium.

It was the penultimate stop on a 17-city tour through the northern Midwest, the first time the Minneapolis-based Guthrie, one of the nation's most prominent regional theaters, had toured a show since the mid-1980's, when funds from the National Endowment for the Arts dried up. It provided a rare opportunity for Austin, which proudly declares itself Spamtown U.S.A., a homage to its leading corporate citizen, Hormel Foods. And the locals took advantage; nearly a quarter of Austin's population attended the four performances.

The production, staged by the Guthrie's artistic director, Joe Dowling, and featuring a number of young actors the Guthrie has developed in its summertime pre-professional program, was no skimpy road show. It was a three-hour extravaganza, full of inviting theatrics: colorful sets, gaudily witty costumes, lighting wizardry, gymnastic choreography, Shakespearean verse set to doo-wop and disco music, and not least, in a broad satire that no one in Austin (or anyone who has seen the film "Fargo") could fail to appreciate, the commoner craftsmen, Shakespeare's goofy, would-be thespians, done up as dimwitted Minnesotans.

O.K, it wouldn't have played so well at Lincoln Center. The acting was uneven -- a lot of youthful overenthusiasm there -- and the overall concept, which placed the denizens of Theseus' palace in modern dress and the denizens of the forest in outfits that would have made them comfortable in the "Star Wars" wookie bar, took "anything goes" as its through line. Most egregiously, the "Pyramus and Thisbe" skit was milked for far too much slapstick and for far too long. But at least two young performers, Cheyenne Casebier as Helena and Randy Reyes as Puck, had the glow of genuine talent, and Shawn Hamilton, an experienced actor in regional theater, provided authoritative ballast as Theseus and Oberon.

Mr. Dowling has a gift for moving actors effectively around the stage, and his purpose in emptying his substantial bag of tricks was wonderfully achieved: to make the theater a place of welcome, with Shakespeare the friendly host and teacher. It would be hard to imagine better theater in a high school auditorium. And to judge from the lusty standing ovation at the end of Friday night's show, it was much appreciated. Indeed, the show's reception in Austin couldn't have been a more timely demonstration of popular support for the Guthrie, whose ambition is currently both on display and at issue.

Best known for its full-throttle productions of classics in its home theater -- its current show, "The Plough and the Stars" by Sean O'Casey, is exemplary -- the Guthrie, founded in 1963, has, since Mr. Dowling arrived in 1996, reached high-water marks, with more than 32,000 current subscribers and nearly $50 million in endowment, making it one of the nation's healthiest theater companies. But it has been restricted by its building, which is attached to the Walker Art Center and has only one performance space, a 1,300-seat auditorium with a thrust stage. It has been unable to compete in the ever more necessary enterprise of developing new work, and its lack of a proscenium stage has limited its ability to transfer shows to commercial houses or engage in co-productions with other regional companies.

Plans for a new, three-theater building have been in the works for several years. Now the search is about to begin for an architect for a site on the banks of the Mississippi in Minneapolis that had once been considered by the city for a new baseball stadium. But for months the Guthrie has been the focus of a political debate over whether the public should help pay for a project estimated at $100 million.

The Guthrie expects to complete the building for the 2004-2005 season, with or without government money. But its initial request to the state for $25 million was whittled down by legislators wary of Gov. Jesse Ventura's antipathy toward government spending on the arts and by newspaper polls that indicated public opinion was uncertain about whether the Guthrie, a nonprofit institution, was of statewide value -- more worthy than, say, a private enterprise like the Minnesota Twins -- or merely a crown for the arts-rich Twin Cities. A bonding bill that would have provided the Guthrie with $3 million in state funds was delivered to Governor Ventura by legislators on Friday. He struck that provision in a line-item veto on Monday; a legislative override is still possible.

It's an odd position for an arts institution to be arguing for itself in the political arena. But Mr. Dowling, an Irishman who is a former artistic director of the Abbey Theater in Dublin, admits to an obsession with politics; he and his wife have applied for citizenship, he said, in the hope of voting in November. He has been busy with the Guthrie's own campaign lately, pointing out, in interviews, meetings with legislators and letters to the editor, the economic benefits to the state from the construction project and noting that 100,000 children attended Guthrie performances free or with privately subsidized tickets last year.

Governor Ventura has never been to the Guthrie for a performance; he's not a theater guy, though there is a musical in the works based on his life as a wrestler turned populist politician, a production of which, Mr. Dowling joked, might help the Guthrie in its fund drive. Had the governor attended over the weekend -- he was fishing -- he would have seen what Mr. Dowling has been up to in his spare time, directing "The Plough and the Stars," O'Casey's portrait, both acrid and affectionate, of Dublin's ***working class*** during the turbulent days of the failed citizens' revolt of 1916 against the ruling British, known as the Easter Rising.

Viewing "Midsummer" and "Plough" on consecutive nights, one gets a sense of Mr. Dowling's expansive notion of theater as well as his directorial style. The set for "Plough," by Mr. Dowling's longtime collaborator, Frank Hallinan Flood (he also designed "Midsummer"), is magnificent, a sooty brick tenement front stretching across the back of the thrust stage, with windows lighted and laundry dangling on clotheslines.

An archway between the two wings of the tenement forms a proscenium of sorts, beneath which actors enter from the surrounding Dublin neighborhood in some scenes; for others, whole interior sets -- two apartments and a barroom -- emerge from it on rollers. Behind it the revolt itself, which fills the play's second half, is replete with the light and sound of gunfire, as though a Hollywood movie were being shot just out of view. Mr. Dowling is not stingy with effects.

O'Casey's tenement is aswarm with neighborly conflict, both personal and political, already simmering in poverty and ready to boil in the crucible of imminent revolution. In scene after scene Mr. Dowling sets his large cast -- there are nine principal roles and a substantial company -- in perpetual motion. They dance, threaten, fight, embrace, rally round the flag -- or flags, since one character, has a son serving the crown in World War I -- as their loyalties to one another shift in an increasingly violent milieu.

The cast, alas, is uneven, many with a tenuous hold on the Irish accent that gives a particular poignancy to O'Casey's characteristic poetics. (The contemporary playwright that comes closest to O'Casey's vernacular music of a particular time and place is August Wilson.)

Mr. Dowling has emphasized the hardness of these people, the beleaguered quality that makes them prone to aggravated selfishness, and as a result the American actors often miss the aching romanticism that lies moribund in them but not dead. This is particularly true of Michelle O'Neill and Lee Mark Nelson as Mary and Jack Clitheroe, the young married couple whose once-enviable romance has withered with the rise of Jack's call to patriotism. A climactic tug of war -- when a pleading and pregnant Mary tries to pull Jack away from a wounded comrade -- is staged to squeeze the heart, but the actors don't seem as agonized as they do argumentative.

Happily the show is anchored by the weight of real Irish -- Milo O'Shea as the carpenter Fluther Good, whose live-and-let-drink approach to life has hardened into a sad and self-deluding pride, and the superb Rosaleen Linehan as Bessie Burgess, a bitterly lonesome British loyalist whose humanity is forced to the surface when the revolution visits her living room.

In the production's most affecting scenes, each takes command. Just before intermission Mr. Dowling stages a barroom waltz between Fluther and the prostitute Rosie Redmond (a stirring character turn by Derdriu Ring), which wends its way into the street into the last moments of a political rally that has been commandeered by a demagogue's call to arms. The drunken dancers, unsuited to each other except out of fear and loneliness, twirl obliviously about Jack Clitheroe, whose face is fixed in soldierly anger. Mr. O'Shea's yearning for a private peace brings the lights down with a sweet dream that is clearly a portent of doom.

At the end of the play, when that doom finds Bessie in her own home, O'Casey's tragedy is complete. She bleeds from a gunshot, calling out for help to Mary, who has gone mad; it is a moment of purposefully high melodrama. Ms. Linehan conjures Bessie's death, not with dignity or fear but with sadness and resentment, understanding that she, a worthy woman, is a victim of senselessness. It's a sensational sequence that highlights an actor's probing and craft, a textbook example of subtle thinking and precise performance that makes an audience feel, snapping down the benevolent jaws of the theatrical trap. And that, after all, is what Mr. Dowling and the Guthrie wish to accomplish.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Catherine Eaton in the Guthrie Theater's "Midsummer Night's Dream." (Michael Daniel/"A Midsummer Night's Dream")(pg. E1); Leo Leyden, left, and Milo O'Shea, right, in "The Plough and the Stars." (Michael Daniel/"The Plough and the Stars")(pg. E4)

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[***A CHARACTER ACTOR FINDS STARDOM IN 'INTERLUDE'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BYH0-0007-J36R-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1237 words

**Byline:** By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

The central character in Eugene O'Neill's ''Strange Interlude'' is the mercurial Nina Leeds, who becomes the magnet for three men in her orbit - husband, lover and worshipful old friend, Charles Marsden. In the British revival of the play at the Nederlander Theater, ''old Charlie'' comes close to dominating the five-hour evening because of the performance of Edward Petherbridge. In London, both he and Glenda Jackson, who plays Nina, shared acting awards.

For Mr. Petherbridge, best known previously for his role as Newman Noggs, faithful friend of Nicholas Nickleby, it has been a gradual climb from stalwart character actor to star. In ''Strange Interlude,'' he discovers the witty soul of Charlie, the sardonic commentator on his actions and those of others.

When the director, Keith Hack, first suggested that Mr. Petherbridge play the role, he hesitated because he thought the character was, for him, familiar territory. The actor felt that Charlie was too close to Newman Noggs in that both were ''failures'' and ''asexual.'' Reading the play, he was irritated by Charlie's inaction. As he recalls, ''I got to Act Six or Seven and I thought, if this character doesn't shoot somebody or himself - something's got to happen to him. In fact, he just survives. He becomes trapped in himself, as we do in life. A lot of characters work very well without going through a sea change.''

Article on actor Edward Petherbridge and his role in play Strange Interlude; illustration (M)

'He Was Trying to Con Me'

In order to persuade him, Mr. Hack told him that Clark Gable played the part in the film. ''He was trying to con me into believing it was the romantic lead,'' he said. Gable, of course, played the role of Nina's lover - Brian Cox in the current production. Mr. Petherbridge finally accepted the role by convincing himself that it would be ''an interesting feather to put in the cap,'' unaware that it would be the feather of his career to date.

''Maybe I'm a late developer,'' he said. ''I don't know if I ever have been very high in the charisma stakes. Who would have thought Charlie Marsden would have taken me a couple of rungs up that ladder? Good old Charlie - that's all I have to say.''

Actually, the offstage Edward Petherbridge is several steps removed from both Charlie and Newman Noggs. For one thing he is married to Kate Nickleby - the actress Emily Richard. They were married during the run of ''Nicholas Nickleby'' and are the parents of a 15- month-old daughter (he has a 20-year- old son from a previous marriage).

On a recent afternoon before a long evening's performance, he talked about his approach to acting, It is, he said, ''like a piece of detective work,'' half instinctive and half ''copying stances and attitudes, echoing tones of voice you've heard in yourself and in other people.'' The physical aspect of the character is of the utmost importance.

Impressed by Olivier's Walk

He is fascinated by the way people walk. ''I was very impressed by the way Laurence Olivier walked, a casual and subtly arrogant shamble, and I used to find myself doing it for various characters.'' He continued, ''One has to enter into the sensory experience of the character, how he feels about his clothes, how he jots notes in a notebook, how he looks at other characters.''

The key to Charlie, he said, was in his ''duality.'' ''He has an acute distaste for the sexuality of other people, including Nina, and for his own lack of sexuality. Charlie's sense of painful incompleteness is something that audiences identify with. I suppose he has rather more self-knowledge than the others. People who are convinced by their own pretenses are, on the whole, rather appalling.''

Beneath O'Neill's dialogue are the interior thoughts stated aloud but not heard by other characters, and behind the text and subtext are explicit stage directions. In the case of Charlie, those directions repeat such words as ''monotonous musing quality,'' ''smiling glumly'' and ''suddenly miserably self-contemptuous.''

When a list of such downbeat descriptions was read to him, Mr. Petherbridge said, ''That's quite a gamut, isn't it?'' and then with a duality typical of his character, he said, ''Or you might say it's all the same. It's an endless variation on a set of notes.'' By the end of the evening, Charlie is jolted as Nina reveals her personal anguish. According to the stage directions, Charlie greets her revelation with ''stunned eyes.'' When Mr. Petherbridge was asked how he conveyed that expression, he said, ''Well, if you can't do 'stunned eyes,' you might as well give up.''

Accent 'Slightly New England'

One immediate problem was that of playing an American. He said that he bases his American accent on that of Alistair Cooke, ''but everyone here tells me he sounds completely English.'' The accent, he said, is ''educated and slightly New England.''

Actually, Mr. Petherbridge's own accent, impeccably cultivated, is itself acquired. He was born in Bradford, Yorkshire, and as a member of an impoverished ***working-class*** family, he had a thick North Country accent and a scant grammar school education. Pursuing a compulsive interest in the theater, he went to a local drama school where ''we had our accents ironed out so we could speak the Queen's English.''

In his earliest roles, he was asked ''to ape all the middle-class manners that I knew nothing of at first hand,'' he said. ''When I had to pour sherry in a show, I took a very large brandy glass and filled it up. That was the first of many embarrassments.'' While he was polishing his stage manners, the English theater took a leap into kitchen sink realism. ''I was completely mis-groomed as a pretend upper-class person,'' he said.

He found his home in classical repertory, including stints at both the National Theater and the Royal Shakespeare Company. Newman Noggs was a turning point - that lovable, knuckle-cracking clerk. At first, Mr. Petherbridge wanted to play Smike. Once chosen, Newman was close to his heart, and he became obsessive about using all of his miming instincts to stay resolutely within the quirks of the character. Last year he acted in ''The Rivals'' at the National Theater, deftly disguising himself in the romantic lead, and in ''Love's Labour's Lost'' at Stratford- upon-Avon, as Don Armado, finding ''the fantasticated Spanish soldier within me.''

Partnership With McKellen

From his new pinnacle, at the age of 48, he looks forward to increased theatrical opportunity. He believes that actors should have more control over their fortunes, and one step in that direction is his forthcoming partnership with Ian McKellen. The two are heading a new ensemble company at the National Theater, a troupe that is partly inspired by their experience as founding members of the Actors' Company. Mr. Petherbridge admits to a duality about his own future. ''I would like to run the company at the National but now that I'm here, I would quite like to have a Broadway career as well.''

It was time to head for the theater. Putting on his jaunty new hat, he looked positively dashing, not the least bit like fussy old Charlie or nervous Newman. ''I shall now tootle off and do five hours,'' he announced, and he indicated that for him ''Strange Interlude'' was no chore. ''I've been in plays that were half the length that seemed twice as long.'' He added, ''I never touch anything under four hours.'' As he spoke, he was smiling - not glumly.

**Graphic**

photo of Edward Petherbridge

**End of Document**



[***The 99 American Dream;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9H10-000P-N18S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Pakistani Immigrants Find a Niche in Discount Stores***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9H10-000P-N18S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1402 words

**Byline:** By SARAH KERSHAW

By SARAH KERSHAW

**Body**

The newest 99 World store had been in business only half an hour. But already the line of customers in the eastern Bronx shop snaked back 75 feet from the cash register, past the hair extensions, the vanilla wafers and the witch hazel, all selling for less than a dollar.

The store was immaculate, smelling of peach candles and fabric softener and stuffed with orderly displays of merchandise -- 3,000 square feet of cheap goods. But there were a few glitches: a clerk could not seem to attach the vinyl "Grand Opening" sign to the awning outside and one of the two cash registers was broken.

And then the telephone began to ring. "Hello, 99!" the store manager, Shoaib Rangoonwala, shouted frantically into the phone, as he rang up a sale of aluminum foil, two boxes for 99 cents. He relaxed when he spotted his cousin, from the 99 World in Harlem, arriving with a replacement cash register.

Mr. Rangoonwala, a Pakistani immigrant, recently gave up taxi driving to manage 99 World's seventh store, which opened two weeks ago at 1611 Westchester Avenue, and to join his friends and relatives in their growing enterprise. As the newest 99 World opened, another extended Pakistani family was plotting the expansion of 99 Dream, with a 10th store in the city scheduled to open in a few weeks.

But move over Dream, move over World: 99 City, another Pakistani-owned discount chain, is about to open its 19th and 20th stores.

Seizing on the "one price" mania that burst onto the retailing scene in the early 1990's, the three extended families have opened 34 stores, most in the city, a few in New Jersey, in the last five years, adding six to their network in the last two months.

"I looked around and I saw that everybody was doing the grocery store," said Mohammed Aslam, one of about 10 owners of 99 Dream, who also drove a cab before opening the first store five years ago. "I said, 'Let's go for something else.' "

Buoyed by a surge of immigration to the city in the 1990's, newcomers are going into business at a furious pace, city officials and urban researchers say, creating new employment niches for themselves by bringing friends and relatives with them. Although no exact figures are available, the emergence of new concentrations in the immigrant work force is perhaps most striking in small retailing, which has long served as a catalyst for ethnic mobility.

"New York still has an older type of retail structure because, for the most part, it has been less dominated by large chains than other cities," said Roger Waldinger, a professor of sociology at the University of California at Los Angeles, who has studied employment patterns of New York's ethnic groups. "The competitive environment is pretty favorable for the small entrepreneur, and one of the effects of immigration is to kind of break up the market."

As the Italians and Jews who once dominated small retailing in New York have moved into larger-scale endeavors, Greeks, Koreans, Chinese, Arabs, Israelis, Dominicans, Russians and, increasingly, Pakistanis and other south Asians have taken their places. Like their predecessors, clusters of those immigrants embarked on new enterprises as they became established in the city, carving up the retail market and creating ethnic enclaves.

That is happening now for the Pakistani immigrants, who number about 25,000 in the city, although the estimate is considered low because it does not account for illegal immigration or migration from other parts of the country.

It might be too early to conclude that the Pakistani proprietors have cornered the New York City market on 99-cent stores, but they control what appears to be the city's only multistore network of 99-cent discounters, which sell everything from air fresheners to zwiebacks.

Statistics on the number of 99-cent stores, still a sliver of the city's retail market, are not available. But city officials and retail analysts say one-price stores, including those selling all items for less than $10, have spread through New York in the last decade. They are particularly prevalent in low-income neighborhoods, where the turnover of small businesses is high, rents are relatively low and storefront vacancies abound.

"The stores are filling a huge gap in the inner city," said Mitchell Moss, director of the urban research center at New York University.

Mr. Moss said the disappearance in the last two decades of hardware stores and low-end department store chains like Alexander's and E. J. Korvette's from many neighborhoods had created a demand for the eclectic discount stores. And he suggested that the stores may be particularly attractive to New Yorkers.

"The 99-cent people rely on New Yorkers' willingness to buy anything at a bargain," Mr. Moss said. Using the Yiddish term for junk, he added, "New York is built on chozzerai."

The one-price stores buy surplus merchandise from overstocked or bankrupt manufacturers and wholesale retailers, and resell the goods for what typically amounts to a profit of pennies on the dollar.

Large regional one-price chains like Dollar Tree Stores expanded rapidly in the early 1990's, although they never moved into the New York City market. But the larger regional and national chains have generally not done well, retail analysts said. Because of overexpansion, competition from individual stores and an inability to pay high rents at suburban malls, one of the six largest chains, Everything's A Dollar, has gone out of business, and another, All For A Dollar, has sought bankruptcy protection in the last two years, according to Discount Store News, an industry trade publication.

In New York, the three Pakistani-owned chains, which have targeted ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Manhattan, Queens, Brooklyn and the Bronx, are not franchised. Typically, groups of friends and relatives contribute their savings to open a store, several owners said.

The top occupations for Pakistani immigrants listed in the 1990 census were taxi driver, truck driver and construction worker. While there is anecdotal evidence that an increasing number of Pakistani immigrants are moving into retailing, the trend is too recent to show up in official statistics.

Marine Midland Bank, which three years ago started a loan program to attract Pakistani, Indian and Sri Lankan borrowers, reported that in the last six months, loan applications made by small retailers had increased significantly in that group. And Pakistanis themselves say they have observed that many of their fellow immigrants, who have now worked in the city long enough to amass some capital, are leaving cab driving and construction for other pursuits.

Describing a path typical of many immigrant entrepreneurs, Asghar Choudhri, an accountant who lives in the Midwood section of Brooklyn, which has largest concentration of Pakistani immigrants, and is chairman the Pakistani-American Merchants Association of Coney Island Avenue said: "Usually two or three brothers or cousins live together, work separately and save their money to open a store together."

Then, as the businesses grow, the ethnic grapevine transmits word of opportunity, immigrants recruit their friends and relatives and a niche begins to form.

Mr. Aslam, the owner of 99 Dream, who now lives in New Jersey, came to New York from the Pakistani city of Karachi in 1985, he said. Initially taking a job as a gas station attendant, he heard from his friends that there was work in the taxi business. He met other Pakistanis interested in breaking into retail and contributed his earnings -- and money from the sale of his house in Karachi -- to an investment pool.

He said that 10 to 15 friends and relatives, most of them originally from Karachi, each contributed $1,500 to $2,000 to the discount store pool. The initial investment required to open a store, he said, is $50,000 to $60,000.

Pakistani proprietors from all three 99-cent chains said they planned to expand in the coming months. But some owners said they were worried that the New York City retail market, which is undergoing a radical change as superstores like Kmart, Price CostCo and Home Depot move in, would not support many more 99-cent stores.

"We prefer to work for ourselves," Mr. Aslam, of 99 Dream, said. "But I am a little tired. There is a lot of competition, a lot of expenses."

He paused for a few minutes to think, and then added: "Ninety-nine is O.K. for now. But there may be something else for us out there."

**Graphic**

Photos: Shoaib Rangoonwala, manager of the new 99 World in the Bronx. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B8); When a 99 World store opened on Jan. 10 in the Bronx, Ada Torres and her son Derrell, 2, were among the first shoppers. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Chart/Photos: "One Price Fits All" shows some of the items available Monday at the 99 City that opened last month in East New York.

Plastic toy tank

Bay leaves, 1/2 oz. container

Soap, two bath-size bars for 99

Breakfast cereal, 10 oz. box

Ceramic soap dispenser

Irregular masking tape, 3/4" by 60 yards

(Naum/Kazhdan/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** January 23, 1997

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[***STING: A ROCK STAR TRANSCENDS THE FORM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GMG0-0008-N2PK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 9, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 6; Page 67, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 1225 words

**Byline:** By John Duka

**Body**

John Duka is a reporter for the Style section of The New York Times.

I WAS AWAKE ALL NIGHT, WORRYING about everything from A to Z,'' says Sting, his famous blond hair slicked back and tinted the color of strong tea. ''I have a difficult scene with Meryl today. She shoots me.'' Sting, the former Gordon Matthew Sumner, leader of the British rock group the Police, awaited his fate in the cavernous sound stage of London's Elstree Studio, where he was filming his last scene with Meryl Streep in ''Plenty.'' Based on David Hare's highly acclaimed play of 1982, ''Plenty'' stars Miss Streep as Susan Traherne, a self-destructive World War II Resistance member, while Sting plays the supporting role of Mick, a ***working-class*** black marketeer whom Miss Streep asks to father her child.

For any actor, the role of Mick would be a plum. For a rock star, it would seem to be a coup. For Sting, however, it is part of a master plan that includes movie stardom.

''Suddenly, everyone is trying to do a movie with Sting, '' says Keith Addis, executive producer of ''The Bride,'' a new treatment of ''The Bride of Frankenstein'' starring Sting. ''When he read for the part of the doctor in 'Bride,' he blew us away. He's impressive. He's got this incredible, instinctual appeal. He's not what you would expect from a rock star. He's articulate and terribly, terribly bright.''

This month, Sting appears in the $42 million science-fiction epic ''Dune,'' the film version of the Frank Herbert cult classic, directed by David Lynch, who also directed ''The Elephant Man'' and ''Eraserhead.''

Those who search for Sting's spiky blond head amid the special effects, the florid sets and a cast that includes Jose Ferrer, Linda Hunt and Silvana Manga

''Plenty'' is scheduled to open in movie theaters next October. ''The Bride,'' starring Sting and Jennifer Beals, the star of last year's ''Flashdance,'' opens nationally next June.

That a rock star should be making movies is, of course, nothing new. Elvis Presley starred in many films. ''A Hard Day's Night'' and ''Help'' won new converts to Beatlemania. One of this summer's most surprising hit movies was ''Purple Rain,'' starring the young rock-and-roller Prince. But all these movies grew directly out of the music that made their stars famous.

Sting's growing list of film credits - and those of a few other like-minded pop performers such as David Bowie - represents a departure because his movies have little to do with rock. Sting exemplifies a new, complex breed of rock star, one who - rather than die by rock-and-roll in the manner of, say, Janis Joplin or Jimi Hendrix, or even live by it in the gritty, street-smart manner of Bruce Springsteen - has an ironic, even detached, approach to popular music, and who, at the same time, has a dilettante's ability to shift from one medium to another, serious and successful in each. ''I have no intention of becoming a victim of the whole rock myth,'' Sting says. ''The mistake that people always make about music groups,'' he contends, ''is they assume that if you're successful, the group becomes a way of life. For me, the band is only a tool in which I express my ideas, *not* a way of life. As soon as it becomes limited in expressing my ideas, then it's over. I can transcend it and use it to accomplish other things. Why should I have to make music with the same two people the rest of my life?''

Sting is, in fact, working on a new album that he is hesitant to call a solo album, although the two other members of the Police will not appear with him, and the group has not played together for nearly a year. Rather than settling for mere astronomic success as a rock star, Sting is diversifying, marketing that inimitable quality he has called ''presence.''

STING IS ONE OF THE MOST IRIDESCENT rock performers on the scene today: at once youthful and old, angelic and demonic, intellectual and sensual, erudite and crass, his singing voice alternately plaintive and rasping.

It is part of his anachronistic appeal that, physically, Sting is a bit of a throwback to an old-time Hollywood type of glamour: tall, blond and handsome, a classic heartthrob, perfectly proportioned, and able to tear his shirt off during concerts with the best of them.

His successes in the music field have been noteworthy, with some critics, perhaps overheatedly,

In 1983, the Police won two Grammy Awards for their fifth album, ''Synchronicity.'' The deceptively saccharine ballad ''Every Breath You Take,'' written by Sting, won formal honors as Best New Song of the Year and informal honors as the song heard most often on beaches around the world. Sting won, as well, a Grammy for his instrumental rock performance that served as part of the soundtrack for the film ''Brimstone and Treacle,'' in which he starred. And the Police's rock concert at Shea Stadium topped the attendance figures set a decade earlier by the Beatles. Since 1977, the Police have sold more than 40 million records.

At the same time, Sting has developed a screen persona that openly trades on the covert hostility he projects, though in ''Plenty,'' his seventh film, he plays against type. ''This is the first film where I get to make love to a woman,'' he says.

In ''Brimstone and Treacle,'' for example, an eccentric, low-budget picture, he played a weird young man who accosts strangers on the street while pretending to be a long-lost friend. Before that he had minor parts in several small films, including ''Radio On,'' and a silent part in ''Quadrophenia,'' in which he played a surly, ''mod'' bellhop named Ace Face.

Ironically, that film was loosely based on an album by the Who, a rock group that epitomized the idealism of the 1960's and embraced a rock philosophy that was the opposite of Sting's. For the Who, rock-and-roll was a way of life to which one had to make an absolute commitment. When the Who entered middle age and could no longer sustain that commitment, they disbanded.

''Fortunately,'' Sting says, ''I didn't have to speak in 'Quadrophenia.' I was on camera only long enough to make an impression and short enough not to blow it.''

Like many new chieftains of the rock scene, Sting has a keen awareness of his image - ''narcissistic'' is the word he uses for it - and talks readily about such concepts as ''market penetration.'' Movies represent one more world to conquer.

STING IS SITTING IN THE MUSIC room of his house outside London. A B"osendorfer grand piano occupies one corner of the room, a jukebox another. Moussorgsky's ''Pictures at an Exhibition '' is playing on the stereo. The house, brick with leaded glass windows, is in Hampstead, the leafy enclave where the rich and famous nurse their kitchen gardens. Sting is at least a millionaire, and he cultivates his indulgences: He has three racehorses, several vehicles and a retinue of household help, including his own personal photographer.

This morning, he wears typically degage English street clothes: black corduroy trousers tucked into fashionably unbuckled engineer boots, a snug, ribbed black sweater, black suspenders and a red- and-black checked scarf.

Trudie Styler, an actress who shares the house and is the mother of their 10-month-old daughter, Michael, is in the kitchen with Rosemary, the nanny, and Barry, the driver, discussing her coming Shakespeare performance in the provinces. Sting's former wife,

**Graphic**

photos

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[***A Woman's Shooting of Attacker Rivets Mexico***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9B00-000P-N21X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JULIA PRESTON

By JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** TEXCOCO, Mexico, Feb. 3

**Body**

The hush of the deserted train station in the hazy dawn was broken by the argument between two women and a man coming from a night of drink and dancing.

Witnesses testified later that the three were on a pedestrian overpass heading into the station when the man, visibly inebriated, grabbed one of the women, tore her clothing and tried to sexually assault her.

"No female ever got away from me," he was heard to shout.

After several minutes of struggling, Claudia Rodriguez Ferrando, a young wife and mother of five children, did something unusual for a Mexican woman and something that has made her a rallying point for Mexican feminists. She pulled a .22-caliber pistol from her jacket, waving it to try to force the man back.

But he came at her again, Mrs. Rodriguez told police. She fired one shot, mortally wounding the man, Juan Manuel Cabrera Antunez, 27.

Mrs. Rodriguez, 30, denied bail by the courts, is completing a year in jail as her trial on homicide charges proceeds. If convicted, she faces at least 10 years in prison. Her lawyers contend that her one gunshot, in an elevated train station on the outskirts of Mexico City, was a clear case of self-defense. They have tried, in vain, to persuade prosecutors to dismiss the charges.

The case aroused an outcry from Mexican women across a wide spectrum, especially those in the capital city. They feel especially vulnerable because of the virtual breakdown of the police system at a time when the worst recession in 70 years has contributed to a substantial increase in violent crime.

Mrs. Rodriguez's treatment by the legal system has cast light on the web of biases surrounding the issue of rape in Mexico. In a country where feminists have labored for decades to reduce violence against women but have achieved only limited results, the case has given new energy to the feminist movement.

At first, Mrs. Rodriguez languished in anonymity in a tawdry state prison in the town of Texcoco, not far from the site of the killing. But the way a district appeals judge responded last July to her lawyers' request to dismiss the case offended many women.

Judge Gustavo Aquiles Gasca ruled that Mr. Cabrera was not responsible for his attack on Mrs. Rodriguez. Forensic tests confirmed that his blood was saturated with alcohol while hers was not.

"He could not react to his own actions, while she could have avoided hers," Judge Gasca wrote, ordering the case to go forward. He concluded that Mrs. Rodriguez had purposely brought the assault on herself.

"Instead of avoiding the sexual attack, by her attitude in remaining in the company of her aggressor despite his propositions to her, she provoked him to attack her so she could shoot him in some vital part of his body," the judge wrote.

Another shooting a few weeks later compounded the impression among many women that Mrs. Rodriguez had been a victim of discrimination. The chief of security for a major television network killed a robber who tried to steal his watch at gunpoint while his car was stopped at a red light on a Mexico City street. Juan Francisco Gortares Martinez, a former army captain, was freed with no charges within 48 hours on the grounds of self-defense.

"That made a click in the minds of many women," said Marta Lamas, a leading feminist who helped organize the campaign for Mrs. Rodriguez's release. "We can't have a situation where a woman's physical integrity is worth less than a wristwatch."

The case was turned into a national cause with a fierce declaration from Maria Felix, a cinema queen revered by Mexicans. During a rare television interview in December the movie star, never known for feminist militancy, said she wanted to "summon the population" to support Mrs. Rodriguez.

"I would have grabbed a pistol too and blown him away," she said.

A list of more than 500 women who signed a petition printed in national newspapers calling for Mrs. Rodriguez's release included federal legislators, novelists and soap opera stars.

But this fanfare has done little to help Mrs. Rodriguez in court. So far, judges and prosecutors have regarded her story with suspicion based, they have said, on the fact that she was out in the street at dawn without her husband and armed with a gun.

Echoing those views, Mr. Cabrera's mother, Onelia Antunez, 58, has mounted her own campaign to make sure Mrs. Rodriguez is convicted.

"In my Mexico, we don't have that kind of brazen customs," said Mrs. Antunez, a widow and mother of five children who makes her living cleaning houses. "She was a woman with an infant at home, but she was out in the street all night stirring up trouble. Is that a real mother?"

Mrs. Rodriguez answered that accusation, speaking furtively in an interview from behind the blue steel bars and hurricane fence that separate prisoners from visitors in the Texcoco jail. "Maybe our marriage is too American-style," she said pensively of her relationship with Jorge Cruz, her husband of 15 years.

Mrs. Rodriguez said the couple had long since realized that their relationship was a rarity in the country where the term "machismo" was coined. The young woman with the stark eyes and a shock of curly reddish hair is outgoing while Mr. Cruz is a homebody. She was the one to run the family business, a neighborhood stationery store.

Mr. Cruz chose to stay home to watch their children -- the youngest 6 months old at the time of the shooting -- while his wife went out to party on a Friday night, she said. He gave her his pistol for protection, although she had no license or training.

Mr. Cabrera was also married, but he was out with another woman, a friend of Mrs. Rodriguez's. He began to make lewd suggestions to Mrs. Rodriguez toward the end of the evening, both she and her friend testified. When the women left the bar, he followed them.

"I took that weapon out to frighten him, not to kill him," Mrs. Rodriguez said. "But at the moment when he came back at me my mind filled with terror. I just keep telling myself that if I hadn't shot, he would have done what he was trying to do."

Violence is a common part of the lives of many Mexican women, studies show, but resistance like Mrs. Rodriguez's is virtually unknown. In a poll sponsored by The Population Council, a nonprofit research group based in New York, among low-income women in one provincial city, 61 percent said they had suffered some kind of violent aggression, and one-third of those who responded had been beaten.

In Mexico City, where researchers estimate that an average of 82 rapes are committed every day, women live in intense fear of attack.

Those fears are amplified by well-documented cases in which police officers themselves have participated in sexual crimes. In a 1990 case that occupied newspaper headlines for weeks, five policemen were arrested for rampages during a period of time in Mexico City in which at least 19 young women were raped.

Based on the record, rape victims have little hope that assailants will be prosecuted. Prosecutors open active investigations in not more than 15 percent of reported cases, and of those only 15 percent make it to a verdict, according to a lawyer who has researched the issue, Marta Torres Falcon.

"Why would any woman report a rape with those odds?" she said.

Victims are often greeted with skepticism by the police, medical examiners and prosecutors -- in part because the justice system has yet to assimilate the idea that rape is a serious felony. Last year the Supreme Court ruled, in the case of a husband who forced himself violently on his wife in front of numerous onlookers, that the man had committed the misdemeanor offense of "undue exercise of a right," his right to have sex with his spouse.

In addition, rape counselors say, most victims accept the sense they get from the authorities that they induced the violence.

For feminists, Mrs. Rodriguez's case is a test of whether years of activism to alleviate violence has had any practical impact. Mexico was one of the first countries in Latin American to which the women's movement spilled over from the United States in the 1960's.

But change did not come easily, and feminism never became a powerful national force. "In Mexico fighting women are not well regarded," said Ms. Lamas, a 25-year veteran of the movement. "Fighters lose."

It took Mexican feminists years to extend their movement beyond the Mexico City middle class, where it was born, to ***working class*** and rural women.

In 1991 women legislators from opposing political parties joined together for the first time to vote to impose the first substantial jail sentences for rape -- 8 years to 14 years. Women's pressure led Mexico City to open four special centers for investigating sexual crimes.

Mexico City also opened a support center for victims of violence, which is headed by a lawyer, Barbara Yllan, who makes no secret of her sympathies. She speculated about what will happen if the judge convicts Mrs. Rodriguez, in a decision expected this month.

"The message will be: women, you have to do everything you can to avoid being raped," Mrs. Yllan said, "just as long as you don't kill your rapist."

**Graphic**

Photo: The case of Claudia Rodriguez Ferrando, 30, who says she shot and mortally wounded a man who was trying to sexually assault her, has rallied Mexican feminists. She is in jail as her homicide trial proceeds. (Philippe Diederich for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 5, 1997

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[***KEY HOUSING ISSUES CONFRONT THREE STATE LEGISLATURES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-C9X0-0007-J042-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1291 words

**Byline:** By MAURICE CARROLL

**Body**

FOR the New York State Legislature,

1985 was already scheduled to be a year

heavy with housing issues. ''It's every major housing law,'' said John B. Daly, the Lewiston Republican who heads the Senate Housing Committee. ''Name it - it expires.''

His counterpart in the Assembly, Alexander B. Grannis, a Manhattan Democrat, looked at the lengthening workload and said wryly, ''I've offered to change places with the sergeant-at-arms.''

Then last week, Governor Cuomo came up with his own outline of what should be done. A swarm of new issues was added to the housing calendar.

Before the Governor outlined his program, the 1985 Legislature had been prepared to deal with renewal of the following:

- Rent-stabilization laws in New York City and three suburban counties, Nassau, Westchester and Rockland, and the state's overall Emergency Tenant Protection Act.

- Laws governing conversions of rental properties into co-ops and condominiums.

- The 421-a tax-abatement program in New York City, for new construction.

Last Tuesday, the day before the State of the State Message, Mr. Cuomo's aides put a huge housing program in the spotlight.

To make sure that the package would not get lost in the hullabaloo of the Legislature's opening day Wednesday, they sketched its dimensions in a briefing prior to the message.

It added up to a $3.5 billion program for 80,000 units, according to William Eimicke, the Governor's chief housing adviser. He called it ''the first comprehensive state housing initiative in well over a decade.''

The most venturesome of the new proposals would use borrowed money to build housing for the homeless and poor in New York City.

The initiative recalled some of the initiatives of Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller, when the governmental attitude was, if something needed to be done, the state government should do it.

Confronted with a reluctant electorate and a constitutional requirement for a public referendum for long-term state borrowing, the Rockefeller administration came up with ''moral obligation'' borrowing, which sidestepped a referendum vote. Instead, separate agencies borrowed the money with the understanding that, if the bottom fell out, the state would stand behind them.

Eventually, the bottom did indeed fall out. In the early days of Gov. Hugh L. Carey's administration, the Urban Development Corporation, planning to combine construction of housing with money-making economic projects, fell into default.

Someone recalled that earlier approach, and Mr. Eimicke hastened to draw a distinction between that and the new initiative, called the ''authority bonding program.''

''No, no,'' he said, ''these are not moral obligations.''

Rather, he said, the proposed housing would be financed with revenue bonds. There would be a guaranteed revenue stream for the bonds, he explained, so that the debt service on the proposed housing units would not have to be paid by the rent from them.

Instead, the money would be repaid with projected surpluses from the Battery Park City Authority, increased payments from the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey in lieu of taxes on the World Trade Center or Municipal Assistance Corporation surpluses. Or perhaps by tapping any combination, he suggested. ''Pick and choose,'' said Mr. Eimicke.

The bonds would be insured in advance with letters of credit from banks or some other such mechanism that would not place the state at risk, he said.

The New York City government, which appears to have a first claim on the money, supports the concept, Mr. Eimicke said.

Later, Deputy Mayor Robert Esnard said cordial negotiations with the state were under way. City officials preferred, he said, more of a mix of housing than the state seemed to want - not just for the poor and homeless but for for ***working class*** families, too. ''The working poor in New York have a big problem,'' he said.

THE city now collects about $12 million a

year from the Port Authority for the

trade center, which is exempt from regular real estate taxes. Mr. Esnard said the city would prefer that an expansion of those payments be the funding source for the proposed program.

The Governor's proposals also included these elements:

- A one-year moratorium in cities of 100,000 or more on conversion and demolition of single-room-occupancy units, or SRO's.

- A new $250 million housing trust fund, financed by mortgage recording fees, to make flexible grants and loans to rehabilitate 20,000 low- and moderate-income housing.

- A $1 billion increase in the bonding capacity of the Housing Finance Agency to rehabilitate or build 30,000 rental units, and establishment of a reserve fund to let the agency issue variable-rate bonds. The agency has already met its $2.5 billion capacity.

- A $1.25 billion addition to the $1.75 billion bonding authority of the State of New York Mortgage Agency for below-market-rate mortgage loans to 16,000 families, and a change in Sonny Mae procedures from the first-come, first-served system to one that would put low-income families first.

- The appropriation of $17.5 million to cut the Homeless Housing Assistance Plan from four to three years.

- An increase in support services for homeless people and runaway youths.

Even without the Governor's initiatives, the Legislature housing committees face a busy year.

In separate interviews, Senator Daly and Assemblyman Grannis used the same term - ''fine tuning'' - in assessing contemplated changes in the rent-stabilization laws, which expire May 15.

Mr. Grannis cited a series of possible changes: Curbing a landlord's right to go to court to challenge a tenant's claim that an apartment is a primary residence and easing the requirement that landlords make annual statements on their rent rolls so that they would have to report only changes.

Also proposed is the inclusion under the stabilization laws of buildings with fewer than six units. This is because so many smaller buildings in New York City are being divided into apartments.

The co-op conversion laws expire June 30 and, again, there are proposed changes.

The executive director of the State Tenant and Neighborhood Coalition, Michael McKee, cited what he called a ''glaring loophole,'' that is, not taking a count of the number of tenants who must agree to a noneviction co-op conversion, but rather that it must cover 15 percent of the apartments.

Mr. McKee also cited a major issue in Queens and New York suburbs - conversion of garden apartments under what he called the subterfuge that they are collections of one- and two-family houses.

Finally, there is the 421-A abatement program, which expires May 15. Landlords argue that under 421-A, they were granted tax abatements that decreased by 10 percentage points a year over 10 years, with the understanding that the buildings would be subject to stabilization only while the abatements lasted.

Tenant groups argue that there was no commitment that stabilization would end when the abatement did. The Legislature must decide both what to do about extending the program and what to do about the status of the thousands of apartments that were built under it.

And, as is always the case in the Legislature, new ideas can surface.

For instance, said Mr. Daly, he was concerned that there be some legislation ''to ensure that more SRO's will be available, SRO's that are affordable and livable.''

And Mr. Grannis noted a couple of new areas. Code violations are a major problem, he said; they should be handled by an administrative tribunal. And what about when a co- op board rejects a proposed purchaser. Shouldn't it have to explain? ''It's almost like a fraternity hazing,'' he said. ''If you don't get a loan at the bank, they have to tell you why.''

Similarly, he said, a co-op board should tell a buyer why he is being turned down.

**Graphic**

photo of Alexander Grannis; photo of John Daly ; photo of William Eimicke

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: News Analysis;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-82F0-000P-23M5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Behind Clinton's Choice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-82F0-000P-23M5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.,

By R. W. APPLE Jr.,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, July 9

**Body**

Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas has set himself a mighty task: nothing less than the rejuvenation of the Democratic Party.

That was confirmed today by his choice of a running mate. For more than a decade, Mr. Clinton has been arguing that his party must change or die, because the country has changed. His selection of Senator Al Gore of Tennessee is designed to exemplify that change and to help banish the crippling image of the Democrats as a tired collection of squabbling special-interest groups.

Mr. Gore made the point when he spoke of "a new generation of leadership," a harking back, conscious or unconscious, to another moment of Democratic self-renewal, after eight years of Eisenhower ascendancy, when John F. Kennedy said "the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans."

Challenge in the South

Both candidates are Southerners -- Carthage, Tenn., is less than 400 miles from Little Rock, Ark. -- and Mr. Clinton's decision clearly demonstrates a determination to challenge President Bush in the Deep South. The Governor hopes to threaten one of the main Republican redoubts of recent national elections.

But geography was not the main factor in Mr. Clinton's choice.

"Everyone's saying how unusual it is to pick two Southerners," said Thomas Mann of the Brookings Institution, a Washington research organization. "But I think the profile of these New South politicians makes them attractive in other parts of the country as well. I see Gore's help in solidifying the moderate cast of the Democratic ticket and indicating that Clinton is very much in the fight for the center and swing voters in states like Ohio, Michigan, Illinois."

Both Democratic candidates are young, a whole generation younger than the two rival Presidential candidates; both come from their party's moderate wing, and both have emphasized issues like education that appeal to the suburbs, where nearly half of the

nation's population now lives. The Clinton-Gore ticket is designed not simply for the old Democratic base of ***working-class*** city-dwellers, but also to attract a new kind of following.

The overpowering historical fact that confronted Mr. Clinton as he made this, his first major decision of the campaign that will come to a climax in November, was the failure of the Democratic Presidential ticket in five of the last six elections. To him and to his allies, it was clear that the burst of liberal activism represented by the Johnson Administration in the 1960's marked the end of an era and constituted a formula for electoral stagnation in the future.

In 1976 Jimmy Carter felt that, as a Southern moderate in a party with a still-vibrant liberal tradition, he needed to reach out to Northern liberals, so he chose Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota. This year's primaries showed how feeble that old Democratic tradition has become; only Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa ran a full-throated liberal campaign, and he did not get very far.

A Shift to the Right

Another sign of the decisive shift of the political spectrum to the right is the nature of the general-election contest, which will involve Mr. Bush, Ross Perot and Mr. Clinton, three moderate-to-conservative candidates.

So Mr. Clinton felt no need to make a move to the left. Rather than geographical or ideological balance, which were so important in holding the disparate elements of the old Democratic coalition together, he has used the Vice-Presidential selection to send a message of moderation, while at the same time trying to shore up some weakenesses in important constituencies.

For those who might be disturbed by charges that Mr. Clinton wiggled out of service in Vietnam, there is the fact that Mr. Gore served his time there. For those who might worry about Mr. Clinton's mixed record on the environment, especially those in the politically pivotal and environmentally sensitive state of California, there is Mr. Gore's passionate book on the subject and his attendance at the recent world environmental conference in Rio de Janeiro.

For those upset by the repeated accusations of marital infidelity leveled at Mr. Clinton, there is Mr. Gore's unblemished reputation as a family man (although unlike Mr. Clinton, the Senator and his wife, Tipper, both say they inhaled when they experimented briefly with marijuana in their youth).

The Democratic ticket also has weaknesses. Most obvious, in a year of voter disgust with political business as usual, is the conventional background of the two nominees. Both are career politicians who started young and stayed in politics.

Neither is by any stretch of the imagination an outsider, although both talk a lot about rural roots. Mr. Clinton worked for Senator J. William Fulbright while still in school and studied at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship. Mr. Gore grew up not in Tennessee but in Washington; he is a second-generation denizen of Capitol Hill, having followed his father, Albert Gore Sr., to the House of Representatives and the Senate.

In addition, both are white male Baptists in an age of pluralism, and both are domestic-policy specialists, though Mr. Gore has substantial credentials on national security policy.

But Mr. Clinton's choice was consistent with his past strategies.

As a Democratic governor in a region where Democrats now win only when they can add younger, suburban whites to the remnants of their old strength among blacks and rural whites, and also in his work on the moderate Democratic Leadership Council, Mr. Clinton insisted that the old New Deal and Fair Deal formulas had run out of gas.

A Symbol of Concern

He made the same arguments in the early primaries this year, emphasizing a middle-class tax cut as much for its symbolic value as for its economic import. To those white voters, variously known as Middle Americans, the Silent Majority and Reagan Democrats, who over the last two decades have fled their urban homes and their ancestral party, the Arkansas Governor has been trying to say, "The Democrats care about you and not just the clamorous minorities."

In case anyone missed his point, Mr. Clinton quite decidedly distanced himself a few weeks ago from the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who is probably the party's leading spokesman for the cities. Nor have there been public negotiations with other interest groups over what would or would not be included in the platform.

Not suprisingly, Mr. Jackson reacted negatively to today's news, praising Mr. Gore for his qualities as a campaigner but arguing that the Democrats could not fly on one wing, and predicting trouble in states like New York. Mr. Gore did poorly there in 1988, and Mr. Clinton took a lot of punishment this year before finally defeating former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California

The Republican reaction suggested concern among Mr. Bush's advisers about the moderate coloration of the Democratic opposition. Party and campaign officials promptly issued statements seeking to portray Mr. Gore as a devout liberal and a big spender, which has never been his reputation here.

Frederic V. Malek, one of the President's senior strategists, also said Mr. Clinton had wasted the chance to shore up his strength in the Northeast, the Midwest and the West, and would not be able to compete with Mr. Bush on "judgment and experience" -- the qualities the President has been emphasizing recently.

There were no suggestions that Mr. Clinton had hurt himself, as George McGovern did in 1972 when he picked Senator Thomas F. Eagleton of Missouri at the last minute, only to discover later that Mr. Eagleton has undergone shock therapy for mental illness, and as some politicians still believe Mr. Bush did in picking Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana four years ago. Mr. Gore is known and respected in political circles, and his past was raked over when he ran for President in 1988.

It is as transmitters of political code that Vice-Presidential selections matter most -- they help voters decide what kind of person the selector, the man at the top of the ticket, really is. In only very few cases, such as John F. Kennedy's choice of Lyndon B. Johnson in 1960, which helped him carry Texas, is there evidence that running mates exert direct, decisive influence on voting.

**Graphic**

Photo: Senator Al Gore's staff cheered yesterday in his Capitol Hill office as they watched him on live televison. (Stephen Crowley/The New York Times) (pg. A18)

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[***Most Promising (and Grating) Playwright***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RW0-4J30-007F-G35D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Martin McDonagh

By Rick Lyman;

Rick Lyman reports on culture for The Times.

By Rick Lyman; Rick Lyman reports on culture for The Times.

**Body**

The Green Man and French Horn pub, wrapped in dark wood and saturated with yeasty vapors, is just down St. Martin's Lane and across the street from the Royal Court Theater's temporary home in the heart of the West End. A crush of passageways and marquees in the few surrounding blocks marks the center of London's theater world. Martin McDonagh, sitting at a side counter in the Victorian gloom with the sheen on his two-tone leather shoes catching what little light bounces off the leaded glass, calls out, "Bitter and twisted."

The tart mixture of ale and fruit juice is an apt choice for the 27-year-old, who happens to be the most celebrated young playwright in Britain. "I really haven't seen much theater, generally," McDonagh says. "I guess I try to bring as many cinematic elements into theater as possible, because I like films better than theater." Ask him who his heroes are and he names Orson Welles and Billy Wilder, not John Osborne and Harold Pinter. "I was reduced to going into theater," is how he puts it. "Now it's a leg up to get into films."

Not exactly the sort of sentiment the mandarins of the theater like to hear, but McDonagh, a prodigiously talented writer, has had a burst of success sufficient to spin the heads of a dozen young playwrights with less steely confidence in their own abilities and destiny. The Daily Telegraph declared McDonagh "perhaps the most promising playwright to have emerged in Britain over the past 10 years." No less a personage than Sir Richard Eyre, who recently retired as artistic director of the National Theater, said that he "has sprung from the womb a fully fledged playwright."

McDonagh says he has come this far by trusting his own sense of what's right, and he's not stopping now. "You can tell when something you've written is good, can't you?" he says. "I think I can. I would never take anybody else's word for it."

He is not really as arrogant as his comments sometimes seem -- or, rather, he is, but his arrogance is presented in such a guileless way, mixed with intimations of deep-rooted social unease, that it is actually likable, in a ***working-class***-hero Leonardo-DiCaprio-on-the-Titanic sort of way. Indeed, there is something of the ***working-class*** dandy about McDonagh, with his silvery hair and dark goatee, his piercing blue eyes atop a shy smile that reveals a David Letterman gap between the front teeth.

When he is not writing plays, or working in the rehearsal studio, or just sitting at home watching television -- which is what he would almost always rather be doing -- McDonagh likes to wander around and listen to people. He did it on a trip to Los Angeles several years ago, aimlessly riding the city's bus system. He did it on a trip to New York, taking the subway as far out as it would go, to Coney Island. And he does it again at the Green Man and French Horn, as a young couple bicker about the purchase of a computer. "If you've got time to waste," he says, kicking back a couple swallows of his fizzy drink, "you might as well waste it listening to people." Sometimes he can even get a play out of it, like "Dead Day at Coney," as yet unproduced.

Last season, when McDonagh had an astonishing four plays in production in London at the same time, one of his favorite hangouts was this pub, where he often went before and after performances to drink with the actors or trade theater talk with those who gravitate to this and other West End pubs. Three of his plays were across the road at the Royal Court and the fourth was across the river at the Royal National Theater. Next week, "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" opens in New York and "The Cripple of Inishmaan" will follow in March, prompting some to call McDonagh's eagerly anticipated American debut the biggest since David Hare's. He has a movie deal in the works (a thriller called "First Day Out of Folsom") and is hoping to direct his own short film this summer before unleashing another batch of plays.

Five years ago, McDonagh was a clerk in the civil service, stealing stationery to write his stories and plays on. Three years ago, without an agent, without any contacts, he peppered production companies with unsolicited copies of his plays until one of them landed on the desk of a small regional theater in western Ireland. After that, with remarkable speed, came recognition, celebrity and even a kind of West End infamy.

The success has been so fast and so extreme that a backlash has already started. "The problem with the plays of Martin McDonagh," said The Financial Times, "is that they are synthetic." Paul Taylor, writing in The Independent, neatly summed up the anti-McDonagh faction's platform: "There's something creepy about the Martin McDonagh phenomenon. If you didn't know that he enjoys a genuine existence as an award-winning, 27-year-old dramatist who was reared and still resides in London, yet churns out plays in a half-invented rural Ireland, you'd be tempted to think that he was a clever hoax dreamt up by a committee of post-modernist pranksters."

Then there was the tabloid-rich incident in 1996 when McDonagh and his brother, John, showed up inebriated for the presentation of the Evening Standard awards, at which he was named most promising playwright and nearly got into a fistfight with Sean Connery. "It's not something that I'm proud of," he says, "but it happened. Yes, that's right, I squared off with a 66-year-old man." He was a little loud, his language was more than a shade vulgar and he did not react well when Connery asked him to behave. "I can tell you one thing, if you ever meet him, don't say anything bad about the royal family. He may be 66, but he seemed pretty big and vigorous when he had his hands on my shoulders."

Garry Hynes, the artistic director of the Druid Theater Company in Galway who is as responsible as anyone for discovering the fledgling playwright, explains such high jinks this way: "He's had an extraordinary amount of success and attention very early. I'm sure that much of what's going on is the shaking-down period where he's coming to terms with that."

The McDonagh plays that have been staged to date are set in rural Ireland, where his family is from, in a darkly comic and violent world of misfits, grotesques and haunted, lonely people. Their very distinctive language is at once recognizably Irish and yet hyperreal and unsentimental. McDonagh says they are the voices he hears in his head ("it's like transcribing other people talking"), variations of his Irish uncles talking during family vacations.

Here is a local constable chatting with a man unearthing corpses in "A Skull in Connemara":

The only body I've ever seen was a fella in a block of flats the road to Shannon. The fattest bastard you ever seen in your life. . . .Sitting, no clothes, in his armchair. No clothes, now. Television still on. A heart attack, the doctor said. All well and good. He knows more than me. But I had meself a look in that fat man's fridge, now. A mighty fridge it was, six feet high. What was in there? A pot of jam and a lettuce. Eh? And nothing else. A pot of jam and a lettuce in the fridge of the fattest man you've ever seen in your life. … I pointed it out in my report to them, and they just laughed at me.

McDonagh started writing plays, he says, only when he had failed at scripts for film, television shows and radio dramas. He had been working his way through a writer's handbook and theater just happened to be the chapter after radio. "If this hadn't worked, I'd have gone on to the next chapter," he says. "I think it was painting, actually, so I'd have had to beg some brushes somewhere."

McDonagh says he can toss off a play in a few weeks -- four or five, depending on how much rewriting he considers necessary. He goes through a regular ritual. "I begin by sharpening six pencils and laying them out," he says. "My first draft is done in pencil, on a pad. I do three pages a day. I like the speed of a pencil. Then I type it up. That's like my second draft, and I make changes while I type. Sometimes that's it. Other times I pencil in changes on the typed pages."

He works in bursts, a few weeks at a time, and these are punctuated by weeks of inactivity. He rarely goes out, almost never goes to pubs. "I haven't been out for years, not really," he says. "My life is staying at home and watching TV. It really is. I sleep a lot. I sometimes just sit and look out the window. At birds, at nothing. For hours."

FATHER WELSH: … Were you never in love with a girl, so, Coleman?

COLEMAN: I was in love with a girl one time, aye, not that it's any of your expletive business. At tech it was. Alison O'Hoolihan. This gorgeous red hair on her. But she got a pencil stuck in the back of her gob one day. She was sucking it the pointy-end inwards. She must've gotten a nudge. That was the end of me and Alison O'Hoolihan.

WELSH: Did she die, Coleman?

COLEMAN: She didn't die, no. I wish she had, the bitch. No, she got engaged to the bastarding doctor who wrenched the pencil out for her. Anybody could've done that job. It didn't need a doctor. I have no luck. -- From"The Lonesome West"

Martin McDonagh's bedroom is a small rectangular white box. There's a twin bed and a side table that holds an old electronic typewriter. A poster from "Taxi Driver" hangs on one wall. Crucifixes dominate the walls in many of his plays, but not here. The one over his bed is empty. "I used to have a 'Reservoir Dogs' poster up there," he says, "but I took it down. It scared the girls."

When McDonagh's parents semiretired (his father worked in construction; his mother was a part-time cleaning lady) to a village on Ireland's west coast six years ago, they left their two-story row house in Camberwell to John, now 31, and Martin. The brothers have lived there, across from a shuttered Texaco station, ever since.

"It works out O.K.," McDonagh says. "We like the same TV shows." As he talks, the television can be heard blaring in the front room. His brother is in there, he says. "I asked him if he wanted to come out and talk. He just doesn't want to."

Despite there being two writers living in the same small house -- and the younger one drawing a volley of acclaim first -- McDonagh says there is no sibling animosity. And no, the third play of his Leenane trilogy, "The Lonesome West," about two violently feuding brothers, is not autobiographical. And he doesn't know what his brother thinks of his work, since he's never asked him. "We don't read each other's stuff," he says. "We're bored, I guess, can't be bothered." He pauses for a moment, seeming to realize that this is an implausible answer. "Look, we both know we'll get there. We don't need to be encouraged."

Camberwell, sandwiched between Brixton and Peckham in the sprawling labyrinth of South London, is a banality of modern council flats and rundown, red-brick terrace homes miles from the nearest Tube stop. McDonagh has no friends in the area and really no idea who else lives there. "They could be Irish, for all I know," he says. "They could be aliens, for all I know."

McDonagh dropped out of school when he was 16 and spent the next five years "basically unemployed," he says. His brother, an aspiring screenwriter, was the literary one. John's room was stocked with paperbacks and he talked often of breaking into films. After a while, Martin wandered in and grabbed a few books off the shelf. An idea began to take shape: perhaps he could be a writer, too. "Here was a job where all you had was your head, a pencil and a piece of paper. That's the coolest kind of job there is."

It also offered him an excuse to sit around the house all day. "It was unemployment with honor," he says. "I never thought I'd get anywhere."

Then McDonagh turned 21, lost his unemployment benefits and took a job with the Department of Trade and Industry. He wrote a few television scripts and shipped them off. He tried writing short stories. ("That didn't work at all -- I have no prose style whatsoever.") Everything was rejected. He hooked up with a local video director and began pounding out one-page stories for a series of shorts. They never got made. In desperation, he began grinding out radio plays. He sent off 22 of them to the BBC and other stations until, finally, he got a letter from one in Australia that wanted to produce two. They were broadcast in Sydney and that was the end of that.

He turned to the next chapter of the handbook and began trying to write stage plays, but his "influences showed too clearly" and his first efforts came off as bad David Mamet impersonations. He has since discarded them.

Eventually he got the idea of setting something in rural Ireland and he began to write about a young woman in a tug of war for her freedom with her old, manipulative mother. "It all just started coming out, as soon as I began hearing my uncles' voices saying the words," he says. He doesn't know why. "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" was quickly followed by two more plays set around Connemara, "A Skull in Connemara" and "The Lonesome West."

He's not sure where the darkly comic, almost slapsticky tone of the plays comes from, except that "they're the kind of plays I'd like to see, if I went to plays." He has a malicious streak, and often dreams up ways to startle the audience. "I am interested in the whole kind of danger aspect to it," he says. "There are times when people in the audiences are hit with bits of stuff flying off the stage, mostly skulls. There's one point where a stove suddenly explodes. I love to be in the theater and watch that. The people in the audience jump out of their skins. I don't know why I love it. I think it's a power thing, really."

When Garry Hynes returned to the Druid Theater in Galway in 1994 after several years running the Abbey Theater in Dublin, she found "Beauty Queen" and "Skull in Connemara" in the stack of submissions. McDonagh's plays had already been turned down by a number of theaters, but they seemed perfect for the Druid, which had a history of producing new writers working in an Irish patois. "Nothing was really known about him other than an address in South London," Hynes says, but eventually the Druid decided to go with the world premiere of "Beauty Queen" to inaugurate a new 400-seat municipal theater in Galway. "It was a huge success," Hynes says, "beyond our wildest dreams."

"Beauty Queen" was later performed at the Royal Court in the West End. By then, McDonagh had acquired an agent, snagged a writing grant from the Royal National Theater in London and was at work on another trilogy of plays, each set on one of the three Aran Islands off the west coast of Ireland. The first of these, "The Cripple of Inishmaan," is about a lovesick young man who dreams of landing a part in Robert Flaherty's 1934 documentary, "Man of Aran," so he can impress a local girl. "Cripple" was mounted at the National Theater in late 1996 around the same time the Druid was putting on the entire Leenane trilogy, first in Galway and then at the Royal Court.

Now McDonagh is looking forward to his trip to New York, where "Beauty Queen of Leenane" will be staged by the Atlantic Theater Company in February, in the original Druid production with Hynes directing an Irish cast. "Cripple" will go on at the Public in March in an entirely new production, with Jerry Zaks directing a largely American cast. "The play is so astounding," Zaks says. "I knew that I wanted to do it. The characters are so well drawn, so well thought-out. These are people who don't appear to need much therapy. They say what they feel."

McDonagh is just about finished with the final two plays of his Aran trilogy. He considers the second one, "The Lieutenant of Inishmore," the best he has written, but he is having a little trouble getting it produced in London. He thinks this is partly because it "looks at the Northern Ireland situation in an entirely new way" and partly because bad things happen to animals. "I've figured out a way where it will appear that a cat is being blown up," he says. "It isn't, really, but the audience will believe that it is. I think it makes some people uncomfortable." He has decided, though, that he will not let any of his other plays be performed in England until "Lieutenant" is staged.

And he's saving his money. That's one of the reasons he still lives at home. Somewhere down the road he intends to make his own movie and to have enough money ("I'm guessing about a half-million pounds") to be its co-producer. He thinks it will be an Irish spaghetti western. "Any country that has a history of crazy guys with guns has a leg up when it comes to doing films."

Meanwhile, Zaks and the Public are hoping that "Cripple" will be well-enough received to justify a transfer to a Broadway house. And Hynes is hoping that "Beauty Queen" will whet American appetites for more McDonagh and allow the Druid Theater Company to stage the entire Leenane trilogy in New York.

As for McDonagh, he's getting out of Camberwell a lot more. He went to the Maldives last year, then spent three weeks in Thailand with his Irish girlfriend. He's also discovered that the world of the theater isn't such a bad place to be. "I like being in rehearsal rooms," he says. "I like actors. You know, an actor's life is not 9 to 5. They just hang around like me and drink and talk."

He has also found that success has given him a bit of drive, something almost approaching ambition. "Before, my ambition was never to work," he says. "But I find that I enjoy telling interesting stories. It's fun. I love to surprise myself and make myself laugh. And you know, you have to attempt to leave something decent behind you. We've all only got a small amount of time to leave something decent behind us."

**Graphic**

Photos: (Photograph by Jake Chessum); Sharing a house with his brother works out O.K., McDonagh says, because "we like the same TV shows." (Jake Chessum for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***TOWARD THE WASHINGTON SUMMIT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-87P0-000P-20D3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***From Deep in the Soviet Files, Facts, Footnotes, Even (Maybe) Real History***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-87P0-000P-20D3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN,

By SERGE SCHMEMANN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, June 14

**Body**

Like other post-totalitarian societies before it, Russia has fallen heir to a vast trove of secrets from a fallen dictatorship, a legacy as intriguing and instructive as it is deeply troubling.

Almost daily the dark secrets trickle out: a plea from the censors that they need new equipment to monitor the modems and faxes of foreign correspondents, an order from the Central Committee to arm Palestinian terrorists or to send money to the Polish Communist Party as recently as October 1990.

But with the sensationalism come painful questions that go to the heart of a newly liberated society's relationship to its past. Might the information prove more damaging than enlightening? Can a society only just emerging from bondage cope with the full weight of its past, in particular with the identification of its tormentors?

Finally, is there anything really new that people who have lived in this world can learn from the archives?

Presenting Secrets to the Public

"We think that when we open these documents, we'll learn things we never knew," said Rudolf G. Pikhoya, a history professor who as head of Russia's Committee on Archival Affairs has responsibility over all the files of the old Soviet state. "But when we look we find we know it all, and lots that we don't want to know."

Even as the debate goes on, however, the secrets come out.

This week, an exhibit of 300 documents from all periods of the Soviet state opens at the Library of Congress in Washington.

They range from a desperate plea for life from the Bolshevik Nikolai Bukharin, soon to be shot in the Great Purge, to a report by the Novosti press agency on its efforts to counter the award of the Nobel Prize to Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, to a report from the K.G.B. outlining serious construction flaws in the Chernobyl nuclear power station, seven years before one reactor there erupted.

Picture Is Still Far From Complete

James H. Billington, the Librarian of Congress, said in an interview that this exhibit was meant to amplify aspects of Soviet history, but he acknowledged that specialists were unlikely to find anything startling.

Mr. Billington, a scholar of Russian history, said he believed that in earlier years Soviet leaders like Molotov destroyed important documents and that others like Stalin were not in the habit of putting their more controversial actions in writing.

In addition, the K.G.B. so far has been reticent about fully opening its archives; the full Foreign Ministry archives also have not been made available.

In Moscow, a Constitutional Court hearing against the Communist Party has opened cracks in the most current and secret of archives, the Special File (Osobaya Papka) of the Central Committee.

The pickings will not be unrestricted: Mr. Pikhoya and the Minister of Press and Mass Information, Mikhail N. Poltoranin, told a news conference last week that documents of the past 30 years will be screened for state secrets or violations of privacy.

But several documents on exhibit at the Center for the Preservation of Contemporary Documents, at the old Central Committee Archive, give provocative glimpses.

The Omnipresent Communist Party

In one document dated July 7, 1986, two months after the Chernobyl accident, the Central Committee advises against sending representatives to a conference convened by the industrialist Armand Hammer in order not to reveal certain Soviet materials. Another, from August 1990, suggests that party workers should start paying something for the food supplied by the K.G.B.

There are about 4.5 million such papers in the Special File, the officials said, and what becomes abundantly clear from them is confirmation that the Communist Party, almost from the outset, tried to control every last corner of life in the Soviet Union.

A letter from Lenin to Stalin in July 1922 orders the immediate deportation of a whole list of perceived enemies: "Let's purge Russia for a long while!" writes the Bolshevik chief. In 1976, Yuri V. Andropov reports on the rise of "antisocial elements" under the guise of dissidents, and in 1989, with glasnost in full bloom, the Politburo is still railing against Komsomolskaya Pravda for its "anti-Soviet" stance.

What May Never Be Known

It is arguable, however, that such facts only give texture to a broad truth about Communist rule that has long been known. Many of the true mysteries of the 70 years of Communist rule may never become known.

For one thing, the K.G.B., scaled down and renamed the Russian Ministry of Security, has divulged only a few select files and shows no intention of giving out "operational" information or naming any informers.

For example, nothing the K.G.B. has disbursed puts to final rest questions about the fate of Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who disappeared in Soviet captivity.

Nothing reveals whether Stalin himself ordered the death of Sergei Kirov, the Leningrad party chief whose assassination gave the starting signal for the Great Purge. Kirov's personnel file simply ends: "Perished by the hand of an enemy of the ***working class***." Rem A. Usikov, director of the Center for the Preservation of Contemporary Documents, said Mr. Billington, the Librarian of Congress, had specifically requested evidence that Stalin had ordered Kirov killed.

100 Million Files

Mr. Pikhoya, the history professor, further noted that K.G.B. files were periodically purged, and he acknowledged that some were probably destroyed or stolen in the nine months since the failed August coup. Some, he said, had turned up in the press abroad.

A greater obstacle is the sheer volume. Like other totalitarian regimes, the Communist state believed it would live for a thousand years, so it smugly accumulated mountains of paper for its anointed to study, never suspecting that the "ideological foe" would get there so soon.

By conservative estimates the Central Committee archives embrace more than 100 million files, said Mr. Usikov, a veteran of three decades in the archives. "Everything was decided here, so there's a file on everything," he said.

Another problem is that Russia still has no law on state secrets. Shortly after the Soviet state was dissolved, President Boris N. Yeltsin issued a decree on the protection of state secrets. But, read literally, the decree would leave all former seals intact. That has left it largely up to the archivists to decide what to reveal and what not to.

Many Ask: What Is the Point?

There is also no law on freedom of information, similar to those in Czechoslovakia or Germany giving citizens the right to see information on themselves.

The most difficult question, however, is neither technical nor legal. As the Russians discovered when Stalin died, or the Germans after Hitler fell, a society reacts in complex ways to its past. Many simply want to forget and get on with life.

The painful fact is that the Soviet state and its political police worked incessantly to co-opt society into its repressive apparatus, and not many Russians or institutions can say they were untouched by the evil.

For people reared in this society, moreover, many of the "secret" documents are only painful echoes of a world they knew too well -- the oppressive directives, the double-speak of Pravda, the marathon lies at Communist congresses, the bloated flattery of corrupt dictators.

The Market Value of Secrets

Beguiling, troubling, the files are also potentially dangerous. So long as the files remain largely closed, the temptation to leak information for money or for political reasons remains great.

One notable example has been the leak of reports that three senior Russian Orthodox bishops had code-names and were listed as agents by the K.G.B. Critics of the church used these documents to demand that the Church purge its ranks and publicly repent. Defenders of the clerics argue that the documents by themselves show only what everyone knew, that the Church and the K.G.B., through its Council for Religious Affairs, were locked in a permanent struggle.

So, to disclose or not to disclose?

"After the coup, in August, in September, I firmly believed it was better not to release documents" that named people, said Mr. Pikhoya, the professor. "It was simply too dangerous politically. Now I fear that to open or close the files are elements of political struggle, so we need either to totally close or totally open the files.

"There's no ideal solution."

**Graphic**

Photo: An exhibition of documents from the Soviet Union opens this week at the Library of Congress. Natalya Krevova, assistant to the Director of the Archives of the Central Committees of the Communist Party, checked documents destined for Washington. (Bill Swersey for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***New Rochelle Seeks Macy's Successor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8C00-000P-24Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

By ELSA BRENNER

**Dateline:** NEW ROCHELLE

**Body**

WHEN R. H. Macy & Company announced recently that it would close eight of its stores -- among them the one shoppers have frequented here for 25 years -- city leaders said the question was not so much, "Why us?" but rather, "Where do we go from here?"

"To tell you the truth, we had a feeling it was coming," said Mayor Timothy C. Idoni. "But the news caught us off guard. I guess we didn't think it would happen so soon."

While the Mayor acknowledged that the announcement this month represented a setback for his city, he also said, "It clearly isn't a death knell for us."

"In some ways, it may present an opportunity," Mr. Idoni said.

In a community that has seen Arnold Constable and Bloomingdale's leave town and is now facing the departure of a third major department store, leaders agreed that the time had come to take a different tack. But they added that even though some indicators, especially weakness in the retail sector, suggested that the city was in a period of decline, that was not necessarily so. They said that the move by upscale department stores to regional shopping centers to the north only temporarily threatened the economic vitality of cities in the south.

Joseph G. Madonna, the city's Commissioner of Development, said New Rochelle was negotiating with other concerns -- among them the Lillian Vernon Company, a mail order catalogue business, and the United Nations Children's Fund -- to locate their headquarters in the city's main business district. Westchester is also planning to locate some county offices in the downtown area here.

"Southern Westchester is still a hot item," Mr. Madonna said. "Because of our proximity to Manhattan and the Bronx and access to major highways, there's great growth potential here. And I'm not talking about pipe dreams."

If new businesses move in, Mr. Madonna said, retailers could look forward to more shopping activity, especially between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M., when those new workers take their lunch breaks.

Nevertheless, the news that Macy's would leave this summer means that at least in the short run, "we are going to be hurting," Mr. Idoni said.

The Macy's store here, which is in the Mall at New Rochelle and employs 470 people, is to be closed Aug. 1 as part of the chain's bankruptcy reorganization plan.

Michael Freitag, a Macy's spokesman, called the branch here "an underperformer" that did not appear to have much potential. He said profitability, productivity, sales trends, growth potential and the need for capital improvement were the criteria used to decide which stores to close.

Seventh-Largest Taxpayer

Macy's had been the seventh-largest taxpayer in the city. The Mayor estimated that the store generated about $450,000 in sales tax for the city and another $100,000 from the parking spaces in the adjacent garage. The store was scheduled to pay $211,992 in city, county, sewer and garbage taxes for 1992 and $223,626 in school district taxes. New Rochelle's annual budget is $57 million, Mr. Idoni said. Consolidated Edison and New York Telephone are the city's largest taxpayers.

The store, however, is delinquent in its taxes, owing the school district and the city for the first half of the year $238,695.51, which also includes late charges and interest payments, said Patricia Glynn, the city's revenue supervisor.

In addition to the loss of tax revenue for the city, Macy's impending departure threatens the economic well-being of the other stores in the Mall. Merchants there, already struggling to weather the recession, said they depended on the department store, the Mall's only anchor, to draw customers to the shopping center.

"I'm very worried," said John Asmeilztah, manager of Something Wonderful, an art store in the Mall. "Business has not been good to begin with, and now this news."

Potential Tenants Being Sought

Mr. Asmeilztah estimated that 80 percent of the shoppers visiting the shopping center did so because of Macy's.

The Mayor and leaders of the city's business community, upon learning of Macy's decision, immediately began contacting potential tenants for the 225,000-square-foot building, which is owned by Macy's.

"Just because this store made a corporate decision to close its doors doesn't mean a different retailer with different marketing and demographic needs wouldn't see an opportunity here," the Mayor said.

"We need to find a retailer that will appeal to the many ***working-class*** people who don't want the expensive stores, who are looking for decent clothing at decent prices. We have the market," Mr. Idoni said. "We just have to find the match."

A Discount Retailer Eyed

Both Mr. Idoni and Robert J. Streger, president of the city's 700-member Chamber of Commerce, said they believed a discount retailer, such as Kmart, would thrive in New Rochelle.

"We're not looking for a Bloomingdale's or a Neiman Marcus," the Mayor said. "Those kinds of upscale retailers aren't moving here anymore."

Bloomingdale's and Arnold Constable, which were both on Main Street, closed shop here in the late 1970's. Macy's, which Mr. Freitag described as "a middle- to upper-middle-market retailer," has been in the Mall since 1967.

Mr. Streger, who called Macy's decision to leave the city "the final blow," said that as other cities -- White Plains and Stamford, for example -- became meccas for regional shopping centers, many customers who used to shop in New Rochelle have likewise gone elsewhere.

Going to Shop Elsewhere

Janis McMullen, a Pelham resident who was shopping in the Mall on Memorial Day, said she would not miss the Macy's here. "Most of the time I go to White Plains anyway," she said. "That store is bigger and better."

Mrs. McMullen said she usually combined her shopping trips to the Macy's in White Plains with visits to the Galleria Mall in that city.

Another shopper, Virginia McCrary of Mount Vernon, who has been coming to the Mall here since it opened, said that although she was saddened by the impending Macy's departure she would have no choice but to shop elsewhere after Aug. 1.

But rather than go to White Plains or New York City, Mrs. McCrary said, she would shop out of state "where the taxes on clothes are lower or you don't have to pay them at all."

Looking back over the years at the economic trends that have affected New Rochelle, Mr. Streger -- who was born here and is now a co-owner of an insurance business his father founded in 1923 -- said he "has been around long enough to have seen it all."

After World War II, Mr. Streger recalled, there was a strong upsurge in building and business activity in the city, which has a population of 67,265 in a 10-square-mile area, is situated north of the Bronx and south of Scarsdale and has a stop on the Metro-North and Amtrak line.

Still Looking for a Niche

Only in recent years, beginning with the departure of the major department stores, has New Rochelle seen a decline in retail trade, the chamber president said.

Mr. Streger called New Rochelle a place that "has yet to find its niche." He described the city -- whose roots go back to 1688 when it was settled by French Huguenots -- as "racially and ethnically mixed today" and representative of a broad spectrum of income levels.

There are high-priced homes on the northern boundaries of the city that abut Scarsdale and Larchmont and high- and middle-income homes and apartments to the west along the Long Island Sound shoreline and to the east near the Eastchester border. Most of the low- and moderate-income homes and apartments are in the center of the city and along the west end.

Mr. Idoni, in describing the city, called it "the classic example of Main Street U.S.A."

City Has Been 'Pushed Aside'

"What has happened here," the Mayor said, "is that our city has been pushed aside by the urban and suburban shopping malls. The question now is whether there is still room in this world for a Main Street U.S.A."

He said he has been phoning many retailers, including Kmart, arranging meetings and hoping that a new retailer will step in quickly to fill the gap that Macy's leaves behind.

"Actually," he said, "we have been talking to retailers for six to eight months. In the last week, we have just stepped up the process."

The worst-case scenario, Mr. Idoni said, would be that the building, now occupied by Macy's, would remain vacant.

But that is not likely, said Mr. Freitag, the Macy's spokesman. "It wouldn't be in anyone's best interest for that to happen. Not ours and not New Rochelle's."

**Graphic**

Photo: The 25-year-old Macy's store in the Mall at New Rochelle is one of the eight stores the company plans to close this summer. (David LaBianca for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 31, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Sex Abuse Jolts Canada's Revered Pastime: Hockey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9JY0-000P-N3S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ANTHONY DePALMA

By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Dateline:** OWEN SOUND, Ontario, Jan. 9

**Body**

As another winter storm charges in from Georgian Bay, the Owen Sound Platers practice on the opaque ice of the Harry Lumly Bayshore Arena, not far from the water's edge.

It is a deeply Canadian ritual: the blinding snow outside, the sharp scrape of steel against ice, the clack of hockey sticks slamming into pucks. For Adam Campbell, 16, and his red-cheeked teammates, this is the stuff that dreams are made of.

"Sure, I love my parents and I concentrate on school a lot," said Adam, the Platers' hot new rookie. "But hockey's my life."

Hockey is not just the national pastime in Canada; in many respects, Canadians will tell you, it is Canada. The essence of hockey -- ruggedness, brute strength and guile on ice -- is sometimes seen as a macho modern manifestation of Canadians' long-ago beginnings as trappers and explorers trying to tame their harsh environs.

Hockey players, from the stars of the National Hockey League down to the junior leaguers like the Platers in this ***working-class*** town 85 miles northwest of Toronto, command the rapt attention of a vast and knowledgeable legion of Canadian fans.

So it was not only the sport, but also Canada itself that has been shaken by recent disclosures of sexual abuse of young hockey players by their coaches.

The most stunning came earlier this month when Graham James, one of the most successful junior league coaches in western Canada, was sentenced to three and a half years in prison for sexually abusing two of his teen-age players hundreds of times over several years.

Then a player who has realized the dream of thousands of young hockey players by making it to the N.H.L. stepped forward and told the story of his sexual abuse by Mr. James.

"When things like that happen, you hide your feelings and you never talk," the player, Sheldon Kennedy, said in an interview with Canadian newspapers.

Now 27, Mr. Kennedy, a forward for the Boston Bruins, said other coaches and officials in junior hockey must have known what his coach was doing but did nothing to stop him. He called Mr. James "a very smart, manipulative man."

Mr. Kennedy's story moved and outraged much of Canada. It also prompted disclosures of other cases of sexual abuse in junior hockey and forced sports officials and parents to re-examine a system that puts nearly half a million players on the ice every year.

Former junior league officials and players have come forward to say that Brian Shaw, who was a coach, general manager and later chairman of the Western Hockey League board of governors, enticed and threatened young players into sexual liaisons for 30 years. Mr. Shaw died in 1993.

The disclosures have focused new attention on the cases of a junior league coach in Quebec, who was dismissed in 1990 after being accused of groping two boys, and another Quebec coach who was sentenced to five months in prison that year. Both pleaded guilty to sexual assault on minors.

"This has really touched what is sacred, hallowed ground," said John Lovell, the Platters' head coach.

In an editorial, The Globe and Mail called hockey "a diseased game." On "Hockey Night in Canada," a weekly television institution, the host, Don Cherry, a former N.H.L. coach, referred to Mr. James on the air as "a creep" and used other words not suitable for broadcast.

"You've got to bear with me," Mr. Cherry, a famously unrestrained announcer, begged his viewers. "This is one of the worst things I have ever heard in my life."

While there is no evidence that parents have pulled their sons and daughters out of the local hockey leagues that flourish in almost every big city and small town in Canada, it is clear that what happened to Mr. Kennedy has heightened parents' worst fears.

"When you put your kid in day care, you always check this stuff out," said one father, Fred Procapia, "but not with hockey, where the kids even get dressed and undressed in front of these guys." Mr. Procapia was standing by as his son Corey, 9, completed practice at the St. Alban's Boys and Girls Club in Toronto. Now, he said, he would think twice before sending Corey to play hockey in another town.

"I didn't give it a second thought," he said, "until this happened."

What especially disturbs many Canadians is that the complex system of organized hockey succeeded in fulfilling Sheldon Kennedy's dream -- playing in the N.H.L. -- but not in protecting him as a youth.

Hockey is religion, some Canadians say, a balm for the soul of the nation. There are 3,000 arenas in the country, including the 2,800-seat home of Platers here in Owen Sound.

That gives Canada almost three times as many arenas as hospitals. In a population of 30 million, more than 4.2 million Canadians are involved in hockey as players, coaches, officials, administrators or volunteers. In youth league play alone, there are more than 480,000 youngsters, from age 4 to age 20.

The competition is unrelenting. Scouts travel all over the country to identify the outstanding prospects among players as young as 12. By the time they are 14, players may have their rights assigned to a junior hockey team, the highest amateur level, or they may be washed up.

At 16 they can be drafted by the Platers or one of the 48 other semi-professional junior teams, which are privately owned and expected to turn a profit. About 65 percent of the players now in the N.H.L. came through the junior league.

Kurt Walsh, 19, the captain of the Platers -- who are named for the electroplating company that is the owner's other business -- left his home in Kelligrews, Newfoundland, when he turned 16 and was drafted by Owen Sound.

He had never been to Ontario, but he agreed to move in with a local family and attend the Owen Sound high school while practicing every day and playing a grueling 66-game season because "it's one of those things you always dream of doing."

For Mr. Walsh, who started skating at 3 and played in his first league a year later, all of the dreaming has worked out. He has already been drafted by the Buffalo Sabres of the N.H.L. and will join them at the end of this season.

He said what happened to Sheldon Kennedy was "a tough situation for a kid."

"It's a part of hockey, a bad part that's rarely seen," he said.

The younger players on the Platers seem to have tried to block out the stories about Mr. Kennedy. Adam Campbell said he did not know much about what happened, and Sean Avery, 16, whose family moved from Nova Scotia to Toronto so he could get into a more competitive league, said he had "heard a bit about it" but tried to keep it away.

"It's not a big issue for a lot of junior players in Canada," Sean said. "You just concentrate on your hockey."

At the heart of Canadian hockey are the coaches. In telling what had happened during the years he was abused, Mr. Kennedy said his coach, Mr. James, had exploited the fact that most of his players were willing to do anything to make it to the pros.

Mr. James had earned a reputation in western Canada as a winner, a Shakespeare-quoting strategist who could make a farm kid into a star. There had been rumors about his inappropriate behavior, but he was left alone because he was winning, said Brent Christian Tilford.

Mr. Tilford, 18, a rookie with the Yorkton (Saskatchewan) Terriers, is from Calgary, where Mr. James coached. "He had a lot of respect in the hockey world," Mr. Tilford said of Mr. James.

Another Terrier rookie, Derek J. Lippai, 18, is more critical of hockey. "It doesn't say much for the organization if James could do this kind of stuff" without being caught, he said.

The Canadian Hockey Association, the governing organization for the upper levels of amateur hockey, has not said why Mr. James's abuses had gone undetected for so long.

The Western Hockey League, where Mr. James coached, has announced that it will start using the Royal Canadian Mounted Police to check whether potential coaches have criminal records, but officials acknowledged that such an investigation would not have helped in the case of Mr. James, because he had no record.

The officials' inability to come up with a plan for restoring the trust in hockey has raised questions about how long it will take Canadian hockey to get over this scandal.

"It could be 10 years, it could be 20 years or it could never heal," said Christopher Yong, a Platers executive. "It may be a scab that's going to be there forever and ever, but hockey will survive."

It has to, Mr. Yong said.

"Everybody in the world associates us with hockey," he said. "Hockey is Canada."

**Graphic**

Photos: Sheldon Kennedy, now a forward with the Boston Bruins, unsettled a nation when he said that he had frequently been sexually abused by his junior league coach, Graham James, shown here with him in 1989. (Associated Press); Recent disclosures of sexual abuse of hockey players in Canada by coaches has shaken participants across the country. In Owen Sound, Ontario, a few of the more than 480,000 active players line up for practice. (Willy Waterton for The New York Times)

Map of Ontario, Canada: Sexual abuse has shaken hockey players and fans in Owen Sound.

**Load-Date:** January 16, 1997

**End of Document**



[***JMB ADDS DEVELOPER TO ITS REAL ESTATE ROLES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-GRJ0-0008-N281-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 26, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1344 words

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Nov. 25

**Body**

When Neil G. Bluhm, president of the JMB Realty Corporation, is asked to appraise the nearly square block of vacant land across from his company's headquarters on Chicago's exclusive North Michigan Avenue, he smiles and calls it ''just a hunk of dirt right now.''

The site is part of the $1 billion real estate portfolio that JMB obtained when it acquired the Urban Investment and Development Company from the Aetna Life and Casualty Company earlier this month.

Chicago-based Urban Investment is poised to begin construction on the site of a 64-story, $350 million mixed- use development, anchored by the Middle West's first Bloomingdale's department store. That will give JMB another chance to practice the alchemy that has turned such ''hunks of dirt'' into a $9 billion real estate portfolio that includes interests in such projects as Boston's Faneuil Hall marketplace.

For most of its 16 years, privately held JMB has been known as one of the nation's premier real estate syndicators, assembling publicly and privately held limited real estate partnerships for individual and institutional investors. The limited partner has no active role in management of the property and his or her risk is limited to the initial capital contribution.

Profile of JMB Realty Corp, one of nation's premier real estate syndicators, in light of acquisition of Urban Investment & Development Company; discusses corporation's move into riskier business of developing its own projects; Neil J Bluhm, president, comments; portrait; photo of Chicago site that JMB as acquired for $350 million mixed-use development (M)

In a limited partnership, the pooled funds of investors are used to acquire and manage prime real estate. ''When we started with three guys and a secretary in 1969, there was no vehicle for the ordinary individual to invest $10,000 in prime real estate,'' Mr. Bluhm said during an interview in his modest 39th floor office in JMB's headquarters.

Through its own securities corporation or brokerage houses, JMB offers partnerships with diversified portfolios of retail, residential and office properties. The limited partner expects to benefit from the long-term appreciation in the value of the properties; the shared cash distributions from occupied, income-producing properties, and the increase in equity as mortgage loans on the properties are repaid.

Perhaps more important, the limited partnerships also provide tax shelter opportunities, especially in the early years, when depreciation and operating costs on the properties frequently exceed income.

Pension Funds' Role

Mr. Bluhm said that limited partnerships were aided in the mid-1970's by the passage of the Employment Retirement Income Security Act, known as Erisa, which encouraged pension funds to diversify out of stocks and bonds and invest in real estate.

The 46-year-old developer said that JMB had raised more than $3 billion in cash from individual and institutional investors for its real estate syndicates. The first partnership, in 1971, raised $7 million; JMB's most recent partnership raised $365 million, he said.

While the $8 billion core of its assets is in such ''fiduciary accounts,'' according to Mr. Bluhm, JMB has in recent years become more involved in the riskier business of developing its own projects.

''They have assembled a very successful, high-quality, entrepreneurial operation,'' said Anthony W. Deering, senior vice president and chief financial officer of the Rouse Company, the development company based in Columbia, Md. Rouse and JMB have formed seven joint venture developments, including the Faneuil Hall project in Boston.

''In the past, they have played the part of the passive investor, and we have been the developer,'' Mr. Deering said. ''They apparently have admired the development phase, and this Urban Investment purchase seems to indicate their increasing willingness to take the development risk.''

Different Skills Required

Mr. Deering added, however, that moving from syndicator to developer will require JMB to learn a different set of skills. He also said that the new ventures would bring ''inevitable conflicts'' for JMB in choosing investments for its syndicate clients and for its own accounts. ''It's a risky proposition,'' he said.

Mr. Bluhm does not disagree, but he is satisfied that JMB will confine its riskier, more highly leveraged investments to its own development activities. ''With our clients' money, we don't go for the home run,'' Mr. Bluhm said.

Lawrence F. Levy, a Chicago developer who has collaborated with JMB on several projects, said of the company: ''I've had bankers tell me they're the hope for the syndication industry. They've never had a bad deal. They're very competent buyers in a business often tainted by get-rich- quick schemes.''

Before it added Urban Investment, JMB, with 1,500 employees in 11 cities, owned 23,000 apartment units and 68 million square feet of office and commercial real estate in 96 regional shopping malls and 86 office and industrial complexes, according to Mr. Bluhm. The Urban Investment acquisition added 17 million square feet of office, commercial and residential property to JMB's portfolio.

Among its Chicago interests, JMB is a joint-venture partner in the $400 million Chicago Mercantile Exchange Center development, which includes two office towers and new trading floors for the exchange.

Some New Projects

With the acquisition of Urban Investment, JMB will assume Urban's responsibility for the $500 million Copley Place development in Boston. Urban Investment also developed Water Tower Place in Chicago, the Arco Tower-Marriott Hotel project in Denver and the One Logan Square complex in Philadelphia.

''Urban Investment gives us two things: an in-house construction capability and the skills of the nation's premier mixed-use developer,'' he said. ''These will blend perfectly with the capabilities of JMB/Federated,'' a joint venture with Federated Department Stores of Cincinnati, ''in developing regional shopping malls,'' he added.

JMB was formed in 1969, borrowing the name from the initials of its founders: Robert A. Judelson, Judd D. Malkin and Mr. Bluhm. Mr. Judelson sold his interest in JMB in 1973 and helped found the Balcor Company, another real estate syndicator, which was bought by the American Express Company in 1982. Mr. Judelson still serves as vice chairman of Balcor.

The 46-year-old Mr. Malkin, now JMB's chairman, and Mr. Bluhm are longtime friends who grew up in the same ***working-class*** Chicago neighborhood. After attending high school together, they roomed with each other at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana and each became a certified public accountant following graduation in 1959. Mr. Bluhm obtained a law degree from Northwestern University and practiced law with the Chicago firm of Mayer, Brown & Platt until JMB was formed.

The chemistry between the two is credited by friends and competitors - often one and the same - with being the key to JMB's success. Mr. Malkin, also 46, is considered the financial man, the insider, the assembler of the team. The peripatetic Mr. Bluhm is the self-confessed ''outsider; the deal-maker.''

'The Right Combination'

''It's just the right combination. Tight and loose at the same time,'' said Mr. Levy, who, at 40, is considered another Wunderkind of Chicago real estate. ''To Judd's stability, Neil brings his presence and personality everywhere.''

Yet for all their success, Mr. Malkin and Mr. Bluhm do not get everything they go after. In December 1983 they headed a group that bid $100 million for The Chicago Sun-Times. Mr. Bluhm said Frederick and Marshall Field, the brothers who owned The Sun-Times, had a ''moral, if not legal commitment'' at that time to sell the paper to Rupert Murdoch, the Australian-born publisher who had made an earlier offer of about the same amount. The Murdoch offer was accepted.

Mr. Bluhm said that one of the reasons for his group's bid was a ''civic pride in maintaining Chicago ownership'' of the paper, but also it was ''a solid investment with a good piece of real estate.''

**Graphic**

photo of vacant lot in Chicago (page D5); photo of Neil Bluhm

**End of Document**



[***Shelters Seek to Oust Families Who Keep Rejecting Housing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46SD-22S0-01CN-H1C7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:**  By LESLIE KAUFMAN

**Body**

Sara Kelly, a lively, articulate mother of six, was explaining why she and her family have stayed in a homeless shelter for more than a year instead of moving to an apartment.

It's hard to find a three-bedroom apartment she can afford. Landlords don't like single mothers, teenage boys and homeless people, and they lie about making repairs. She does not want a neighborhood that is "druggy." She must live near a hospital because two of her children have asthma.

"I am choosy about where I live," said Ms. Kelly, who is unemployed and on public assistance, but studying to be a home health-care worker. "When you have kids, you have to look out for all sorts of things."

It may seem strange that a homeless person would describe herself as choosy about where she will live, but in New York City, which is under court order to provide free temporary shelter to all those who say they have no place to live, families in the shelter system can refuse available permanent housing with little penalty.

Now, as part of a larger effort to move families out of the system faster, the Bloomberg administration would like to make changes. It has decided to pursue a policy, begun by Rudolph W. Giuliani when he was mayor, that would allow the city to eject families who repeatedly refuse to take apartments that meet government standards.

New York is under strong fiscal pressure to change its shelter system, which currently houses a record 8,696 families, an increase of roughly 33 percent from September 2001. Each family costs the city about $2,800 a month. If the number of families in the system continues to grow at the present rate, the city will exceed its emergency shelter budget for the current fiscal year by $27 million, according to an analysis released last week by the Independent Budget Office.

The Department of Homeless Services does not collect data on how many apartments families turn down before leaving the system, but its research shows that the average length of time a homeless family spends in what is supposed to be emergency shelter has grown to 315 days, from 285 days in September 2000.

To further support its case, the administration for the first time released its figures on the housing search process. They showed that this July, families in the system looked at an average of 1.34 apartments each. The city would like each family to see at least 8 residences a month.

The city also arranged for a reporter to talk to housing specialists from five of the city's shelters. The specialists, shelter workers who function mainly as real-estate agents, work directly with families to look for and visit apartments. They estimated that 50 to 75 percent of their clients were unreasonably picky.

"They don't want to live in Bushwick or Crown Heights," said one specialist, who insisted on anonymity. "They want to live in Park Slope or Midtown Manhattan."

Before the end of the month, the city hopes to ask a court to allow officials to remove such families from the shelter system for 30 days and place their children in government-supervised care.

The city's commissioner of homeless services, Linda I. Gibbs, is adamant that hers is a kinder, gentler version of the Giuliani proposal, which has been blocked by a ruling in State Supreme Court in Manhattan since January 2000.

The most controversial part of the Giuliani plan was a provision that would allow officials from the foster care division of the Administration for Children's Services to investigate any family that was evicted from the shelter system with no place to go.

Under the Bloomberg administration plan, such families would have the option of temporarily placing children in respite care, which is run by a different division of the children's service agency and does not involve an automatic investigation into possible abuse or neglect, as foster care does.

In addition, Ms. Gibbs said in an interview, although state regulations allow the city to start eviction proceedings after a family turns down just one suitable apartment, she would rely on shelter operators to say when a family had turned down an unreasonable number of apartments.

There would be at least four levels of appeal before such an eviction would take place, Ms. Gibbs said, adding that she did not expect any family to actually be ejected.

Still, she said, the city needs the eviction option to make homeless families and the government workers who serve them understand that inaction has consequences. "There is a culture of passivity," she said, "and we need everyone in the system to act with more urgency."

Advocates for the homeless say there are far too few suitable apartments at rents that low-income families can afford. They argue that eviction is inhumane.

"Dangling the threat of eviction over the heads of homeless clients will not cause them to change their behavior," officials from a coalition of nonprofit groups that contract with the city to provide shelter for families argued in a statement opposing the policy.

Steven Banks, the associate attorney in chief for the Legal Aid Society, which represents homeless families in litigation against the city, says that when his group studied the 100 families who had been in the shelter system the longest, it found that bureaucratic mistakes by the city, rather than the indolence or intransigence of those families, were responsible for their lengthy stays.

"It is a culture of bureaucratic ineptitude that is trapping hundreds of families in the system," Mr. Banks said. He criticized the Bloomberg administration for taking the "most extreme action" rather than considering milder penalities, like requiring families to leave their shelter apartment and re-enter the system at the starting point, the overcrowded Emergency Assistance Unit.

Ms. Gibbs does not deny that the city makes errors in moving families through the system, but she says she has doubled the number of workers who deal with housing applications in six months.

She also said that while a lack of housing was part of the problem, families also linger in the system because there are no consequences if they turn down housing in the hope of being offered something better.

Housing specialists working for the city's shelters said that on average clients turn down at least the first 10 apartments they see. Sometimes they cite problems like too much drug activity in a neighborhood, but other times they may not like a certain feature, like wall-to-wall carpeting in the bedrooms, preferring wood instead.

One thing contributing to many families' lengthy stays in the system, they said, is the wealth of services offered -- the same services that were intended to prepare a family to leave emergency housing and live on its own.

In the 1980's, the city was widely faulted for paying large sums of money to place homeless families in notorious welfare hotels with no support services at all. Now, the housing specialists say, shelter residences, most of which are run by nonprofit community groups, are more attractive than market-rate housing that low-income people can afford.

A typical shelter apartment for a family of four may not have more than two rooms but it usually comes with staffing and services like infant care, day care, employment workshops and medical clinics.

Ms. Kelly, for example, was interviewed at a shelter run by HELP USA, a nonprofit organization, in Crotona Park, a ***working-class*** neighborhood in the Bronx. The shelter was behind a locked gate and also had a desk with security guards at the entrance to the building, a lush grass- and tree-lined courtyard with two playgrounds and a fountain for children to cool off during hot weather.

The shelter's executive director, Fred Shack, opposes the city's eviction plan, and his staff members selected the residents to be interviewed.

Ms. Kelly said she was determined to leave the system. Her son Quency, 7, called their shelter apartment "nasty" and said it had mice and roaches.

Ms. Kelly said that she searched for housing every day, frequently traveling to Brooklyn and Queens to follow up on listings of apartments whose landlords would accept the government housing vouchers for which she was approved. Families who are approved under the Section 8 system get a rent voucher that is determined by the size of the family, and is paid directly to the landlord the family chooses. The landlord has to be approved by the Section 8 system, and there are limits on the rent he can charge.

She insisted that most of the problem was, as the advocates say, a lack of supply. "Three bedrooms are very, very hard to find," she said. And since she has been approved for a three-bedroom apartment, she is not willing to consider anything smaller, and under the rules she would not be allowed to take less than a two-bedroom, anyway.

Like many families who have been approved to receive subsidies for private housing in New York, Ms. Kelly has a wealth of complaints about landlords. She said some turned her down because they did not want her children or did not want her, a single woman, because they feared she would bring men to the apartment.

She says landlords promise that apartments are available when they are not or when they are going to give them to another family, particularly a family with more children, which would allow them to collect a larger voucher.

Before coming to the shelter system, Ms. Kelly said, she lived for seven years in a Section 8 apartment on Andrews Avenue in the Bronx. The building eventually had so many violations that the government stopped paying rent to the landlord and eventually Ms. Kelly was evicted, she said.

She said she did not want a repetition of that experience and so turns down any apartment she sees with electrical or plumbing code violations, even if the landlord promises to fix them.

In a city where working families struggle to afford one-bedroom apartments and immigrants often cram eight relatives into a basement, homeless advocates and city officials struggle to resolve how best to balance the desire by Ms. Kelly and hundreds of other people in the city's shelter system to keep their families safe and reasonably comfortable against the need to move them into cost-efficient housing that meets government standards.

Ms. Kelly said she had turned down only one three-bedroom apartment that was up to code, because, she said, it was tiny and poorly laid out. "You had to walk through one bedroom to get to another bedroom to get to a bathroom," she recalled, "I can't live like that."

She also said she would not consider apartments run by the New York City Housing Authority, which is a major source of apartments for homeless families, because she had heard bad things about living in housing projects. "There is just too much confusion in there," she said, "and too much drugs."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Sara Kelly, a mother of six, said, "I am choosy about where I live." (Richard Perry/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** September 16, 2002

**End of Document**



[***For Iraqi Girls, Changing Land Narrows Lives - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CR1-N6B0-TW8F-G2CY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 27, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; THE REACH OF WAR: THE OCCUPATION

**Length:** 1768 words

**Byline:** By SOMINI SENGUPTA

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Iraq, June 26

**Body**

To catch a glimpse of the future of this country, look for a moment through the eyes of teenage girls who are coming of age here in the capital.

In an air-conditioned bedroom with pink everything on the walls, Yosor Ali al-Qatan, 15, stares longingly at a hip-hugging pair of pink pinstriped pants. The new Iraq, her mother warns her, is far too dangerous for a 15-year-old girl to be seen in such pants.

Across town, at the end of an alley leaking sewage, Sali Ismail, 16, spends her days staring blankly at the television. A spate of kidnappings, combined with her ***working class*** Shiite family's ever-deepening poverty, has prompted her to drop out of high school.

In a hair salon where Baghdad's ladies of leisure come to put blond streaks in their hair, Beatrice Sirkis, 14, quietly sweeps the floor. Her father, a retired soldier who has fallen on hard times, had to choose between sending her, or her older brother, to school. Beatrice was chosen to work.

The perils and pressures bearing on the lives of teenage girls here offer a snapshot of the changes bedeviling Iraq. In the past several months, the new access to satellite dishes, Internet cafes and cellphones has given these young women a new window on the outside world. But creeping religious conservatism, lawlessness and economic uncertainty have also been conspiring against them in peculiar ways.

Parents are so rattled by reports of rapes and kidnappings that they keep their girls under closer watch than ever. Girls accustomed to pool outings and piano lessons during the crushingly hot summer vacation months are instead locked up at home. They quarrel with their mothers; they sleep too much; they grow cranky and dejected from mind-numbing boredom.

During the school year, young men claiming to represent new religious groups arrived at some schools, demanding that girls' heads be covered or long-sleeved shirts be required. Not surprisingly, an increasing number of the girls seem to be covering their heads -- as much out of fear as out of newfound conviction. Some have stopped going to school altogether, as much because of the threat of violence as because of the economic hardships facing their families. In Yosor's school, for example, 700 girls registered for classes this past year, compared with 850 the previous year.

What long-term effect any of this will have remains to be seen. In a country that was once singular in the Arab world for its ranks of educated, professional women, it is impossible to tell whether the fate of today's teenage girls will be any different from that of their mothers.

Still, the American invasion and occupation have wrought small, but profound, changes in the everyday lives of girls -- changes that serve as a weather vane of sorts for the social fabric of a sovereign Iraq.

Even though the last years of Saddam Hussein's rule had brought new restrictions on women's freedoms, the simultaneous collapse of the police state that had kept public order and the new leeway for religious clerics to demand stricter compliance with Islamic law have increasingly narrowed girls' lives.

''It's as if you're in prison,'' is how a disgruntled 15-year-old named Mariam Saeed described her predicament, sitting poolside one Wednesday morning inside a posh, well-guarded private club. It was her first outing to the pool all year.

For months, Mariam said, her parents have kept her under strict lock-down at home. She has read all the teen magazines she can stand, seen movie after movie. She has grown bored and glum. She has lost weight. Once she would stay out with her parents until midnight. She would hang out with her cousins every week. Now hardly anyone goes out. Everyone lives in fear.

''Me, through the winter, I suffered great depression,'' Mariam said.

Her brother, barely a year older, recently offered what to her was an audacious suggestion. He suggested that she start covering her head. '' 'I'm worried about you,' '' she recalled him saying. '' 'You're my sister.' ''

She said she snapped at him.

''Because we are girls,'' she said, ''they think we're aliens or something?''

In a city where the sight of a girl's uncovered head was, until recently, a common sight, the head scarf has become an urgent matter of debate. At Yosor's school, a group of men showed up, urging girls to cover their heads. The same happened at the school Sali's sister attends. Neither school yielded to the demands. But across Baghdad, even in wealthy cosmopolitan enclaves, head scarves are becoming increasingly common -- both, girls said, to fend off unwanted attention and to avoid the ire of conservative religious groups.

Although Mariam's brother has not pressed her, she is worried. With the transition to Iraqi sovereignty approaching, the prospect of more violence looms. ''The end of the month is coming -- I think things are going to get worse,'' she said. ''But I'm being optimistic. You always should be optimistic.''

Her cousin, Noor Muhammad, 14, piped up, ''It's a little bit scary.'' She looked down at her lap, fingered her gold ring nervously.

Fear eats at everyone here, but in a conservative society where daughters are already governed by stricter rules than sons, adolescent girls find themselves particularly vulnerable.

In a scrappy, hard-core Shiite neighborhood on the fringes of the city, the kidnapping of a young girl from the gates of the neighborhood primary school has so shaken Sali Ismail that she seldom leaves her family's two-room apartment. Chubby and shy, with the face of a girl half her age, Sali, 16, left school two months after the invasion began. Hope of the high school diploma that her mother, Mendab Abdulhalaq, 39, had been accustomed to calling Sali's weapon against poverty slipped away.

Cloaked in a mountain of black nylon, Mrs. Abdulhalaq wiped the sweat from her brow. A bomb went off in the distance. Sali sat on a daybed staring at the television: on the screen, women in skin-tight clothes and frosty lipstick pranced around improbably to Egyptian love songs. Then, the electricity went out, shutting off the fan, darkening the television and turning the family's small sitting room into a bathhouse.

In a way, the family confessed, Sali's dropping out came as a relief. Her father, a day laborer at a pickle factory, earns less than he used to. Some days, a car bomb makes it impossible to get to work. On other days, the factory does not open. Financially, Mrs. Abdulhalaq said, the family is barely hanging on. Sali's two brothers are in school. Her eldest sister, Jwan, 20, attends a teachers' training college. Her middle sister, Susan, 18, has just finished high school final exams, though it is unlikely that the family will be able to afford college. Susan knows it too. ''I have to make sacrifices,'' she said.

At 14, Beatrice Sirkis already knows something about sacrifices. On a Friday afternoon last June, her father, Adisan Gharib Sirkis, sat her down for an honest and -- from his point of view -- a shamefully sad talk. They sat in the one-room apartment to which they had just moved, and he told her the bitter truth: he was jobless, he was injured, and paying for her schooling was turning out to be unbearably difficult.

If she really wanted to continue, he told her, he would try his best to help her. Her brother Johnson would carry on in school; so too their sister, Mariam, age 8. In the meantime, there was the job at the nearby hair salon, owned by a family friend.

Until that afternoon, it had been Beatrice's dream to become a teacher. Since then, it has become her fate to fold towels and sweep the salon floor six days a week.

''I knew then I wouldn't continue my studies,'' she said.

The new reality seems to have hit her parents harder than it has her. Mr. Sirkis worked as a truck driver until the war began, when he had to sign up to fight. He lost his job. He was evicted from his apartment. Sure, he had predicted that violence would follow the invasion, but not in his wildest dreams, he said, did he think his family would come to this: Beatrice, at 14, working all day and coming home so tired that she collapses on the sofa and falls asleep.

''La la la la la,'' Mr. Sirkis and his wife said in unison, clicking their tongues, shaking their heads. La is Arabic for no.

''To quit school and work in that shop, never,'' he said.

He lighted one cigarette after another. Beatrice sat quietly on the sofa. His wife, Florin Benjamin Mikhail Israel, tried to sound hopeful. Maybe one day, Beatrice can go back to school, she said, ''If things becomes more secure, God willing.''

For Yosor, as for other teenage girls, how they dress when they leave their homes and where they can go has become a subject of great anxiety because of the kidnappings.

She went to a neighbor's house one afternoon dressed in hot pink: a tight hot pink T-shirt under a pink flowered shirt, pink sequined sandals, a pink fluffy hair band holding back a pony tail.

''I'm trying to convince her just to alter her way of dressing,'' her mother, Atat Majid al-Chalabi, whispered. Wear something that doesn't attract attention, she told her daughter. Put a scarf over your head, even if it's not a formal hijab, she said. ''Sometimes, she wants to wear tight clothes, I come and put on something very loose on top,'' Mrs. Chalabi said. ''She's always complaining, 'Why so much pressure?' ''

Yosor smirked knowingly. Two months ago, she bought that pair of pinstriped pants: snug and black, with hot pink pinstripes and a matching hot-pink plastic belt. She thought they were gorgeous. Now they collect dust in her closet. Her mother will not let her leave the house in those pants. Besides, there is nowhere to go. No picnics at the park, no parties, no restaurants. She is stuck at home. She watches movies every day, one after the other. ''It's so boring,'' she said.

Everything now depends on whether the violence subsides. If it does not, she worries that her parents will keep her from going to the college of her choice, to study pharmacy, all the way across town. Already, a group of men have come to her school demanding that the girls wear long-sleeved shirts and head scarves. In every school, in every neighborhood, there are children who are known to have been kidnapped in this new chaotic atmosphere. Nearly everyone seems to have heard about girls who have been raped.

''The most important thing is security,'' Yosor said, ''so I can go out of my house and come back.''

Her mother puts it more starkly. ''This is not a holiday,'' she said. ''You have to keep her in the house. Because she's a girl.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article and a picture caption yesterday about problems faced by teenage girls in Iraq gave a misspelled surname in some copies for a young woman whose family sent her to work in a hair salon because her father is unemployed. She is Beatrice Sirkis, not Sikris.

**Correction-Date:** June 28, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Beatrice Sirkis, 14, wanted to be a teacher, but with her father hurt and out of work she had to leave school. (Photo by Lynsey Addario for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Jwan's younger sister, Sali, 16, has dropped out of school for her own safety and spends the day watching TV.

Jwan Ismail, making bread at home. Her mother says the family of five children is barely getting by.

A 15-year-old, Yosor Ali al-Qatan, covets pink striped pants, but her mother says they would attract danger. (Photographs by Lynsey Addario for The New York Times)(pg. 11)

**Load-Date:** June 27, 2004

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: On The Road;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8N80-000P-20KV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Night of a Lifetime As Brown Meets Match***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8N80-000P-20KV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MAUREEN DOWD,

By MAUREEN DOWD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, April 18

**Body**

Jerry Brown knows that some days, and some states, turn out better than others. That's the way the karma crumbles.

Plagued by a flurry of critical news reports, trapped in a monologue that sounds more stale than stormy, Edmund G. Brown Jr., the former California Governor, has been careering around Pennsylvania. Gov. Bill Clinton is ignoring him, and contributions to his Presidential campaign's "800" number have dropped off.

But if some days have been bad, some nights have been worse.

Just as Jimmy Carter and the Rev. Jesse Jackson did before him, Mr. Brown likes to spend the night with supporters. His aides say it underscores the grass-roots nature of Mr. Brown's campaign.

"You have to try to be neat," said Mr. Brown, who has been known to leave crumpled wet towels and half-made beds in his wake.

Usually, his hosts -- whether he is staying at a homeless shelter in Baltimore, a millionaire's mansion in Dallas, a union official's apartment in Manhattan, a Mormon's home in Salt Lake City or a Catholic Worker center in Philadelphia -- are discreet and deferential, allowing Mr. Brown to get to bed quickly and sleep as long as he likes.

Meeting His Match

But one recent night, as the exhausted candidate sped along a Pennsylvania highway headed for Throop, a ***working-class*** suburb of Scranton where he was going to spend the night with strangers, he had no way of knowing that he was about to meet his match: The fading national politician who craves attention versus an up-and-coming local politician who craves attention even more.

Diane Bruno-Nelson, a 33-year-old Throop city councilwoman, had volunteered to put up the candidate in her home. She had an ambitious plan to make the most of her brief encounter, taking a cue from the movie "My Favorite Year," in which Peter O'Toole's swashbuckling hero is invited to a young writer's home in Brooklyn and is greeted by the entire building, including an aunt who wore her wedding dress to the party and the writer's mother, who announces grandly, "Welcome to my humble chapeau."

"This," Ms. Bruno-Nelson said happily as Mr. Brown arrived at her home, "is a once-in-a-lifetime deal."

Following is a chronology of Mr. Brown's stay in Throop:

11:35 P.M.:  The candidate enters and is surprised to find a catered party and more than a dozen guests waiting for him. A buffet of cold cuts is set out in the kitchen and two large coffee urns sit under a reproduction of "The Last Supper" in the dining room. On the blue modular couch in the living room, there is a semicircle of family members, including Ms. Bruno-Nelson's mother, her daughter, her uncle and his wife, her cousin, her husband, and some neighbors, including a fellow Throop council member, Sharon Soltis-Sparano, the borough's treasurer, Mary Bibak, and an environmental lawyer, Michael Cowley. Local reporters swarm over the house. Mr. Brown asks a cameraman to turn off the bright lights aimed at him. "My brain is just foggy," he says.

As the guests pepper the candidate with questions about how he likes Throop and how the Pennsylvania campaign is going, he answers briefly and a bit groggily, explaining, "I'm a little tired, to tell you the truth."

The two councilwomen look at the candidate expectantly. Mr. Brown sips his decaffeinated coffee and gamely asks about zoning rules and length of City Council terms. He pleads with the Scranton newspaper reporter seeking an interview: "Will you be around tomorrow? I'd rather do this tomorrow. My voice is pretty well gone."

Instead, the reporter interviews Jacques Barzaghi, the candidate's beret-wearing aide, and asks his title. "We don't have titles," Mr. Barzaghi explains in his go-to-the-devil French accent. "We create for ourselves titles."

11:55 P.M.:  As Mr. Brown sits slumped in a wing chair, eyes heavy, Ms. Bruno-Nelson and Ms. Soltis-Sparano fill him in on all the intricacies of the enviromental problems of Throop, a Superfund site.

Midnight:  After Ms. Bruno-Nelson informs Mr. Brown that "we won't keep you long tonight" -- which he understands as a signal that he cannot yet go to bed -- he retreats to the kitchen to get a reviving snack of coleslaw and potato chips. He tells some of the guests, who are smoking up a storm, that they should think about the pollution caused by cigarettes when they talk about their town's pollution.

Ms. Bruno-Nelson's 74-year-old uncle, Conrad Grilletto, a retired custom tailor, is asked what he thinks of Mr. Brown.

"Sincere," he says, taking a puff of his cigarette.

Theresa, his 72-year-old wife, is asked the same question. "She agrees with whatever I say," Mr. Grilletto answers for her.

12:15 A.M.:  Larry Sparano, a local television news anchor who has interviewed Mr. Brown at 11 P.M. and just happens to be married to Ms. Soltis-Sparano, arrives to do another story, about the candidate staying with local folks. Brown aides demur, noting that Mr. Brown is dying to get to sleep, but succumb when they see that Ms. Bruno-Nelson is still explaining pollution problems.

12:30 A.M.:  Mr. Barzaghi, who usually shoos Mr. Brown to bed and spends the night on the couch to appease the rare loquacious host, realizes that it is going to be tough to get any sleep at all tonight. He retrieves his garment bag and slips out quietly, going back to a fancy hotel in Scranton. "I need a good night's sleep," he said, adding that mornings at supporters' homes are sometimes difficult. "Some mornings, the whole family takes a shower, then the Governor takes a shower, then Peter, Paul and Mary take a shower, before I can take a shower. Forget it, Charlie."

1:30 A.M.:  Mr. Brown finally goes to bed, taking the master bedroom.

7:15 A.M.:  While Mr. Brown sleeps, Ms. Bruno-Nelson has gathered another dozen people -- "a whole new group," she says proudly -- in her basement, including the Mayor and police chief of Throop. The coffee urns have moved downstairs, and a catered breakfast has been set up. Crews from local television stations are camped outside and inside.

Ms. Bruno-Nelson takes a call from a radio station that wants an interview with Mr. Brown. "Try back in 10 minutes, maybe you'll get lucky," she advises.

When the station calls back, Ms. Bruno-Nelson walks out into the hall, stretching the cord to its full length, and glares at the closed bedroom door.

"Is he awake yet?" she impatiently asks her husband, Bob Nelson, a slender, quiet man who works as a maintenance foreman at the Penn State campus. He asks his wife who should wake him. "You do the honors," she says.

7:30 A.M.:  The smoke detector is set off by the cigarette smoke that has been curling in the basement for an hour, but Mr. Brown sleeps through it.

7:40 A.M.:  Ms. Bruno-Nelson instructs her reluctant husband through clenched teeth: "I don't care. Wake him up. I want him downstairs. He promised to come down for at least 20 minutes. That's all I ask."

7:45 A.M.:  "Is he up yet?" she demands. "He grunted," her husband informs her.

8:10 A.M.:  After a quick shower, Mr. Brown emerges in the same double-breasted navy blue suit he was wearing the day before, with fresh blue shirt and tie. "What a crowd here," he says, looking around.

Ms. Bruno-Nelson's 63-year-old mother, Anna, asks Mr. Brown if she can have her picture taken with him. "Didn't you get that last night?" he replies, rather grumpily.

8:30 A.M.:  After a cup of coffee, the candidate warms up to his theme about the corrupt men's club running Washington. Across the room, Ms. Bruno-Nelson is giving an interview to a radio station on her portable phone.

"I was excited," she tells the interviewer about Mr. Brown's stay. "But I thought it was a challenge."

8:43 A.M.:  Mr. Brown's van pulls out of the driveway. He is half an hour late for his first event at a nearby community center, but he says he enjoyed his grass-roots night. Mr. Barzaghi is upset that Mr. Brown has not had enough rest, noting huffily: "That is just the opposite of what he wants and needs."

**Graphic**

Photo: The grass-roots campaign of Edmund G. Brown Jr. found an overnight stay in Throop, Pa., anything but restful. A crowd of visitors had been invited to the home of Diane Bruno-Nelson, a member of the Throop City Council, to meet the candidate -- and keep him up late. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 22, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Norma Jeane***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YY4-S4K0-00MH-F4KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Laura Miller;

Laura Miller is an editor for the Internet magazine Salon.com.

By Laura Miller;   Laura Miller is an editor for the Internet magazine Salon.com.

**Body**

BLONDE

By Joyce Carol Oates.

738 pp. New York:

The Ecco Press/HarperCollins. $27.50.

"I'm always running into people's unconscious," Marilyn Monroe once told an interviewer, and can't you just hear the breathy, stunned way she must have said it, in the ditsy voice she often used to deliver her smartest observations? The historical Marilyn Monroe resembles one of those subatomic particles, invisible to the eye and measurable only in the effects it has on surrounding objects -- in her case, "people's unconscious." The personas assigned to her -- dumb blonde, angel of sex, little girl lost, sacrificial lamb, thwarted artist, self-destructive diva -- are all maddeningly flat and can't be assembled into anything three-dimensional. Even the idea that she was fundamentally unknown and unknowable because people imposed their dreams upon her, or because she instinctively reflected them, is a cliche, the cheesy thesis of a second-rate biographer.

Joyce Carol Oates takes the boldest path to comprehending "the riddle, the curse of Monroe" by proceeding directly and frankly to fiction. Her novel "Blonde" is fat, messy and fierce. It's part Gothic, part kaleidoscopic novel of ideas, part lurid celebrity potboiler, and it is seldom less than engrossing. The achievement is remarkable because the immediate, visceral impact of Monroe's image is so very much a phenomenon of film, defying the inward-looking, speculative mind of literature. The inert words "a beautiful woman" mean so little, while Marilyn's face and body, transubstantiated by the camera, remain a revelation of sunny, melting sweetness. Of course, a real and patently miserable woman lived inside that marvelous concoction of flesh and light, and Oates intends "Blonde" to describe that woman's experience. If a novel can't deliver Monroe's beauty, a force that profoundly shaped how people behaved toward her, it can, better than any film, give us her interior world.

In her author's note, Oates acknowledges that she has compressed Monroe's numerous lovers, medical crises, abortions, suicide attempts and screen performances into "a selected, symbolic few." Two of Monroe's early agents have been combined into one man, and the names of such individuals as her first husband and her masseur have been changed. Oates has also expanded rumored liaisons with Charles Chaplin Jr. and Edward G. Robinson Jr. into a significant, continuing menage trois.

The most familiar Monroe legend portrays her as a fragile innocent exploited and eventually crushed by Hollywood, a fable that blithely ignores what Norman Mailer called "a full pedigree of insanity" on her maternal side. Monroe's mother, grandfather and grandmother died in mental institutions and she had an uncle who killed himself. On her father's side lies a void; her mother, Gladys, never divulged his identity. For Oates, Marilyn's mother's madness and her father's absence framed her for misery and disaster, but the predations of men finished the job.

The strongest part of "Blonde" describes Monroe's childhood and youth in Los Angeles, when she went by the name of Norma Jeane Baker. If her marriages to Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller have an unsettlingly high-concept quality, as if they were as much symbolic acts as intimate ones (Oates refers to them only as "the Ex-Athlete" and "the Playwright"), so, strangely enough, did her childhood. Oates's Gladys is a former actress turned film developer for "the Studio" (the historical Gladys was a negative cutter). When Gladys suffers a breakdown, Norma Jeane is exiled to an orphanage and eventually to a foster home, where her blossoming body troubles the family's equilibrium. Her foster mother pushes her into an early marriage that founders when her husband, overwhelmed by her neediness, enlists in the merchant marine during World War II. A photographer "discovers" her working in a factory and she begins to work as a pinup model, trying to break into the movies.

Oates's depiction of life on the workaday fringes of Hollywood captures the sinister lassitude that still persists in parts of Los Angeles; it's as if the vitality of everyday life had been sapped to fuel the nearby machinery of illusion. Norma Jeane spends much of her childhood in a shuttered bungalow where Gladys lies on a stained bedspread, going steadily mad, or in her mother's car, being driven slowly past the stars' homes and tantalized by Gladys's tales of the mysterious powerful man who fathered her and will one day reclaim them both. As a young wife, she loses herself in "the rhythmic, repetitive, hypnotic pleasures of housework" in a sleepy Mission Hills apartment. By the time Norma Jeane begins making the rounds of low-rent modeling agencies, Oates doesn't have to describe the string of dull waiting rooms where dust collects on cheap Naugahyde-covered furniture. You can practically smell them.

Sweat is an abiding preoccupation of this novel, and in its first third most of the characters appear at least once with big underarm stains. Maintaining the tenuous gentility that separates them from their ***working-class*** roots is, for Gladys and Norma Jeane, often a difficult matter of remaining clean and fresh; Norma Jeane recognizes her mother's insanity by nose, in her "sour yeasty unwashed smell." Her own periods, painful and copious, add to her tormenting "terror of sweating through deodorant on a hot steamy day, the terror of smelling, the terror of staining a dress."

Oates sees Monroe as a powerful, instinctual actress sabotaged and tortured by a man's world that both coveted and despised her body. Stumbling upon one of her pinup photos, her foster father feels "a stabbing desire and at the same time a profound disgust, as if he'd bitten into something rotten"; this kind of twisted response dogs Norma Jeane throughout her life. "Blonde," although sometimes sloppy and sentimental, is perhaps the most ferocious fictional treatise ever written on the uninhabitable grotesqueness of femininity. No one embodied femininity better than Marilyn Monroe, who concocted a persona who seemed to exist only for sex and at the same time to be oblivious of it, who possessed an eroticism that was all responsiveness and no desire.

How else to cater to a masculine sexuality that hates itself and demands that females receive and bear away that hatred like dutiful wives cleaning up after a husband's violent binge? For Oates, this cold-blooded male rapaciousness finds its apex in two figures: John F. Kennedy, who seduces Monroe then treats her contemptuously, and a DeLilloesque (and not particularly convincing) government agent, known only as the Sharpshooter, who spies on her. But even the men who loved Monroe, like Miller, Oates says, martyred her to an idealized and therefore truncated vision of the eternal feminine: Marilyn as a fountain of simple sweetness in a poisoned landscape, Marilyn as rescue object.

Long fascinated by the erotics of dominance and submission, Oates has often tracked this interest into the territory of the Grand Guignol. She has written novels in which the central characters were based on the cannibalistic serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer and the hapless, dying Mary Jo Kopechne, with results that frequently seemed histrionic and metaphorically overburdened. With Monroe, however, Oates can't possibly go too far; her subject is of Cinemascope proportions, an undisputed titan in America's mythic imagination, so she can't be too vulgar or grandiose. The leeway that allows for some genuinely terrible kitsch (particularly a continuing conceit about movie archetypes christened "the Dark Prince" and "the Fair Princess") also gives her the freedom to write this passage describing Monroe's last film, "The Misfits":

"It had a stubborn integrity. The characters resembled broken-down actors. Famous faces yet not themselves. You looked at Gay Langland and thought Wasn't he once Clark Gable? . . . You looked at the battered rodeo performer Perce Howland and thought My God! He used to be Montgomery Clift. These are people you knew when you were a kid. Gay Langland was a bachelor uncle of yours; Roslyn Tabor was a friend of your mother's, a small-town divorcee. . . . The rodeo performer was a drifter, sad-eyed, skinny, with a ruined face. You'd see him in the early evening outside the bus station smoking and casting ghost-eyes in your direction. Hey: do you know me? These were ordinary Americans of the 50's yet mysterious to you because you knew them long ago when the world was mysterious and even your own face, contemplated in a mirror, in for instance the cigarette vending machine of that bus station or in the water-specked mirror above a lavatory sink, was a mystery never to be solved."

Oates also describes "The Misfits" as the only occasion in which Monroe could express in her art the rage that might have liberated her. But even this generous portrait of Norma Jeane feels strangely occluded. What's missing is partly her anger, yes, but mostly it's her will. Monroe's difficulty bearing a child was the result of perhaps as many as 12 abortions. Her stardom, however much she came to resent it, was the product of years of determined striving, and she fought mightily with the studio for mastery; perhaps her great mistake was to think she could win this game, but nevertheless she did try to win it. Yet Oates's Norma Jeane doesn't seek out the camera, she's hunted by it. That first photographer "pursued her around the fuselages, and wouldn't take no for an answer." The poetic license with which Oates uses one abortion to stand for a dozen makes a painful misfortune out of what must have been deliberate policy.

Is it the author who can't admit to Norma Jeane's will, or is it Norma Jeane herself? The actress already sees her personality as divided -- she contains Norma Jeane, "the Blonde Actress," "Marilyn" and a pitiful impostor called the Beggar Maid. Oates might have imagined a presence, invisible to Norma Jeane, who steers the whole conglomeration. Does it impair Oates's novel that it's never clear if this blind spot is hers or her character's? Not terribly. Both Oates's Norma Jeane and the mythic Marilyn owe their ability to fascinate to their victimization. Sometimes the potency of cultural icons lies in the ghosts of the emotions exiled by their radical simplicity -- the sissy in John Wayne, the nerd in James Dean and the part of sweet, helpless Marilyn Monroe that was, after all, the captain of her soul.

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**Graphic**

Drawing (Philip Burke)

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[***Remembering A Sensation In Cincinnati***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YY4-S4P0-00MH-F4P9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

EXACTLY 10 years ago this Friday, Dennis Barrie woke up in a good mood, went to work and became the first American museum director known to be indicted for doing his job. Mr. Barrie, then 42 and director of the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, was well aware that there were objections to the new exhibition there: photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe, which included depictions of sadomasochistic homosexual acts and portraits of nude children. Business leaders had pressured the center to cancel the show, but the opening for museum members the evening before had gone smoothly, so Mr. Barrie was optimistic.

"I felt very triumphant that we had opened successfully, that people had stood in line in terrible weather; there were thousands of people there," Mr. Barrie recalled in a recent telephone interview. "The next morning I went to work, probably having been up too late, and walked in there, casually thinking everything would be fine."

He soon learned otherwise. Reporters, who were already camped out at the arts center, informed him that the local police were going to make their move that day. Mr. Barrie gathered his lawyers and other advisers to talk about how to handle the arrest. In midafternoon, law-enforcement officials arrived, cleared the museum of its 500 or so visitors and shut it down long enough to videotape the exhibition. Mr. Barrie and the art center were indicted on obscenity charges (pandering and using minors in pornography). As Mr. Barrie was escorted out of the museum, protesters, according to news reports, shouted "Fascists!" and "Gestapo, go home!"

In "Dirty Pictures" -- the television film version of Mr. Barrie's story, scheduled to have its premiere next month on Showtime -- the protesters shout "Stop the art police!" Mr. Barrie is played by James Woods. Between scenes of the first criminal trial in the United States over the content of a museum exhibition, the likes of Salman Rushdie, William F. Buckley Jr., Barney Frank and Fran Lebowitz talk about censorship. And scores of Mapplethorpe photographs, including the most controversial, are shown on camera.

When Showtime first began developing the film, a lot of people (particularly Mr. Barrie) thought the story and the issues it dealt with were old news, but events soon proved them wrong. Last September, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York threatened to cut off financing to the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and even evict the museum from its building, because of the "Sensation" exhibition, which included a rendering of the Virgin Mary accented by elephant dung. And in the current Biennial at the Whitney Museum, one artist, Hans Haacke, appears to tell Mr. Giuliani what he thinks of that incident in "Sanitation," a piece of installation art that seems to compare Mr. Giuliani and other American politicians to Hitler, and their comments on public financing of the arts to the Nazis' "Degenerate Art" exhibition of 1937.

So "Dirty Pictures" could not have been better timed, and it gets as political as it wants to be. Although the script personalizes what could have been a traditional courtroom drama, by going home with Mr. Barrie and showing the tensions affecting him, his wife (played by Diana Scarwid) and their two sons, the dangers of censorship in the arts, not one man's nightmare, were always the film's central theme. At least that was true for the producer, Michael Manheim, who trod similar political ground with the NBC docudrama "Roe v. Wade" a decade ago.

"I did it," Mr. Manheim said of the new film, "because I believe in the First Amendment. I think the lesson of our age is that you don't silence the idea, no matter how abhorrent it is. You argue it down in the marketplace of ideas."

But, as both Mr. Manheim and Mr. Barrie observe, the lesson has been a difficult one for many Americans, and the censorship wars are still raging.

"After our case," Mr. Barrie said, "I really did think the battle had gone in different directions: the mass media, the V-chip. But now it's cycling back to the museum world, the art world, the cultural world. I think the groups that fight these battles see this as holding the line on moral decay, or not even moral decay but in keeping the status quo in a changing world."

TO play a champion of the opposing liberal attitudes or a defender of Mapplethorpe's work in particular, the outspoken Mr. Woods might not be the first actor a casting director would think of. To call his statements homophobic, for instance, would seem an understatement.

"One of the greatest things about this exhibit, I'm sure," Mr. Woods said in an interview between filming scenes in Toronto, "had to be that any reasonable adult with children would walk in there and look at a picture of one man urinating in another man's mouth and say: 'You know what? Now I know I don't want those guys teaching my kids.' And I mean that. I don't want those people teaching my children values."

Mr. Woods -- whose film and television roles have included the notorious lawyer Roy Cohn in HBO's "Citizen Cohn," H. R. Haldeman in Oliver Stone's "Nixon" and Byron de la Beckwith, the man who murdered Medgar Evers, in "Ghosts of Mississippi" -- seems to enjoy getting interviewers' attention with unfashionably conservative statements. He describes himself as having been a liberal Democrat, like his parents, "until I actually evolved as a human being."

When he announced his engagement to Melissa Crider earlier this year, he defended the age difference (he's 52; she's in her mid-20's) by comparing the coming marriage to the choice of a family pet; most people, he said, want cute little puppies, not 13-year-old dogs. (Apparently his fiancee is willing to settle for an older animal.) Mr. Woods does want to make it clear, however, that he is "totally, 100 percent, virulently anticensorship."

"But, you know," he added, "I so wish that people who luxuriate in their First Amendment rights would take just one little bit of commensurate responsibility in enjoying those rights."

Mr. Woods's opinion of Mapplethorpe is not particularly admiring. "The two best things that ever happened to him," the actor said of the photographer, "was dying and having his work at the C.A.C. And having the subsequent trial."

No artist's reputation ever suffered from a well-timed demise, it's true, but Mapplethorpe was, in fact, much written about in the decade before he died, in March 1989 at the age of 42. As early as 1981, critics were debating the value of his elegant style and shocking subjects (and referring, in one instance, to an earlier photographer as "the Robert Mapplethorpe of his generation"). At one point in 1983, Mapplethorpe had a new book in the stores and pictures in three Manhattan gallery shows at once. As he battled AIDS, he chronicled his own physical deterioration.

The work of his that still shocks, however, is from the "X Portfolio," photographs of sadomasochistic gay sex practices. In "Dirty Pictures," when the Hamilton County, Ohio, sheriff (played by Craig T. Nelson) gets his first look at these photos, he speaks for many when he exclaims, "Whoa, Nellie!"

Mr. Barrie may defend those pictures, but the actor who plays him does not. "You can say all you want and be politically correct and so on," Mr. Woods said, "but I don't see the artistic merit of one man bent over with his forearm inserted up another man's anus. What is the artistry in that shot?"

Expert witnesses from the art world answered that question in the Cincinnati trial. Jacquelynn Baas, then director of the University Art Museum in Berkeley, Calif., for instance, testified, "It's the tension between the physical beauty of the photographs and the brutal nature of what's going on in it." Janet Kardon, who had put the Mapplethorpe exhibition together in 1987 at the Institute of Contemporary Art of Philadelphia, described one photograph, of a finger inserted in a penis, as "a very ordered, classical composition."

After a two-week trial, the jury -- mostly ***working-class*** suburbanites, only three of whom had ever gone to an art museum -- found those points of view plausible and acquitted Mr. Barrie after only two hours of deliberation.

Frank Pierson, the director of "Dirty Pictures" and a self-professed political liberal, considers that outcome the real beauty of the story: "I thought it was wonderful that eight very ordinary people, when push came to shove, voted for the Constitution of the United States of America." And for art that may have been personally offensive to them. "It's very easy to come out against the censors who want to throw 'Huck Finn' out of the library," Mr. Pierson added.

By the time the verdict was announced, the exhibition had already gone on to Boston, the final stop in its seven-city tour, without major incident. Mr. Barrie left Cincinnati about a year after the trial, becoming the first director of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland (where, he says, he experienced a touch of deja vu when some people suggested that the history of rock music be depicted without reference to sex, drugs or four-letter words). Today he is president of the Malrite Company, which creates hybrid museum-entertainment complexes, with an emphasis on popular culture. The Barries divorced after the trial. Their two sons, now 18 and 21, visited the film set in Toronto, where they met a host of people who considered their father a hero.

"Hearing that was very good for them," Mr. Barrie said. "It took a lot out of me, quite honestly, 10 years ago. For a long time I didn't want to go out and fight those fights again. In a way the film is like closure."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: James Woods as the museum director Dennis Barrie in Showtime's "Dirty Pictures." (Marni Grossman/Showtime) (pg.34); Dennis Barrie on trial in Cincinnati in October 1990. (Associated Press) (pg.40)

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[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H29-HPW1-DXY4-X4GP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms' (through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (through Oct. 18) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film' (through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, thejewishmuseum.org, 212-423-3200. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (through Oct. 18) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, at Seventh Street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, 347-799-1017, morbidanatomymuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-96), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15' (through Oct. 25) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Uptown

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

Galleries: 57th Street

Adrián Villar Rojas: 'Two Suns' (through Oct. 10) This fast-rising site-oriented sculptor gives festivalism a good name. Here he transforms two spaces into environments that evocatively conjure different sites, including possibly, the gallery's own past as a showroom; contrasts kinds of available light; adds a wonderful sense of artisanal time underfoot and surprises us with one of the pinnacles of western sculpture, profoundly altered. Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57th Street, Manhattan, 212-977-7160, mariangoodman.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Keltie Ferris: 'Paintings and Body Prints' (through Oct. 17) Ms. Ferris's new paintings are aggressive and emphatic but also spectral and expansive, remaking the digital in supremely analog form. What read from afar (or in photographs) as pixels are, close up, thick rectangles of paint applied with a flat-ended brush that recall the pointillism of Seurat and Signac. Ms. Ferris also melds the geometry of digital media with Native American patterns, Bauhaus weaving and the ethereality of visionary painters like Lee Mullican and Chris Martin. Body prints, in which she pressed her torso, thighs, hands, feet and face against the surface have historical echoes, too. Titles are simple but vivid, underscoring the precision and force of these paintings, but the aggression here is more utopian than destructive, a record of what it takes to make great and vital painting. Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-744-7400, miandn.com. (Schwendener)

Mark Grotjahn: 'Painted Sculpture' (through Oct. 29) This talented painter's pitting of modernist abstraction and Expressionism against the crucial influences of African art is best when he pits oil paint against bronze, in this case casts of cardboard boxes for flat-screen TVs. The conceptual and inspirational stratagems are several (see the titles). The results are preposterously gorgeous and not a little perverse. Anton Kern Gallery, 532 West 20th Street, 212-367-9663, antonkerngallery.com. (Smith)

? 'Japanese Propaganda Kimonos, 1905-1941' (through Oct. 17) Celebrating Japanese military might, the garments in this fascinating show bear lively compositions reflecting international styles like Art Deco and Depression Moderne. In patchwork patterns and suavely muted colors, they depict fighter planes, battleships, antiaircraft artillery, aerial landscapes, maps and cute child soldiers. Edward Thorp, 210 11th Avenue, at 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-691-6565, edwardthorpgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley (through Oct. 24) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunkerlike construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

? Ron Nagle: 'Five O'Clock Shadow' (through Oct. 24) This large and stunning exhibition of the bonsai-size sculptures of Mr. Nagle -- whose chief medium is glazed clay -- shows off his inventive way of contrasting colors, forms and textures in ways both seductive and slightly that evoke food, furniture, body parts, spindly succulents and oozing drips of blood, chocolate, motor oil or just glaze. It should challenge some museum to do the full-dress retrospective he deserves. Matthew Marks Gallery, 522 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Smith)

? 'September Spring' (through Oct. 10) This lovely performance-based show conceived by the artist Sam Falls and executed by a dance duo, Jessie Gold and Elizabeth Hart, known as Hart of Gold, is a memorial to the poet and musician Jamie Kanzler, who used the nom de plume September Spring. The show's centerpiece is a repeated, 17-minute-long piece of choreography in which Ms. Gold and Ms. Hart basically dance into being a series of abstract paintings, which are then displayed in the gallery. There are six performances a week: Tuesday through Friday at 5 p.m. and Saturday at 2 and 5 p.m. through Oct. 3, at which time a total of 24 paintings will be finished, corresponding to the years of Mr. Kanzler's brief life. The Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea, 212-255-5793, thekitchen.org. (Cotter)

Frank Stella: 'Shape as Form' (through Oct. 10) With 10 works spanning 40 years, this show is the perfect refresher for the bends-producing career of postwar American art's least predictable figure -- the subject great of a retrospective opening late next month at the Whitney Museum. Go for the Irregular Polygon painting and a Polish Village relief from the 1960s, stay for ''Mosport 4.75x'' (1982) from the Circuits series. Paul Kasmin, 293 10th Avenue, at 27th Street, 212-563-4474, paulkasmingallery.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

? David Nelson (through Oct. 24) The New York artist David Nelson (1960-2013) was primarily a painter until 1993, when his longtime partner David Knudsvig, also an artist, died of AIDS. In the years that followed Mr. Nelson began to work in distinctive forms of sculpture and photography before moving back to painting again. This survey, organized by Joseph Berger, director of 80WSE, and Nancy Brooks Brody, is a loving tribute and a very beautiful thing. 80WSE, New York University, 80 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-5747, steinhardt.nyu.edu/80wse. (Cotter)

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations' (through Nov. 1) In the best Pop Art tradition -- that is, blurring the boundary between art and life -- the three Eduardo Paolozzi sculptures from the 1960s and '70s here actually did time as playground equipment, before being stripped of paint and becoming sculpture again. Accompanying the sculptures are screen prints from two series: the bright, hallucinogenic ''Z.E.E.P. (Zero Energy Experimental Pile)'' series, made from Paolozzi collages from 1969 to 1970, which include images that illustrate Cold War fears and manias; and the muted and pastel ''Calcium Light Night'' (1974-6) series, which responds to musical compositions by Charles Ives, but also mirrors the repeating curves and mechanical patterns of the sculptures. Clearing, 396 Johnson Avenue, at Morgan Avenue, Bushwick, Brooklyn, 718-456-0396, c-l-e-a-r-i-n-g.com. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

Martha Armstrong: 'East To West: Recent Paintings' (closes on Saturday) Painting from nature is nearly as old as the hills, but this underappreciated veteran renews it with tips from Cezanne, Fauvism and Cubism. The suave disciplinarian of a muscular style, she specializes in subtle colors and blocky shapes that resist easy legibility. Improvised yet carefully constructed, her paintings explode toward the eye, like nature on first sight, at its most welcoming and irrepressible. Bowery Gallery, 530 West 25th Street, Chelsea, 646-230-6655, bowerygallery.org. (Smith)

Trish Baga: 'Orlando' (closes on Saturday) A strong sophomore outing by a young artist involves handmade, marvelously glazed ceramics that depict everything from Google Chrome to pipes shaped like vaginas, and a 3-D video that, layering images and crossing Orlando, the Florida city, with ''Orlando,'' the Virginia Woolf novel, has the disorienting effect of an installation. Not everything is as convincing as these elements, but they are more than enough. Greene Naftali, 508 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-463-7770, greenenaftaligallery.com. (Smith)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (closes on Sunday) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (closes on Sunday) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

'Intimate Transgressions' (closes on Sunday) Sexual violence as an instrument of terrorism is the theme of this large, international group show, organized by the artist Fion Gunn and Juan Puntes, the director of the nonprofit WhiteBox. A few of the 22 artists -- Regina José Galindo, Teresa Margolles -- are familiar to New York audiences, most are not. Several base their work on the specific history of the so-called ''comfort women'' enslaved by Japanese soldiers during World War II, though the scope of the exhibition is, appropriately, global and current. WhiteBox, 329 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-714-2347, whiteboxnyc.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (closes on Sunday) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (closes on Sunday) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (closes on Sunday) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (closes on Sunday) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

'Please Return To: Mail Art from the Ray Johnson Archive' (closes on Friday) Along with 10 of his witty, densely layered collages, this small, engrossing show features dozens of altered versions of several basic images or ''templates,'' which Mr. Johnson mailed to friends and strangers, including many well-known artists, asking recipients to change the image and return it to him. One template is an outline of his own profile, to which Ad Reinhardt added small, penciled letters at the lips, spelling ''silence.'' Richard L. Feigen & Company, 34 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-628-0700, rlfeigen.com. (Johnson)

Charles Swedlund: 'Buy Photographs -- Not Gold! and Other Works, 1970-1975' (closes on Saturday) Mr. Swedlund's exhibition of playful photographic works from the early 1970s offers an amusing trip back to a time when conceptually minded photographers were looking for ways beyond the Modernist black-and-white print. The show includes photographs turned into puzzles, games, stereoscopic pictures and flip books. Two bubble gum vending machines are stocked with plastic capsules containing little prints. Purchase a $20 token from the gallery and you can obtain one for yourself. Higher Pictures, 980 Madison Avenue, at 77th Street, Manhattan, 212-249-6100, higherpictures.com. (Johnson)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/02/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-2-8.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/02/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-2-8.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANG W. LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

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[***Helsinki***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CNH-TF00-TW8F-G3DS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By LIZETTE ALVAREZ

**Body**

Summers in Helsinki are the perfect salve for the country's somber winters. The sun hovers in the sky most of the night. Temperatures linger at the pleasant mark -- not too hot, not too cold. And restaurants turn themselves inside out, their tables spilling across city sidewalks.

On sunny days, it seems as if all of Helsinki is biking, boating, walking, picnicking or just lolling about in parks and cafes. The city, a hodgepodge of Art Nouveau, Modernist and Russian architecture, provides free bicycles at stands around the city in the summer while the harborfront is chockablock with boats. Festivals are a summer mainstay, ranging from the traditional (opera) to the cutting edge (electronic music). And into the wee hours, crowds drop in on the flourishing and funky bar scene.

Events

The largest and most diverse event of the year is the Helsinki Festival, which unfolds around the city Aug. 20 to Sept. 5. A melange of contemporary and classical music, dance and art, the festival's biggest date is Aug. 26 -- Night of the Arts -- when galleries open until midnight and musicians perform in parks and on street corners. One high point is Esa-Pekka Salonen's return home to conduct the Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra on Sept. 5 at 7:30 p.m. at Finlandia Hall. (Mr. Salonen is now music director for the Los Angeles Philharmonic.) The program includes Mahler's Symphony No. 7 And Berg's Violin Concerto. For a modern twist, the Kronos Quartet will appear at the Huvila tent on Sept. 4 and 5, with Kimmo Pohjonen Kluster, which consists of two accordionists, electronic ''music samplers'' and other special effects artists. Tickets, $19 to $62 (at $1.25 to the euro), are available by calling (358) 600 900 900. Times and locations are available at [*www.helsinkifestival.fi*](http://www.helsinkifestival.fi).

The second most popular festival is Koneisto, which spotlights electronic music and art installations. The event runs Aug. 13 and 14 at the Cable Factory, Tallberginkatu 1, an old Nokia cable factory converted into a huge art space. Featured performers include Richie Hawtin, who blends minimal techno and acid into dance music, and the Streets, a British garage band. Tickets are $40 to $69 and can be bought by calling (358) 600 10 800; information at [*www.koneisto.com*](http://www.koneisto.com).

Opera lovers can catch the four operas of the Wagner ''Ring'' cycle by the Finnish National Opera between Aug. 6 and Sept. 4. The They will be conducted by Ralf Weikert. Tickets for individual performances are $20 to $112 and for all four, they are $94 to $375; they are available at the box office, (358-9) 4030 2211. The opera hall is at Helsinginkatu 58. Web site: [*www.operafin.fi*](http://www.operafin.fi).

The Tuska Open Air Metal Festival, July 16 to July 18, features more than 30 heavy metal bands on three stages. During the day, concerts take place at Kaisaniemi Park, next to the Central Railway Station. Featured artists include In Flames, one of Sweden's most popular thrash bands, on July 16, and an American band, Dio, led by the popular frontman Ronnie James Dio, on July 18. Tickets are $37.50 for a full day, 2 to 11 p.m. Tickets must be ordered online through [*www.tiketti.fi*](http://www.tiketti.fi).

Sightseeing

Summer is made for walking and cycling, and Helsinki offers plenty of meandering paths around the city center. Pick up the brochure ''See Helsinki on Foot'' at the tourist office, which is at Pohjoisesplanadi 19, [*www.hel.fi/tourism*](http://www.hel.fi/tourism), and choose one of six walking tours. The one leading from Kaivopuisto Park to Market Square (two hours on foot) takes visitors past Art Nouveau houses in the Eira neighborhood, then along the water's edge, through the gorgeous Esplanade and to the bustling seafront market. Visitors can also bike it on one of 300 bicycles on loan from June 1 to Aug. 26 in spots around the city. Bikes require a $2.50 deposit.

In the outdoor Market Square, at the harbor, you can shop for everything from fish and fruit to fur hats and hunting knives. The market does a brisk trade in arts and crafts, jewelry, hand-knit sweaters and caps, and all things reindeer, including skins and antler chunks (for necklaces). Nearby, an indoor hall specializes in food. Makeshift outdoor cafes bustle at lunchtime, offering salmon soup for $4, plates of fried seafood for $10 and salmon right off the boat with salad for $8.

The Museum of Contemporary Art Kiasma, Mannerheiminaukio 2, (358-9) 1733 6501, online at [*www.kiasma.fi*](http://www.kiasma.fi), is talked about more in terms of its simple, curved, modern building with aluminum walls than its art. The terrace at the main entrance, where there is a cafe, is particularly enjoyable on a sunny day. The Kiasma's current exhibit, ''The Eye and the Mind,'' runs to Sept. 26 and explores the process of making art, from its inception as an idea to the final product. Closed Monday. Admission is $7.

Where to Stay

All of these have a sauna; rates include taxes and buffet breakfast.

On a little peninsula facing the harbor, where cruise ships dock, sits the 462-room Hotel Grand Marina Helsinki, Katajanokanlaituri 7, (358-9) 166 61, fax (358-9) 664 764, [*www.scandic-hotels.com/grandmarina*](http://www.scandic-hotels.com/grandmarina). The hotel, with its Art Nouveau exterior, was built in the early 20th century as a customs house. The good-size doubles start at $130 in summer.

The Radisson SAS Plaza Hotel, Mikonkatu 23, (358-9) 775 90, fax (358-9) 7759 7100, [*www.radissonsas.com*](http://www.radissonsas.com), is large (301 rooms), quiet and comfortable. Visitors can choose rooms in Nordic style, with light wood furnishings; classic, with darker wood and carpet; or Italian, with vivid colors. Doubles start at $279 but go as low as $119 summer weekends.

Budget: With wood floors and Tony's Deli, a well-recommended Italian restaurant, adjacent to the lobby, the 136-room Sokos Hotel Klaus Kurki, Bulevardi 2-4, (358-20) 1234 607, fax (358-9) 4334 7100, [*www.sokoshotel.fi*](http://www.sokoshotel.fi), is a quaint alternative to the large hotels. Most rooms offer the typical two twins pushed together, but also have private baths with a tub, uncommon in Helsinki hotels. Doubles in summer are $112.

Hotel Arthur, Vuorikatu 19, (358-9)173 441, fax, (358-9)-626 880. [*www.hotelarthur.fi*](http://www.hotelarthur.fi), with large rooms that sometimes hold four beds, caters to Finnish families on a budget. Its plainly furnished rooms feature large windows, wood floors and sofa beds. Rates for the 144 rooms start at $89 for a double room. An extra bed is $25.

Luxury: The 179-room Hotel Kamp, Pohjoisesplanadi 29, (358-9) 576 111, fax (358-9) 576 1122. [*www.hotelkamp.fi*](http://www.hotelkamp.fi), in a 19th-century building, is all about indulgent, but discreet, service. Double rooms are large and comfortable, with marble bathrooms that feature generous tubs (with rubber ducks) and showers. There is an excellent spa on site. A deluxe room is $249 a night on summer weekends.

Where to Eat

The Sea Horse, Kapteeninkatu 11, (358-9) 628 169, is a trendy ***working-class*** restaurant near the city center. It serves hearty, well-done Finnish soul food, including crispy fried Baltic herring, traditional meatballs, filet of reindeer and Finnish pancakes with strawberry jam and whipped cream. The tab for two with beer will come to $50.

For Finnish country fare, and the atmosphere to go with it, locals flock to Zetor, Mannerheimintie 3-5, (358-9) 666 966, a large restaurant and bar that features tractors, buckets full of cutlery and milk cans that double as stools. Food includes Arctic char, salmon soup, black sausage and the perennial reindeer. Dinner for two with beer, $85. Dinner daily, plus lunch on Saturday.

Cheerful, sleek and bright, Lasipalatsi, Mannerheimintie 22-24, (358-9) 612 6700, pays tribute in its design to its 1930's building across from the contemporary art museum. The food is sumptuous and includes a creamy soup called false morels cappuccino, Lappish lamb (plus lamb kidneys and tongue) on a skewer and Finnish cheeses. Dinner for two, with moderately priced wine, is $125. Open daily; dinner only on Sunday and every day June 28 to Aug. 1.

Sarkanlinna, (358-9) 1345 6756, a stunning restaurant with great views at the top of an old fortress, is on the island of Sarkka, a five-minute boat ride from the Helsinki mainland. Diners climb to a top floor, which has barrel-shaped wooden ceilings, refined rustic furnishings, long windows and sloped wooden floors (the easier to roll the cannonballs down). Dine on reindeer with apple and nut salad, frothy chervil soup with smoked Baltic herring, dove filled with foie gras, or brisket of beef with apple sauce. Dinner for two is about $220. Dinner only; closed Sunday. Boats, provided by the restaurant, leave from Ullanlinna Jetty in Kaivopuisto Park.

Restaurant George, Kalevankatu 17, (358-9) 647 662, garnered its first Michelin star this year under its chef, Markus Aremo. The small restaurant feels cozy and elegant. Food is presented on beautifully painted plates. Dishes might include horseradish marinated oxtails with orange sauce, cold smoked herring tartar with lemon foam, breast of duck with pomegranate sauce, fried white fish with zucchini beignettes. Desserts, like a chocolate tart with passionfruit sorbet, are delightful. Three-course dinners for two start at $150 with two glasses of wine. Open weekdays for lunch and dinner, dinner only on Saturday. Closed Sunday.

Bars

No matter the season, Finns are known for gathering over drinks. It is no surprise then that Helsinki has a string of small, quirky bars original enough to serve as destinations.

If a summer heat wave descends on the city, the Arctic Ice Bar, Yliopistonkatu 5, made entirely of crystal-clear blocks of ice, is the place to cool off. A bar within a bar (it sits at the back of a club called Uniq), the ice bar must be rebuilt every six months. Customers buy $12.50 drink vouchers, then slip on a thermal coat and gloves, before being led inside to enjoy (or not) 18-degree Fahrenheit temperatures. Only Finlandia vodka drinks are served. The ice bar is open Wednesday to Sunday 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. You must be 24 to enter; (358-9) 278 1855.

On the other hand, if Helsinki is not quite hot enough, the Saunabar may be a better alternative. More rustic than slick, it takes the Finnish obsession with saunas to a different level, giving customers a chance to drink, listen to music, play pool, and then, if the idea appeals, sit inside a sauna with friends (one for women and one for men). Rates for using the sauna are $9 to $15, depending on day of the week. The Saunabar, Eerikinkatu 27, (358-9) 586 5550, opens daily at 4:30 in summer and closes at 1 or 2 a.m.

Visitors in a retro-Soviet mood can stop in at Bar Moskva, Eerikinkatu 11, (358-9) 611 200, a cramped watering hole full of Soviet memorabilia. A Soviet stereo plays old Soviet records, Soviet liquor sits on shelves, and cigarette smoke chokes the air. The bar is owned by Aki Kaurismaki, the Finnish film director, and his brother, Mika, who also own the bar next door, Corona. Open 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. every day.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The Lutheran Cathedral, seen from Helsinki's harbor. Finnish National Opera. Patrons of the Arctic Ice Bar are lent clothing suitable for the climate. A farmer selling peas in Market Square. (Photos by Finnish Tourist Board/New York City [cathedral], Matti Tirri [opera], Bo Zaunders [market], Jussi Nukari/Lehtikuva [bar])Chart: ''Vital Statistics'' lists travel information and statistics on Helsinki, Finland. (Sources by Runzheimer International, Statistics Finland, Fodor's World Weather Guide, local businesses)Map of Helsinki, Finland.

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[***OSCAR FILMS/VETERANS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSN-2YX0-00MH-F2X8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Ongoing Americanization of Michael Caine***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YSN-2YX0-00MH-F2X8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ALAN RIDING

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**Body**

MICHAEL CAINE'S cockney accent has become so much a part of his public persona that it always comes as something of a surprise to find him in a movie using a different one. And yet actors are always "doing" accents, and Mr. Caine has done his share. Indeed, in his most recent movie, "The Cider House Rules," this Londoner sounds -- and looks -- convincing enough as a New England orphanage director to have won an Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor.

Yet there is something about the English that turns accents into social, even political, statements. Thus, when Mr. Caine entered the theater in the late 1950's, he could have easily disguised his ***working-class*** background by adopting a more rounded stage voice. Instead, he held onto his cockney vowels as a way of rebelling against a class system from which, in the end, he could not escape. He earned his first Oscar nomination for playing a cockney lecher in the 1966 movie "Alfie," but in England he was labeled as a cockney actor.

All of which explains why he so enjoys working in the United States.

"When I left to work in America for the first time 30 years ago, no one talked about my accent or my class or anything," he recalled over lunch near his Chelsea home. "It was, 'Can he act?' No? Then fling him out.' It was really liberating for me. In England, I was a cockney actor. In America, I was an actor."

So much so that he went on to make dozens of films in the United States, some memorable, many less so, and to become a familiar face on late-night talk shows. With the British movie industry stagnating in the late 1970's he even moved to Los Angeles, where he lived for eight years until homesickness got the better of him. But he remains one of only a handful of European actors who clearly feel at home in the United States.

Still, when he was asked to play the role of Dr. Wilbur Larch in "The Cider House Rules," Lasse Hallstrom's movie version of John Irving's best-selling novel, Mr. Caine's main concern was to get the accent right. And he worked with a dialogue coach for two weeks before he was persuaded he could do it. What reassured him was that, for Mr. Hallstrom, Mr. Irving and the movie's producer, Richard N. Goldstein, his accent was not an issue.

"Forget the accent," he said. "What they wanted was a performance as good as any American actor could have done. And to play an American doctor in 1943 was about as far away from me as I had ever gone, so it was very interesting to do. A lot of other actors could have played it better, but I could not have played it any better, which gives me a tremendous sense of satisfaction."

With the nominations for this year's Academy Awards, there came more satisfaction: not only was "The Cider House Rules" nominated in seven categories, including best film, best director and best adapted screenplay (by Mr. Irving), but Mr. Caine -- who turns 67 on Tuesday -- also won his fifth Oscar nomination in a long career that embraces more than 80 films. Nominated for best actor for "Alfie," "Sleuth" and "Educating Rita," his only Oscar to date was in 1987 for best supporting actor in Woody Allen's "Hannah and Her Sisters."

In "The Cider House Rules," Mr. Caine has a role that any older actor would covet. Dr. Larch, the kindly white-haired obstetrician who runs an orphanage in rural Maine, is also an ether addict and an abortionist. But when pregnant women turn to him for abortions, he tries to persuade them to give birth and leave their babies in his children's home. As he slows down with age, he is grooming a successor in a young man, Homer Wells, who was born in the orphanage and whom he raised almost like a son. And his heart is broken when Homer, played by Tobey Maguire ("Wonder Boys," "Pleasantville"), decides to leave for a taste of adventure in the outside world.

Mr. Caine said he felt comfortable in the role, not only because he enjoyed the company of children ("I have this conceit that I am the best father in the world," he said of raising his two daughters, both now grown), but also because he could identify with abandoned children since he recalled suffering "mild" physical abuse as a child when he was evacuated from wartime London. Further, he evidently empathizes with Dr. Larch's decision to ignore laws forbidding abortions.

"I remember a pro-life person asking me, 'Do you agree with abortion?' " Mr. Caine said. "I said, no one agrees with abortion, women who have abortions don't agree with abortions, even the doctors who do them don't like it. But then we have to face reality. Larch set himself up as an abortionist in order to adopt children, not in order to do abortions. But if he didn't do abortions, the women wouldn't come to him. They'd go to some quack."

INTERESTINGLY, when casting his film, Mr. Hallstrom said he was persuaded he had found his Dr. Larch when he saw Mr. Caine's last film, Mark Herman's "Little Voice," in which the actor played a good-natured boozy talent scout in the north of England, surely an ocean away from the orphanage director from Maine.

" 'Little Voice' showed me that he really had the authority and wit and compassion that the character needed," said the 53-year-old Swedish director, whose previous American films include "What's Eating Gilbert Grape." "I wanted a soft-spoken version of the novel. And Larch's warmth and compassion in the film is really Michael's. His compassion for children was even stronger than I imagined. It came as a bonus when we were shooting."

In contrast, until now, Mr. Irving's favorite Michael Caine role was as Peachy Carnehan in "The Man Who Would Be King," John Huston's 1975 adaption of Kipling's novel in which Mr. Caine and Sean Connery play scoundrels in 19th-century India.

"I loved him in that film, and I imagined that he could soften Larch as he appears on the page," the novelist said by telephone from his home in Vermont. "I didn't alter a word of dialogue, but if Michael had delivered the lines the way Larch delivers them in the novel, he would have been infinitely unsympathetic, a kind of moral bully, an intellectual tyrant over this unformed boy who is Homer. But he didn't. He seemed less didactic, less polemical; his delivery softened the lines. He seemed more vulnerable to the ether, more tired, more withdrawn than the character who goes on railing for 596 pages of the novel."

Clearly, what has often been described as Mr. Caine's deadpan expression served him well in his understated portrayal of Dr. Larch.

"I'm fascinated by the minimalism of movie acting, by how little you can do," Mr. Caine said. "People will say, 'How come I know what he's thinking?' Sometimes in a movie if you just look, people put their own connotation on it, because in real life people don't make faces. It's a tremendous power to be able to do so little with tremendous effect, if you know what you're doing. And after 36 years I probably know what I'm doing."

After 36 years, though, Mr. Caine is also starting afresh. In the early 1990's, he gave up acting in films, fed up with the roles he was being offered, fed up with getting up early. Instead, he sat down and wrote a best-selling autobiography, "What's It All About?" (the title echoes the hit song from "Alfie"), and enjoyed himself as a major shareholder in seven London restaurants. But then the itch to act returned.

"I had to get old," he explained. "People have to accept you as an older man. You can't hang on to Mr. Glamour. I was always the leading man, but when you get to 60, you can't play the lover. Look at the trouble Sean Connery got into for 'Entrapment' with Catherine Zeta-Jones. So I thought, if I'm not going to get the girl in the movie, I want the part."

His first role after resuming his career was in Bob Rafelson's "Blood and Wine" (1997), in which he played Jack Nicholson's partner in crime. Next came "Little Voice," for which he won a Golden Globe as best actor in a musical comedy. After "The Cider House Rules," Mr. Caine acted alongside Geoffrey Rush, Kate Winslet and Joaquin Phoenix in "Quills," Philip Kaufman's still-to-be-released movie about the Marquis de Sade (Mr. Caine plays an envoy sent by Napoleon to destroy de Sade). And currently Mr. Caine is working in London on "Shiner," a film directed by John Irvin ("A Month by the Lake") in which he plays an East End gang leader.

So, back in England, he is once again playing the cockney? Yes, but there is a twist: he can no longer pass as a cockney.

"From living in America, my voice changed," he said. "What I did with a cockney accent was cut down the speed, because it's not the accent Americans don't understand, it's the speed. People think my accent is cockney, but it isn't. It's mine, which is now impersonated by everyone. It's an amalgam. So in 'Shiner,' which is a real cockney role, I have to put on the accent."

What has not changed, though, is the pleasure he gets from flaunting his own distinct accent at his fellow English.

"I'm the original bourgeois nightmare," he said with undisguised glee. "A cockney with intelligence and a million dollars."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael Caine, in London's Chelsea last month, is an Oscar nominee for his role in "The Cider House Rules," at top right. (Ian Cook for The New York Times)(pg. 17); Michael Caine in "The Man Who Would be King" (1975). (Allied Artists)(pg. 19)

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[***Who's in the Corner Office? - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HNH-C870-TW8F-G1CS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

ON some levels, corporate America can learn a lot about diversity from the nation's political elite.

When, in 1967, Thurgood Marshall became the first African-American to be nominated to the Supreme Court, Franklin D. Raines was just finishing high school in Seattle. More than three decades would pass before Mr. Raines, at Fannie Mae, became the first black chief executive of a Fortune 500 company.

Today, the corner offices of the nation's largest companies are dominated by white men in a way that few other parts of society still are. Only a handful of women hold prominent chief executive jobs, while 81 women are in Congress. There are more female senators from Maine (two) than there are women running Fortune 100 companies (zero).

Yet the full picture is not as simple as all this suggests. In ways less obvious than race and gender, the corporate elite has become less elite and more diverse over the last decade or two, while its counterpart in Washington has become more homogeneous.

They may be paid like kings, but C.E.O.'s seem to come from a wider variety of economic backgrounds -- with growing numbers rising from humble beginnings and fewer having attended Ivy League colleges -- than they once did. Many spent just a few years, or none, at their companies before becoming the boss. Being younger than 50 no longer rules out someone for the top job.

''There's much less emphasis on the cosmetic aspects and the cultural aspects and the refinement aspects, as opposed to the down-and-dirty, get-the-job-done aspect,'' said Gerard R. Roche, an executive recruiter for 41 years, whose firm, Heidrick & Struggles, has recently conducted chief-executive searches for Coca-Cola, Disney and Nike.

Wall Street, for example, was once seen as a club for the well heeled; today it seems much more open. James E. Cayne, the chief executive of Bear Stearns, didn't graduate from college. E. Stanley O'Neal of Merrill Lynch, one of just three black chief executives of large companies, went to Kettering University in Flint, Mich. Kenneth D. Lewis of Bank of America graduated from Georgia State.

With the glaring exceptions of sex and skin color, in other words, the mold for a big-company C.E.O. has been broken, and there isn't a new one to take its place. The story is different in Washington, where political leaders are richer, older, more likely to have gone to an expensive college and more likely to have first held another elected office than they were in the past. So in some ways, corporate leaders now mirror the rest of society more closely than elected leaders do.

IT is almost as if two separate meritocracies have sprung up. The top of the corporate one remains largely closed to women and minorities. But it also rewards skills -- like communication, real-world smarts and a common touch, executives say -- that require little in the way of a privileged background.

''I think of the people at Whirlpool who failed over the years, and it rarely had to do with their technical skills,'' said David R. Whitwam, the company's former chief, who worked his way through the University of Wisconsin emptying bedpans as a hospital orderly. ''It was usually their leadership capabilities.''

The rules for advancement in the political system are different. They bear some resemblance to those of the college-application process that many 17-year-olds are now sweating. Women and minorities, both racial and religious, succeed far more often than they did in the past. The Senate now has almost twice as many Catholics -- 24 -- as it did in 1980, and more Jews and Mormons, too. (Data on the religious background of C.E.O.'s isn't readily accessible.)

But whether the goal is winning a seat in Congress or a spot in Harvard's freshman class, wealth appears to be more important than it once was. And the types of analytical skills that rarely make the difference at Whirlpool help determine both admissions decisions and Supreme Court nominations.

Not since Richard Nixon in 1969 appointed Warren Burger, who had attended the University of Minnesota, has the court had a new justice who attended a public university for college or graduate school. Since then, every new justice has held a degree from one of four universities: Harvard, Yale, Stanford or the University of Chicago. Judge Samuel A. Alito Jr., who is preparing for confirmation hearings, graduated from Yale Law School and Princeton.

In fact, the changing educational backgrounds of the corporate and political elite may best sum up the trends. In 1980, about 23 percent of chief executives at big companies had attended one of the eight Ivy League colleges, while only 13 percent of senators had. The boardroom, not surprisingly, was a more elite place than the halls of democracy.

Today, the two groups have switched places. The number of senators educated at an Ivy college has risen to 16. Among C.E.O.'s in the Standard & Poor's 500, the share has fallen by more than half, to 10 percent. The University of Wisconsin has tied Harvard as the most common alma mater for top executives, according to Spencer Stuart, an executive search firm.

This is particularly telling because students at Ivy colleges have changed relatively little -- in economic terms -- over the last few generations. The same is true at other elite colleges like Duke, Stanford and Williams. If anything, the percentage of them coming from middle-class and ***working-class*** households has fallen slightly in recent years, recent research shows. At Harvard, for instance, the median family income was about $150,000 last year, financial aid forms suggest.

So the colleges offer a rare way to examine the shifting class backgrounds of the nation's elites. The changes seem to say something about both the business world and the colleges themselves.

At a time when the economy was not so brutally competitive, when there was less global trade and when technology had not ripped down the barriers between industries, companies could afford to draw from a relatively narrow talent pool, executives and recruiters say. That isn't the case today.

''Businesses are more complex. God knows they're much larger than they ever were before,'' said William W. McGuire, chief executive of UnitedHealth Group and a University of Texas graduate. An Ivy League degree ''opens doors,'' Mr. McGuire said. ''I'm just not sure that opening doors is tantamount to success in today's world.''

The change is not limited to the United States. The number of top executives in Britain who graduated from its most exclusive colleges, Oxford and Cambridge, declined from 1992 to the early part of this decade, The Economist found.

Thomas J. Neff, chairman of United States operations at Spencer Stuart, said he could not remember the last time a client doing an executive search had asked him to focus on graduates of particular colleges.

''I think if a C.E.O. or a board member went to an Ivy League school, there might be a bias. But it's small,'' Mr. Neff said. ''When it comes to senior level appointments, it's 'What have you done for me lately?' ''

Executives who attended public universities also say that these campuses bear a closer resemblance to the rest of society than those dominated by the upper middle class. Many of the executives went on to business school at Harvard or Stanford, but they say that their undergraduate experience also helped prepare them for the business world.

''When you look at today's C.E.O., he or she has to be very comfortable talking about the business with folks on the factory floor or customers who are increasingly diverse,'' said Robert A. Eckert, the chief executive of Mattel and a University of Arizona graduate. ''While private schools have the advantage of smaller classes and the financial wherewithal to attract the world's greatest faculty, the public schools offer the diversity and variety that go along with the size they have there.''

The high-income students at the Ivies and similar colleges, meanwhile, have been showing less interest in corporate America. First, the antiwar movement of the 1960's and 70's made a business career unappealing to many. About the same time, colleges were changing admissions policies to give more weight to academic skills, said Jerome Karabel, a fellow at the Longview Institute and author of ''The Chosen,'' a history of college admissions.

Capitalism is more popular on elite campuses now than it once was, but many students there still do not see corporate jobs as the best match for their skills. Instead, many turn to law, consulting or hedge-fund management. These fields tend to value skills at which the students have long excelled -- skills that can often be measured objectively. Minorities have done better in some of these professions than in corporate America. The pay in these fields also tends to be higher for younger employees, and a career rise can happen quickly.

''The most able students interested in business are increasingly finding their way into entrepreneurial activity, into financial services, into high tech and into consulting,'' Lawrence H. Summers, Harvard's president, said. ''Joining large organizations is no longer the major choice for students interested in business.''

Frederick W. Smith, C.E.O. of FedEx, attended Yale in the mid-60's and recalls being surrounded by sons of coal and steel executives. In recent years, he has spoken with Yale's president, Richard Levin, about encouraging students to join corporations. Students ''are more interested in Wall Street rather than in manufacturing, transportation and so forth,'' Mr. Smith said. ''They're much more interested in government. They are much more interested in the media.''

Not only are they interested in government, but running for office often requires wealth that is common among Ivy League students and alumni. Many candidates spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on their campaigns, and sometimes much more.

Voters now seem to care less about a candidate's background -- economic, religious or otherwise -- and more about his positions, said Brandice Canes-Wrone, a politics professor at Princeton. The best example may be the willingness of evangelical Protestants to vote for conservative Catholics. But the rise of wealthy politicians from elite schools makes the point, too.

There are almost as many millionaires in the Senate as nonmillionaires, according to Roll Call, a newspaper covering Capitol Hill. Since 1988, 9 of the 10 major-party nominees for president have held a degree from Harvard or Yale, the only exception being Bob Dole. In the previous 24 years, only 1 of the 12 nominees went to Harvard or Yale. That was Gerald R. Ford, who received a law degree from Yale.

''By traditional measures, we have an elected and appointed elite that is more representative of the American public,'' said Larry J. Sabato, of the Center for Politics at the University of Virginia. ''Yet in many ways they're less representative.''

Of course, it is hard to argue that C.E.O.'s are representative of the public when almost all of them come from the roughly one-third of Americans who are male and white.

''Clearly, it's an area where there's work to do,'' Mr. Eckert of Mattel said. ''We haven't yet achieved the diversity of our work force and our customer base.''

For all the differences between the corporate and political elite, this may be the biggest similarity: both seem to be missing out on a lot of potential talent.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the backgrounds of business and political leaders made an imprecise generalization about ''every new justice'' of the Supreme Court since 1969. While it is true that every one of them attended Harvard, Yale, Stanford or the University of Chicago, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg did not graduate from one of the four. She went to Harvard Law School and then graduated from Columbia Law School.

**Correction-Date:** December 4, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: James Cayne, chief of Bear Stearns, didn't graduate from college. (Photo by The New York Times)

E. Stanley O'Neal of Merrill Lynch attended a college in Flint, Mich. (Photo by Getty Images)

Kenneth D. Lewis of Bank of America graduated from Georgia State. (Photo by Bloomberg News)(pg. 4)

(pg. 1)Chart: ''The Changing Profile of Chief Executives''Chief executives of large companies are younger today than they were a generation ago . . .AGEMedian age1980: 592005: 56Percentage under 501980: 6%2005: 16%. . . and have spent less time with the companies they are leading.TENUREPercentage who have been with their company for less than five years1980: 5%1999: 14%2005: 18%Fewer C.E.O.'s attended an Ivy League college . . .COLLEGE EDUCATIONPercentage with bachelor's degrees from an Ivy League\* college1980: 23%1990: 19%2005: 10%. . . and some public universities are among the most common alma maters of C.E.O.'s.COLLEGE EDUCATIONC.E.O.'s who are undergraduate alumni of:Harvard (private): 13University of Wisconsin (public): 13Stanford (private): 10Princeton (private): 9University of Texas (public): 9Yale (private): 8University of Missouri (public): 6University of Washington (public): 6Cornell (private): 5Duke (private): 5Northwestern (private): 5Ohio State (public): 5U.S. Naval Academy (public): 5But almost all C.E.O.'s of large companies continue to be men.GENDERFemale: 1.4%Male: 98.6%\* The eight Ivy League colleges are Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Univ. of Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale.(Sources by Spencer Stuart [age, tenure and education]

BusinessWeek, Fortune and Spencer Stuart [Ivy League]

Catalyst [gender])(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** November 27, 2005

**End of Document**



[***A Passage to India - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RK6-PC50-TW8F-G0HC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 13, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 2211 words

**Byline:** By MATTHEW FISHBANE

**Body**

STANDING at the beginning of the buffet line at Jackson Diner in Queens, Krishnendu Ray took a plate from the heated stack of dishes, plopped on spoonfuls of several offerings and headed to table No. 22. There, a waiter tucked the bill into a wire stand and set down a pink plastic jug of water.

As Indian pop music played in the background and images of an India-Pakistan cricket match flickered on a television screen, Mr. Ray dug in.

''Tandoori chicken always tends to be too dry,'' he said, chewing a reddish strip of meat from a chicken leg. But the goat bones in the spicy stew known as makhani earned his approval. ''Bones,'' he declared, ''give a completely different taste to the meat.''

Mr. Ray, who emigrated from the Bengal state of Orissa in 1989 and lives in Peter Cooper Village, is not a restaurant critic. He is a professor of food studies at New York University and the author of ''The Migrant's Table: Meals and Memories in Bengali-American Households,'' and one of his professorial missions is to analyze the city's Indian restaurants from a sociological perspective.

A gracious, voluble 45-year-old, Mr. Ray found himself drawn to food studies because of what the subject revealed about his own migration. He and other food scholars find New York fertile ground in which to examine ethnic restaurants, especially the ways they negotiate the many forces that bear on immigrant cultures, from the yearning for home to the pressures of finding a place in a new society.

''There's a lot of anecdotal evidence,'' Mr. Ray said, ''but no systematic study of restaurants at all. We want to study the ethnic entrepreneurs. Who are they appealing to? How do they raise capital? How do they decide on their decor? And then we want to get into the kitchen.''

Within his specialty, which includes Indian, Pakistani and other South Asian cuisines, Mr. Ray also has plenty of questions. Although nearly 30,000 New Yorkers identify themselves as Bangladeshi, why does it seem impossible to find a restaurant exclusively offering Bangladeshi cuisine? How can bhel poori, a crispy snack that has become the popcorn of Bollywood film fans, be so expensive at some places and so cheap at others? How do moderately priced chains like Cafe Spice and Baluchi's turn ethnicity into a commodity?

A growing number of New Yorkers, Indian and non-Indian, are mulling these questions. The city is home to at least 200 Indian restaurants, according to The Yellow Pages, and with the number of Indian New Yorkers expected to have doubled by 2010 from 206,000 in 2000, many more are doubtless on the way.

In addition, these are especially convivial days for Indians. The Tamil harvest festival, celebrated by Tamils worldwide, will be observed on Jan. 17; Republic Day, a major Indian holiday, is Jan. 26; and through August, India is celebrating its 60th year of independence.

At the request of The New York Times, Mr. Ray visited the Jackson Diner and several other Indian restaurants over the past few months to scrutinize their menus and motifs, their staffs and their clientele, and their relationship to India and to New York. For him, this journey reveals much about the immigrant world, and about society at large.

''The immigrant body is a displaced body -- it reveals its habits much more than a body at home, because you can see the social friction,'' Mr. Ray said. ''The ethnic restaurant is one of the few places where the native and the immigrant interact substantively in our society.''

ANGON ON THE SIXTH

320 East Sixth Street, near Second Avenue

East Village

From a corner table of Angon on the Sixth, Mr. Ray scooped up gobs of daal, or lentil stew, with a piece of roti bread and pointed to the slender lamps hanging from the beams of the low ceiling. ''These lamps are Ikea,'' he said between mouthfuls, ''but meant to resemble terra cotta horse figurines.'' In India, he explained, horse sculptures are traditional offerings to the deities.

In Little India, a strip of about a dozen Indian restaurants on East Sixth Street between First and Second Avenues, Angon stands out for its lack of trinkets, flashing lights and live music. The low-key decor is meant to appeal to the non-Indian, somewhat upscale clientele that Begum Mina Azad, the owner and chef, has courted since the restaurant opened in 2004. So are the decorative robes that the waiters wear, traditional garb of Indian's upper middle class, even though, Mr. Ray pointed out, such robes would be inappropriate for service in India.

When the fried fish and kichuri rice arrived, the plate was adorned with tomato slices. Tomatoes, which wouldn't be found on a dish served in India, represent another bid for crossover appeal, a concession to Americans' desire for color and vitamins. ''Otherwise, it's brown, yellow, brown, brown,'' Mr. Ray said. ''Peasant food doesn't stand up.''

If he were to open a restaurant he said, ''to upscale it, I would downgrade it -- give them the authentic experience true cosmopolitan New Yorkers are ready for: seating on mats, no silverware.''

After all, he explained, ''restaurants are complex plays on expectations.''

DEVI

8 East 18th Street

Union Square

''You know it's haute cuisine when the plate is big and the food is small,'' Mr. Ray said at this elegant, warmly lighted restaurant. A modest, pyramid-shaped mound of bhel poori had just arrived on the table.

But is there such a thing as ethnic haute? ''If my dad came here or to Tabla,'' Mr. Ray said, ''he'd say, 'How much did they charge for that bhel poori? Six dollars? Two hundred forty rupees? I can get this for five rupees! It's good food, but it's not made out of gold.'

''We like this very clever insider joke,'' Mr. Ray continued. ''We are taking something cheap and from the street, and reducing the quantity, turning it into a pyramid, putting it on a big plate, and all these white guys are paying 20 bucks for it.''

Ordering the daal, Mr. Ray pronounced it ''perfect.'' The ''masala'' schnitzel, however, failed to please. With that dish, Mr. Ray said, the chef is saying: '''I'm not just an ethnic cook. I can do schnitzel. I'm a chef.'''

Devi pays a price in authenticity for such range. A large cut of meat such as the schnitzel is ''unimaginable in the Indian idiom,'' Mr. Ray said, adding: ''The daal is 500 years old. The Indian schnitzel is two weeks old.''

He also found the presence of veal dishes especially startling ''in a place named after the goddess Devi, and decorated with temple doors.'' Not only are Hindus vegetarian, he pointed out, but cows are deeply sacred to them. ''Who is supposed to eat here?'' Mr. Ray asked.

SARAVANAAS

81 Lexington Avenue, at 26th Street

Murray Hill

''There are two approaches to ethnic food,'' Mr. Ray said as he sat to lunch at Saravanaas, a spartan space with a row of wooden tables and minimalist pink silk hangings on the walls. ''One is the pleasure of familiarity: memory, associations. The other is newness.''

Saravanaas, on the stretch of Lexington Avenue known as Curry Hill, takes the first approach. On this weekday in the fall, the place was filled with Indian patrons, most of them men, and only a smattering of non-Indians.

Mr. Ray ordered a pan-Indian sampler listed on the menu as a '' 'Business meal' Thali'' (a thali is a food tray used in Indian homes). Perhaps not surprising for a place geared to an Indian clientele, the food struck Mr. Ray as very authentic, perhaps the most authentic Bengali-Indian food in the city. The poori was properly puffed, he said, and when it comes to details about various dishes, ''waiters won't go out of their way to explain.''

But authenticity has its limits. The unspoken rules governing New York immigrants encourage them to avoid exposing too many ''native qualities in the foreign space of non-Indian presence,'' Mr. Ray said. And so even in a place like Saravanaas, the presence of just a few outsiders means that dishes are served with spoons so customers don't have to eat with their fingers, as is traditional in India.

''When I look for familiarity,'' Mr. Ray said, ''I want to replicate the memory of my past. But here I won't eat with my hands.''

INDOWOK

106 Lexington Avenue, near 27th Street

Murray Hill

Like other immigrants, many Indian restaurateurs do not offer only their own cuisines. Some offer their interpretations of other ethnic food, as is the case with Indowok, a Curry Hill restaurant that serves what it calls Indian-style Chinese cuisine.

''In the Indian imagination, Chinese food is not Chinese,'' said Mr. Ray, who first ate Indian Chinese food as a child in Bengal. ''It's cosmopolitan. It's the only place you went to use the fork, never chopsticks. You can have a Chinese restaurant in India with no stereotypical Chinese food at all -- just Indian food with four Chinese ingredients on top of it.''

So it is at Indowok, a dark, wood-paneled space trimmed in Chinese red. ''If you look at the clientele, you'll see mostly young professional South Asian men,'' Mr. Ray said. ''Why don't they just go to Chinatown? For one, it's not sure to be vegetarian. For another, it's just too Chinese.''

JACKSON DINER

37-47 74th Street, near Roosevelt Avenue

Jackson Heights, Queens

How did Jackson Diner, an unpretentious, cavernous restaurant that opened in 1980 in the heart of Indian New York, become the city's most celebrated destination for Indian food? What kept Sheereen Mahal, a restaurant just across the street that offers essentially the same buffet of dosas (crepes), daals and meats, from attracting a steady stream of non-Indian and Indian customers, and regular praise from Zagat?

''It could be coincidence,'' Mr. Ray said as he settled in after his trip to the buffet and placed a half-eaten samosa that he dismissed as ''generic'' back onto his plate. ''Somebody important ate here one time, wrote about it, and it became famous.''

But Jackson Diner's fame could also have something to do with the marketing of the restaurant. On its menu, Mr. Ray pointed out the image of a cooking pot used in Hindu weddings and the restaurant's motto, ''A Culinary Passage to India,'' and he asked, ''Does that matter?''

Even the owner of an ethnic restaurant might be unable to pinpoint why a place becomes popular, or even why certain items are on the menu. ''He may just be serving what he knows,'' Mr. Ray said.

Restaurant critics may struggle to analyze the quality of ethnic cuisine, because these cuisines do not exist in isolation but are part of a larger culture. But if such evaluations are hard for professional critics, they are relatively easy for the average diner. ''With ethnic food, like with clothes, we are much more willing to say, 'I like it, I don't like it, this is me,''' Mr. Ray said. ''It's more democratic.''

GANESH TEMPLE CANTEEN

45-57 Bowne Street, near 45th Avenue

Flushing, Queens

The Ganesh Temple Canteen sits in the basement of a Hindu temple, a sprawling concrete complex decorated with elephant friezes and a stepped dome. As the location suggests, the canteen is intended to offer more than sustenance.

''Here you can imagine and watch other people doing what you think Indians should be doing,'' Mr. Ray said. ''This canteen caters to Indians the memory of a food, of a place.''

He found the vada, or spicy doughnuts, a little greasy, and the dosas nicely crunchy and only $3.50. But whether or not these items were well prepared, they offered strong echoes of home, because they were served within a temple that functions as a community center.

''Food is the memory of a community,'' Mr. Ray said as he watched templegoers settle down at a table with their orange trays. ''Immigrants often lose the rest of their cultural apparatus -- language, the way the body moves -- especially with the second generation.''

The canteen, a no-frills spot reminiscent of a school cafeteria, also links its diners with their faith by its location within a temple, where worshipers literally feed the icons upstairs, pressing apples and other items in their mouths. ''In this case,'' Mr. Ray said, ''food is the mortar of the ritual sites of community.''

PAKIZA

1032 Coney Island Avenue, near Newkirk Avenue

Parkville, Brooklyn

''The man who eats here is missing home-cooked meals, which were generally cooked by his mother, his aunt, his sister,'' Mr. Ray said of Pakiza, an unprepossessing restaurant and nearby banquet hall. The restaurant has 10 tables, no menu and no decor, and its clientele is largely ***working-class*** Muslim men, many of whom live in the neighborhood.

Nasar Khan, the owner, knows that his business involves the basics. ''We serve chicken and good curry to construction people and students,'' he told Mr. Ray.

But customers' needs are often more complicated.

''This is the site of a double craving,'' Mr. Ray said of Pakiza. ''The craving of back home, and the craving of home, which is a craving for women in the home, cooking.''

Items like roast chicken and the deep-fried appetizers known as pakoras can satisfy the desire for the home country, but the second, domestic need ''is never fulfilled in a place like this,'' he said. ''And that's its peculiar magic. It draws you, and it fails to satisfy you.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about an analysis by a New York University food studies professor of seven Indian restaurants in the city inaccurately described the Indian state from where the professor, Krishnendu Ray, emigrated in 1989. The state, Orissa, is a neighbor to the Indian state of West Bengal; it is not part of Bengal, which is a region that comprises West Bengal and Bangladesh. The article also misidentified the cuisine of Saravanaas, a restaurant on Lexington Avenue at 26th Street. Saravanaas serves southern Indian food -- not Bengali-Indian.

The article also misstated the eating habits of Hindus. Many Hindus eat meat; they are not all vegetarians. And the article described incompletely the timing of the annual Tamil harvest festival. The festival, known as Pongal, lasts four days, having taken place this year from Jan. 14 through Jan. 17; it was not observed solely on Jan. 17.

**Correction-Date:** January 20, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: TOUCHES OF HOME Devi, far left, on Union Square, is named for an Indian goddess and favors templelike decor. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY1)

CURRY AND CULTURE: ''We want to study the ethnic entrepreneurs,'' said Krishnendu Ray, an N.Y.U. food scholar. ''Who are they appealing to?'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY8)

**Load-Date:** January 13, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Vibrant Area of Newark Suffers With Success***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YS7-B2Y0-00MH-F2B0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ANDREW JACOBS

By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** NEWARK, March 9

**Body**

Soaring home prices. Sclerotic traffic. The maddening roar of new construction. Too many people, not enough room.

Ah, the woes of a booming economy.

But in an unlikely tale for flush times, the locale in question is not Manhattan or Westchester County, but a corner of Newark, a city left for dead after the 1967 riots, where almost a third of the residents still live in poverty. The Ironbound section, long a bastion of Portuguese immigrants and more recently a magnet for Brazilians and other Latin Americans, has become one of the hottest swaths of real estate in the region.

More than 900 homes have been built here in the last three years, real estate values have risen 30 to 40 percent and most houses are snapped up after just days on the market. "It's been out of this world," said Jack DaSilva, a local developer who recently sold 150 homes in the Ironbound before even a single foundation had been poured.

Now, many residents complain, this bustling neighborhood of about 45,000 people has become too popular for its own good. The cost of housing is forcing families to double and triple up, the rising population has made parking nightmarish and local schools are overwhelmed by the influx of students, many of them Latin American immigrants who speak little English.

"Our quality of life has gone down the tubes," said Mary Correia, 39, the daughter of Portuguese parents who works in the neighborhood but recently moved to the suburbs. "This is no place to raise a family."

Overdevelopment is also feeding tensions between the Portuguese, whom many credit with saving the neighborhood during Newark's darkest days, and the newly arrived Brazilians, who often get blamed for the crowded streets and steep housing prices.

The Rev. Moacir Weirich, a Lutheran minister who runs a storefront church here, said the problems associated with explosive growth had revived long-buried animosities between the faded imperial power and its former colony. "People are angry and they're just looking for someone to blame," said Mr. Weirich, who is Brazilian. "They make easy targets for each another."

A hodgepodge of vinyl-sided homes and 19th-century factories, the Ironbound has always been a gritty, ***working-class*** place, named for the railroad tracks that once surrounded it. Even after the riots, when Newark suffered decades of depopulation and disinvestment and a crippling loss of faith, the Ironbound, bolstered by Portuguese immigration, remained a pocket of stability.

Outsiders might find it hard to appreciate the lure of the Ironbound, a densely packed neighborhood where new $300,000 homes -- most without yards -- are raked by the whoosh of planes landing at nearby Newark International Airport.

There are few parks or playgrounds here, and highways, railroad tracks and derelict warehouses are among the area's more prominent features. A layer of concrete separates many of the new homes from toxic soil, a legacy of the area's industrial past.

Augusto Amador, the Ironbound's representative on the Newark City Council, said people were drawn here by easy access to jobs, proximity to the state's main roads and good public transportation. It also helps that immigrants can navigate daily life without worrying about their limited English, he said.

"If you're a hard-working immigrant and you want to settle down in a safe, secure neighborhood, there's no better place to be," said Mr. Amador, who came here from Portugal as a 17-year-old in 1966. "You don't find this kind of stability elsewhere in Newark."

That stability has been fostered by the neighborhood's physical separation from the rest of the city and by the Portuguese, who began arriving in the late 1960's, replacing the Italians, Poles and Irish who came before them.

Although downtown Newark has benefited from a new performing arts center, a minor league baseball stadium and the promise of a professional sports complex, New Jersey's largest city remains mired in poverty.

With its modest two- and three-family houses, many of them built on the sites of former factories, the Ironbound is house-proud but not fussy. Charles Cummings, Newark's official historian, calls it "our Greenwich Village, without the bohemians."

Its vibrant street life is striking as one passes beneath the elevated tracks separating the neighborhood from the downtown and its fenced-in parking lots, vacant office buildings and empty sidewalks. By contrast, the Ironbound's main commercial artery, Ferry Street, is lined with restaurants and bakeries, its sidewalks thick with pedestrians. "I defy you to find an empty storefront on Ferry Street," Mr. Cummings said.

On weekends, thousands of Brazilians, Portuguese and other visitors from the metropolitan area flock to Ferry Street, snarling traffic and double parking on side streets. On most afternoons, the desperate honking of blocked-in drivers fills the air.

For business owners like Jose Moreira, the throngs are good news. "On weekends you can't even walk around in here," Mr. Moreira said on a recent Sunday as he held court at his restaurant, Casa Nova. Brazilian families gathered at tables loaded with barbecued meats, known as churrasco, and men sat along the counter trading gossip and sipping coffee or Brazilian beer.

Mr. Moreira, 33, who arrived here in 1988 and spent years as a landscaper, has done well in the Ironbound. Last year he opened his third restaurant in the neighborhood and he is planning a fourth. "As long as the Brazilians keep coming, I'm going to do good," he said.

Back in his home state of Minas Gerais, Newark is something of a household name, known as a place that promises steady employment to those unintimidated by hard work. The men find jobs as construction workers, landscapers or bakers; the women are usually hired as baby sitters or housekeepers.

They come already knowing the name of Mr. Moreira. Almost daily, newly arrived Brazilians, dragging their luggage behind them, walk into Casa Nova seeking advice, apartments and the comfort of compatriots. Last week it was Elio Lana, 34, a truck driver from Ipatinga who came directly from Newark airport with questions about work. Asked why he came to Newark and not New York City, the celebrated landing pad for immigrants, he smiled. "Everyone knows Newark is much easier than New York," he said.

There are no figures on how many Brazilians live in the Ironbound, but real estate agents estimate that 60 percent of the homes on the market are bought by Brazilians; the remaining buyers are Portuguese, Ecuadorans, Peruvians and Mexicans.

Like many entrepreneurs, Kenneth Rocco has met the influx by hiring more Brazilians at his travel agency, Monica Travel, which also wires money and offers long-distance telephone services. Five of his six employees, he said, are from Brazil. "Brazilians are our future," he said.

Not that the Portuguese are becoming extinct. They remain the neighborhood's most prominent business leaders and are behind nearly all of the new construction. Jacinto Rodrigues, for example, one of the city's largest builders, is also an owner of Crown Bank, a local lending institution that provides many Ironbound homebuyers with mortgages. Some of the biggest employers in Newark are the Ironbound's Portuguese bakeries and restaurants.

But one thing is indisputable: as Brazilians continue to flow into the area, immigration from Portugal has all but dried up. At the same time, many Portuguese families are moving to the suburbs and a growing number of the elderly are retiring to homes they built in Portugal.

The shifting demographics have fostered discord between the two groups, although most everyone agrees that the conflict finds its worst expression in off-color jokes. "We basically make the same silly cracks about each other," said Alessandra Braganca, 27, a travel agent who moved to Newark from Rio de Janeiro six years ago. "They think we're stupid, we think they're snobs."

Some real estate brokers worry that many of those buying new homes are in over their heads. Much of the buying frenzy, they said, has been fueled by subsidized loan programs or mortgages that allow buyers to put down as little as 3 percent.

And because many of them work in construction, an industry notoriously susceptible to economic vagaries, a recession could hit the Ironbound especially hard. "If there's a downturn, there are going to be a lot of people defaulting on their mortgages," said Carlos Couto, the owner of Re/Max United, a real estate brokerage on Ferry Street.

The Ironbound's popularity is also evident in neighborhood schools, which have become the most crowded in the state, with many classes exceeding 40 students. Last month, hundreds of angry parents packed a series of town meetings and demanded that the city provide relief.

Officials said they would try to install trailers in the months ahead and build three schools within the decade, but some parents said they could not wait. "You can't have a community without good schools," said Nancy Zak, a longtime resident and a leader of the Ironbound Community Corporation, a nonprofit group. "We're turning into a transient place."

Even Mayor Sharpe James acknowledges that the pace of development has been a bit too heady. "The success of the Ironbound could be its downfall as well," he said. Some are calling for a moratorium on new housing, although that is unlikely.

In the meantime, many homeowners are bracing for a revaluation of property, the first reassessment since 1961. City officials say that some tax bills could double or triple, something that lifelong residents like Linda Rodrigues fear could bring disaster.

Ms. Rodrigues, 49, chairwoman of the foreign languages department at the New School University in Manhattan, said she and many other property owners might be driven out by rising taxes.

"I've stayed here through some of Newark's darkest moments," said Ms. Rodrigues, who serves on the boards of the Newark Museum, the performing arts center and the public library. "But between overdevelopment and the reassessment, I don't know if I can survive much longer."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Raul Abreu, left, and his brother, Raphael, recently moved to a new home in the thriving Ironbound section of Newark. The area's commercial center, Ferry Street, is lined with Brazilian restaurants like Casa Nova, below. (Photographs by Steve Berman/The New York Times)(pg. B8)

Map showing the location of the Ironbound section: Railroad tracks divide the Ironbound from downtown Newark. (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Informality Reigns, And Good Manners Get a Bad Name***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8TP0-000P-21HY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GEORGIA DULLEA

By GEORGIA DULLEA

**Body**

THE pleasure of your company is requested in a new age of informality. Do not bother to R.S.V.P. Do not get done up in black tie. The mood just now is one of casualness in dress, in manners, on all fronts.

This is the time of the artfully unmade bed (rise, take up your downy duvet and toss it); the carry-out dinner; the telephone solicitor who calls at all hours and addresses you by your first name.

A date for the movies and Chinese food nowadays does not necessarily mean two distinct activities. Not in the age of informality. And not in New York, where any number of moviegoers are capable of eating Sichuan from a carton while following the action on the screen. The pros use chopsticks.

Q. *Is the informality of the 1990's anything like the informality of the 60's?*

A. No. Women wore T-shirts and no bras in the 60's. Today it's bras and no shirts.

In keeping with the new informality, affluent urbanites who once drove around town in BMW's have switched to Jeep Cherokees and Ford Explorers. "It feels right now," said Steven Meier, a Manhattan lawyer who travels to meetings in his trusty Explorer dressed in a sports jacket and khakis.

A blue suit with a Giorgio Armani label hangs in his office closet "in case I have to impress a client." But he rarely reaches for it. "In today's economy you don't want to wow 'em with your elegant shoes, your gold ring, your fancy car," Mr. Meier said. "That's not the style anymore."

Along Park Avenue, social couples who once did time on the charity circuit now look upon opulent parties as boring or embarrassing. Let's have some of that new informality, they say. Which may explain the number of informal charity parties on the calendar this season.

Take, for example, the Lenox Hill Neighborhood Association's Bingo and Barbecue Benefit in June. The association used to hold black-tie auctions and sales of antiques and artworks. A couple of years ago, it sponsored a benefit sale of watercolors from the collections of Louis XIV, the Empress Josephine, Napoleon and members of the French court.

Let them eat barbecue.

"There is a wish for greater informality in these gatherings," said George Trescher, the marketing consultant who runs most of New York's big charity events. "Particularly if you're trying to mix groups of young and older guests."

Mr. Trescher, who was tieless at the time, said the dress code has been unraveling for years now. But jeans at the theater? The ballet? The opera? "Yes, yes," he said. "What's new is that nobody looks askance at it. It's laissez-faire."

Heads did not turn unduly when Kevin Walz took an aisle seat in the orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera the other night. He was wearing wool pants, no jacket and a plaid shirt unbuttoned at the neck to reveal his undershirt.

"What a bum, huh?" he said, stroking his chin. "I didn't even shave."

Mr. Walz, a furniture designer, was dressed for a rock concert he planned to attend after "The Marriage of Figaro." He said a trend toward piggybacking cultural events might have something to do with the new informality.

"Last month I went to the ballet in jeans for an evening of Stravinsky and then down to the Ritz," he said. "I snuck out five minutes early so I wouldn't miss the Pixies."

To observe the new informality on the move, hang around in an airport terminal. Count the sneakers, the shorts, the sweatsuits, even in business class.

"We were talking about that the other day, coming back from Barbados," said Sisi Cahan of Manhattan, a frequent flier long before they had clubs. "People used to look terrific traveling, and now they look ghastly. I haven't seen anyone attractive in an airport in years."

On a flight from New York to Paris, the etiquette authority Letitia Baldrige found herself seated next to a nearly nude dude from California.

"Bared to the waist, he was," she said. "The flight attendants didn't say one thing. He was a surfer, very suntanned, and I must say he had a great body."

Contributing to the decline in decorum, in Ms. Baldrige's view, is a growing folksiness in the corporate culture. "Companies are telling employees to first-name everyone, to forget about deference to age and rank," she said. "All of a sudden, it's not only the C.E.O., but the clergyman and the schoolteacher who are being called Joe. It's spreading like wildfire."

Ms. Baldrige, who lives in Washington and lectures around the country, went on to say that "down here the diplomats try to hold onto some formality in entertaining, but it's getting worse and worse."

"Some people don't even bother to R.S.V.P.," she said. "Other people accept for seated black-tie dinners and don't show up. Or they show up with small children. 'Oh, I couldn't get a baby sitter -- knew you wouldn't mind.' "

For an academic look at the reasons behind the new informality, put in a call to Michael T. Marsden, a professor of popular culture at Bowling Green State University in Ohio.

A secretary answered the phone, informally. ("This is Sylvia.")

The caller asked for Professor Marsden. ("Hi, this is Mike.")

Professor Marsden cautioned against comparing the informality of the 1960's, which was real and deep and wide, to the informality of the 90's. It could be one of those behavioral blips on the East and West Coasts that never go anywhere.

"In the 60's, wearing blue jeans was identifying with the ***working-class*** culture," he said. "In today's world the up-and-coming executive is supposed to aspire to the leisure life. What better way to show this than to wear a sweatsuit? It's costuming."

Nonetheless, Professor Marsden went on, society has thrown off some formal trappings taken on in the 80's. "But not all," he said. "Look at weddings. Formal weddings are on the rise. As for funerals, when people are laid out at wakes, they're generally dressed formally. It's not likely you'll find somebody being buried in their sweatsuit."

In any case, elaborate entertaining is out in New York. No more putting on the dog for company. Caterers who used to gussie up trays of hors d'oeuvres with foie gras medallions say they are making meatloaf, mashed potatoes and beans. "But beans don't have to be beige or boring," said Susan Simon, whose catering company on the Lower East Side has always been known for its stylish and informal food.

And guests like Mr. Walz, the jeans-at-the-ballet man, find the down-home feeling refreshing. "You even see Pyrex on the table now," he said. "People are much more casual about entertaining. They're acknowledging that life is tough in New York. What's important is that we're all together, having dinner. So what if there are a dozen kids underfoot and the centerpiece is daisies?"

When not dining at home, some busy New Yorkers are dining out, informally, while doing something else or waiting to do something else. In coin laundries, in bank lines, in doctors' offices, everywhere there is the crinkle of foil unfolding, the snap of aluminum cans opening.

Subways, always informal, have become more so with commuters breakfasting on bagels and coffee and applying major makeup and nail polish. On the F train the other day, Lucinda McBride blotted her lips with a tissue, smiled and said, "My mother said never put on lipstick in public." She went on to apply eye shadow and mascara as the train rumbled from Brooklyn toward Manhattan.

"This is how I get ready for the office," Ms. McBride said, studying her face in a mirror. "I've got two kids under 6."

That's nothing, according to Phyllis Hall, who works for a trade magazine in Manhattan and commutes on a No. 68 N.J. Transit bus with a man who manages to change from sports clothes to a business suit on the turnpike.

"By the time we come out of the Lincoln Tunnel, he's in full business attire," she said. "He even does cuff links."

Here is the new informality personified. Except for the cuff links. They must go.

**Graphic**

Drawing (pg. C6)

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**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-31P0-000P-N4F0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Malcolm McDowell Mellows (Sort Of)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-31P0-000P-N4F0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1367 words

**Byline:** Malcolm McDowell

By ILENE ROSENZWEIG;

Ilene Rosenzweig is a senior editor at Allure magazine.

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**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

THERE IS A WELL-WORN teddy bear on the sofa in Malcolm McDowell's dressing room near the set of "Pearl," the new CBS series in which he stars with Rhea Perlman. Given any other sitcom principal, this would be a charming detail, but it is almost chilling when connected to Mr. McDowell, the British actor whose name is associated with some of the most sinister performances in film. It makes you wonder what happened to the kid.

The fact that the bear turns out to be Mr. McDowell's most beloved childhood toy is no more unexpected than the actor's presence in an American sitcom in the first place. "I've always thought of myself as a comic actor, and thought of my performances as rather comic," the 53-year-old Mr. McDowell says, though he realizes this point has long eluded casting directors.

"They can't see the wood for the trees," he continues, "but I, because I know the material so well, think the choices I made were often hilariously funny."

As an example, he points to perhaps the most disturbing scene in "A Clockwork Orange," Stanley Kubrick's acclaimed, controversial 1971 movie, which featured Mr. McDowell as the playful psychopath Alex. "It was admittedly a very black-humorous way to go," he says, referring to Alex's crooning "Singin' in the Rain" and tap-dancing as he beat a man whose wife he was about to rape. "But it's even more scary and more terrifying because it was funny. It showed a total lack of empathy. There was no caring at all, no guilt."

Looking back over Mr. McDowell's film career is a bit like re-experiencing a series of unsettling dreams. Three years before "A Clockwork Orange," he grabbed the attention of film critics with his portrayal of the anarchic schoolboy Mick in Lindsay Anderson's "If . . ." (The two other films that Mr. McDowell made with Anderson, "O Lucky Man!" and "Britannia Hospital," complete a surreal trilogy on the disintegration of British culture.) In 1980, he was the degenerate emperor in Bob Guccione's widely condemned "Caligula." He has also appeared as a demonic werecat in "Cat People," a sadistic army officer in "Blue Thunder" and a post-apocalypse tyrant in "Star Trek Generations," among many other villainous roles.

His talent for evoking gleeful malevolence may have earned him a place beside Jack Nicholson, Dennis Hopper and Christopher Walken, but those names rarely come up at casting calls for sitcoms. Don Reo, the creator and an executive producer of "Pearl," says he wasn't optimistic when Mr. McDowell was suggested to read for the part of Stephen Pynchon, the pompous professor in "Pearl."

"We said: 'Malcolm McDowell? He's a villain!' " Mr. Reo recalls. "But Malcolm came in and killed. It was so funny. Then there was never any other choice. Luckily, it came at a point when Malcolm was more interested in staying at home rather than running around the universe blasting Captain Kirk."

Mr. McDowell says, simply: "You're born to play certain parts, and Pynchon is one I'm born to play. It's like putting on a pair of gloves."

"Pearl," which is on at 8:30 on Wednesday evenings, has earned good ratings and good reviews, with Mr. McDowell receiving particular praise for his comic skills.

He plays Pynchon as a kind of British Don Rickles with a Ph.D., quoting Goethe, Milton and Joyce in between heckling his students because of their ignorance. "Miss Boswell, if I were to shake your head and look in your eyes, would I see snow falling on a plastic village?" he asks.

He also epitomizes British snobbery about American culture. "Class, take 15 minutes," he says. "That's two sticks of chewing gum and a Stephen King novel."

His favorite target is Pearl Caraldo, the ***working-class*** mom turned student played by Ms. Perlman. When she offers Pynchon some trail mix on a car trip, he replies drily, "Did you know the Donner party had bags of trail mix and yet chose to eat each other?"

Mr. McDowell didn't really watch sitcoms before he starred in one, but now he speaks of them with the utmost reverence. "Once you're inside it, it's very different from being on the outside sneering at it," he says. "Make no mistake about it, the best writing in America right now is in television."

Still, after training with the Royal Shakespeare Company in the mid-1960's and starring off Broadway in John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" in 1980, Mr. McDowell never imagined that adapting to the rigors of a sitcom would be the most intellectually arduous experience of his career. "The first month," he says, "I thought I had literally walked into the eye of a hurricane."

"I was learning speeches like this," he adds, stretching his arms wide, "and had to zap them out so quickly. My brain was in overload. And you must try not to ponder it; it must come pistol-quick. And that takes a lot of learning. Even playing Hamlet, you have a speech as long as your arm, but you've got a month to learn it."

Mr. McDowell's role is particularly taxing because, as a college professor, he must give lectures that cover subjects like James Joyce and Soren Kierkegaard. "The danger is if I went off script, I wouldn't know what the hell I was talking about," he says.

The other cast members, too, are often as familiar with that kind of literature as the cast of "E.R." is with medicine. "They actually give us crib notes on some of the names," says Ms. Perlman, "so at least we can pronounce them right."

BUT WHILE THE REST OF the actors play students who can afford to sound halting and unsure, Mr. McDowell must learn the material cold. "I want him to be so brilliant that he doesn't really ever refer to a reference book; it's all here," he says, pointing to his head. "Which was probably one of those decisions that I'm now regretting a lot."

Mr. McDowell commands the lectern like an emperor mad with his own power and is clearly having fun. He modeled the character after his mentor, Lindsay Anderson, who died in 1994, but he draws his primary inspiration from British comics. "Monty Python influences everything that I do," he says. "I'm much more influenced by comedians than by other actors. There was an English comic, Eric Morecambe. In my own way, I was inspired by him to be physical in a way that I had seen him do. Or Benny Hill or John Cleese."

Mr. McDowell's former wife, the actress Mary Steenburgen, makes a similar observation. "He has a great sense of humor, and it's very much a part of his family and where he came from," she says. "At bottom, he's a kid fom Liverpool, with the same humor you saw in the Beatles -- that sardonic northern humor, very quick."

Ms. Perlman, referring to an episode of "Pearl" in which Mr. McDowell performed an Apache dance that left him bruised and sore for weeks, says: "He really can be silly. He could have been a vaudeville star. Loose in front of an audience, he has a great time. He likes to play."

Mr. McDowell says that he is helped by the part. "The great thing about Pynchon, which is also true of the earlier stuff I did, is that the character has a great love of life," he says. "My characters love what they do. Even if it's Alex in 'A Clockwork Orange,' who loved his gang life, his pillaging. At least he did it with a joie de vivre, a euphoria, really. Pynchon's that way. It's kind of funny to see somebody who just relishes his own outrageousness."

In this week's episode, Pynchon berates Pearl for trying to help a child genius spend less time studying and more time "being a kid." He illustrates how she is interfering with nature by telling an anecdote about a boy who once found a nest of turtle eggs in the Galapagos Islands. When one turtle hatched and squawked in distress, the boy delivered it to the ocean. Then the other turtles hatched and were eaten by sea gulls. It seems that the first turtle was supposed to send out a warning signal so the other turtles would know it was safe to hatch.

After the class, Pearl approaches Pynchon and says, "You were the kid that saved the turtle weren't you."

"How did you know?" he asks.

"I can spot a softy when I see one," she says.

The scene was supposed to end on that saccharine note, but Mr. McDowell ad-libbed with a familiar glint: "Oh, Pearl, about those baby turtles -- a little garlic, a little salt, and they're delicious."

**Graphic**

Photos: Malcolm McDowell with Rhea Perlman in CBS's "Pearl," above, and as the psychopath Alex, inset, in "A Clockwork Orange," Stanley Kubrick's 1971 film--An actor known for evoking gleeful malevolence tries his hand at a professor's gleeful snobbery. Warner Brothers ["A Clockwork Orange"]; Dan Zaitz/CBS ["Pearl"]) (pg. 36); Malcolm McDowell with Christine Noonan in the 1968 movie "If . . .," directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paramount Pictures) (pg. 42)

**Load-Date:** December 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Dough A La Mode***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CJJ-6TP0-TW8F-G0SN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 87; FOOD

**Length:** 1801 words

**Byline:** By William Grimes

**Body**

I recently grabbed a quick bite at Bar Masa, in the new Time Warner Center at Columbus Circle. The bar has a short menu, so ordering was simple. The waiter proposed a plate of assorted sashimi at $85. I accepted. Sea-eel tempura sounded like a nice way to start off, and corn croquettes, in a Japanese restaurant, seemed weird but interesting. My eye wandered to an Asian-style risotto of lobster and black truffles. Irresistible, so why resist? -- although $34 was pushing the upper limit on what was, when you got down to it, a glorified bar menu. The bill for two, with no dessert and no drinks, was about $200.

Spending that kind of money on an abbreviated dinner should have elicited at least a twinge of guilt. Two hundred dollars, for the average American struggling to make do in tough times, is no small thing. I did some soul-searching but found that my only regret was not getting a table next door at Masa, where the owner and chef, Masa Takayama, creates menuless meals of five appetizers and a 15-fish main course. The price is $300 per diner.

In nearly five years of reviewing restaurants for this newspaper, I spent that much, and sometimes more, on dinner. Invariably, the ensuing review, with its heartfelt evocations of foie gras, caviar, Kobe beef, truffles and Champagne, would provoke outrage in a certain class of reader. The letters, and occasionally the voice-mail messages, all expressed the same sentiment: How could you? In a world where millions of children go hungry, where famine haunts broad swaths of Africa and Asia, where the $200 spent on a bottle of Bordeaux could go far to alleviating a destitute family's misery -- how could you?

I wanted to feel guilt. Honestly, I did. But among the many emotions I experienced as a reviewer -- happiness, annoyance, amusement, boredom, bliss, rage -- guilt never figured. I was more likely to get worked up over the price of parking in a garage than I was at the $150 for a splash of 19th-century Madeira or the $50 extra for a sprinkling of white truffles. Parking garages perform a function, but truffles delight the palate, a much higher calling. Unfortunately, in the United States, where even serial killers are considered innocent until proved otherwise, all sorts of harmless pleasures are routinely described as guilty.

May I mount a defense? Most arguments against fine dining as frivolous, excessive and somehow morally wrong rest on one of two propositions, both of them false. The first is utilitarian. The food that goes into my mouth comes out of someone else's. In this Malthusian view, the total food supply is seen as a large pie. Rich people push forward to the table and cut big slices for themselves, leaving their poorer fellow citizens to slice the pie thinner and thinner until, in the end, the truly desperate fight over a single cherry. On an international scale, it is greedy Westerners who load up at the expense of everyone else.

No one, rationally, believes in the pie-chart model. Food surpluses pose as much a problem as food shortages, and famines, it turns out, usually have political causes that require political solutions. There is food available, but the wrong people, like warlords or autocrats, have wrested control of it. But the pie chart lingers in the collective unconscious, or at least in the minds of readers who write letters to restaurant reviewers. The thought of one man feasting at Alain Ducasse while another eats a bowl of rice is intolerable, an economic crime.

There is something amiss in this reasoning. Disparity of incomes and national wealth might or might not be unjust. I'll leave that to others to sort out. But the $500 Manolo Blahnik shoe, the $50,000 car or the $3,000 television set is not, in and of itself, a wrong. And I'm willing to bet that a thorough audit of my impassioned letter writers would turn up one or more of the aforementioned items. For the record, I drove a Honda Civic to many of my dinners, rather than an S.U.V., which means that any potential food guilt should have been prorated by a formula calculating miles per gallon saved. I might also point out that restaurants employ people.

The second objection to fine dining is moral. It boils down to this: It is all right to enjoy food, but not too much. It is all right to eat out, but not to spend too much money doing it. There are two moral impulses intertwined here, the ancient prohibition against gluttony and the more modern Puritan objection to indulging pleasure for its own sake. Add to this ethical cocktail a twist of American pragmatism, the belief that money not spent usefully is money wasted. And what can be more useless than several hundred dollars applied to a six-course French meal that lasts four hours?

Feelings on this issue run high. In 1975, Craig Claiborne, The Times's food editor and restaurant critic, bid $300 at a charity auction for the right to eat anywhere in the world, no expense spared, with American Express picking up the bill. His account of the meal appeared on the front page of the newspaper under the headline, ''Just a Quiet Dinner for Two in Paris: 31 Dishes, Nine Wines, a $4,000 Check.'' Angry letters poured in by the thousands. Even the Vatican spoke out, denouncing the meal as ''scandalous.''

This sort of objection never seems to come up when box seats for the World Series or front-row tickets to a David Bowie concert are involved. Spending vast sums to see the Ring Cycle at the Met is seen as almost noble, like tithing. Art is uplifting. Spending the same amount on food, an object of animal appetite, is somehow degrading. I admit to my own prejudices in this regard. When I hear about fabulously expensive pampering sessions at Manhattan's top spas and salons, something in me recoils. My thoughts turn to Sodom and Gomorrah. I yearn for the cleansing fire of a just but wrathful God. The moment usually passes quickly. Some people see a sheet of seaweed and want to be wrapped in it. I want to see it around a piece of fish.

The moral argument falls apart for a couple of reasons. First, most people do not eat at four-star restaurants routinely. A fine meal, for the vast majority of diners, is a special occasion, a splurge. There comes a time, say once every two months, when the usual rules go out the window, all bets are off, price is no object and the gods of mirth and mayhem rule. This impulse is universal. It is the small, irrational motor that drives human beings and separates them from the animals. It's the reason for Las Vegas.

In the 1930's, when nearly a fifth of England's ***working class*** was on the dole, a helpful newspaper ran an article explaining how a family could eat a healthy diet on the approximately 30 shillings a week that the government paid in unemployment benefits. George Orwell analyzed the shopping list and the menus that had been calculated to the last halfpenny and admitted that the writer had done his homework. A family could survive, just barely, on the dole. But only a theoretical family. What the writer failed to take into account, Orwell said, was the need to break routine, to reward oneself with a treat, something ''a little bit 'tasty,''' and hang the cost.

That's what most people are doing when they eat out, and this is the big fact that my letter writers never considered. On purely rational grounds, human beings would eat only what's necessary to sustain life. Shelter and clothing would limit themselves to keeping out extreme cold or heat. Strictly speaking, anything more would be frivolous. But fallible humans, with their fallen nature, will demand cakes and ale. If given a choice, they'll opt for a cherry on top of the cake too.

That urge for the little extra, the luxurious touch that separates apple pie from pie a la mode, leads me to the other part of the moral argument against high living. It is not just the rich who indulge themselves when it comes to food. Everyone does. Millionaires may be the exception, but almost anyone can make a millionaire's pie, an old-fashioned dessert I ran across in a small-town cafe in Louisiana several years ago. The pie comes in many variations, but the ruling idea is to throw chopped nuts and fruit into a cloud of whipped cream, which becomes the pie filling. Sometimes the crust is made with crushed cookies and nuts; sometimes with graham crackers. You can use cream cheese to make the pie even richer, a suggestive word in this context. Food is a convenient way for ordinary people to experience extraordinary pleasure, to live it up for a bit.

The Donald Trumps of the world can light their Cohibas with hundred-dollar bills. For the rest of us, it's a slice of pie or the molten chocolate cake that is inevitably described on the menu as ''sinful'' or ''decadent.'' Or, in a rare mood, the house cocktail at the World Bar in the Trump World Tower. It is a preposterous drink whose magic ingredient is liquid gold. Like the millionaire's pie, it is a big, fat showoff. It has no redeeming social or nutritional value and therefore enjoys great popularity. Long may it live.

Millionaire's Pie

18-ounce package cream cheese, softened

1/2 cup sugar, plus 3 tablespoons

Grated zest of 1 lemon

2 tablespoons fresh lemon juice

1 cup chopped pecans, lightly toasted

1 cup sweetened flaked coconut

1 cup diced fresh strawberries, plus whole ones for garnish

1 cup diced fresh pineapple or canned pineapple chunks, well drained and diced (do not use crushed pineapple)

1 cup heavy cream

1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

19-inch prepared graham-cracker crust.

1. Beat the cream cheese, 1/2 cup sugar, zest and lemon juice in a large bowl with the mixer at high speed until smooth. Fold in the pecans, coconut, strawberries and pineapple.

2. Beat the heavy cream, 3 tablespoons sugar and vanilla in a chilled bowl until stiff; fold half the mixture into the cream-cheese mixture. Pour into crust; spread rest of whipped cream on top. Garnish with whole berries. Refrigerate at least 4 hours or overnight.

Yield: 6 servings.

World Cocktail

1/4 ounce plain vodka

Edible 23-karat gold-leaf sheet (available at baker's supply stores)

1 ounce Remy Martin XO Cognac

1 ounce Pineau des Charentes aperitif wine

1 ounce white grape juice

1 ounce simple syrup (3 parts water to 1 part sugar)

1/2 ounce fresh lemon juice, strained

Dash of Angostura bitters

Veuve Clicquot Champagne, chilled.

1. Pour vodka in a shallow bowl. Tear off small pieces of the gold leaf with tweezers, avoiding squeezing or folding it (thick pieces will sink). Float the pieces on the vodka.

2. Combine the rest of the ingredients (except gold leaf, vodka and Champagne) in an iced metal shaker. Shake vigorously and pour into a trumpet flute, filling 3/4 of the way. Top with Champagne.

3. Pour in the vodka, letting the gold slide onto the surface.

Yield: 1 drink with extra.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: How could you? Champagne, Cognac, aperitif and gold leaf in the World Cocktail. (Photograph by Henry Leutwyler)

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[***FILM DEPICTS A NEGLECTED PARIS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HPB0-0008-N4S0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 2; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1259 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr.

**Body**

PARISThere is the Paris of slums, piles of uncollected garbage, knaves, punks and thieves, the dingiest of bars and the meanest of side streets. This Paris may not appeal to many people, but the director Philippe Labro thinks it appeals a lot - too much, really - to those who make movies.

And so comes Mr. Labro's riposte, in the form of ''Rive Droite, Rive Gauche,'' a film, scheduled to be released in France this fall, that stars Gerard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye as members of the French ''Big Chill'' generation who grow tired of being ''yuppies.''

The Paris that Mr. Depardieu and Miss Baye pass through is hardly the city of the down-and-out. They meet at a party at the Musee des Arts Decoratifs. Their love affair is carried on in the splendor of the Crillon. When they need to meet discreetly, they lose themselves among the tourists in the Jardin des Tuileries. Miss Baye's dealings with a lecherous civil servant pass across a table at the Jules Verne, the trendy new restaurant atop the Eiffel Tower.

Saluting the City of Light

Even Mr. Labro's taste in bureaucracy proved prophetically consistent with his best-and-brightest theme. For a scene in a Government ministry, he chose the offices of the former Industry Minister, Laurent Fabius. Mr. Fabius, himself the product of a chic Right Bank neighborhood, is now the Prime Minister.

''It's the product of my own obsessive idea of showing Paris and using Paris,'' Mr. Labro said. ''It's the most beautiful city I've ever been in and it's not always filmed that way. Directors have a tendency to use Paris as a background for gloomy, nihilistic stories. That's fine - but we call it la ville des lumi eres. The Paris that I love, I haven't seen it in movies for years.''

But if Mr. Labro wanted to film Paris, he did not want to do it obtrusively, with a lot of unchic, panoramic shots. ''I don't think you should ever bow to the locale,'' he said. ''I never show big overview shots of Paris. It's just right there in the background. You see the Arc de Triomphe somewhere, but it's back there somewhere.''

The technique, he said, was to take the script and try to choose a spot that would be appropriate to the story and show off a bit of Paris at the same time. ''If the scene calls for a hotel room, why not the Crillon?'' Mr. Labro said.

Through With Striving

The Paris he shows belongs to the ''B.C.B.G.'' people, an abbreviation for ''bon chic, bon genre,'' a phrase that combines the concepts of stylishness and good breeding. Mr. Labro is not trying to praise B.C.B.G. values. In fact, both Mr. Depardieu and Miss Baye play characters who have suddenly had enough with striving and decide to revolt. But they do so in decidedly B.C.B.G. ways, and the Depardieu character ends up on the front pages of the newspapers.

Mr. Depardieu plays Paul Senanques, a lawyer who started out to do good and ended up doing well. Miss Baye plays Sacha, a publicist who decides her business is as corrupt as his. He is married. They fall in love, and are drawn together by their joint rebellion.

The notion of Mr. Depardieu, an actor who has thrived on his image as a ***working-class*** rebel, as an upwardly mobile lawyer comes as something of a shock, and he seems a bit out of place in well-tailored suits. Mr. Labro thinks he looks just fine, but laughs at the idea. ''To get Depardieu to wear Christian Dior suits is really something,'' Mr. Labro said.

According to Mr. Labro, the film is about people ''who suddenly put everything in their lives into question,'' and that is a little bit the story of Philippe Labro.

Career No. 4

At 47 years of age, he has already had two careers as a film maker and two as a journalist. After attending school in Paris, and at Washington and Lee College in the United States, he set out to be a reporter, first with newspapers and magazines and then with the state-run television system in France.

But he had a falling-out with the Government network, which he traces to his signing of a letter protesting censorship of news reports of the student revolt in May 1968. ''That ended my relationship with television for a while,'' he said.

He was fortunate, he said, that someone came along with money looking for new directors. ''She asked me if I had an idea for a film,'' he recalls. ''I said, 'Of course.' And of course I didn't, but I found one pretty quickly.''

''Tout Peut Arriver'' (''Anything Can Happen'') was the result in 1969. It was autobiographical, about a young journalist's adventures on the road, and was marked by the spirit of the 60's. Mr. Labro recalls that it got good reviews, ''but it was a commercial disaster.''

Back to the Basics

So he turned to thrillers, beginning with ''Sans Mobile Apparent'' (''Without Apparent Motive'') in 1971 and shortly afterward ''L'Heritier'' (''The Heir''), a Jean-Paul Belmondo film. ''Without Apparent Motive'' was especially well-received, and it established Mr. Labro as a maker of good police and suspense films. There were two others, the last released in 1976. And then he gave it up.

''My life was falling apart,'' he recalls. ''My marriage was breaking up, I was tired of doing thrillers with stars. I just didn't feel strong enough to direct a picture any longer. So I went back to more basic things.''

Basic things meant journalism, a field in which he already enjoyed a good reputation. He wrote a novel, and by 1981, he had made peace with television and become the anchorman for the noon news on the national network Antenne 2. The job made him something of a celebrity. And then, to the surprise of his friends, he said, he went back to films.

''My life was back together again,'' he said, ''and I realized that the only thing that completely satisfied me was cinema. I told myself, 'You really haven't done what you wanted to do in movies. You owe yourself a revenge, a comeback.' ''

Defense of Stereotypes

Revenge took the form of ''La Crime,'' released last year, and the comeback was successful. As the title suggests, it was another film about the police. ''I went back to movies with a genre I was familiar with, the thriller,'' Mr. Labro said.

Besides being a study of Paris's physical geography, Mr. Labro's latest project, a $3.4 million production, is also a small study in the social geography of the city's upper strata. The title, Mr. Labro says frankly, ''is a stereotype, but you should never be scared of dealing with cliches and stereotypes.''

And one of the striking things is that the film shows the extent to which the ''Rive Droite'' and the ''Rive Gauche'' are coming to resemble each other. Once a haven for rebels, academics, radicals and artists, the Left Bank now includes large stretches of territory that are a kind of gentrified version of Manhattan's West Side, Paris-style: a place where only the relatively well-off can afford to live.

Fewer Connotations, No Guns

''The title is nice, it sounds good, it means something,'' Mr. Labro said. ''But it doesn't have the sociological and political connotations it used to have. Some parts of the Seventh are so grand bourgeois that it doesn't make any difference,'' he said, speaking of the wealthy Left Bank arrondissement.

Getting Mr. Depardieu to take a part in the film was a guarantee of attention, if not sure success. And Mr. Labro, who wrote the film with his second wife, Fran,coise, said Mr. Depardieu and his friends helped improve the script, which went through five drafts, in part by adding humor.

''It's the first movie I've made that doesn't have a gun it in,'' he said with a grin. ''I guess that means I'm more mature.''

**Graphic**

photo of Phillippe Labro and Gerard Depardieu

**End of Document**



[***Turnout Heavy as South Africans Vote on Change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8XR0-000P-20DD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1216 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN,

By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JOHANNESBURG, March 17

**Body**

White South Africans turned out in large numbers today to vote in a referendum that will decide whether they want to share power with their black countrymen.

Before the crucial vote, many political analysts agreed that a high participation rate, including whites normally indifferent to politics, could signal support for the mandate President F. W. de Klerk has requested to negotiate a future for South Africans that is not based on race.

The whites-only referendum has emerged as the country's most significant electoral contest since the National Party took power nearly 44 years ago and ushered in apartheid, which Mr. de Klerk began to dismantle two years ago.

Mandate for Change Sought

President de Klerk called the national referendum to determine whether whites want him to negotiate a new constitution that extends political rights to blacks.

Several thousand white voters were already lined up when the polls opened at 7 A.M. and set a frenetic pace throughout the day that belied earlier fears of white complacency.

The enthusiasm was illustrated by a woman in Pinetown, a suburb of Durban, who experienced labor pains and insisted upon stopping to vote on the way to the hospital.

"I owe it to de Klerk," the South African Press Association quoted the women as saying.

Reports of 77 Percent Turnout

According to estimates by officials of the Department of Home Affairs, based on reports from almost all constituencies, over 77 percent of the 3,296,800 whites eligible to vote in the referendum had cast their blue-and-white ballots by the time the polls closed at 9 P.M.

The referendum question asked:

"Do you support continuation of the reform process which the State President began on February 2, 1990 and which is aimed at a new constitution through negotiation?"

Zach de Beer, the leader of the white liberal Democratic Party, which supported a yes vote in the referendum, said he had not seen such a huge turnout in 40 years of white politics.

Previous turnouts by white voters in South African general elections included 51.9 percent in 1974, 48.4 percent in 1977 and 58.9 percent in 1981. The turnout in 1987, which also included mixed race and Indian voters, was 67.8 percent.

De Klerk Victory Seen

Stoffel van der Merwe, secretary general of the National Party, predicted that the referendum would pass with a 60 percent majority.

Earlier, Harold Packendorf, a political commentator, predicted that a turnout of 70 percent today could signal a 60 percent vote in support of Mr. de Klerk.

The first regional tallies are not expected before Wednesday morning. The final outcome of the referendum will be announced in Cape Town shortly after noon.

Opinion polls are forbidden during South African elections to avoid influencing those who have not voted. But the high turnout, encouraged by warm, sunny weather, suggested strong support for Mr. de Klerk's referendum in cities with liberal attitudes like Johannesburg and Cape Town. The outcome appeared in doubt in Pretoria, where many white civil servants fear for their jobs under a black majority government. Opposition to the referendum appeared strongest in the more sparsely populated northern and eastern Transvaal.

Offer to Resign

"I think it will go well," Mr. de Klerk told reporters at his neighborhood polling station in Pretoria. Staking his political career on the referendum, Mr. de Klerk has promised to resign if he loses and fight a general election against the right-wing Conservative Party, which wants to restore its own version of apartheid.

The Conservative Party leader, Andries P. Treurnicht, who voted in the northern Transvaal town of Nylstroom, said he was confident that the referendum would be rejected.

"I am prepared for any result, especially to win," Mr. Treurnicht said.

Interviews with voters at three polling stations around Johannesburg suggested that fears about what renewed sanctions might do to the economy and South Africa's return to international sports influenced their support for Mr. de Klerk's referendum.

'Economy, Sport and the Rest'

"We voted yes," said Katherine Linger as she and her friend Clodagh Meyer left the polling station at Johannesburg's City Hall. "We have to think of our economy, sport and the rest of it. I can't see any other way. We must go forward now."

Lyla Botes, an elderly Johannesburg woman, said: "I decided to vote yes. We need our jobs and we don't need any places closing down, and that is what is going to happen if a no vote wins. Then we'll have just sanctions and we don't want that."

Cindy Callie, a young woman who marched to the polling station in Braamfontein with her classmates from the University of the Witwatersrand, said: "We're all drama students, so a no vote will mean no future for us."

Estelle Davidson, a middle-aged office worker who also voted yes, said: "There's no turning back at this point." But, she added, "change is not going to be easy."

But Christa Stalpelberg, after casting her ballot in Brixton, a ***working***- ***class*** suburb west of Johannesburg. said she had opposed the referendum because she supported the Afrikaner Resistance Movement, an militant paramilitary group dedicated to white supremacy.

"We want to think of our children," Mrs. Stalpelberg said. "It's not going to work out for them if there's a yes vote."

Traffic Jams and Long Lines

Around Johannesburg and other cities, policemen unsnarled traffic jams as automobiles blocked entrances to the polling stations set up in schools and other public buildings, where some waiting lines stretched for several hundred yards. Officials at three polling stations in Johannesburg's northern suburbs, where there had been concern about voter apathy, had to scramble to find extra ballots.

Most voters marked their ballots without pausing to consult at tables set up by the rival political parties. Campaigning outside polling stations is legal in South Africa.

"They are walking straight into the polls," said Schalk van Wyk, who was manning a table for the Conservative Party outside the polling station in Brixton. "It appears today that they already decided at home what to do."

The Troops Turn Out

At Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, additional voting booths were delivered to a military base after long lines of servicemen, many fulfilling their year's compulsory service, formed to vote.

In Brixton, opponents of the referendum held a prayer service and Bible reading outside the polling station before it opened.

"I believe the no vote will win but we must be realistic," said Hendrick van der Westhuizen, a schoolteacher who arrived at the Brixton station with a 'No' sticker on the window of his pickup truck. "If there's a yes vote, the struggle is not over."

In Pietersburg, one of many towns in the northern Transvaal with strong Conservative sympathies, electoral officials ordered armed, khaki-clad members of the Afrikaner Resistance Movement away from the entrance to the main polling station. The South African Broadcasting Corporation reported that more than 84 percent of eligible whites voted in Pietersburg.

The mood among voters, some of whom waited for 45 minutes to cast their ballot, was good-natured. Bomb threats made against two polling stations in Durban proved false and almost no other violence was reported at stations around the country.

**Graphic**

Chart: "The Vote: For Whites Only"

The question

"Do you support continuation of the reform process which the State President began on Feb. 2, 1990, and which is aimed at a new constitution through negotiation?"

What is at stake

President F.W. de Klerk wants a "yes" majority to allow his Government to continue talks with black opposition groups he legalized Feb. 2, 1990.

He seeks creation of a nonracial democracy that would grant the black majority a vote for the first time but also entrench strong constitutional protection for the white minority and guarantee a free-enterprise economy.

The white Conservative Party, the main party seeking a vote, says approval of the questions would lead to a Communist dictatorship led by the African National Congress President, Nelson Mandela.

Main groups supporting change

Mr. de Klerk's National Party, the liberal Democratic Party and mining, finance and industrial companies.

The African National Congress and the largest labor organization, the Congress of South African Trade Unions, say that while they object to a race-based vote they want a "yes" majority to strengthen reform.

Main groups opposing change

The Conservative Party, the neo-Nazi paramilitary Afrikaner Resistance Movement, the white die-hard Boerestaat Party and the Reconstituted National Party.

(Sources: Reuters; 1991 South Africa Census, South African Institution of Race Relations (population)

**Load-Date:** March 18, 1992

**End of Document**



[***With a New Fervor, the Scots Eye Independence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9200-000P-24RX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** KILMARNOCK, Scotland, Feb. 27

**Body**

Each morning, when Alastair Mac Innes arrives at the Scottish National Party's cramped office here, he finds a bundle of cards pushed through the postal slot, sometimes as many as 20, mailed by people who want to join the cause of an independent Scotland.

"Suddenly people are realizing they are Scots, first and foremost," said Mr. MacInnes, a longtime party stalwart, as he stuffed envelopes beneath a banner displaying the blue and white St. Andrew's cross, the ancient emblem of Scotland. "Something powerful is changing in Scotland, and it is more than just sentiment."

For nearly 300 years, Scotland has been the northern division of the United Kingdom, joined in peace and war to England in a union that also includes Wales and Northern Ireland. But in the taverns and factories and housing estates of this ***working-class*** town, as in scores of others across Scotland, a new mood has been quietly growing, fanned by the nationalist winds blowing from Europe.

In recent months, more and more Scots have begun to say openly that they they want to sever or, at the very least, loosen the covenant that has bound Scotland to England and the rest of Britain. In the new Europe, they argue, Scotland should have its own voice.

A Quiet Revolt

So far it has been a peaceable, even quiet, revolt compared with the nationalist tumult on the Continent. But its sentiments can be heard clearly, not only in the oratory of politicians but also in the lyrics of Scottish rock musicians and the public pronouncements of Scottish celebrities like Sean Connery, the actor, who has already lent his voice and prestige to the nationalist cause.

It can also be measured in public opinion polls. Although Scots seem divided on whether they want outright independence or just a greater stake in their own affairs within Britain, only one in four say they want to continue the existing arrangment within the United Kingdom.

Whether the mood is a passing phase, an emotional flirtation with nationalism, or in fact a serious political challenge to the union will be measured in the coming months when voters across the United Kingdom cast ballots for a new Parliament. Prime Minister John Major is expected to call a national election no later than early May.

But already the shift in the Scottish mood has colored the British political debate, raising alarms among those who say they fear for the future of the union, and suggesting opportunities among those who sense in the Scots' restiveness an opening for electoral advantage.

Tory Leader in Warning

In a speech last weekend, Mr. Major, whose party commands a majority of the House of Commons but holds only 9 of the 72 parliamentary seats from Scotland, warned darkly that the disintegration of the union with Scotland would be "pure poison" because it would diminish Britain's international influence and weaken Scotland.

Among other things, the Conservatives argue that independence, or other forms of autonomy, would cost Scotland jobs and bring higher taxes, since Scotland receives more money from the central Government each year than it contributes itself in taxes.

At the same time, Neil Kinnock, the head of the rival Labor Party, says that if Labor wins the national election this spring, he will introduce legislation within a year to give Scotland its own taxing powers and a separate governing assembly.

Although he opposed similar initiatives in the past, Mr. Kinnock now hopes to please both Scottish and English voters by proposing to turn over some administrative powers from Westminster to Edinburgh, a kind of half-way measure between full union, on which the ruling Conservatives insist, and outright independence, as favored by the Scottish National Party.

Even Mr. Major conceded that he would have to "take stock" after the election should voters in Scotland show their preference for some kind of altered relationship by voting even more Conservative politicians out of office.

Stirring Other Waters

"I think you can say that whether or not the United Kingdom remains a state depends on what happens in Scotland," said Prof. Keith Robbins, the head of St. David's University College in Wales and an expert on the history of the United Kingdom. Among other things, he said, the ripples from the debate in Scotland will stir the waters in Wales and Northern Ireland, where there are also deep-seated nationalist yearnings.

Over the years, support among the Scots for independence, or some form of greater autonomy, has waxed and waned. Its theatrical high came on Christmas morning in 1950 when a group of Scottish nationalists sneaked into Westminister Abbey and briefly removed the Stone of Scone, the ancient throne of Scottish kings.

Then, in 1979, a growing restiveness about binding ties to Britain resulted in a referendum on an independent legislature for Scotland. Although a majority of those who voted approved the measure, it failed because the turnout fell short of 40 percent of the registered electorate.

This time, advocates and political analysts say, the independence movement appears to have more bite, reflecting, in part, the miserable state of Britain's economy and a conviction among Scots that given control of their own resources, in particular North Sea oil and Scotch whisky, they would be better off on their own rather than aboard a foundering British ship.

Scottish resentment of England also stems from the 1979-90 tenure of Mr. Major's Tory predecessor, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who ushered in the widely unpopular community charge, or poll tax. When it was imposed here in 1988, a year before it took effect elsewhere in Britain, Scots felt they were being used as guinea pigs for the tax, and many refused to pay.

Influence of the Young

Still another factor, reflected in public opinion polls, is the growing influence of younger voters, a majority of whom say they are in favor of independence. James Todd, for example, is a 32-year-old paper mill worker and avid motorcylist who is running as a nationalist candidate for a local council seat in Kilmarnock.

"I'd rather be out riding my motorcycle," said Mr. Todd, who wears his hair in a pony tail and favors jeans and leather jackets. "But I see all these other countries in Europe getting their independence and I can't help but say, 'Hey, we want a bit of that too.' "

The purchase of the nationalist cause among young people is reflected in the music of some of Scotland's most popular rock groups, like Deacon Blue and Hue and Cry, which employ Scottish themes in their music, and in the growing popularity of Gaelic poetry and songs.

Buoyed by what they are hearing, Mr. MacInnes and others in the Scottish National Party are trying to cast the coming British election as a referendum of sorts on independence.

Until now, the nationalists have not fared well in elections: they hold only 5 of the 72 parliamentary seats in Scotland, a delegation that is dominated by the Labor Party, which has 48.

As a result, the nationalists are picking their biggest battles this spring not so much with the despised Tories, those arch foes of independence, but with the Labor Party.

Here in Kilmarnock, a town of 85,000 people that produces both Scotch whisky and railroad locomotives, the local nationalist candidate is Alex Neil, a former Labor Party official turned nationalist.

"What we are telling people is that a vote for Labor is throwing your vote away," said Danny Coffey, a local city council member and Mr. Neil's aide. "Labor says, 'Vote for us and get rid of the Tories.' Well, Scots have voted for Labor three times now, and we've still got the Tories."

But the Labor Party has a formidable hold over the Scottish voter. "I've voted Labor all my life and I will again," said Annie McKie, who lives in Shortlease, a public housing project southeast of town. "I'd never vote Tory and I can't give it to the National Party. I just don't think Scotland can afford to go by ourselves yet."

**Graphic**

Photo: "Suddenly people are realizing they are Scots, first and foremost," said Alistair MacInnes, left, at the Scottish National Party's office in Kilmarnock, Scotland, with Danny Coffey, a local city council member; Annie McKie, a resident of a public-housing project who vows to continue voting Labor, showing her leaky ceiling to James Todd, left, a 32-year-old paper mill worker and avid motorcyclist who is running as a nationalist candidate for a local council seat in Kilmarnock. (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times)

Map of Great Britain showing location of Scotland.

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1992

**End of Document**



[***4 CANDIDATES FOR TOP SPOTS COURT ETHNIC VOTE TOGETHER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HFF0-0008-N0GY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 16, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By STEVEN R. WEISMAN

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 15

**Body**

The Republican and Democratic candidates for President and Vice President made an unusual joint appearance to court Italian-Americans tonight as President Reagan spoke of his record on crime and inflation and Walter F. Mondale charged that Geraldine A. Ferraro had been subjected to ''smears'' and ''ethnic innuendo.''

Mr. Reagan's and Mr. Mondale's comments came in speeches they gave tonight at the National Italian-American Foundation dinner at the Washington Hilton Hotel, where the candidates arrived amid extremely heavy security.

The audience of more than 2,000 people applauded all the candidates warmly, but Mr. Reagan got the warmest reception, a standing ovation, scattered cheers and scattered shouts of ''Four more years, four more years.'' But Mrs. Ferraro was applauded almost as warmly, as a favorite daughter of an organization on whose board she serves.

In the spirit of an evening where speaker after speaker hailed Mrs. Ferraro as the first national candidate of a major party of Italian-American extraction, Mr. Reagan himself told the audience, ''I understand how you feel,'' and, turning to the Democratic Vice- Presidential candidate, said ''congratulations,'' using the Italian word.

President Reagan, Vice President George Bush and their Democratic opponents Walter Mondale and Geraldine Ferraro all attend National Italian-American Foundation dinner in Washington, DC; scene described; illustration (M)

But this rare evening of bipartisan harmony began on a discordant note. It occurred when Mrs. Ferraro arrived in Washington from Elmira, N.Y., and discovered that her black cocktail dress for the evening, along with her husband's tuxedo, had been left in a limousine trunk in Queens by a Secret Service agent.

Democrats Delay Entrance

While the outfits were sent to Washington on a shuttle flight, Mr. Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro and their spouses delayed their entrance into the ballroom. Several White House aides said the Democratic candidates had asked Mr. Reagan and Vice President Bush to wait for them so they could all enter together.

''It's an outrage that they should have asked us to help them keep 2,300 dinner guests waiting,'' said a Presidential assistant, obviously angry. ''That campaign is as bad as we've heard.''

After the sartorial snafu, the evening proceeded smoothly as Mr. Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro shook hands with Mr. Reagan and Mr. Bush as they crossed the dais.

Mr. Mondale, in his speech, said Mrs. Ferraro had in the last few months been ''tested as few American political figures have ever been.'' He said she had been ''the object of intense and legitimate scrutiny.''

''But sadly, she and her family have also been subject to smears,'' he added. ''I don't have to tell the Italian- American Foundation what it means to be tarred by ethnic innuendo. But I do want to tell you that I have never met a political leader as tough and as honorable as my running mate.''

Mr. Mondale's press office declined to elaborate. Mrs. Ferraro, however, has charged that news articles were attempting to link her family with organized crime figures and were ethnic slurs. In her speech, Mrs. Ferraro did not repeat these accusations. Francis O'Brien, her spokesman, said she did not intend to address the issue in public.

Debate in Italian Suggested

Mrs. Ferraro seemed to be in a vivacious mood, mingling with guests on the dais, many of them longtime acquaintances, while the other candidates sat through dinner.

She jokingly thanked Mr. Reagan for accepting ''our format for the Vice Presidential debates'' and letting Mr. Bush ''debate me in Italian.''

''Giorgio, Sei pronto per lasciare commenciare il dibattito?'' she asked, using the Italian for, ''George, are you ready to begin the debate?''

It had been a difficult weekend for her, not only because of the black-tie bungle but also because of a somewhat tense encounter at another Italian- American dinner Friday night in Manhattan with Archbishop John J. O'Connor, who has criticized Mrs. Ferraro over the issue of abortion.

Family Values Emphasized

That issue did not come up in the speeches tonight. Mrs. Ferraro talked about immigrant dreams and the value of hard work, family and education. She said she savored the falling of discriminatory barriers and the way the image of Italian-Americans has been burnished with the achievements of many.

''Not long ago, every time you saw an Italian woman on television, she was leaning out of a window, yelling, ''Anthony, it's spaghetti day,'' Mrs. Ferraro said. Now there are better role models, she said, adding, ''Both men and women of Italian descent are seen on television discussing not pasta, but politics, the Federal budget and the fate of the Earth.''

Both Mr. Reagan's and Mr. Mondale's speeches addressed the importance of family values and religious faith. Neither mentioned the more controversial issues of abortion and religion in politics, which have been the focus of some of their recent exchanges.

Mr. Bush, in a short speech, paid tribute to Italian-Americans and Italy and made a joke about himself that was also a pointed gibe at Mrs. Ferraro. Saying that earlier his wife had persuaded him to wear his striped watchband, the Vice President commented: ''You know how it is, being married to a WASP woman.''

The audience laughed at this obvious dig at Mrs. Ferraro, a reference to her earlier remark about the difficulties of being married to an Italian man, at the time when her husband, John A. Zaccaro, had declined her request to make public his personal income tax returns. He later changed his mind.

Mr. Reagan ended his speech with an emotional tribute to a surgeon, a ''son of a milkman'' who ''saved the life of a President of the United States who had been shot.'' He added: ''I know this story because I was the patient. Dr. Joseph Giordano is the surgeon. The hero of the story is Joseph Giordano Sr., retired milkman and inheritor of the Italian-American tradition.''

As Mr. Reagan said ''grazie'' to the crowd, there was long applause. The attempt on his life was March 30, 1981, outside the hotel where he spoke tonight.

Italian-American Vote Crucial

The dinner came as aides in both camps have come increasingly to regard Italian-Americans as crucial in the election.

Mr. Reagan, in particular, is trying to make deep inroads into Mr. Mondale's presumed political base in the Northeast and Midwest by winning support from ***working-class*** Italian- Americans with a campaign based on appeals to what aides refer to as traditional values.

The President spoke of the legacy of the hard work and devotion to family of the first generation of Italian immigrants. ''They stayed in America and worked hard, and little by little secured the things that had eluded them,'' he said.

Generally avoiding partisanship, Mr. Reagan nonetheless said that his Administration believed that ''protecting economic freedom means fighting inflation with unrelenting determination'' and that ''we are tough on crime,'' particularly ''organized crime and drug trafficking.''

Mr. Mondale spent much of his time praising Mrs. Ferraro. His aides say they hope her candidacy will strengthen his chances among Italian- American voters. ''Choosing Geraldine as my running mate is one of the best decisions I've ever made,'' he said.

He added jokingly that Mrs. Ferraro told him recently that she did not mind being ''No. 2 for the next eight years'' but that in 1992, there was ''an important 500th aniversary of an ocean voyage.'' In that year, Mr. Mondale said Mrs. Ferraro told him she would make ''an appropriate Numero Uno.''

The Democratic Presidential candidate also praised the benefits of ''family values,'' as well as patriotism and ''social justice.''

**Graphic**

photo of President Reagan and Geraldine Ferraro

**End of Document**



[***They're Off (Yawn) in Hong Kong;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YPH-2G10-00MH-F4FD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***It's Midnight, but to Expatriate Bettors, It's Post Time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YPH-2G10-00MH-F4FD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By TINA KELLEY

By TINA KELLEY

**Body**

Several midnights a month, Hong Kong expatriates -- waiters from Chinatown, bartenders from Kennedy Airport, factory workers from Brooklyn and Queens -- head for the horses. After their shifts they escape to the Meadowlands Racetrack in New Jersey, where they bet, cheer and swear as the thoroughbreds run, 13 time zones ahead. The live simulcasts can last until sunup.

The late-night trips are a cure for homesickness for these transplants from a city obsessed with horse racing, where the Hong Kong Jockey Club is the center of social life. The club takes in $11 billion a year, drawing crowds of up to 70,000 people a day, including wealthy businessmen in private boxes and ***working-class*** families dressed in their finest. It is a bastion of Old World luxury. It is everything that the early-morning Meadowlands, with its stark lighting, smoky cashier lines and shuttered doughnut shops, is not.

"These guys are used to basically all the amenities, but we're on the wrong side of planet Earth at this time," said Paul J. Q. Lee, a consultant for the Meadowlands who arranges for a van to pick up many of the gamblers at Chatham Square in Manhattan.

As the 15-seat van headed down the New Jersey Turnpike one recent frigid night, nobody on board was wearing formal attire -- and there were no women, children or tycoons.

In a seat near the front, Yui Chuen Ho, 60, a retired Hong Kong taxi driver, enthusiastically explained his approach to the Sport of Kings. "Betting on horses is like the stock market, not like the casino," he said through a translator. "It doesn't depend on luck." Stabbing the air with his index finger, he said one must study the horse's face, body and legs as the horse is presented to the public before the race, and make sure the rear hoof lands in the print of the front hoof. "It's got to slip in exactly the same spot, and if not there's something wrong with it," said Mr. Ho, who bought a house in Hong Kong with a window facing the downtown track. "How smooth is the tail? Is the hair smooth and shiny? It must have tight muscles. It must not stumble."

Several rows in the back, another passenger -- a 35-year-old who has been in the country 10 years and gave only his first name, Fred -- scoffed at such handicapping. "Why don't you just ask a fortune teller?" he said. "I don't believe it."

The men arrived at the track about 12:15 a.m., and soon rushed off to take their places in the Meadowlands clubhouse, in chairs with one television screen each, or in the public viewing areas, to catch the early-afternoon post time in Hong Kong.

Some bettors had books showing each horse's family tree, back to great-grandsires and great-grand dams. Others held printouts of racing Web pages, in Chinese or English. They watched attendants escort horses around the Asian track before the afternoon races. On this side of the video screen, people wore jeans, flipped their pens nervously and sipped sodas.

The Meadowlands started broadcasting races from Hong Kong four years ago. At the height of the simulcasts' popularity, a couple of busloads of workers from Chinatown would make the late-night ride, drawn by Hong Kong entertainers and special events like karaoke.

But the late hours proved to be too much for most gamblers, organizers said. The food is limited, and the Meadowlands track's bars close around post time in Hong Kong. The number of customers has dwindled to one vanload and another couple of dozen die-hards who make the trip in their own cars.

Still, Meadowlands management considers it worthwhile to stay open for the races, which are broadcast live by satellite from the Hong Kong club's Happy Valley and Sha Tin racecourses 8,000 miles away. The Meadowlands pays 3 percent of the total bet on the Hong Kong races to an intermediary for the Jockey Club.

"From the betting standpoint, even though it's early in the morning, it does comparatively well with races during normal business hours," said Chris McErlean, vice president and general manager of the Meadowlands Racetrack, who had seen other tracks in California, Vancouver and Toronto attract early-morning crowds with simulcast races from Hong Kong.

"I'm always amazed at the amount of money that's bet on it, given the time frame," he said. Last year, 500 to 700 people would come in between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m., he said, and bet about $60,000 over five or six races. The Meadowlands also broadcasts races from England, Australia and the West Coast, for a total of 20 hours of simulcasts a day.

One die-hard fan, Sammy Chan, 52, aimed binoculars at a large-screen television for a close-up view.

"If the ear is straight up, that means he's fresh," Mr. Chan said. "That detail tells you something."

He had driven from Kennedy Airport after finishing work as a bartender and would be driving home to the Bronx after the races.

The fans are also adamant about the superiority of Hong Kong's thoroughbreds. "American horses look like they are fake," said Kinpint Mui, 35, a gambler who works in a Chinatown factory. "They are so slow. There's no excitement."

Actually, the horses in Hong Kong are all imports from England, the United States, Australia and Japan. They are more likely to be offspring of the best sires, but do not have as fancy a pedigree as the big winners themselves, said Alan Shuback, the foreign editor of The Daily Racing Form. If a horse arrives in Hong Kong with an inauspicious name, he said, it will most likely be changed to something like Dragon Win, Horse of Healthy or Clement Fortune. Not to mention Chinese Tea, Tea for Gentlemen and Tea for You.

The track at Happy Valley, in downtown Hong Kong, is triangular, and made of turf instead of dirt, the common surface in America. Races usually have 12 or 16 horses, while in the United States horses often race in heats of 6 or 7, he said. They run clockwise, the British way.

Mr. Lee, the consultant for the Meadowlands, who has also arranged trips from Chinatown to Atlantic City and the Foxwood Resorts Casino in Connecticut, has noticed other differences in the racing cultures. "We don't have negative stigma about gambling, like in church, where they say it is a bad thing," Mr. Lee said. "In Hong Kong, it's a family experience."

People there wager far more on horse races, he said. For the 1998 season, for example, the Jockey Club reported $11.9 billion in revenue. The 150 tracks in the United States had gross revenues totaling $3.25 billion, according to a 1999 report by the National Gambling Impact Study Commission. Until China took control, the Jockey Club was the city's second largest business -- after Jardine Matheson, the trading house -- and contributed about 10 percent of the government's tax revenue.

To explain the importance of racing in Hong Kong, one gambler recalled how Deng Xiaoping, China's leader, had soothed fears by pledging that the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club would endure, though in deference to the new political climate the century-old club dropped the "royal" from its name.

The accommodations remain more majestic than Maoist. "You have everything from galleries for the masses to the most exquisite boxes for the elite of Hong Kong," Mr. Lee said. He described a lofty scene: boxes with two large buffet tables, serving Cantonese and Western food, Yung Chow fried rice next to roast beef. Waiters and waitresses deliver meals to spectators.

"It is an exquisite experience," he said. "You're eating the finest, in very strict, old British style."

The same cannot be said for the early-morning Meadowlands, where some rooms resemble a bus terminal more than a gracious buffet. Most of the men from Chinatown stayed in the Race World Teletheater on the grandstand's paddock level. It has two connected rooms with a black ceiling, 156 seats, most of them empty, each with television monitors that broadcast several channels, including the Hong Kong races in both English and Cantonese.

Mostly, the men kept to themselves or talked in pairs as they hung out by the video monitors or drifted near the cashier windows. Few took advantage of the hot dogs and french fries still for sale.

During each race, the British announcers' excited voices rose up a steady chromatic scale. The six races, about half an hour apart, did not evoke much noise from the crowd at the Meadowlands, aside from the occasional cussing out of a horse. "Come on, Fly Me Outside," an agitated man yelled at the screens. "I need the 3, not the 5. I need the damn 3! I can't win a thing on this track!"

There is an occasional language barrier. Paul Campanelli, a teller at a betting window, said he once asked a bettor who had trouble making himself understood to write down the numbers of the horses he wanted to bet on. The man returned a while later -- with the numbers written in Chinese characters.

The men like to talk about how much can be won by picking the win, place and show horses in three races; it is theoretically possible to win $5,000 with a $2 bet. But at 3:30 a.m., when the van was ready to return to Manhattan, no winners were boarding. Yui Chuen Ho, who said he was always prepared to lose $1,000 at the track, had lost $200. Fred said he had lost $80. Nobody was particularly upset by the losses.

Charlie Gang, who had driven to New Jersey after his shift at a Brooklyn factory, put it this way: "It's special to come here. I just want to have all the trouble to forget about, and feel happy. I don't mind if I win money or lose money."

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**Graphic**

Photos: Thirteen time zones melt away along with many of their bets as Yui Chuen Ho, left, and other expatriates from Hong Kong await the next race, simulcast live at the Meadowlands.; Watching and wagering on races from Hong Kong at the Meadowlands Racetrack in New Jersey. The food is limited and the bars are closed, but 500 to 700 people bet $60,000 a night. (Photographs by Bridget Besaw Gorman for The New York Times)

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[***Battle Over The Banlieues***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NH0-X7B0-TW8F-G2K3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By David Rieff

David Rieff, a contributing writer, covered the recent elections in Bolivia and Mexico for the magazine.

**Body**

''If I could get my hands on Sarkozy, I'd kill him.'' I had asked Mamadou, a wiry young man wearing gray camouflage pants and a tank top, what he thought of France's former minister of the interior, who is also the right's standard-bearer in this spring's presidential elections. ''I'd kill him,'' he continued and then paused as if savoring the thought. ''Then I'd go to prison. And when I got out, I'd be a hero.''

We were in Les Bosquets, one of the impoverished housing projects that are scattered across the banlieues, the heavily immigrant ***working-class*** suburbs that surround Paris. I asked Mamadou's friend Ahmad if he felt the same way. He said he would not go that far. ''I wouldn't kill him, no,'' he said. ''But I hate him. We all hate him.''

A lot of this was bravado, of course, friends showing off for friends in the disaffected, hyperaggressive macho style that now predominates among France's disenfranchised suburban young. As a group, their unemployment rate stands at around 40 percent. Seen from the Paris familiar to most foreigners or, for that matter, to most native Parisians, Les Bosquets seems like another country. And yet it takes only about an hour to get there from the Place de la Concorde. Paris is ringed by hard-up towns like Clichy-sous-Bois and Montfermeil, each with its own version -- some far better, very few much worse -- of Les Bosquets. These cites, as the housing projects are known, suffer from much more than being simply ugly or neglected. Nor is their poverty what sets them apart; there is poverty in Paris itself, after all, and in the French countryside as well. Still less is it their immigrant character: the great French cities, like all major European cities these days, are filled with new immigrants, the majority of them Muslims. (A third of the Muslims in Europe now live in France.) And yet there is something particularly soulless and depressing about these suburbs. An increasing number of those who live in the cites have the sense that they are unwelcome in a France whose treatment of them, whether hostile or indifferent, utterly contradicts the claim the country makes for itself: that in France everyone is treated equally and that the Republic neither makes nor will accept any distinction between citizens on the basis of race, class or ethnic background.

The elections have pitted Nicolas Sarkozy against two main challengers, the Socialist Party's SegolA<8>ne Royal and an upstart center-right candidate from the small Union for a Democratic France, or U.D.F., FranA<7>ois Bayrou. Much of Sarkozy's political identity in the campaign comes from the mutually antagonistic relationship he has with young men like Mamadou and Ahmad. As interior minister, Sarkozy was responsible for confronting the unrest in the cites that in 2005 boiled over into full-scale riots, and in doing so he came to embody the hostility that many of the FranA<7>ais de souche -- that is, French people whose ancestors have lived in France for centuries -- now feel toward the FranA<7>ais issus de l'immigration, that is, French people whose parents or grandparents immigrated from the Maghreb or sub-Saharan Africa or the islands of the Indian Ocean. In Sarkozy's campaign speeches, he denies any affiliation with the country's anti-immigrant parties. But as the presidential campaign nears its conclusion (the first round of voting takes place next weekend), Sarkozy has seemed only to accentuate his hard-line stances on illegal immigration, on assimilation and on ''security,'' which in France today refers mostly to the violence of the suburban young.

For many observers, both inside and outside the country, the future of France is at stake in this election. Sarkozy's supporters, who include a number of prominent intellectuals (unlike in almost every other rich country, their role continues to be significant in France), say he represents a clean break with the politics of the past half-century in France. For the novelist Marc Weitzmann, an enthusiastic ''Sarkozyiste,'' French postwar politics was dominated first by an unholy alliance between Charles de Gaulle and the French Communist Party and then by the Socialist FranA<7>ois Mitterrand and the Gaullist Jacques Chirac, who in a sense perpetuated this sclerotic political arrangement. For Weitzmann, Sarkozy provides an alternative to a system that has failed to produce social peace, failed to adapt to France's reduced role in the world and above all failed to reform its economy on either the Tony Blair model or the German Social Democratic model.

A decade ago, it would have been inconceivable to have found a Parisian intellectual like the writer Pascal Bruckner supporting a right-wing candidate like Sarkozy. But as Bruckner put it to me recently, Sarkozy ''wants to give a kick in the rear to our old, decrepit country, to put an end to the French feeling of self-hatred, to reinforce our self-esteem and the value of work. He wants to extricate us from our decadence and put an end to the so-called 'French exception,' which is nothing more than the narcissism of failure.''

Philip Gordon, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington, largely agrees. Like Bruckner, he is persuaded of the novelty of Sarkozy in French politics. ''He's a new type of character for the Fifth Republic,'' Gordon told me. Unlike most French politicians, Sarkozy did not graduate from one of France's so-called great schools; he attended the University of Paris. Notably, he is not himself a member of the FranA<7>ais de souche; his father, a public-relations executive, immigrated from Hungary in 1946. What's more, Gordon says, Sarkozy ''is radically different in orientation from those within the Gaullist movement who have come before him, including Jacques Chirac.'' In economic policy, Sarkozy is neoliberal rather than statist, and in foreign affairs, he is Atlanticist rather than Europeanist and pro-Israel rather than pro-Palestinian.

His real break from the past, though, can be seen in the way he has made the interconnected issues of immigration, assimilation and national identity the centerpieces of his campaign. Traditionally, immigration has been a concern of only the French hard right, notably Jean-Marie Le Pen and his National Front. That changed after the unexpected result of the 2002 elections. The French electoral system involves two rounds of voting; the second round is a runoff between the two candidates who get the most votes in the first round. In the past, many French voters have expressed their support for minority parties in the first round in the belief that in the second the contest will revert to a familiar choice between France's two major parties: the Socialist Party and the Union for a Popular Movement, or U.M.P., the center-right inheritor of Gaullism. In the 2002 elections, however, that strategy helped Le Pen earn more votes than the Socialists in the first round, which gave him a place in the runoff against Chirac. The French left was forced to rally behind Chirac, but Le Pen still managed to get 17 percent of the vote, largely by playing the anti-immigrant card. It was an astonishing result and one that still traumatizes many French voters, who prefer to think of Le Pen's politics as far outside the mainstream and of limited appeal.

Roland Cayrol, the dean of French pollsters, told me that most French people, like voters everywhere, care more about bread-and-butter issues than questions of immigration and national identity. He added, however, that ''those who are concerned with immigration, who form the base of support for Le Pen, are single-issue voters, and in a close election, their votes can determine the outcome.''

The consensus among French political observers is that Sarkozy knows this and has tailored his campaign accordingly. His strategy in the first round appears to be to tack far enough to the right to attract a substantial number of Le Pen's supporters, while taking care not to alienate too many centrist voters. Maintaining this delicate balance requires prodigious oratorical gifts, and Sarkozy is a brilliant speaker, perhaps the best in France for a generation. And his job as interior minister has helped with this positioning as well; until last month, when he resigned in order to campaign full time, he used his post to signal his toughness and his tenacity. He carried out a policy of cracking down on illegal immigrants, up to and including sending police into schools to arrest, with a view toward deportation, young people enrolled in them. He has boasted that his policies prevented France from being subjected to the kinds of immigrant floods that Spain experienced after the Socialist government there legalized many illegal residents. In what has been received in France as a clear signal to Le Pen's constituency, Sarkozy has insisted that ''there was an obvious link between 30 or 40 years of a policy of uncontrolled immigration and the social explosion in French cities.'' And as if to cap all this, in a recent speech he unveiled a plan for a new ministry to be called the Ministry of Immigration and National Identity. To many French people, the concept was a horrifying echo of the racism of the fascist Vichy regime during the Second World War. But, as he usually does, Sarkozy stood firm.

It is impossible to understand the French elections of 2007 without first taking the measure of what happened in November 2005, when riots convulsed the French suburbs and shocked the French public. They began in the Paris suburb of Clichy-sous-Bois, after two teenagers from one of the town's toughest cites were chased by the police into an electric-power substation and electrocuted, but before long they had spread across much of the country. For many voters, the trauma produced by the conflict -- which the conservative writer and TV personality Alain Minc calls ''the revolt of 2005'' -- has never been far from the surface, and last month, when a small riot broke out in the Gare du Nord, the principal terminus of the RER suburban rail network that links Paris with its northern suburbs, the issue once more assumed center stage.

An internal report commissioned by the French prime minister's office called the 2005 riots ''unprecedented in their length, their geographic spread, their economic cost and their political impact, both nationally and internationally.'' The only proper comparison, the authors argued, was the rioting in Los Angeles in 1992 after the Rodney King verdict. But, they added, those riots did not spread outside greater Los Angeles and only lasted six days, whereas the French riots lasted almost three weeks.

Politically, the riots were a polarizing event. Many residents of the cites, even those who condemned the violence, insisted that given the conditions that existed there and the brutality and racism of the police, an explosion was inevitable. And even the political establishment in France, up to and including Sarkozy, concedes that racism in employment is endemic in the country. There are data that seem to demonstrate that if your name is Mohammed or Fatima, you have less than 50 percent of the chance of being hired than you do if your name is Jean or Marie. The French Republic may proclaim its commitment to equal opportunity, but few French people believe it to be genuine. Abderrahmane Dahmane, who is in charge of the Sarkozy campaign's relations with France's immigrant communities, told me that when a policeman stops an immigrant youth, the youth might say something like ''I'm as French as you,'' and the policeman might agree, but they would both know it wasn't true. The radical young people I met, whether would-be rappers like Mamadou and Ahmad in Les Bosquets or young Islamists affiliated with the Tawhid Center in Lyon, made much the same point, although in far more bitter language and without Dahmane's belief that this reality could be changed -- and that Sarkozy was the man to do it.

For the vast majority of the French electorate, watching the rioting on television or reading about it in the newspapers was both an alien and an alienating experience. It was alien because, for them, these suburbs were already a foreign land into which they almost never went (just as the residents of the cites rarely took the suburban rail links into the great cities like Paris, Lyon or Strasbourg). And it was alienating because the violence seemed both so savage and so self-destructive. Polling data showed that it was the older cohorts of French voters who were most affected, emotionally, by the riots. As the pollster Roland Cayrol put it to me, ''these older voters are of the age where one is often governed by one's fears.''

Their fears are anything but groundless. Violent crime and burglary are rising, though as yet guns are almost never used -- nor were they, significantly, during the 2005 riots -- and so the homicide rates are far, far lower than in American cities. There was, for example, only one death during the riots, compared with dozens in Los Angeles in 1992. But guns or no guns, there is a palpable air of menace when you take a ride after dark on certain parts of the superb Paris metro system or the anything-but-superb suburban RER network. To a New Yorker, it is reminiscent of the accumulated petty disorders of pre-Giuliani New York, with its squeegee men, hustlers, beggars and turnstile jumpers. And it seems hard to believe that anyone who has spent much time in the RER section of the Gare du Nord could have been surprised that things there turned violent so quickly last month. Whenever I passed through, it always seemed to me that both the suburban youths and the young policemen on duty were spoiling for a fight.

the outgoing president, share a political party, but they have had a bitter political rivalry for years. When Chirac first named Sarkozy to the interior post in 2002, many observers speculated that it was done in the hope that Sarkozy would fail there, or at least be marginalized. But the riots in 2005 instead had the effect of putting Sarkozy at the center of the national political dialogue. A few days after they began, as it was becoming clear that the situation was not likely to abate quickly, Sarkozy traveled to Argenteuil, a suburb very much like Clichy-sous-Bois. In France, the minister of the interior directly controls the national police force, so suppressing the rioting was Sarkozy's job. Everyone, including Sarkozy himself, knew that his political career was on the line.

Rare is the French politician who does not exude self-confidence -- it is the national political style -- but even by French standards Sarkozy has always seemed utterly confident both in his abilities and in his way with words. Thus, there was nothing surprising about Sarkozy's rushing to the scene of the rioting, surrounded by police, reporters and local residents. But what he said when he got there was the antithesis of what a government minister was expected to say. After making the predictable statement that he was determined to suppress the rioting by all means at his disposal and to crack down hard on those responsible, Sarkozy said the words that have defined him ever since in the minds of the young people of the suburbs and many others as well. His voice rising in anger, he declared that the rioters were nothing more than ''racaille.''

In French, the word ''racaille'' means ''scum.'' It is hard to think of a word more likely to cause offense, not only among the youths themselves but among their parents and older relatives as well. Unlike the epithet that so many American black youths continue to use toward one another -- so often to the despair of their elders -- the young people of the cites rarely employ ''racaille'' to describe themselves or as a form of address. (When they do, it is in Verlan, the inverted slang of the suburbs in which words are said backward thus ''racaille'' becomes the ironic ''caillera.'') They believe that the term expresses the way most French people view them. From the perspective of the suburbs, Sarkozy's ''racaille'' was the equivalent of yelling fire in a crowded theater.

For Pascal Bruckner, it was simply vintage Sarkozy. ''That is his great fault,'' he told me. ''There is this supercop side of him, this tendency toward conflict that prevents him from keeping his calm. He has so much energy in him that it is as if he is always about to explode. You know, his legs actually move when he speaks.'' For Bruckner, the racaille incident was one in which Sarkozy's emotions overcame his reason: ''The problem is that he deeply despises his adversaries. That use of the word 'scum,' it dishonored his function.''

Dahmane, Sarkozy's campaign liaison to immigrants, told me that he often feared Sarkozy's weakness as a politician was that he was not politic enough. Sarkozy was not ashamed of this fact, Dahmane said: ''He once told me that he said in a loud voice what most people only whisper under their breath.''

Bruckner and Dahmane were identifying precisely what troubles so many French people about the prospect of Sarkozy's becoming president. As Dominique Sopo, a Socialist Party member and Royal supporter who runs a civil rights advocacy group, explained to me: ''No one sensible would claim that there weren't some rioters who could indeed justifiably be called racaille. But a responsible person neither indicts a whole community nor adds fuel to the fire in this way. Certainly not a minister. And certainly not someone who thinks himself ready to become president.''

(Sarkozy's use of such extreme language was hardly unprecedented. In June 2005, in the suburb of La Courneuve, he said he would clean up the cites as if with a ''KA<4>rcher,'' a high-pressure industrial cleaning machine. After Sarkozy's remarks, the KA<4>rcher corporation felt obliged to take out ads in major French newspapers saying that it in no way approved the sentiments behind the use of its name.)

As the unrest continued in the fall of 2005, the Molotov- and paving-stone-wielding rioters could be heard on television yelling about being treated as racaille. To this day, the wound of that remark festers. The rioting youths at the Gare du Nord last month chanted anti-Sarkozy slogans as they hurled bottles at the police. And it's not just the rioters: I can't remember a single political conversation in any of the cites I have visited in the last year, on any subject -- jobs, discrimination, France herself -- that wasn't prefaced by at least a few almost ritualistic denunciations of Sarkozy.

Sarkozy and his political advisers certainly know that he crossed a Rubicon with his remarks. Not once during the campaign has Sarkozy visited the cites. EugA<8>ne-Henri More, the Communist deputy mayor of La Courneuve, told me that the one time people in his suburb thought Sarkozy was going to come, there was an uproar and much threatening talk about what the response would be. Asked at a news conference when Sarkozy would visit a cite, one of his principal spokeswomen, Rachida Dati, a well-known magistrate who is herself the daughter of North African immigrants, dodged the question, speaking instead of her own frequent visits to such places and of Sarkozy's plans for economic and social revitalization. As FranA<7>ois Bayrou, the U.D.F. candidate, said sarcastically, Sarkozy must be the only interior minister in Europe for whom a portion of his own country is completely off limits.

Bayrou has made frequent visits to the suburbs, where young voters are increasingly drawn to him. Sarkozy seems unconcerned; given the public mood, he may have calculated that being despised in the suburbs will help him with the electorate as a whole more than it will hurt him. Such is the depth of mainstream French disquiet, in fact, that many figures in French politics who have traditionally viewed themselves as defenders of immigrants' rights and of the residents of the suburbs are bowing to the prevailing winds and taking a tougher stance toward the immigrant youth. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, once one of the most radical of the student leaders of May '68 in France and now an influential voice in European Socialist politics, recently declared in Le Monde that if he and his fellow Socialist Party members ''do not speak clearly on the suburbs and on immigration, we leave an avenue open to Le Pen.''

SegolA<8>ne Royal has had difficulty articulating a coherent response to the electorate's shift. She horrified many of her more left-leaning supporters during the campaign by calling for the military to be involved in training programs for delinquent youths and for ''putting school and family back at the center of society'' -- a coded way of promising that if elected she would get tough with the immigrant youth of the suburbs. Royal has presented herself as the anti-Sarkozy, but in an effort not to cede the ground of patriotism to him, she recently said that she thought every French household should have a tricolor flag. The events of the Gare du Nord forced her onto the defensive once more.

Lhaj Breze, the head of the Union of Islamic Organizations in France (a group that is often accused of being Islamist by the French right but whose grass-roots support even its enemies do not deny), says he understands the attraction that many young French Muslims feel for Bayrou. ''He is a path to hope for them,'' Breze told me when we met in the group's modest offices in an industrial area of the Parisian suburb of La Courneuve.

''And Sarkozy?'' I asked him.

Breze smiled wanly: ''I'm afraid you won't find a single young French Muslim who will vote for him. No one is yet willing to forgive him. As far as they are concerned, what he said at the time of the riots -- as well as his closeness to America's policy in the Middle East, which is very important to the Muslim community in France -- makes him unacceptable to them.''

Interestingly, Breze did not share this antipathy at all. ''In many ways,'' he told me, ''Sarkozy has been especially sensitive to the concerns of French Muslims. He did not initiate the project to create a representative Muslim institution in France that was long overdue. The Socialists did that. But the C.F.C.M.'' -- the Council of the French Muslim Community -- ''could not have come into being without Sarkozy having pushed for it when he became minister of the interior. I've spoken with him many times, and I always found him very forthright and very committed.''

I asked Breze why, if this was the case, Sarkozy had taken such a hard line on French national identity, on the need for immigrants to adopt that identity, up to and including the proposed new ministry. Smiling more broadly this time, Breze said, ''Well, you might say that there is Sarkozy I and Sarkozy II, and that after the election we'll have Sarkozy I back again.'' Breze even allowed that he might vote for Sarkozy himself.

Breze's contention is that Sarkozy's current hard line is only for electoral purposes, that he is in fact sympathetic to the aspirations of immigrant and native-born nonwhite communities. This thesis is controversial in France (and anathema to both the youth of the suburbs and those supporting either Bayrou or Royal), but it is by no means groundless. Some of Sarkozy's supporters point to his support for affirmative action in the workplace and in the educational system, which, they say, is the only way to change the dismal life chances young people now confront. And pious Muslims like Breze see in Sarkozy someone who is more sympathetic to religious concerns than the Socialists, for whom atheism remains a touchstone.

the weakness of France's traditional political arrangements, and they have fragmented long-settled party loyalties. The pollster Roland Cayrol told me that Royal's poll numbers went up whenever she diverged from party orthodoxy and went down whenever she reverted to it, and in fact she has been covertly opposed by rivals from within her own Socialist Party. Bayrou has presented himself to the electorate as the politician who is ''beyond parties.'' In his speeches, he has called for people across the political divide to unite to work for what is best for France, not what is best for the Socialist Party or Sarkozy's U.M.P. or even his own U.D.F. (A cynic might observe that this last point is easy enough for him to make since the U.D.F. normally gets about 6 percent of the vote.)

In the campaign's remaining days, the voters who oppose Sarkozy will mostly be trying to work out whether Royal or Bayrou has the better chance of defeating him in the runoff. Bayrou's hope is that Royal will turn off many of her natural constituents and that they will choose him instead. Socialists reply that voters will in the end abandon Bayrou as a kind of impractical fantasy and return to the fold. They point to the fact that the polls consistently show that Royal's support is hard while Bayrou's is soft. What is undeniable, and what even some members of the Bayrou and Royal campaign staffs will agree to off the record, is that the 2007 French presidential election is really a referendum on Nicolas Sarkozy.

When I accompanied Bayrou into the RER station in central Paris for one of his recent campaign swings through the suburbs, a number of people in the crowd, which included many girls with head scarves and young men in hooded sweatshirts and hip-hop regalia, shouted, ''Save us from Sarkozy,'' as if Bayrou were a physician and the U.M.P. candidate a dread disease. A lot of Sarkozy's opponents, and not only in the suburbs, think that he is precisely the ''new type of character'' who will heighten the French crisis, not resolve it: a man who will sow division in a country already bitterly divided and aggravate social, religious and racial tensions in a country already racked by them.

Sarkozy's supporters obviously reject these apocalyptic predictions of what their candidate will do should he become president. But they agree with supporters of Royal and Bayrou that Sarkozy has challenged the traditional right-left fault lines that have, to one degree or another, dominated French politics since the storming of the Bastille in 1789. Although Sarkozy is the most conservative candidate and a member of the incumbent party, supporters like Marc Weitzmann tend to view him as representing change and hope -- and Royal and Bayrou as representing the status quo. For Sarkozy's opponents, he represents change too: precisely the wrong kind of change.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Unwelcome Mat: One of the many housing projects, or cites, that fill the suburbs throughout France, alienate their ***working-class*** residents and fuel the debate over French egalite. This one, the Pablo Picasso, is in Nanterre, west of Paris.

Enemies of the State?: French Muslim hip-hoppers at the Chene d'Or cite in Cergy, north of Paris. One presidential candidate has pledged to establish a Ministry of Immigration and National Identity. (Photographs by Sarah Caron for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 15, 2007

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[***INJURIES BEDEVIL BRITAIN'S SPLENDID RUNNERSS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J1D0-0008-N205-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 6, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By R. W. Apple Jr.

**Body**

LONDONOn paper, no other country can match the depth of Britain's talent in the men's middle- distance races. Whether that results in a bumper crop of medals at the Los Angeles Olympics, however, remains to be seen. The entrants preparing for the 800- and 1,500-meter races have been plagued with injuries, inconsistency and controversy - so much so that no one is sure who will be at his best.

Four years ago, in the Moscow Olympics, Steve Ovett won the 800 meters for Britain with his compatriot Sebastian Coe second. In the 1,500, Coe finished first with Ovett third. But last August, at the world championships in Helsinki, Finland, Coe was absent because of an injury and Ovett finished fourth in the 1,500. Victory went to a relative newcomer, the soft-spoken Steve Cram from the gritty northeast of England.

In the view of most local experts, Cram, the reigning European and Commonwealth champion, has supplanted Coe and Ovett as Britain's No. 1 runner in the 1,500 and the mile, even though Ovett set a world 1,500 record last Sept. 4 at Rieti, Italy. In a gusting wind, Ovett, with a time of 3 minutes 30.77 seconds, regained the record that Sydney Maree of the United States had taken from him seven days earlier in 3:31:24 in Cologne, West Germany.

Ovett said his performance ''should bury all of the cynics who keep saying that Ovett's career is finished.'' He was referring to his serious leg surgery at the end of 1981 and the depression that followed it. But John Walker, the New Zealand miler, had said at Helsinki: ''The Coe-Ovett era is now over.''

Coe still holds the world record for 800 meters (1:41.73, set in 1981) as well as for the mile (3:47.33, also in 1981). Another British runner, David Moorcroft, holds the 5,000-meter mark of 13:00.42, set in 1982. Coe said he will be in Los Angeles despite a dislocation of the pelvis for which he is receiving cortisone injections, manipulation and daily treatments of electrotherapy.

Cram has had a difficult summer. As likeable as Coe and as talented a tactician as Ovett, he ran the year's fastest 800 last August and then did 3:31.66 in the 1,500 at Brussels, only three-tenths of a second off the then world record. Last month, he suffered a strained calf muscle, and on July 13, he finished last after running what he called a ''disastrous'' 1,500 meters in London. After a convincing victory, he lost at 1,000 meters in Edinburgh, Scotland, last Tuesday night, outkicked by Graham Williamson, his schoolboy rival, who is not even on the British Olympic squad.

Yesterday, The London Sunday People reported that Cram said he would pull out of the Olympics if he was unable to resume training by Friday. Cram has been told to rest and treat an injured ankle with ice packs. He has been unable to train since the ankle became swollen after the Edinburgh race.

''I'm hoping to resume training Monday or Tuesday and fit in an 800 meters time trial at my local club later in the week,'' Cram said. ''But if I'm still unable to train by Friday, I'll pull out of the Games. I would have to admit to myself I had run out of time for a realistic chance at Los Angeles.''

Ovett, selected to run both the 800 and the 1,500, just as he did at Moscow, has also had recent problems. Seemingly in top shape when he set the record, he has been suffering from a skin rash that has hindered him considerably. But he won the 1,500 at Oslo on June 29 after both Maree and Said Aouita of Morocco, who has the fastest time in the world this year for the distance, had withdrawn, and his time of 3:34.50 encouraged his supporters. Last Tuesday night, he powered off the final curve at Edinburgh after a tactically slow early pace and won impressively in 3:36.90.

Ovett, who will be 29 in October, is the oldest of the three Britons entered in the 1,500 meters in Los Angeles. Coe will be 28 in September, and Cram will be 24 in October. But Ovett could still be a winner if Cram remains ''off-color,'' as his coach Jimmy Hedley has described his recent state; if Aouita continues to demonstrate tactical weakness, and if Maree and Steve Scott do no better than they did at Helsinki.

It is not even certain that Coe will take part in the 1,500. Last year, he had serious glandular problems which limited his effectiveness, and now he says he is only ''80 percent fit.'' Beaten by a yard by Peter Elliott, another newcomer, in a crucial trial at the Amateur Athletic Association championship June 24, Coe barely won third place in the 1,500 from Elliott, who will run only in the 800 in the Olympics. Coe bounced back at Oslo, running 1:43.84 in the 800 on June 28, but he said he was still unsure about the 1,500 in Los Angeles. ''I've got no intention,'' Coe told reporters, ''of hanging in there, dog in the manger, if I can't win medals in both.'' He had won the Brigg mile in 3:54.6, the fastest time in Britain so far this year.

Coe has already left for Los Angeles, ahead of the rest of the British squad, convinced that the official arrival date of July 24 is too late to acclimate himself to the eight-hour time difference.

Ovett and Coe have met only three times on the track, once in a European championship in Prague and twice in Moscow. They have tried to avoid each other on most occasions by choosing different events or meets, with much of their rivalry conducted through critical remarks in the British press. But it seems certain that they will meet in the 800 in the Olympics, and Brendan Foster, a British runner, considers Coe the favorite for the gold medal, even though ''his performances in the major championships have brought widespread criticisms of his tactical judgment.''

A new rivalry will be that with Elliott, the 21-year-old steelworker from Rotherham in Yorkshire, who hopes to beat Coe in the 800. Elliott was upset when he failed to displace Coe, despite beating him four out of five times recently, from the 1,500. Although most people thought Coe had been chosen because of his experience and perhaps because of a sentimental desire to allow Coe the chance to defend his gold medal, Elliott insisted that it was his ***working***- ***class*** background that had counted against him. He finished fourth in the 800 at Helsinki, barely missing a medal, and the British think he has a good chance to gain one at Los Angeles, especially since Willi Wulbeck, the West German, has withdrawn because of injury.

Among the women competitors, Zola Budd, the South African-born runner who has been a British subject only since April, seems to have survived in a manner that has to be considered remarkable for an 18-year-old with little experience in international competition and amid the bitter criticism surrounding her arrival here. She will challenge Mary Decker, her girlhood heroine, and Ingrid Kristiansen of Norway in the 3,000 meters.

Leaders of the opposition Labor Party protested that she had been granted citizenship almost at once - her grandfather was born here - as more deserving applicants waited for years. There have been hostile demonstrations at most of her races. Yesterday, the executive committee of the International Olympic Committee gave final approval to Miss Budd to be a British team member.

**Graphic**

Action photos of Steve Cram, Sebastian Coe, Zola Budd and Steve Ovett

**End of Document**



[***Still Separate, Still Unequal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CD2-W4S0-TW8F-G25D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 7; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1943 words

**Byline:** By Samuel G. Freedman

Samuel G. Freedman, a professor of journalism at Columbia University, is the author of books on an inner-city school and a black church, among other subjects. This month, he begins writing the ''On Education'' column for The Times while Michael Winerip is on leave.

**Body**

ALL DELIBERATE SPEED

Reflections on the First Half Century

of Brown v. Board of Education.

By Charles J. Ogletree Jr.

Illustrated. 365 pp. New York:

W. W. Norton & Company. $25.95.

SILENT COVENANTS

Brown v. Board of Education and the Unfulfilled Hopes for Racial Reform.

By Derrick Bell.

230 pp. New York:

Oxford University Press. $25.

THE FAILURES

OF INTEGRATION

How Race and Class Are Undermining the American Dream.

By Sheryll Cashin.

391 pp. New York:

PublicAffairs. $26.

SEVERAL weeks after the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. announced his departure from Dexter Avenue Baptist Church in Montgomery, Ala., epicenter of the bus boycott that had lifted him and the civil rights crusade to international attention, two of his congregants paid a farewell visit. Both John Feagin Sr. and his wife Lurlene had taught in Montgomery's all-black Carver High School, and so the conversation that day late in 1959 turned naturally enough to the subject of desegregating schools. King's words, as recounted later by Feagin in a book about the church, surely would have shocked many of the minister's supporters.

''I favor integration on buses and in all areas of public accommodation and travel,'' King said. ''I am for equality. However, I think integration in our public schools is different. In that setting, you are dealing with one of the most important assets of an individual -- the mind. White people view black people as inferior. A large percentage of them have a very low opinion of our race. People with such a low view of the black race cannot be given free rein and put in charge of the intellectual care and development of our boys and girls.''

In his apostasy from civil rights doctrine, King was expressing misgivings similar to those of forebears like W. E. B. Du Bois. Writing in The Journal of Negro Education in 1935, Du Bois maintained ''the Negro needs neither segregated schools nor mixed schools. What he needs is Education.'' He had put it even more bluntly in an editorial a year earlier in the magazine The Crisis: ''Thinking colored people of the United States must stop being stampeded by the word segregation. . . . It is the race-conscious black man cooperating together with his own institutions and movements who will eventually emancipate the colored race.''

In their wary view of integrated public schools, and in their esteem for black people's own institutions, Du Bois and King anticipated the profoundly ambiguous emotions many African-Americans harbor on the 50th anniversary of the Supreme Court's ruling in Brown v. Board of Education, the case that struck down the principle of ''separate but equal'' in public education. In theory, the decision should have meant the end of school segregation, but in fact its legacy has proven far more muddled. While the principle of affirmative action under the trendy code word ''diversity'' has brought unparalleled integration into higher education, the military and corporate America, the sort of local school districts that Brown supposedly addressed have rarely become meaningfully integrated. In some respects, the black poor are more hopelessly concentrated in failing urban schools than ever, cut off not only from whites but from the flourishing black middle class.

The anguish of this outcome informs books by Derrick Bell, Sheryll Cashin and Charles J. Ogletree Jr. ruminating on the aftermath of Brown. What makes their despair more significant -- what makes these books virtually a brain scan of the black intelligentsia, circa 2004 -- is that all three authors so plainly benefited from Brown. At the ages of 51 and 42, respectively, Ogletree and Cashin are what Ogletree calls ''Brown babies.'' Bell was just completing military duty in Korea and heading into law school when the ruling was released. And all have gone on to high achievement and stature. Ogletree is a professor of law at Harvard, Cashin at Georgetown, Bell at New York University.

Yet from book to book, the tone remains one of precisely argued, carefully modulated outrage. If there is a single emblematic moment, it comes in the opening pages of Bell's ''Silent Covenants,'' when he recalls the scene at Yale University two years ago when the judge and civil rights lawyer Robert L. Carter received an honorary degree. As Yale's president told the mainly white audience that Carter had been instrumental in mounting the Brown case, the listeners rose for a standing ovation, one Bell hardly could bring himself to share. 'Even as I stood and joined in the applause, I wondered,'' he writes. ''How could a decision that promised so much and, by its terms, accomplished so little, have gained so hallowed a place among some of the nation's better educated and most successful individuals''?

An experienced litigator in civil rights cases, Bell certainly has plenty of facts on his side. Like Ogletree and Cashin, he contends, quite accurately, that the Warren court effectively blunted the impact of its unanimous judgment in Brown by ruling a year later that enforcement should proceed with ''all deliberate speed,'' which meant lots of deliberation and not much speed. The Jim Crow South barely attempted integration for a full decade, and whenever the courts or the federal government tried to compel compliance, America saw an epic confrontation -- at Little Rock Central High School, at the University of Mississippi, in Ruby Bridges' one-girl class in New Orleans, with George Wallace keeping his promise to block the schoolhouse door. Efforts in the 70's to dissolve the de facto segregation of Northern schools through mandatory busing brought bitter, violent opposition, most memorably by ***working-class*** whites in Boston. Whatever hopes existed for a more peaceful, and much fairer, version of integration involving a city and its suburbs ended when the Supreme Court in 1974 struck down such a regional program in metropolitan Detroit.

Given such awful history, no reader should be surprised that the fortunate sons and daughters of post-Brown America evince such cynicism now. Among these three writers, only Cashin in ''The Failures of Integration'' even attempts to push for completing Brown's unfinished agenda with more racial mixing. But the best she can do is point to a handful of diverse school districts (like Maplewood-South Orange in New Jersey) and neighborhoods (like West Mount Airy in Philadelphia) as models to be replicated. Her heart, though, doesn't seem truly invested in the cause. By her own admission, she is an ''ambivalent integrationist'' suffering from ''integration exhaustion.''

In ''All Deliberate Speed,'' Ogletree presents the journey in the most personal terms of the three authors. As he recollects the segregated neighborhood of his childhood in Merced, Calif., he bears witness to a whole array of vibrant, life-affirming, economically integrated black districts, which were perversely enabled and nourished by segregation. Mr. Henry's grocery, the Knotty Pine Cafe, Moneyback Lee the pawnbroker, Reverend Roberson at the Pentecostal church, Vernon's barbershop -- these were just some of the pillars of a ''nurturing community'' that ''survived through perseverance and resourcefulness.'' From it, young Charles Ogletree grew into the type of young Negro who unashamedly and unironically aspired to be a ''credit to his race,'' as the now-discredited cliche went. He led the student council in his integrated high school, won a scholarship to Stanford and gained admission to Harvard Law School, where even with a ''critical mass of blacks'' in his law school class, he was struck by the ''relative absence'' of blacks in Cambridge.

It reveals a great deal about Ogletree's selective vision that he gives relatively minimal attention to his own upward mobility or to that of the black classmates around him. From his book and Bell's, a reader would barely know that from 1970 to 1995 some seven million blacks moved into the suburbs -- several million more people than came to northern cities from the rural South in the Great Migration. A reader would barely know that the percentage of black households earning at least $50,000 a year (adjusted for inflation) more than tripled from 9.1 percent in 1967 to 27.8 per cent in 2001, according to census figures. For Ogletree and Bell, such gains wilt next to the persistence of inner-city black poverty and their own experiences of racism. One has to wonder, though, if they consider trumpeting black advances, including their own, somehow disloyal to those left behind. There is a strong undercurrent of survivor guilt in all of these books.

For Ogletree, the welter of emotions leaves him thinking of Brown as an exercise in bait-and-switch. ''Too often,'' he writes, ''integration is presented as an unalloyed benefit for African-Americans, as if we all had been clamoring to leave our communities. For many in the African-American community, however, integration was viewed with suspicion or something worse. Many communities at the center of the battle for integration, represented by the crusading lawyers of the N.A.A.C.P., would have welcomed something less than the full integration demanded by the civil rights lawyers. Instead, these teachers, school principals and janitors would rather have kept their schools, their jobs and their positions of influence than see their charges bused to white schools run by white principals where white educators often made the children all too grimly aware of their distaste for the new state of affairs.''

Bell goes ever farther, drafting an alternative verdict in the Brown case. What might have happened, he asks, if instead of overturning the ''separate but equal'' standard that had been enshrined in Plessy v. Ferguson, the Supreme Court had insisted on its meticulous, literal application? What if school districts had been required, under judicial oversight, to provide genuinely equivalent facilities, salaries, classes and curriculums to all-black schools? ''Had this been the Brown decision handed down in 1954,'' Bell suggests, ''both civil rights and school board lawyers would probably, for differing reasons, have condemned it. Yet it makes sense today.''

Indeed, both Bell and Ogletree place their educational emphasis on charter schools within the public system or independent and parochial schools outside it. Ogletree and his wife helped to found a mostly black charter school in Cambridge, Mass., that emphasizes math and science. Cashin is left defending the ever more elusive goal of integration, and it is no easy task. When she cites examples of diverse districts, one cannot help asking if their schools are internally segregated by tracking. And when Cashin approvingly quotes a white mother in Washington who sends her children to the largely black and sometimes violent public schools -- ''There are worse things than being shot. I don't want my kids to grow up being afraid of black people'' -- she is espousing a standard of enlightment few parents of any color would embrace.

To her credit, though, Cashin is the only one of the three authors willing to discuss the denigration of education by some black pupils, the self-destructive notion that achieving in school amounts to ''acting white.'' She also asks the difficult but necessary questions about why public schools in the affluent black suburbs of Washington perform worse than those of neighboring, whiter communities. Her book, in fact, might better have been built around its incisive critique of black suburbia than its plaintive plea for idealized diversity. As for Bell and Ogletree, they lost the integration religion long ago, somewhere on the potholed road from Topeka to today.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Fifty years ago tomorrow: three lawyers who argued against segregation before the Supreme Court stand beaming before the court's building after its ruling in Brown v. Board on May 17, 1954. From left, George E. C. Hayes, a Washington lawyer

Thurgood Marshall, special counsel for the N.A.A.C.P., himself appointed to the court in 1967

James Nabrit Jr., professor of law at Howard University. (Photograph by Associated Press)

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**End of Document**



[***DESIGN REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-BK70-000P-N401-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When Artistry Equaled Ambition***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-BK70-000P-N401-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1653 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Body**

THE great Glaswegian architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh didn't merely design furniture and buildings; he made superb, functional works of art. The sense of his artistry -- evident in the fine lines of his drawings, the pungent details of his facades and signature high-backed chairs, the satisfying wholeness of his buildings inside and out -- has a life force of its own, and it can carry you easily through the beautiful, illuminating survey of his achievement at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It is present almost from the beginning: an Arts and Crafts-flavored washstand that Mackintosh designed in 1895. It continues to the somewhat bitter end, when Mackintosh, unable to support himself on dwindling design commissions, devoted increasing energy to impeccably wrought botanical watercolors and spatially odd landscapes in the decade or so before he died, largely forgotten, in 1928 in London at the age of 60.

This artistic force is especially strong in one of the exhibition's high points -- a reinstallation of the quietly radiant white-and-silver Ladies Luncheon Room that Mackintosh and his wife, the artist Margaret Macdonald, designed in 1901 for one of the Ingram Street tearooms of Catherine Cranston. An enterprising Scotswoman, she eventually owned four such suites of tearooms in Glasgow, for which Mackintosh designed 10 interiors.

It is also evident in the drawings and furniture from the singular white-on-white bedrooms and drawing rooms, those smooth, feminine, dreamlike interiors, decorated with stenciled roses, colored glass and willowy, semi-abstract images of women, often found within his robust stone and brick exteriors.

This force is palpable even in the scrupulous models of his masterpieces -- most notably the austere yet graceful Glasgow School of Art (1896-99 and 1907-09) -- that enrich this show. (The models are further articulated by a series of excellent short, silent videotapes, screened continuously on monitors set into walls, which tour the facades and interiors of several of Mackintosh's most significant buildings.)

Since buildings don't travel, it's no small feat to convey an architectural achievement through the rather alien form of the museum exhibition, but this show does an exceptional job. Organized by the three institutions that are the principal repositories of Mackintosh's work -- the Glasgow Museums, the Hunterian Art Gallery at the University of Glasgow and the Glasgow School of Art -- the exhibition opened in Glasgow last spring, where it was larger and had the hometown advantage. Nearly all the buildings from Mackintosh's brief, brilliant career are in or near Glasgow.

Though reduced, this is still the largest Mackintosh exhibition ever mounted on this side of the Atlantic, and it will in all likelihood cause some readjustment in many people's ideas of when and where modern architecture began. It is infinitely helped by the sustained quality of Mackintosh's drawings and the precision with which they seem to have been translated into reality. (His insistent perfectionism was well known.)

One of the show's consistent joys is the give-and-take between two and three dimensions, between floor plans and models, between drawings for silverware, clocks and lamps and the realized objects themselves. This is especially true in a small gallery downstairs from the main exhibition, which focuses exclusively on individual pieces of furniture and their drawings.

Including watercolors, paintings and decorative pieces by Margaret Macdonald and her sister Frances, the exhibition also indicates, but doesn't explore, the role these women played in Mackintosh's development. (The three exhibited together as early as 1896 and along with Frances's husband, Henry McNair, were soon known as the Glasgow Four.) In particular, since the first white-on-white rooms were those that Mackintosh and his wife designed for their home in 1900, the year of their marriage, she is increasingly seen as an important collaborator in the invention of these influential interiors.

Mackintosh's implicit sense of artistry -- his ambition and belief in his own talent -- may account in part for his meteoric rise. But he was also very much a man in the right place at the right time, in several senses. Glasgow, where he was born to ***working-class*** parents in 1868, was the second city of the British Empire and an international center of shipbuilding. That booming industry fostered the latest technology (especially where work in iron and steel was concerned), the training of expert artisans and designers, and ample opportunities for young architects.

At the age of 16, Mackintosh was working as an apprentice in an architectural firm by day and by night attending the Glasgow School of Art, with its rigorous and varied drawing curriculum. By 22, he was affiliated with the architectural firm of Honeyman & Keppie, where he would eventually rise to partner, and had built his first house, for his uncle, who rejected the initial designs as too radical. In January 1897, at the age of 28, Mackintosh won the competition to build the Glasgow School of Art, his masterpiece.

Mackintosh came of artistic age in a time ripe for change. English historicism and romanticism had rekindled an interest in older vernacular styles of architecture. The discoveries of biologists and botanists brought new attention to nature as an inspiration for both the decorative motifs and the unity of design that blossomed into Art Nouveau. And the Industrial Revolution's continuing effects on building materials and techniques only intensified a nearly century-old debate about the relationship of structure and ornament.

Consciously or not, Mackintosh would respond to nearly all these issues and currents during his short building career, which lasted a little more than two decades and brought him acclaim in Scotland and across Europe, especially in Vienna and Munich, as the leader of an indigenous variant of Art Nouveau, known as the Glasgow Style.

He excelled at exquisite distillations from nature. Included at the Met (and featured on the cover of the catalogue to the exhibition) is the handsome thronelike chair that served as both a seat and a screen in the Willow Street Tea Rooms, another Cranston establishment. The parallel spindles and expanding grid of its high curving back are severely abstract, even by current standards, which makes it even more thrilling to realize that the design is based on a willow tree.

The skill with which Mackintosh integrated ornament and structure seems equally brilliant. Small squares and circles of bright color -- enamel, ceramic tile, glass or mother-of-pearl -- animate and clarify everything from dresser fronts to building facades. And often, decoration and structure completely fuse. Several of Mackintosh's tall ladderback chairs wittily extend the repeating slats of the ladder all the way to the floor, where they serve no physical function but greatly enhance the chair's visual presence, turning it into a kind of figure in its own right.

Yet looking closely at Mackintosh's work, one is conscious less of a single style than of a rich, somewhat restless mixture of sources, motifs and connections reaching both backward and forward. The main facade of the Glasgow School of Art, for example, successfully combines boldly modernistic gridded windows and Celtic-looking ironwork as well as a touch of the sinuous curves and asymmetry of Art Nouveau.

At the same time, the building reflects its maker's deep affection for the stonework, irregular fenestration and turrets of vernacular Scottish architecture, from castles to farmhouses -- local traditions that form the foundation of his achievement. (The school's back is faced in harling, a pebbled mortar used by Scots since the 15th century.)

Yet the west facade of the school's west wing, designed and built seven years after its eastern counterpart, is defined by soaring, gridded windows that seem 20 or 30 years ahead of their time, pointing to Pierre Chareau's Maison Verre, a glass house built in Paris in 1930. Finally, on the video tour and in a separate model, we encounter the school's famous library, with bypassing beams that Mackintosh borrowed from Japanese architecture.

Mackintosh was able to maintain this associative richness without appearing to quote period styles or fragmenting his buildings; he was also able to manifest it in much smaller projects. The Japanese bypassing beams are echoed in the complex structure of an elegant black card table in the lower gallery, the railings' intersections set off by black and white checks. The combination of grids and long Art Nouveau curves -- some of them intimating female bodies, others trees -- appears again and again, on writing desks, wardrobes and washstands.

By some accounts, Mackintosh's rapid rise was followed by an equally rapid decline, in which artistry clearly figured. Insistent upon controlling every aspect of the buildings he designed, he was often viewed as difficult to work with. It didn't help that his perfectionism caused him to make changes on designs already under construction, driving up costs.

When commissions began to drop off, about 1909, Mackintosh developed a drinking problem that would interfere more and more with his work. In 1913, he failed to complete the drawings in time for a competition deadline, effectively ending his partnership with Honeyman and Keppie. In 1914, he and Macdonald abruptly left Glasgow, never to live there again. Still, even in the final landscape watercolors, one finds a keen and moving sense of his precise, estheticized and all-encompassing vision.

"Charles Rennie Mackintosh" remains at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82d Street, through Feb. 16, with financial support from Eleanor and Donald Taffner. It travels to the Art Institute of Chicago (March 26 to June 22) and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (Aug. 1 to Oct. 12).

**Graphic**

Photo: The reinstalled tearoom designed in 1901 by Charles Rennie Mackintosh and his wife, Margaret Macdonald. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 1996

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H0T-RR71-DXY4-X0S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 25, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 7831 words

**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city.

Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grassroots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (through Oct. 4) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, brooklynmuseum.org, 718-638-5000. (Ken Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (through Oct. 18) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Holland Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (through Oct. 18) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, at Seventh Street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, 347-799-1017, morbidanatomymuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Martha Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-96), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) See photo highlight. Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15' (through Oct. 25) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

Galleries: Uptown

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds, from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu.

(Johnson)

Charles Swedlund: 'Buy Photographs -- Not Gold! and Other Works, 1970-1975' (through Oct. 3) Mr. Swedlund's exhibition of playful photographic works from the early 1970s offers an amusing trip back to a time when conceptually minded photographers were looking for ways beyond the Modernist black-and-white print. The show includes photographs turned into puzzles, games, stereoscopic pictures and flip books. Two bubble gum vending machines are stocked with plastic capsules containing little prints. Purchase a $20 token from the gallery and you can obtain one for yourself. Higher Pictures, 980 Madison Avenue, at 77th Street, Manhattan, 212-249-6100, higherpictures.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: 57th Street

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Keltie Ferris: 'Paintings and Body Prints' (through Oct. 17) Ms. Ferris's new paintings are aggressive and emphatic but also spectral and expansive, remaking the digital in supremely analog form. What read from afar (or in photographs) as pixels are, close up, thick rectangles of paint applied with a flat-ended brush that recall the pointillism of Seurat and Signac. Ms. Ferris also melds the geometry of digital media with Native American patterns, Bauhaus weaving and the ethereality of visionary painters like Lee Mullican and Chris Martin. Body prints, in which she pressed her torso, thighs, hands, feet and face against the surface have historical echoes, too. Titles are simple but vivid, underscoring the precision and force of these paintings, but the aggression here is more utopian than destructive, a record of what it takes to make great and vital painting. Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 West 26th Street, 212-744-7400, miandn.com. (Schwendener)

Mark Grotjahn: 'Painted Sculpture' (through Oct. 29) This talented painter's pitting of modernist abstraction and Expressionism against the crucial influences of African art is best when he pits oil paint against bronze, in this case casts of cardboard boxes for flat-screen TVs. The conceptual and inspirational stratagems are several (see the titles). The results are preposterously gorgeous and not a little perverse. Anton Kern Gallery, 532 West 20th Street, 212-367-9663, antonkerngallery.com. (Smith)

? 'Japanese Propaganda Kimonos, 1905-1941' (through Oct. 17) Celebrating Japanese military might, the garments in this fascinating show bear lively compositions reflecting international styles like Art Deco and Depression Moderne. In patchwork patterns and suavely muted colors, they depict fighter planes, battleships, antiaircraft artillery, aerial landscapes, maps and cute child soldiers. Edward Thorp, 210 11th Avenue, at 24th Street, 212-691-6565, edwardthorpgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley (through Oct. 24) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunker-like construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

? 'September Spring' (through Oct. 10) This lovely performance-based show conceived by the artist Sam Falls and executed by a dance duo, Jessie Gold and Elizabeth Hart, known as Hart of Gold, is a memorial to the poet and musician Jamie Kanzler, who used the nom de plume September Spring. The show's centerpiece is a repeated, 17-minute-long piece of choreography in which Ms. Gold and Ms. Hart basically dance into being a series of abstract paintings, which are then displayed in the gallery. There are six performances a week: Tuesday through Friday at 5 p.m. and Saturday at 2 and 5 p.m. through Oct. 3, at which time a total of 24 paintings will be finished, corresponding to the years of Mr. Kanzler's brief life. The Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, 212-255-5793, thekitchen.org. (Cotter)

Frank Stella: 'Shape as Form' (through Oct. 10) With 10 works spanning 40 years, this show is the perfect refresher for the bends-producing career of postwar American art's least predictable figure -- the subject great of a retrospective opening late next month at the Whitney Museum. Go for the Irregular Polygon painting and a Polish Village relief from the 1960s, stay for ''Mosport 4.75x'' (1982) from the Circuits series. Paul Kasmin, 293 10th Avenue, at 27th Street, 212-563-4474, paulkasmingallery.com. (Smith)

Galleries: SoHo

Galleries: Other

'Intimate Transgressions' (through Oct. 4) Sexual violence as an instrument of terrorism is the theme of this large, international group show, organized by the artist Fion Gunn and Juan Puntes, the director of the nonprofit WhiteBox. A few of the 22 artists -- Regina José Galindo, Teresa Margolles -- are familiar to New York audiences, most are not. Several base their work on the specific history of the so-called ''comfort women'' enslaved by Japanese soldiers during World War II, though the scope of the exhibition is, appropriately, global and current. WhiteBox, 329 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-714-2347, whiteboxnyc.org. (Cotter)

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations' (through Nov. 1) In the best Pop Art tradition -- that is, blurring the boundary between art and life -- the three Eduardo Paolozzi sculptures from the 1960s and '70s here actually did time as playground equipment, before being stripped of paint and becoming sculpture again. Accompanying the sculptures are screen prints from two series: the bright, hallucinogenic ''Z.E.E.P. (Zero Energy Experimental Pile)'' series, made from Paolozzi collages from 1969 to 1970, which include images that illustrate Cold War fears and manias; and the muted and pastel ''Calcium Light Night'' (1974-6) series, which responds to musical compositions by Charles Ives, but also mirrors the repeating curves and mechanical patterns of the sculptures. Clearing, 396 Johnson Avenue, at Morgan Avenue, Bushwick, Brooklyn, 718-456-0396, c-l-e-a-r-i-n-g.com. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (closes on Sunday) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (closes on Sunday) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org.

(Mike Hale)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (closes on Sunday) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Contemporary African Diasporan Arts: 'Field Notes: Extracts' (closes on Sunday) The seven emerging artists in this show -- all from the Caribbean or the Caribbean diaspora -- reverse the tradition of field notes in anthropology and ethnography, which were usually taken by outsiders. Instead, they make ''notes'' in the form of art that highlights myths, superstitions and practices native to the islands. Gilles Elie-dit-Cosaque, originally from Martinique, creates notebook-collages called ''Lambeaux'' (''Scraps''); Vashti Harrison's video offers ruminations on ghosts and apparitions in Trinidad; and Holly Parotti's photographs of silk cotton trees in the Bahamas conjure similar spooky mythologies. Sprinkled throughout the show, particularly in the wall text, are references to writers and thinkers like James Baldwin, Aimé Césaire, Jean Rhys, Édouard Glissant and Stuart Hall, who all eloquently addressed colonialism, racism and migration. 80 Hanson Place, at South Portland Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 718-230-0492, mocada.org. (Schwendener)

? Museum of Modern Art:

'Gilbert & George: The Early Years' (closes on Sunday) Soon after Gilbert Proesch and George Passmore met as students at St. Martin's School of Art in London in 1967, they determined that everything they made or did in art and life would be sculpture and that their partnership as Gilbert & George itself would be a living sculpture. This delightful show of small- and large-scale works, mostly on paper and dating from 1969 to 1975, reveals the duo starting out in their 20s in a disarmingly playful spirit of self-invention. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

'Please Return To: Mail Art from the Ray Johnson Archive' (closes next Friday) Along with 10 of his witty, densely layered collages, this small, engrossing show features dozens of altered versions of several basic images or ''templates,'' which Mr. Johnson mailed to friends and strangers, including many well-known artists, asking recipients to change the image and return it to him. One template is an outline of his own profile, to which Ad Reinhardt added small, penciled letters at the lips, spelling ''silence.'' Richard L. Feigen & Company, 34 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-628-0700, rlfeigen.com. (Johnson)

Queens Museum: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (closes on Sunday) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (closes on Sunday) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/25/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-25-oct-1.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/25/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-25-oct-1.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN SOMERSTEIN) (C15)

**Load-Date:** September 25, 2015

**End of Document**



[***KERTESZ: THE GREAT DEMOCRAT OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J1K0-0008-N27V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 22, 1984, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 25, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1248 words

**Byline:** By Gene Thornton It would be easy to make a photographic history of the

**Body**

20th century that is nothing but a chronicle of disasters. Indeed, the life work of several distinguished

photojournalists constitutes such a history. But there

is another history of the 20th century which records the survival of humane values despite disasters that at times seem overwhelming. And that history can be found in the photographs of Andre Kertesz.

Kertesz is 90 years old this month, and during a peripatetic existence (he lived in his native Hungary until 1925, then in Paris until 1936, when he moved to New York) he has lived through all the 20th century to date, plus a little of the 19th. Since 1912 he has photographed landscapes, still lifes, cities and, above all, people. But the closest he comes to photographing disasters is when he photographs the kind of urban accident that brings out the fellow feeling, concern and willingness to help that is one of mankind's saving graces.

There are several such pictures in the beautifully printed book of his pictures recently published by the Manchester Collection. (A small group of Kertesz photographs from the Manchester Collection is on view at the Witkin Gallery, 41 East 57th Street, through Aug. 24, and a larger selection will be shown at the Metropolitan Museum starting Dec. 11, traveling from there to the Art Institute of Chicago.) In some of Kertesz's urban accident pictures, the accident involves a horse, and in others a human being. Perhaps the grimmest of these, a sequence taken on a warm summer day in New York in 1970, shows a man collapsing on a sidewalk in front of a supermarket in Greenwich Village. A passer-by (or perhaps a companion) breaks his fall. Two others move him from the pavement to a grassy area where he will be more comfortable and cover him with a blanket. The sequence ends with the man back on his feet flanked by one of his helpers and a policeman whose face radiates good will.

That is the closest that Kertesz comes to photographing the disasters of the 20th century. And he does not come any closer to glamour, that other mainstay of 20th-century photography. The closest Kertesz came to photographing celebrities was in Paris, where the writers and painters he photographed - Colette, for instance, and Mondrian - were not yet the celebrities they later became. What he presents in his photographs of the Parisian art world is a kind of innocent enthusiasm for art and life that is often lost with riches and fame. The closest he comes to fashion photography is in a picture dated 1965 of two forlorn, old-fashioned dressmaker's dummies set out on a sidewalk and ignored by the one (male) passer-by.

It is not that Kertesz is necessarily against the rich and famous. It is just that the things that are most valuable to him - reading, music, art, a walk in the park, a willingness to help others when trouble strikes - are things which are within the reach of everyone. He is the great democrat of modern photography.

One characteristic type in Kertesz's oeuvre is the city view in which otherwise forgettable objects such as New York rooftops or Parisian park chairs are beautifully framed and lighted to make evocative and memorable pictures. Postcards and travel posters capture the famous buildings, streets and parks of a city, but Kertesz often focuses on an unexpected splash of sunlight on a characteristic if commonplace wall. Without necessarily neglecting the grand vista, he captures the essence of a Parisian park with an oblique view of three metal chairs in a raking light, or of all New York with a picture of a bird in flight above the water tanks, chimneys and elevator housings of a typical New York apartment building.

Most characteristic of all, however, are Kertesz's pictures of people engaged in some quiet and simple human activity like reading. At first glance the viewer may scarcely see the reader except as one shape among a number of other handsomely organized shapes. In one downward view of a New York rooftop, dated Sept. 12, 1943, there is not even a person visible. But among the chimney pots that rise like mechanical mushrooms from the sunlit tarpaper roof, there is a kitchen chair that someone has brought to the roof, and the mere presence of that chair sets the viewer to thinking about the person who placed it there - someone who shares the common human longing for a moment of quiet rest in sunlight and fresh air.

There is perhaps something slightly un-American about Kertesz's view of what is and is not important. Quietly reading in a sunny corner is not a characteristic activity even in New York, and it is much less so in some other parts of the country. Perhaps it is not even characteristic of Paris except among students, writers and foreigners - the kind of people a transplanted Hungarian with artistic interests was most likely to know. But it is an activity without which civilization is scarcely conceivable, and it is good to be reminded that it has survived amid the disasters and distractions of our time.

It is also good to know that Kertesz's photographs and his ability to take them have survived. When he was a young man in Paris, photojournalism was new and adventurous, and he was one of its stars, doing just the kind of thing he did so well. He never achieved the same eminence as a magazine photographer in New York, but he continued to take the kind of photographs he took so well, and in the end he achieved an even greater eminence through museum and gallery exhibitions. He is now rightly recognized as one of the great photographers of our time.

For those unfamiliar with his work, the new book is a good place to start. The outgrowth of an exhibition held in England in 1980, it covers his work up to that date. Some of the 297 reproductions are small and grouped three or four to a page, but the pages are large, and the printing is excellent. There are brief and sometimes repetitive appreciations by various authorities, and useful chronology at the end. (The hard-cover edition is $50; the soft cover, $30.)

The recent death of Brassa"i at age 84 casts a pall over the birthday celebration for Kertesz. Both of the photographers were Hungarian, they were friends in Paris in the 1920's and 30's, both moved in and photographed the Parisian art world of the period, and both added greatly to the store of joy and light in the world.

Brassa"i's specialty was the low life of Paris that flourished mostly at night, the world of petty criminals and illicit pleasures that was the Parisian equivalent of Damon Runyon's New York. From the cafes, street corners and houses of prostitution of the ***working-class*** pleasure districts of Paris he brought a remarkable series of dark yet spirited pictures, neither sensational nor sentimental, that summed up a way of life.

He was not, of course, the first artist to successfully attempt the subject. Among painters Toulouse-Lautrec preceded him, among writers, Zola, and there were even photographers of the older school who came in with old- fashioned view cameras and photographed carefully posed tableaux. Brassa"i, however, was the first photographer to successfully approach the low life of Paris in the freer manner of the photojournalist, and his reportage combined the spontaneous intimacy of Lautrec with the promise of authenticity that the camera provides. He was also a fine writer, and the two books in which his two talents are combined, the 1976 ''Secret Paris of the 30's'' and the 1982 ''Artist of My Life,'' are photojournalism raised to the level of art.

**Graphic**

Photo of scene in Kertesz's ''20th Street West, New York''

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[***Saving Private England - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CD2-W4S0-TW8F-G2BC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1792 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

IT'S almost too perfect. Two young ***working-class*** women from opposite ends of West Virginia go off to war. One is blond and has aspirations to be a schoolteacher. The other is dark, a smoker, divorced and now carrying an out-of-wedlock baby. One becomes the heroic poster child for Operation Iraqi Freedom, the subject of a hagiographic book and TV movie; the other becomes the hideous, leering face of American wartime criminality, Exhibit A in the indictment of our country's descent into the gulag. In the words of Time magazine, Pfc. Lynndie England is ''a Jessica Lynch gone wrong.''

Maybe that's true -- we are just starting to hear Private England speak for herself -- but there's a more revealing story in these women than the cheap ironies of their good witch/wicked witch twinship might suggest. Our 13-month journey from Jessica Lynch's profile in courage to Lynndie England's profile in sadism is less the tale of two women at the bottom of the chain of command than a gauge of the hubris by which those at the top have lost the war in both the international and American courts of public opinion. And the supposedly uplifting Lynch half of the double bill is as revealing of what's gone wrong for us in Iraq -- and gone wrong from the start -- as is her doppelganger's denouement at Abu Ghraib.

Flash back for a moment to the creation of Jessica Lynch Superstar. It was in early April 2003 that the stories first surfaced about the female Rambo who had shot her way out of an ambush.'' 'She Was Fighting to the Death' '' read the headline in The Washington Post, an account that was then regurgitated without question by much of the press. Later we learned that this story was almost entirely fiction, from the heroine's gunplay to the reports of her being slapped around by her Iraqi captors to the breathless cliffhanger of her rescue. Meanwhile, Jessica Lynch herself, unable to speak, was reduced to a mere pawn, an innocent bystander to her own big-budget biopic. When she emerged six months later, Diane Sawyer asked if it bothered her that she had been showcased by the military. ''Yeah, it does,'' she answered. ''It does that they used me as a way to symbolize all this stuff. Yeah, it's wrong.''

This wrong was not committed by accident but by design. In the revelatory new documentary about Al Jazeera, ''Control Room,'' opening in New York this Friday before fanning out nationally, we are taken into our own Central Command's media center in Doha, Qatar, in early April 2003 to see American mythmaking in action. The Lynch episode came at a troubling moment in the war; our troops were being stretched thin, the coalition had mistakenly shot up a van full of Iraqi women and children, and three Marines had just been killed in the latest helicopter crash. But as we see in ''Control Room,'' the CentCom press operation was determined to drown out such bad news by disseminating the triumphant prepackaged saga of its manufactured heroine no matter what.

The documentary captures some of the briefing at which the dramatic Lynch story was first laid out. An American journalist on hand, the veteran CNN correspondent Tom Mintier, grumbles afterward about how the ''minute-by-minute'' account of the rescue has superseded the major news he and his colleagues had been waiting for: the fate of troops just entering Baghdad. His cavils were useless, however; the instant legend was moving too fast to be derailed. Soon the military would buttress it with a complementary video, shot and edited by its own movie crew: an action-packed montage of the guns-blazing Special Operations rescue raid, bathed in the iridescent ''Matrix''-green glow of night-vision photography. But the marketing of this Jerry Bruckheimer-style video was itself an exercise in hype, meant to blur and inflate the Lynch episode further.

The director of ''Control Room'' is Jehane Noujaim, an Egyptian-American who is a protege of D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus, the chroniclers of the '92 Clinton campaign in ''The War Room.'' Though Ms. Noujaim's principal subject may be the Arab satellite news station that has been widely condemned as a fount of anti-American propaganda, her eye for the American media is no less keen. The true control room in ''Control Room'' is not so much the Al Jazeera HQ as the coalition media center. It is there, from a costly Hollywood set, that the military commanded its own propaganda effort, which was aided and abetted by an American press sometimes as eager to slant the news as its Arab counterpart. The attractively forthright American press officer we follow throughout the documentary, Lt. Josh Rushing of the Marines, doesn't deny the symmetry: ''When I watch Al Jazeera, I can tell what they are showing and then I can tell what they are not showing -- by choice. Same thing when I watch Fox on the other end of the spectrum.''

Revisiting the invasion of Iraq again in ''Control Room,'' we can see how much the Bush administration was seduced into complacency early on, not just by the relative ease with which it took Iraq but by its success at news management. The Lynch triumph was followed within days by the toppling of the Saddam Hussein statue (which looks more like a staged event than a spontaneous Iraqi outpouring when Ms. Noujaim shows it in wide-angle shots). Next up was ''Top Gun.'' Yet we were very good at feigning ignorance about our own propaganda while decrying Al Jazeera's fictionalizations. In one particularly embarrassing illustration of American hypocrisy, we're reminded of how Donald Rumsfeld berated the Arab channel for violating the Geneva Convention by broadcasting pictures of American prisoners of war. By the time of his outburst -- March 2003 -- we were very likely already violating the Geneva Convention ourselves. The confidential Red Cross report uncovered this week by The Wall Street Journal reveals that complaints about our abuse of Iraqi prisoners had already started by then, some 10 months before the Pentagon launched the Taguba investigation.

In retrospect, much of what we saw during Operation Iraqi Freedom was as fictionalized as CentCom's version of ''Saving Private Jessica.'' When we weren't staging the news, we were covering it up. ''A war with hundreds of coalition and tens of thousands of Iraqi casualties'' was transformed ''into something closer to a defense contractor's training video: a lot of action, but no consequences, as if shells simply disappeared into the air and an invisible enemy magically ceased to exist.'' That was the conclusion reached by one of the leaders of a research project at George Washington University's School of Media and Public Affairs, which examined 600 hours of war coverage on CNN, Fox and ABC from the war's March 20, 2003, start to the April 9 fall of Baghdad, ''to see how 'real' the war looked on TV.'' Of the 1,710 stories they surveyed, ''only 13.5 percent included any shots of dead or wounded coalition soldiers, Iraqi soldiers or civilians.''

That brief war, since renamed ''major combat operations,'' seems like a century ago. As ''Saving Private Jessica'' symbolizes how effectively the military and administration controlled the news during Operation Iraqi Freedom, so the photos of Lynndie England and her cohort symbolize their utter loss of that control now. More scoops are on the way, and not just those of torture. ''Everybody wants to cut to the chase, but the movie has just started,'' a top Republican aide told The New York Times this week. We are only beginning to learn, for instance, about the shadowy roles played by America's most sizable ally in ''the coalition of the willing'' -- not the British, with some 9,000 troops, but the mercenaries, whose duties and ranks (now at some 20,000) have crept up largely out of our view.

It has taken a while for Mr. Rumsfeld and Gen. Richard Myers to figure out just how much their power to enforce their own narrative of this war has waned. Their many successes in news management have been their undoing, leaving them besotted by their own invincibility and ill-equipped for failure. Clearly they still believed they could control the pictures. According to Mr. Rumsfeld's own congressional testimony, he was ''surprised'' that lowly enlisted men could be ''running around with digital cameras'' e-mailing grotesque Kodak snapshots all over the world. Even after making that discovery, such was his and General Myers's habitual arrogance that they didn't bother to get ahead of the Abu Ghraib story -- or to familiarize themselves with its particulars -- once CBS gave them a full two weeks of head's up before ''60 Minutes II'' broadcast it to the world. Or maybe they just hoped that the press's wartime self-censorship would continue. After all, in happier times, Larry Flynt had done the patriotic thing by refusing to publish half-nude snapshots of Jessica Lynch that fell into his hands at the time of her greatest celebrity.

In desperation, some torture apologists are trying to concoct the fictions the administration used to ply so well. Rush Limbaugh has been especially creative. The photos of the abuses at Abu Ghraib ''look like standard good old American pornography,'' he said as the story spread, as if he might grandfather wartime atrocities into an entertainment industry that, however deplorable to Islam, has more fans in our Christian country than Major League Baseball. In Mr. Limbaugh's view, the guards humiliating the Iraqis were just ''having a good time'' and their pictures look ''just like anything you'd see Madonna or Britney Spears do onstage . . . I mean, this is something that you can see onstage at Lincoln Center from an N.E.A. grant, maybe on 'Sex and the City . . .' ''

But this movie has just started, and it's beyond anyone's power to spin it any longer. Yet when the president traveled to the Pentagon on Monday to look at previews of the coming attractions, he seemed as out of touch with reality as Mr. Limbaugh. It was nothing if not an odd moment to congratulate the secretary of defense, who has literally thrown the reputation of our honorable military and our country to the dogs, for doing a ''superb job.'' But to understand where Mr. Bush is coming from, one need only recall the interview he gave last fall to Brit Hume of Fox News, in which he griped about the press (''the filter,'' as he calls it) that was now challenging administration propaganda from Iraq. ''The best way to get the news is from objective sources,'' the president said back then, ''and the most objective sources I have are people on my staff who tell me what's happening in the world.'' Perhaps someone on that staff might tell him that, according to the latest polls, most of the country has changed the channel.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

The front-page Frank Rich column in Arts & Leisure today about perceptions of Pfc. Jessica Lynch and Pfc. Lynndie England includes an outdated reference in some copies to Private England's public silence. On Tuesday night, after the section had gone to press, she gave her first interview, to a Denver television station.

**Correction-Date:** May 16, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Two privates from West Virginia, Jessica Lynch and Lynndie England. (Photo by Reuters)

(Photo by European Pressphoto Agency)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2004

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[***SALVADORANS VOTE FOR A PRESIDENT; SNAGS ARE MINIMAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JRT0-0008-N0D6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1984, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD J. MEISLIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN SALVADOR, May 6

**Body**

Salvadorans stood in line for hours today to vote for the country's first president to be elected without military interference in more than 50 years.

The confusion about voting procedures that plagued the preliminary round of elections March 25 was absent in the runoff today, and officials said guerrilla harassment was at a minimum.

The choice was between Jose Napoleon Duarte, candidate of the moderate Christian Democratic Party, and Roberto d'Aubuisson, of the far- right Nationalist Republican Alliance, known as Arena.

Duarte Seen as the Favorite

Mr. Duarte was viewed as the favorite by United States officials and Salvadoran politicians.

A survey of voters as they left the polls indicated that Mr. Duarte would win by a comfortable margin, but even preliminary returns were not expected until Monday. The survey was conducted by the Spanish International Network, a Spanish-language television network in the United States.

Salvadorans vote in runoff election between moderate candidate Jose Napoleon Duarte and far-right Roberto d'Aubuisson in first presidential election without military interference in more than 50 years; confusion about voting procedures that plagued preliminary election on March 25 is absent in runoff and officials say guerrilla harassment is minimal; illustrations (M)

Mr. d'Aubuisson told reporters tonight that his own count showed him with 65 percent of the vote. Asked about the conflicting survey results, he replied only, ''Negative.''

'Moral Authority' United States officials have made it clear that they view the elections as a critical step in the Reagan Administration's Central America policy. The Administration's view is that a democratically elected government, as one United States Embassy official put it today, will have the ''moral authority'' to begin resolving the guerrilla war that has afflicted the country for more than four years, as well as the country's serious social and economic problems.

Voting is compulsory in El Salvador, and the people who returned to do so today expressed a less-sophisticated mixture of cautious hope, civic duty and resignation.

Cruz Alberta Interiano Beltran, a 36- year-old seamstress, in a light blue dress and ruffled white apron, said she had voted for Mr. d'Aubuisson ''because I want peace.''

As she left her polling place in Santa Tecla, west of the capital, she said she could not really say what the difference between the parties was, only that she did not particularly like Mr. Duarte.

Jose Flores, 34, who moved to the capital 12 years ago from Jocoro, in eastern Morazan Province, said he believed Mr. Duarte would win, but was not sure what that would accomplish.

''In this country there are more poor people than rich people, and the poor people belong to Duarte,'' he said. ''But one or the other, well, the guerrillas are still going to exist.''

Although some polling places received their ballots and ballot boxes at the last minute today, there were few reports of people being turned away at the polls.

In San Miguel, 86 miles east of the capital, guerrilla snipers battled army troops for an hour early this morning, but election officials said the polls were able to open by 7:30 A.M., a half-hour behind schedule. Lieut. Col. Domingo Monterrosa, commander of the San Miguel army base, said six guerrillas were killed as well as two police bomb experts, who died when they tried unsuccessfully to disarm two explosive devices placed by the rebels. One civilian was wounded.

In another development, two helicopters carrying the United States Ambassador, Thomas R. Pickering, several United States members of Congress and a group of journalists on a tour of the San Miguel area came under ground fire this morning, the United States Embassy reported.

The press helicopter was hit four times, but it landed safely after leaving the area. There were no injuries.

There was no immediate claim of responsibility for the attack, but San Miguel has been a frequent scene of guerrilla activity in recent months.

Many Problems Resolved

The reorganization of some polling places, the posting of guides to show voters where to cast their ballots and the experience of the March 25 vote appeared to have resolved many of the problems involved in a new voting registry, which assigned voters to certain polling places based on their national identity card number.

Salvadorans returning to cast their ballots in the runoff election and security forces guarding the polling places found the difference remarkable.

On the shady green campus of the Central America Technology Institute in Santa Tecla, pandemonium had reigned a few weeks ago. Today, neat lines of voters, separated by sex, stretched more than half a mile, and 50 people were being permitted to enter every five minutes.

Half a block away, Boris Moises Gutierrez, 13, wearing a green vest with the white fish symbol of the Christian Democrats, was guiding voters to the proper polling booth. Inside the grounds, a poll worker from Arena was giving inquiring voters a small ticket with the number of their voting booth - and the red, white and blue Arena symbol on top.

'Much Better Organized'

The scene, in its orderliness and efficiency, seemed little different from Election Day at a school in New York City. Although voters were waiting up to two hours in the sun to cast their ballots, the actual process of voting generally took about two minutes.

''The calmness is because of the organization - it is much better organized than last time,'' said Capt. Jose Saravio of the national police, one of the security guards outside the school. He added that separate lines had been made for men and women because ''the men take advantage and touch the women, and it's bad for order.''

But not everything went smoothly. Outside the Cine Zacamil, a movie theater in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Mejicanos, 21-year-old Cecilia Guadalupe, in a striped pullover and yellow skirt, was standing with tears rolling down her cheeks.

''They're sending me up and down, up and down,'' she said. She had gone first to the theater, then to a nearby gymnasium, then to a school, and then was sent back to the theater, where she was told once again to go elsewhere.

Asked why she was so determined to vote, she said, ''It's our obligation - we are Salvadorans.'' With the number of her proper polling place written on a tiny slip of paper, she set off once again.

Vote a Farce, Guerrillas Say The vote itself will be only the beginning of a long political reorganization full of danger. If Mr. Duarte wins and the right is deprived of a significant political voice, Salvadoran and Western officials here fear, the result could be an increase in violence.

If Mr. d'Aubuisson, who has been linked with right-wing death squads and the opposition to land and economic redistribution programs here, is the victor, the United States Congress may refuse to give additional military aid to the country.

And no matter who wins, there is no indication that the leftist guerrillas, who denounced the elections as a ''farce,'' are prepared to stop their struggle to bring down the Salvadoran Government. They have repeatedly promised to continue their fight ''before, during and after'' the vote.

Jose Virgilio Rivera, who said he had helped found the National Conciliation Party in 1962, said that he was hoping for a d'Aubuisson victory and that he believed the majority of his party members, whose own candidate finished third in the first round, were also supporting Arena.

'Can't Take This Anymore'

Mr. Virgilio Rivera, who was helping voters at the Santa Tecla school, dismissed concerns over the possibility that a victory by Mr. d'Aubuisson would bring problems in future United States aid.

''One simple reason,'' he said. ''The United States has to defend Central America, cost what it may, because they cannot have it fall under the orbit of Cuba or the Soviet Union.''

No matter who they were voting for, a common thread in voters' reasons for their choice today was that they hoped an elected president could find a way to bring peace to the country. Such was the view of Ala Ramona Rodriguez as she went to the polls. ''I truly hope that God wills it,'' she said, ''because we can't take this anymore.''

**Graphic**

photos of Salvadorans at voting stations

**End of Document**



[***Villain Is Dioxin. Relocation Is Response. But Judgment Is in Dispute.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-37G0-0005-G3PP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1525 words

**Byline:** By ADAM NOSSITER

By ADAM NOSSITER

**Dateline:** PENSACOLA, Fla.

**Body**

Day after day for 40 years, the dark pine logs lay gleaming in the Florida sun, stretching back to the rail tracks almost as far as the eye could see.

Neighbors of the Escambia Treating Company in the black ***working-class*** area at the edge of this port city in the Florida Panhandle thought nothing of it: the plant meant jobs, and besides, blacks could not live just anywhere.

But the logs, telephone poles in the making, were dripping chemical preservatives, first creosote, then pentachlorophenol. In 1991, long after the company went bankrupt, an emergency team from the Environmental Protection Agency dug up the toxic mess, piled it into a 60-foot-high mound laced with dioxin and other chemicals, and stored it tight under a polyethylene cover.

That was not enough for neighbors of the old wood-treating plant, fearful that their backyards had become contaminated by dioxin, a potentially cancer-causing agent. For four years they demanded to be moved, and in October, the Federal agency agreed.

It plans to spend about $18 million relocating people from 158 houses and 200 apartments. Agency officials say they are unsure about when the move will take place but hope to accomplish it within a year. It would be the third largest move of private citizens the agency has undertaken, after the relocations at Times Beach, Mo., and at Love Canal in Niagara Falls, N.Y., both in the 1980's.

The relocation plan is striking for other reasons. One senior agency scientist who supports the move asserted that it had been ordered by the White House because of the elections this year, provoking dissension within the agency. Other agency officials vehemently disputed the assertion. Another scientist at the agency suggested that it had deliberately lowered its health-risk standards here, in part because of the Florida site's notoriety. An agency engineer, who also supports the decision, predicted that the decision would have significant long-term effects.

"The policy implications of Escambia are incredible," said the engineer, Hugh Kaufman. "Everybody who lives near a site with that amount of material is going to say, 'Move us.' There are places that are more contaminated than Escambia, that have no evacuation."

By all accounts, what happened here in this neighborhood of small brick homes is unusual. Faced with steady pressure from organized residents, who had made the site a national cause celebre, the environmental agency amended its first plan twice this year, adding more families to those it had originally said were at risk from dioxin. The agency had already invoked a standard using a far smaller amount of the chemical than normal to decide that the residents were in danger, said one senior agency scientist.

And now officials are not even certain that dioxin will ultimately be invoked to justify part, or all, of the move, said the scientist, Elmer Akin, chief of the office of technical services in the agency's Atlanta district. "We may or may not need dioxin to drive the decision," Dr. Akin said.

Yet that assessment was disputed by at least one senior agency official, who said residents were at "risk."

Scientists have not definitively determined the health effects from dioxin, a byproduct of various industrial processes. An agency draft study two years ago concluded that it was a "probable" cause of cancer. Tests have also shown that dioxin can cause developmental disorders in young animals.

Leaders of the citizens group here, jubilant over forcing the evironmental agency to accede to their wishes, are certain that it did so because of worries over health.

"When I got the news I was just overwhelmed," said Margaret Williams, who heads the group, Citizens Against Toxic Exposure.

But something besides health appears to be on the minds of officials who made the costly decision about what Dr. Akin described as "a very political site" -- one that the agency singled out more than a year ago as a national test case for possible citizen relocations at other sites.

In a political climate newly charged with "environmental justice" considerations, health hardly entered the final equation at all, another senior said scientist, speaking on the condition of anonymity.

"It's a political motivation, and a response to political pressures, and it's an election year," the scientist said. "Essentially, E.P.A. has been told to move all the people out by the White House. They don't want this issue around." The scientist added that some upper-level supervisors were resentful. But he said, "They're doing the right thing for the wrong reasons."

Other agency officials vigorously denied the assertion. "Nothing can be further from the truth," said Loretta Ucelli, an agency spokeswoman. "There has been no involvement by the White House in this decision."

Brian Johnson, a spokesman for the White House environmental office, said, "It was definitely an E.P.A. decision."

Senior officials at the agency insist that health concerns were uppermost in deciding on the relocation. "The contaminant there being dioxin, the residents there are at risk," said Tim Fields, a Deputy Assistant Administrator.

But how much risk is unclear. No comprehensive health survey has been undertaken, because the citizens group has refused to cooperate with the United States Public Health Service, fearing that it will conclude that nothing is amiss.

A health assessment commissioned by the Government last year from Florida scientists said about the dioxin found in some residents' yards: "The estimated daily dose for children . . . is at least 10 times less than the level at which no adverse health effects have been observed in animals."

Bruce Tuovila, an author of the study and a scientist with the Florida Department of Health and Rehabilitative Services, said in an interview: "The primary concern is whether there is any health issue for residents off the site. There doesn't appear to be, except in regards to dioxin. There really is not contamination off-site at levels of concern."

Still, Mr. Kaufman, the agency engineer, suggested that "common sense" justified the relocation. "Very few people are going to keel over and die because of a Superfund site," he said. "It's the long-term health risks that are the problem."

Agency officials acknowledge that the notion of "environmental justice" was a consideration, as it has been in the upper reaches of the Clinton Administration. This idea arises from studies indicating that minorities have been disproportionately affected by pollution.

In an executive order in 1994, President Clinton decreed that agencies pay heed to the notion of "environmental justice." The order required that minorities be given a voice in environmental regulation and that cleanup of minority neighborhoods affected by the worst toxic waste sites, or Superfund sites, like the one here, take priority. It is among about 1,300 such sites across the nation.

The citizens group here helped keep the notion of environmental justice on the front burner. The group was able to hire a scientist to watch over the agency's testing in the neighborhood near the plant.

Interpretations of the environmental agency's tests here have provoked controversy at other Superfund sites, said Dr. Akin, the agency scientist. Since the mid-1980's and Times Beach, where the Federal Government evacuated more than 2,000 residents because of dioxin fears, officials have used a standard of contamination in the soil of one part per billion to decide wheter people are in danger, the scientist said.

But at the site here, officials used a much looser standard, 0.2 parts per billion, a "rare exception," said Dr. Akin. He added: "A lot of decisions have been made around the country on the one part per billion. Someone could say, 'What are you going to say about all those other decisions?' "

Of the Escambia site, Dr. Akin said: "On our traditional number, you couldn't have justified doing anything down there." As to why the standard had been changed, he said: "The thinking was, it was just time to re-examine the driver. It certainly had something to do with the highly visible site."

The agency decided that here, 0.2 parts of dioxin per billion in the soil meant an additional 1 in 10,000 risk of developing cancer, its usual threshold for taking action. The agency found that the threshold had been exceeded at only 21 of the houses in the neighborhood.

Mr. Fields, the Deputy Assistant Administrator, disputed the assertion that the 0.2 parts per billion was a rare exception. "The one part per billion is a level we used back in the mid-80's," he said. "Science has changed over time."

The residents here do not think in terms of excess cancer risks, or parts per billion. They are convinced that the cancer deaths they have seen in their own families, the stillborn babies, the stinging feeling in their eyes, are all directly attributable to the wood-treating plant.

"That stuff is in these houses, it's in these walls -- it's terrible" said Ollie McWaine, who has lived near the plant for 38 of her 65 years.

Her husband, Jimmy, who is 60, agreed with the plans to move, saying, "The right idea is just to relocate the whole neighborhood."

**Graphic**

Photo: Margaret Williams heads a citizens group that pressured the Federal Government to agree to relocate people from 158 houses and 200 apartments whose property was exposed to dioxin in Pensacola, Fla. (Lee Celano for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 1996

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[***COLTS STIR 'AWAKENED' CITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J1R0-0008-N2CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1246 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JANOFSKY , Special to the New York Times

**Body**

INDIANAPOLISFrom his office on the 25th floor of the City-County Building in the heart of downtown, the Mayor of Indianapolis can look out upon his realm and see a rapidly-changing vista. It includes the 40-story American United Life building, the tallest structure in the city; on- going construction of several new hotels and office buildings and, far in the distance, work on a new 250- acre, $200 million park that will include the city zoo, a performing arts center and botanical gardens.

The panorama appears even more impressive and breathtaking, given the city's dubious past reputation as a place once described by the author John Gunther as the ''dirtiest'' city in America and by native son Kurt Vonnegut as one that watches a car race (the Indianapolis 500) one day of the year and sleeps the other 364. Such portrayals later helped give rise to the notion that Indianapolis was, in the words of William H. Hudnut III, the current Mayor, a ''town you flew over to get somewhere else.'' Other people, he said, routinely referred to it as ''Naptown'' or ''Indian-no-place.''

But all that has changed, Mr. Hudnut said proudly and forcefully from behind his desk last week, as he made a sweeping gesture with his long arms toward the windows and the scenes beyond. ''Indianapolis has awakened,'' he said. ''I now like to refer to our city as Indiana-ShowPlace.''

Perhaps nothing on the horizon better symbolizes the turnabout of the last few years than the new Hoosier Dome, a 61,000-seat indoor stadium, which the Mayor can see off in the distance without moving from behind his desk. With its billowy, white-plaited air-supported roof, the dome fairly gleams in the sunlight, looking as if it had some sort of mystical power.

Perhaps it does: The dome was built to help attract more convention business to the city and at little burden to local taxpayers. And on both counts it has succeeded. Completed this spring after two and a half years of construction, the dome was financed by public and private funds in the form of a 1 percent county food and beverage tax that will retire $47 million in bonds and $30 million from private endowments. And according to Mr. Hudnut, stadium officials have commitments for more than $280 million in new convention business between now and 1990.

But the Mayor, and nearly everyone else in the Indianapolis area, knows the dome has brought something else, too. It has enabled the city to have its first professional football team. Starting this summer, the dome will become home for the Indianapolis (nee Baltimore) Colts of the National Football League, whose owner, Robert Irsay, moved them here this spring.

Expressing Love for the Colts

Mr. Hudnut called the relocation of the Colts ''icing on the cake,'' as far as the dome was concerned. As for the people in the area, it's a different story. Indianapolis and surrounding areas are literally oozing Colt-mania. Signs all over blare, ''Welcome Colts.'' Bumper stickers proclaim, ''I (heart-shape) the Indianapolis Colts. T-shirts, coffee mugs, pennants, buttons - all bearing the Colts' insignia - are festooned about and sold everywhere.

''Having the team come here has galvanized the spirit of the community,'' Mr. Hudnut said. ''It means major-league status for our city.''

Mr. Irsay, a native of Chicago, became the owner of the Colts in 1972. At that time, the Colts were a team in transition, but one with a storied past, built upon such heroes as John Unitas and Gino Marchetti and championship seasons of 1958, 1959 and 1970.

Under Mr. Irsay, however, the team went through seven coaches and nine losing seasons in 12 years. They have not had a winning record since 1977, the last of three consecutive seasons they won a division conference title but nothing more. In each case, they lost in their first playoff game.

As the team stumbled out of the 1970's, fan support eroded and Mr. Irsay began entertaining the notion of moving his team to an area that might better appreciate it. He discussed such a move with officials in Los Angeles, Phoenix and Memphis, among other cities. Once, he stepped out of a helicopter in the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Fla., greeted by local officials and 40,000 people in the stands who were expecting him to move the team to their city.

Years of Persuasion

Indianapolis, meanwhile, had decided in 1980 that it needed an adjunct to its convention center. So city officials decided to build a domed stadium. In addition to convention and other business, they were interested in bringing a permanent professional football team to the area. In March 1983 in Palm Springs, Calif. and a year later in Honolulu, an Indianapolis delegation, including Mr. Hudnut, staffed a hospitality room at the hotel in which the N.F.L. owners were holding their annual offseason meetings. In the room were pictures and brochures, showing off the city's new domed stadium. Knowing Mr. Irsay's growing dissatisfaction with Baltimore, the delegation grew hopeful that he might consider a move to Indianapolis and the Hoosier Dome as a way out.

By last February, conversations between the Colts and Indianapolis had progressed to the point that Mr. Hudnut told his next-door neighbor, Johnny B. Smith, to get ready. Mr. Smith is chairman of the board of the Mayflower Transit Company.

''He told me that he would move the Colts here for free,'' Mr. Hudnut said. ''All he needed was 12 hours' notice.''

'No Obligation' to Baltimore

Mr. Irsay, meanwhile, had assured Mayor William D. Schaefer of Baltimore that he would call him before making a final decision. But in late March, when Mr. Irsay learned that the state was attempting to block his departure by means of eminent domain, he never placed the call.

''When I found out what they did, I felt no obligation to get back to the Mayor,'' Mr. Irsay said, and that was that. After 35 seasons in Baltimore, the Colts were gone.

Mr. Irsay defended his action, in part, by citing the rabid enthusiasm of fans and civic officials in Indianapolis to the coming of the Colts. After season-ticket applications became available, the club received 143,000 requests. In their last season in Baltimore, the club sold 28,000 season tickets.

''Even when we won the division three times, we coudn't fill the stadium,'' Mr. Irsay said, although they came close, playing to 79 percent capacity in 1975, 90 percent in 1976 and 92 percent in 1977. By 1982, in the season shortened by the players' strike that the Colts finished with their worst record ever, 0-8-1, attendance was also at a record low. An average crowd of 26,912, or 44 percent of capacity, had watched the four home games.

Crowds Improved With Team

However, when the team began to improve last season, finishing 7-9, attendance increased by more than 15,000 a game, lending credence to the theory that folks in Baltimore don't mind watching a team if it's interesting.

Still, Mr. Irsay pleaded that, the fans ''could have supported the team better,'' and that by remaining in Baltimore all those years, he lost more than $20 million.

Given the similarities of the two cities, both known as ***working-class*** towns, Mr. Hudnut, a former Presbyterian minister, said he felt badly for the people of Baltimore. He once served a church in Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, and knows the region well.

''I'm sorry they think we stole their Colts,'' he said. ''But Indianapolis didn't steal them. Baltimore lost them. They have enhanced our national image, and I, for one, am grateful.''

**Graphic**

photo of Colts shirts being produced

**End of Document**



[***Bias Law Casts Pall Over New Orleans Mardi Gras***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-98V0-000P-23CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER,

By LARRY ROHTER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 29

**Body**

Every year for more than a century, the grand finale of Mardi Gras has come when Rex, the King of Carnival, and Comus, masked chieftain of the city's oldest carnival club, rendezvous for a midnight toast to usher in Ash Wednesday. But not this year. Citing a new city ordinance that bans discrimination in Mardi Gras groups, Comus and his followers have announced they will be staying home.

In a city whose identity is so tightly intertwined with the rambunctious 12-day festival that precedes Lent each year, that decision by the very same organization that invented the modern-day Carnival has been greeted with dismay. But the withdrawal of Comus and Momus, another old-line carnival club, or krewe, has also ignited a rancorous debate that focuses not only on the future of Mardi Gras, but also on what kind of city New Orleans is and aspires to be.

Some Hesitate to Parade

Having just been through the most divisive governor's race in Louisiana history, New Orleans does not relish yet another confrontation with its racial problems. But the brief sense of community that resulted from blacks and whites working together to defeat David Duke has now given way to expressions of bitterness, signs of what The New Orleans Times-Picayune described in a recent editorial as "a new racial anger" brought on by the ordinance.

"This has been a disaster for race relations in this city," said Peggy Wilson, a white City Council member who voted for the ordinance but now says she will introduce measures to repeal it and forbid the city from considering any future legislation to tamper with Mardi Gras, which this year concludes on March 3. "You've opened a Pandora's box and let all the little goblins fly around."

Members of some krewes say the racial climate in the city is so tense that they have reservations about parading this year. Pointing to a recent slashing of canvases at an exhibition of Mardi Gras paintings, they said they feared they might be attacked. Those fears started, they said, when they heard some things said at the televised City Council meeting at which the ordinance was enacted.

"The blacks stood up and said, 'This city is ours,' " Ms. Wilson recalled. "There were raised fists and very angry comments, and that has led some people to say: 'Oh my God, there's a lot of hatred out there. We better not ride.' "

Quick and Heated Reaction

Passed on Dec. 19 after a heated public hearing, the law prohibits any club, marching society or parade organization sponsoring public Mardi Gras activities from excluding anyone from membership because of "race, color, sex, sexual orientation, national origin, ancestry, age, physical condition or disability." The measure, which will be carried out in the next two years, was approved unanimously by the seven-member council.

Almost immediately, though, leaders of 65 carnival krewes and clubs issued a statement calling the ordinance a "tragic mistake" that would kill Mardi Gras by forcing krewes to cancel their parades or move them to neighboring St. Bernard or Jefferson parishes. The festival is mostly paid for by the krewes from levies on their members.

The identity of leaders of Comus, Momus and other exclusive clubs is a closely guarded secret, but group members said they regarded the legislation as an infringement on their freedom to choose their friends.

Dorothy Mae Taylor, president of the City Council who sponsored the ordinance, declined to be interviewed about the reaction her measure has provoked. Replying through her press secretary, she said that "continued debate on the issue does not serve well the intended nature of the ordinance nor the citizens of this city," whose population is 60 percent black.

But other black leaders continued to hail the measure as an important step forward in the democratization of Mardi Gras. For too long, they say, Mardi Gras has been segregated, with Momus, Comus and other elite krewes allowed to benefit from police, fire and sanitation services during the parades despite the krewes' exclusionary policies.

"I'm against discrimination in any form," said Roy E. Glapion Jr., head of Zulu, the most important black krewe, complaining that for many years his group, founded in 1916, received no encouragement from the city. "I have no problem with individuals wanting privacy. I watched the Super Bowl together with my friends, but we didn't use taxpayer dollars to do so."

Some members of the traditional krewes say, however, that the contribution they make to the economic well-being of the city, through tourism and other activities, more than balances their restrictive membership policies. A study conducted by the University of New Orleans estimates that Mardi Gras generates as much as $500 million a year. Krewe members say the new law is now jeopardizing that revenue.

That is not an argument that finds favor among those, black or white, who do not belong to the elite krewes.

Benefits Called Incidental

"They do it because they enjoy it, not to make money for the city of New Orleans," Jimmie Thorns Jr., a real estate broker who is chairman of the Black Economic Development Council, said of the prominent white men who belong to the old-line krewes. "I think they would do it even if nobody came."

The current mood contrasts with the sense of accomplishment both races felt after November's election for governor. The resounding defeat of David Duke "was a total pull-together deal," said George Denegre, a prominent lawyer and former King of Carnival. "For them to come out with something like this right before carnival, when nobody has time to do anything about it, is terribly divisive."

Although the debate over the ordinance has been framed primarily in terms of race, there are also undercurrents of class, sex and religion. As bastions of the New Orleans establishment, with links to elite year-round organizations like the Boston Club and Louisiana Club, krewes like Comus and Momus have excluded not only blacks but also women, Jews, Italians and ***working-class*** whites from their ranks.

"This is not about racial discrimination," Darrell Walker, an automobile mechanic, said of the dispute. "I'm white and they would never let me in either, not that I would want to join. It's all a family thing. You get to be a member because your granddaddy was a member."

Faced with that pattern, excluded groups have flocked to their own krewes: women to Iris and Venus, blacks to Zulu and Nomtoc, Italians to Virgilians and homosexuals to Petronius. Not all of them are necessarily eager to open their ranks to comply with the new law.

"We're an all-woman krewe, and we want to stay that way," said Joy Oswald, captain, or head, of Iris, the oldest of the city's female parading groups. "This should just have been left alone."

At Zulu, whose 375 members include more than 25 whites, racial integration is not an issue. "We were integrated even when integration was illegal," Mr. Glapion said. But Zulu has been less enthusiastic about allowing women to join, and some members of the Autocrat Club and the Original Illinois Club, two other old-line black organizations, say privately that they oppose the ordinance because they will have to open their doors to women.

"We have discriminated against women," Mr. Glapion admitted. "But if the ordinance says we have to admit them, so be it."

But Mr. Glapion's willingness to tamper with Mardi Gras tradition appears to be a minority opinion, even among blacks. According to a poll commissioned earlier this month by a New Orleans television station, WWL-TV, if this ordinance had to be voted on, it would fail, with blacks 55 percent to 45 percent against it, and whites 80 percent to 20 percent in favor of its defeat. The telephone survey of 650 people was conducted in mid-January and has a margin of error of plus or minus three percentage points.

"Mardi Gras has been elevated to the status of a religion," said Silas Lee, a poll taker and professor of sociology at Xavier University who conducted the survey, when asked to explain black opposition to the measure. "They don't want people to touch it, even though they recognize that part of the tradition is not fair. What they are saying is that they would violate the civil rights laws to uphold the Mardi Gras tradition."

**Graphic**

Photos: Groups that marched in last year's Mardi Gras parades in New Orleans have withdrawn because of new restrictions banning discrimination (Associated Press) (pg 1); Richard Cahn, right, working on a sign satirizing Dorothy Mae Taylor, president of the New Orleans City Council, who sponsored a new ordinance banning Mardi Gras groups that discriminate. Ray Kern, left, and Vivian Cahn, of the Krewe du Vieux Carre, prepared their costumes. (Matt Anderson for The New York Times) (pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** February 2, 1992

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XCJ0-000D-G076-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Glenda Jackson Trades Stage for Stump - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XCJ0-000D-G076-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

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**Length:** 1295 words

**Byline:** Glenda Jackson

By MATT WOLF;

Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist based in London.

By MATT WOLF;  Matt Wolf is an American theater critic and journalist based in London.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

Viewers who see Glenda Jackson Wednesday night in "The House of Bernarda Alba," at 9:30 on PBS, may well be watching the swan song of one of the leading British actresses of her generation.

Not that Miss Jackson thinks of it that way, but the 55-year-old actress isn't prone to sentimental reflections on her career anyway. What matters most these days, she says, is politics, not performing. A two-time recipient of the Academy Award, for "Women in Love" (1970) and "A Touch of Class" (1973), Miss Jackson is hopeful about winning something altogether different -- the post of Labor Member of Parliament (M.P.) for the north London constituency of Hampstead and Highgate. John Major, the Prime Minister, will call a general election by July, at which point -- in the few weeks between the announcement and the election itself -- the serious campaigning takes place.

Until then, Miss Jackson's task is to familiarize herself with the constituency and vice versa, which she has been doing by appearing regularly at libraries, churches and various public events in north London.

"It's the imperative of the direction my country has been going," says the actress, explaining her new-found vocation over coffee in a London hotel not far from the Blackheath home she shares with her 22-year-old son, Daniel, a freelance journalist. (His father is the director Roy Hodges, from whom Miss Jackson was divorced in 1976.)

Wearing a gray track suit and puffing Dunhills, the morning's Independent newspaper poking out of her bag, Miss Jackson seems to bear scant relation to the tartly alluring star of "House Calls" (1978) or "Hopscotch" (1980), not to mention Peter Brook's film production of "Marat/Sade" (1967). The determination is there, along with alert, sharp eyes that seem to take in an entire situation at a glance. But it's hard to imagine this woman going off for a comic romp with George Segal or Walter Matthau.

Driven by a mounting sense of a society in collapse, she says her current mission is far more important than any stage or screen role could ever be. And unlike Harold Pinter and Vanessa Redgrave, two other politically active leftist Britons, Miss Jackson is ready to give up one life to start another.

"I never before felt ashamed of being English," she says in soft but ardent tones, with an occasional hint of her northern England ***working-class*** roots as the daughter of a bricklayer. "And I have felt and still feel deeply ashamed of being English in many areas. I'm deeply ashamed of what our government is doing to its citizens."

Her specific objection is to more than a decade of the hard-line monetarist policy spearheaded by Margaret Thatcher and her successor, Mr. Major, another Conservative. Miss Jackson says that when a Labor constituency in London approached her in 1989 suggesting her possible candidacy, she decided to seize the day. Her principal opponent in the currently Conservative district is Oliver Letwin, a merchant banker some 20 years her junior. Although Miss Jackson anticipates some resistance from those who look askance at her credentials, she says she needs only a 4 percent swing to win.

The suggestion, she says, "came at a time when I found it so hard to recognize the country I was living in. There was this awful sense, which has diminished slightly, that we were no longer citizens of one country but that each person threatened the other. We were constantly being told to reconsider what I've regarded as vices as virtues: you're not selfish, you're independent; you're not greedy, you're self-reliant.

"I found that totally unacceptable," she says. "When you see kids asleep in the street because there's no place for them to go, then something has gone radically wrong."

The request from the Hampstead and Highgate parliamentary district -- a constituency of about 65,000 whose voters include fellow actors like Judi Dench, Janet Suzman and Jeremy Irons -- came during a particularly fertile phase in Miss Jackson's career.

Although her film work of late has been limited mostly to supporting roles in minor movies, she has won acclaim over the past decade for roles in plays rarely seen in the commercial theater. The 1986 production of Gabriel Garcia Lorca's "House of Bernarda Alba," in which Miss Jackson plays the title role, was a hit in the West End; it was filmed for TV and is being shown Wednesday as a "Great Performances" presentation. Other London productions have been "Great and Small" by the German dramatist Botho Strauss, Racine's "Phedre," Brecht's "Mother Courage" and O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," for which she won a Tony Award nomination when it moved to Broadway in 1985.

Her most recent Broadway appearance, opposite Christopher Plummer in "Macbeth," brought her a 1988 Tony nomination, after which she appeared with John Lithgow in Los Angeles in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" and then returned to London for Howard Barker's "Scenes From an Execution." This year she starred in another O'Neill play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," at the Citizens' Theater in Glasgow.

When work is on this level, why give it up? "I'm aware of how churlish I must sound," says Miss Jackson, "and I have been very lucky, and I wouldn't carp at that. But there's no continuum for actresses, no sense of actually seeing if you can really do it when you reach the higher altitudes of theater, in the way there is for men.

"You would not find the same critical perceptions attaching to, say, Phedre," she continues, referring to Racine's lovesick heroine, "as you would automatically find for a Lear. There is still the prevailing rule that however major the play and, in a curious way, however major the role, anything that features the woman as the central dramatic engine is somehow less."

Not that the women she plays aren't strong. Bernarda Alba, for example, is a formidable figure indeed. Set in a village on the outskirts of Granada, in southern Spain, the play focuses on the title character and her five unmarried daughters, only the eldest of whom, Angustias (Julie Legrand), is permitted to wed. The drama arises out of the preference of Angustias's unseen suitor for the youngest daughter, Adela (Amanda Root), whose own affections are carefully and often cruelly monitored by the steely Bernarda. In addition to Miss Root and Miss Legrand, the TV version co-stars Joan Plowright as the family maid, Poncia. All three women, like Miss Jackson, appeared in the West End run.

Lorca's 1936 work had its premiere shortly before he was executed, at age 38, during the Spanish Civil War.

"Part of its strength," she says, "is that the play exists only in the room or rooms that the characters are in. There is no exterior life as such. Lorca says these are snapshots of life in the villages of Spain. That idea of a light exploding so you catch people either frozen or in the middle of action is, I think, crucial to discovering who these people are."

If her life as an actress has required an imaginative breadth, you might expect Miss Jackson to balk at the comparative slog of life as a back-bench politician in the House of Commons. The actress, however, intends to bring her imagination to bear on her political dealings. "For the last 12 years, everything has had to be real, realistic, within the real world -- that whole accountant's scenario of how life is. But in truth, if one examines how great social changes have come about, nine times out of 10 those leaps forward have been fueled by the imagination. I mean, What is democracy? What is freedom? What is justice? They are ideas of the imagination."

Still, if elected, might she not occasionally dip a toe back into acting? The answer comes at once. "The one will totally supplant the other. I can't be a part-time actress, and I can't be a part-time M.P."

**Correction**

An article on Dec. 15 about Glenda Jackson misidentified the author of the play "The House of Bernarda Alba." He was Federico Garcia Lorca.

**Correction-Date:** January 12, 1992, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Glenda Jackson debating with David Wrede, the Liberal Democrat candidate for Hampstead and Highgate--The actress may give up theater for politics. (Nigel Sutton); Miss Jackson, right, with Joan Plowright in "The House of Bernarda Alba" (WNET)

**Load-Date:** December 15, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Duke May Seem to Be Wallace of '91, But Both Times and the Risks Differ***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XWH0-000D-G02G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME,

By PETER APPLEBOME,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LAFAYETTE, La.

**Body**

The speaker and his agenda may be new, but the scene at the David Duke rally at Evangeline Downs here earlier this month provoked a sense of political deja vu -- the same angry white men in baseball caps and jeans, the same railing against out-of-touch big government and high taxes, the same thinly veiled racial appeals.

Mr. Duke is tapping into the same frustrations and same constituency that former Gov. George Wallace of Alabama did in his campaigns for President in 1968 and 1972. But significant differences exist between now and then, both in the degree of frustration and in which political party is most at risk.

"The issues George Wallace raised in 1968 are the issues Duke is addressing now," said Merle Black, a professor of politics and government at Emory University in Atlanta. "When you talk about affirmative action, preferential treatment, busing for school desegregation, these are issues which came up in the 1960's in which whites were in direct opposition to blacks, and these are issues that have never been reconciled."

Losing Votes in Louisiana

Still, it is unclear how much can be read into the career of Mr. Duke, who was thrashed Nov. 16 in his race for governor and then announced two days later that he was considering a run for President.

Mr. Duke, a Republican State Representative from suburban New Orleans, got only 39 percent of the vote for governor, after getting 44 percent a year ago in a race for the United States Senate. And in the second campaign, his support among whites dropped to 55 percent, from 60 percent, and he was running against a scandal-tinged opponent who was the perfect foil for his angry, send-them-a-message call for radical change.

On the other hand, Mr. Duke did win 665,000 votes for governor, despite his background in the Ku Klux Klan and neo-Nazi groups, the opposition of virtually every interest group and public official in Louisiana and warnings that the state would face economic catastrophe if he was elected.

He did best with blue-collar and low- to middle-income whites, picking up 68 percent of whites with a high school education or less. He got the vote of 62 percent of white Protestants, 69 percent of whites who say they are born-again Christians, 56 percent of whites with annual family incomes under $15,000, 63 percent of whites with incomes of $15,000 to $29,999 and 60 percent of whites with incomes of $30,0000 to $49,999.

Mr. Duke also gained support among upper-income voters -- 49 percent of whites earning $50,000 to $74,999 a year and 34 percent of whites earning more than $75,000 -- a group that largely eluded Mr. Wallace in his Presidential campaigns.

The Wallace Vote

In 1968, when Mr. Wallace ran on a third-party ticket, he carried five Southern states, including Louisiana. In his bids for the Democratic Presidential nomination he did well in primaries in such non-Southern states as Michigan and Maryland.

Mr. Wallace was very much in a tradition of Southern populism, using race and economic issues as ways to channel the frustration of ***working-class*** whites, first in the South and then in the nation.

Alan Brinkley, a professor of history at Columbia University, said that Mr. Duke tapped some of the same anger but that he came from a more purely racial perspective. In the latter stages of Mr. Wallace's political career in a changed Southern electorate, he won sizeable black support in his campaigns for governor. Few expect that of Mr. Duke.

To some the main difference between Mr. Duke and Mr. Wallace is which political party the candidate put at risk.

"I don't believe there's a new populism," said Curtis Gans, chairman of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, a research organization in Washington. "I don't see anything really new from the Wallace-Nixon days except this time it's going to split asunder the Republican Party instead of the Democrats."

The risks for the Republicans include not just the potential for a divisive Presidential primary fight, but also the degree to which Mr. Duke's association with conservative issues like opposition to preferential hiring of minorities could taint strong Republican issues.

"David Duke is probably the best thing that has ever happened for the Democratic Party," said Gary Jarmin, national political director for the American Freedom Coalition, a conservative organization. "He has neutralized those issues that Republicans could have used, but now everybody is going to scream 'racism' because they're associated with David Duke."

But if some see a reprise of the Wallace days with a different party, others see the possibility of broader-based racial politics. They say the longevity of the frustrations of white blue-collar and middle-class voters, the degree of social dislocation and pathology in inner cities and, most important, the lingering recession and the bleak prospects for blue-collar whites provide a fertile ground for racial politics.

"I think it's much more dangerous now," said Stanley Greenberg, President of Greenberg-Lake, a Democratic polling firm whose 1985 study of white voters in suburban Detroit reflected many of the intense racial resentments of the Duke voters in Louisiana. "Then, the country was in a period of rapid growth. What we have now is two decades of very slow economic growth, almost no income growth and for younger non-college graduate males, their income has gone down at least 25 percent. These people are natural material for a Duke-type campaign."

Divisions on the Message

To liberals and most Democrats, Mr. Duke's rise reflects the failure of Republican economics combined with a Republican strategy that runs from Richard M. Nixon's Southern strategy of playing to white voters to George Bush's campaign advertisements playing on coded racial appeals.

"Duke's message is that if your life isn't what you want it to be, blame it on people who are black," said Harrison Hickman, a Democratic political consultant. "I don't think it's much more complicated than that. I think that the great failure here is the failure of Reagan and Bush. Reagan made it socially acceptable and Bush made it politically expedient to play in this arena."

But others, including some Democrats, say Mr. Duke's appeal is more complicated. He may be advancing a racial agenda, they say, but by focusing on crime and welfare dependency he is also playing on real issues that reflect real failings in American life. And some, including conservatives who reject Mr. Duke personally, say that part of the failure is the degree to which those issues have been forced out of the political debate.

"This is a 25-year-old battle that if you say you are concerned about crime, and you want law and order, hey, you're really a racist at heart," said Richard A. Viguerie, chairman of United Conservatives of America. "You want to cut back on welfare, you're a racist. You don't want special privileges, affirmative action by the Government -- quotas, let's just call that what it is -- you're a racist."

Another leading conservative, Paul M. Weyrich, said: "The funny part of it is, the minorities that I've dealt with, not just in the black community but in the Hispanic community and so on, they don't think it's racist. They know that these problems are real, and they care about this stuff, and they're glad when somebody is honest with them."

To many, the problem with Mr. Duke in particular and racial politics in general is that they offer scapegoating, not solutions.

"Duke isn't interested in solving problems," said Senator John B. Breaux of Louisiana, who is chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, a gathering of moderates in the party. "He's interested in feeding on them."

William Julius Wilson, a University of Chicago sociologist who wrote an influential book on poverty, "The Truly Disadvantaged" (University of Chicago Press, 1989), said that both the poor and the middle class had a common interest in meaningful economic reform rather than racial polarization.

"What's needed is a political leader who can identify the breakdown in our society that has created these problems, not just for the poor but for the middle class as well," he said.

**Graphic**

Photos: George Wallace, the former Governor of Alabama, campaigned for President in 1968 and 1972 on issues similar to those raised by David Duke in his bid to become governor of Louisiana. (United Press International); David Duke, a Republican State Representative from suburban New Orleans who made an unsuccessful bid this month for the governorship of Louisiana, campaigning the day before the election. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1991

**End of Document**



[***ART VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XCK0-000D-G09M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Trying On One Idiom After Another***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XCK0-000D-G09M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 8, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1308 words

**Byline:** Felix Vallotton

By John Russell

By John Russell

**Dateline:** NEW HAVEN

**Body**

Among American Museum debuts of recent date, both the most monumental and the longest delayed is the exhibition of paintings and prints by the Swiss-born Felix Vallotton (1865-1925) at the Yale University Art Gallery.

It consists of more than 100 paintings (many of them large), 18 drawings and 33 prints. Not only does it fill the entire first floor of the museum, but it has a redoubtable annex -- an enormous room, decked out for the occasion with carpet, center table, flowers in plenty and wall upon wall of Vallotton's very large paintings of the female nude.

In its totality, the show is as impressive as it is disconcerting. Vallotton was neither the easiest nor the most fluent of painters. Nor do his paintings radiate the delight in life that was the mark of the works of his friends Edouard Vuillard and Pierre Bonnard. He had trouble getting rid of an ingrown Swiss awkwardness, and a high-collared, heavy-mustached, unsmiling air. A nervous breakdown in first youth may not have helped, either.

But this exhibition has great rewards to offer, and great provocations, too. It falls into several discrete sections, and there are times when Vallotton seems to be trying a new idiom, a new personality and a new range of subject matter.

Yet throughout that wide range -- the nudes, the interiors, the cityscapes, the townscapes, the classicizing landscapes, the nightmare scenes of shattered French townships during World War I, the battle scenes around Verdun in 1917, the glimpse of Zeppelin raids on Paris and the hefty still lifes of the early 1920's -- an irreducible self is somehow present.

And who was Felix Vallotton, anyway, to have so large a claim upon our attention? A good question. It is essential to know that he was born in Lausanne of Swiss Protestant parents. (His father owned a chocolate factory.) At 18, he got away to Paris, studied art, made friends (with Toulouse-Lautrec, among others) and had a modest success. In 1889, for instance, he represented Switzerland at the Exposition Universelle in Paris and received an honorable mention.

Not long after that, he began the work for which he is generally best known, where known at all, in this country. The black-and-white woodcuts that he produced between 1891 and 1898 have classic status. Though small in scale, they stand out in any company by reason of their masterful and ferocious antitheses of white and black.

As a storyteller in miniature, Vallotton had all the gifts, and it was with an unsparing eye that he bore witness to the way things were, both in private and in public, during the 1890's. Though not easy to come by in the originals, his woodcuts lead a second life in reproduction, as footnotes and brief commentaries in illustrated books.

For the political historian, Vallotton's "Demonstration" of 1893, with its crowd scattering in terror before the forces of authority, is irresistible. For the historian of the big department store, his "Bon Marche" of 1893 has much to tell.

As a student of marital relations in the 1890's, Vallotton had perfect pitch, as much for the look of the conjugal (or adulterous) interior as for the keyed-up intensity of the man and the woman in question. (Titles like "Money," "Getting Ready to Go Out," "The Lie" and "Five O'Clock" give the stories a flying start.)

A master, therefore, and in demand for magazines not only in Paris but in Berlin, Munich, New York and Chicago. But a small master, surely? Besides, he gave up printmaking altogether in 1898, and he lived on for another 27 years. What was so great about him as to justify the exhibition at the Yale Art Gallery?

As to that, the show wastes no time in telling us. The first thing that we see is the huge portrait group (58 by 75 inches) that Vallotton painted in 1902-03. Present in it are Bonnard, Vuillard, K.-X. Roussel (Vuillard's brother-in-law), Charles Cottet and (somewhat apart) Vallotton himself.

All five were friends, and Bonnard, Vuillard and Roussel were very close to one another and gifted talkers. We know that Bonnard and Vuillard were masters at bringing an interior to life. But in the group portrait, not one of them can raise a smile. Bare walls hem them in, and they look as if they were trying to communicate in a sign language that they had not yet begun to learn. It is not a convivial scene.

In Vuillard's portrait of Vallotton from around 1900, we see him as rumpled, informal, almost cuddly, as he sits cross-legged on a high chair with his feet dangling some way above the ground. But in his self-portrait of 1908, Vallotton at 32 looks out at the world as if marked above all by a refusal to relax.

This divergence is important in that for many years Vallotton was best friends with Vuillard, traveled with him, spent part of the summer with him and went for weekends with him to the country home of Vuillard's formidable friend, Madame Hessel.

As early as 1895, Vuillard almost got him to relax. (In the present show, two very pretty but undeniable Vuillardesque paintings of young women tripping along the street in Paris testify to that.) But Vallotton's interiors, unlike Vuillard's, were not about the healing quiet of the hearth. They were about Pinteresque scenes of betrayal in rooms that were a strange combination of luxury and uneasiness. (In 1894, he designed the program for a production of Strindberg's "Father" at the most innovative theater in Paris.)

From 1889 till 1899, Vallotton lived with what the catalogue of this show calls "a ***working-class*** woman" who appears in several of his paintings. She traveled with him and seems to have been accepted by his friends. Should he marry her, he wondered? "No" was clearly the answer, because in 1899 he married the widowed sister of the brothers Bernheim-Jeune, who ran an important gallery in Paris.

At least one of Vallotton's friends saw this as a career decision, which gave him access to a vastly more comfortable way of life and life membership in a powerful gallery. As it happened, neither the conjugal nest nor the association with Bernheim-Jeune turned out too well. (Never one to flatter in his portraits, Vallotton settled like a wasp on his wife's very large nose when she posed for him.)

Even so, there were glory years. Something of Vuillard's magical way with connecting rooms in a sunlit country house rubbed off on his friend. Paris came to new life as a spacious, huge-boned city that Vallotton stripped of its every extraneous detail. And in 1900-01, he painted a signature scene of his new life, with a woman searching through shelf upon shelf of very clean linen.

In 1903, there were attempts to redo Poussin in the open air. There were early entrants in the long line of Vallotton's weighty but curiously unseductive nudes. In 1907, there was a portrait of Gertrude Stein in which Vallotton met his match in the way of a firm, unsmiling gaze. In 1913, he was invited to Russia, where some of the best paintings in the Yale show were snapped up by discerning enthusiasts.

But as of August 1914, a sense of futility came into his life. In that context, Vallotton never gave up. Despite what seems to have been an ever-greater depression and self-doubt, he went on trying to remake himself. But the intense emotional motivation of the years before and immediately after his marriage was not recaptured. In his last years, he felt drained, empty, out of touch and unloved by the public. The will to self-renewal, the big, heavy vision, is finally almost painful to witness. But on the way, there had been much to enjoy and something, now and then, to marvel at.

The exhibition was organized and the catalogue written in large part by Sasha Newman, associate curator in the Yale Art Gallery. A pioneering effort not to be missed, it can be seen in New Haven through Jan. 5 and will travel to Houston, Indianapolis, Amsterdam and Lausanne, Switzerland.

**Graphic**

Photos: "La Paresse," an 1896 woodcut by Felix Vallotton--bearing witness to the way things were, in public and in private (Yale University Art Gallery)(pg. 33); "Le Mensonge" (1898) by Felix Vallotton -- interiors that were not about the healing quiet of the hearth (Baltimore Museum of Art/Yale University Art Gallery)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** December 8, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Quick-Fisted Twins From Brooklyn Recall Their Days of Hard Knocks;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-27J0-0005-G09M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Survivors of the Street Became Champions of the Ring***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-27J0-0005-G09M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 15, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1343 words

**Byline:** Nick Spanakos; Pete Spanakos

By RANDY KENNEDY

By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

The Spanakos twins still get stares when they visit the old Red Hook places -- the once-sturdy pier that now noses into the water, the bodega that had been a boxing gym and before that a brothel.

But no one recognizes them anymore in the Brooklyn of their youth. The stares come now because, at 58, they are still dead ringers. Their identical faces have acquired the same wrinkles. They have kept the same haircuts, the same bouncy walk with their hands doubled into fists. They still finish each other's sentences.

If it were not for the faint fighter's scar over Nick Spanakos's eyebrows and the fact that he is a little taller than his brother, Pete, at 5 foot 4 inches, it would be hard to tell them apart.

There was a time, though, when the Spanakos brothers could not walk down the southern end of Court Street without drawing crowds from bars and barbershops. "Guys would yell, 'Boys, come see the Greeks!' or 'Here come the twins!' " Pete recalled recently. "We were the only Greek family anyone knew in Red Hook in the 50's. So we were 'the Greeks.' Nobody even tried to pronounce our name."

Which, though it comes somewhere in the middle, is really the beginning of the story of how the Spanakos (pronounced spu-NACK-os) brothers first walked into a gym, strapped on pairs of boxing gloves and went down in the record books as the first, and still the only, identical twins ever to win boxing championships in New York City on the same night, Feb. 21, 1955.

In the process, they became instant legends in a ragged waterfront neighborhood addicted to boxing when it seemed almost anyone could get pummeled on a street corner one day and become a hero in the ring the next. And while many of their fellow Red Hook fighters long ago moved from the city, drank themselves to death or met worse ends, the Spanakos twins have remained in Brooklyn, survivors and witnesses to an era that has passed.

Before they were through, the Spanakos twins fought more than 200 amateur fights each from 1952 through the mid-60's and won 17 Golden Gloves titles between them. Pete fought his way to the 1959 Pan American Games in Chicago, where he won a bronze medal, and Nick to the 1960 Olympics in Rome, where he failed to win a medal after losing a close decision to a Russian.

While they managed to avoid fighting each other by staying in different weight classes, they almost always fought together, entering the same tournaments and usually both coming away with trophies, as if fueled in the ring by a persistent sibling rivalry.

"They always won on sheer energy," said Bill Gallo, the veteran sports cartoonist for The Daily News. "And they both fought the same: busy, their hands always going. They were real crowd pleasers."

They even began, and ended, their professional careers together, signing on initially with the legendary trainer Cus D'Amato, who was managing Floyd Patterson and would later be a mentor to Mike Tyson. The twins fought only one fight each -- Nick won in Lowell, Mass., and Pete lost in the old Madison Square Garden -- and then both hung up their gloves for good.

Nick, who later moved north as far as Brooklyn Heights, went on to earn a doctorate in business administration, and Pete, who went south to Sea Gate, earned a law degree. Both recently retired as teachers, and Pete continues to work, as an agent with the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Brooklyn and on Long Island. They only pop into gyms now and again these days to watch.

Fighting had always been, they said, a sport they took up more of necessity than desire. In a borough torn by racial strife and violence in recent years, they stand as a reminder that there was not a time of comparative innocence, at least in Red Hook.

Their stories of Brooklyn tough guys and gamblers are more Hubert Selby than Damon Runyon, shot through with memories of three friends beaten to death in the ring, of another found drowned in the Gowanus Canal with cement boots, of high school thugs, even then, sneaking pistols into classrooms and looking for any reason, race or culture or just looks, to break someone's nose or worse.

On a recent walk through the neighborhood where their parents first moved to run a lunch counter called the Paramount Food Shop ("Eat with the Elite") and raise seven sons, Pete recalled that he and Nick, the youngest, first learned how to run fast when they were set upon by gangs for no other reason than that they were small and Greek.

"The Italian kids beat us up one day," Pete said, "and the next the Irish beat us up and then we said, 'Well, we're going to learn to fight then.' And after we learned to fight, it was only the best street fighters who came against us. They would get some big guy to challenge Nick and me for some Mickey Mouse reason, and we'd always fight, separately. We just got good with our hands."

"We had a two-man gang, Pete and me," Nick finished.

But they added that it was also a time in which blackening someone's eye or busting someone's lip, or having the same done to you, was almost a form of recreation.

"Being the only Greeks was just a part of the problem," Pete said. "Lots of kids used to walk a straight line and if you got in their way you had to fight. They loved fighting. If you asked most Red Hook kids, 'Would you rather be a boxer or President of the United States?' it was no choice at all."

"We never took it personally," Nick said. "I thought it was natural. I thought everybody grew up that way."

From the late 1930's to the mid-1960's, Brooklyn, like much of the rest of the city, was dotted with neighborhood boxing gyms and small arenas or clubs where fans could see a professional fight almost every night. In Brooklyn, there was the Broadway Arena in Brownsville, the Ridgewood Grove in Bushwick and the Coney Island Velodrome. Ebbets Field, like Yankee Stadium, was also used in the summer for big bouts.

"There was so much boxing going on then that a venue could draw in a huge crowd and put together a good ticket just with two guys from East New York who grew up six or seven blocks from each other," said Vic Zimet, a 78-year-old retired coach with the city's Department of Recreation who helped train the Spanakos brothers. "It was like a religion, especially every Friday night."

James J. Florio, the former Governor of New Jersey, who spent his early childhood in Red Hook before moving to Flatbush, started boxing at 16 as a welterweight in the Flatbush Boys Club. "In those days," he said, "a kid went into the gym and somebody always said, 'Hey you want to try to punch the big bag?' And of course you did."

For many longshoreman and other ***working-class*** men in Red Hook, boxing was also a way to pick up a quick $100 for four rounds of effort and a brief star turn. For the Spanakos twins, it eventually became a ticket around the country, and then the world, as they punched their way into Golden Gloves competitions and other amateur contests.

It also brought them into contact with legends. In Madison, Wis., in 1959, they first met a gregarious boxer from Louisville, Ky., named Cassius Clay, whom Nick later trained with in Fort Dix, N.J., for the Rome Olympics.

"My first memory of him is sitting at a weigh-in in Madison, where everybody is nervous and quiet and he's dancing around, punching the bag and already yelling he's going to be the greatest," Pete said. "And I thought to myself: This guy's whistling past the grave. He's scared. I bet he can't even fight."

He added, quickly: "He could fight."

Each time the twins returned to Red Hook from their trips, even when they fought in college, their faces would adorn newspaper columns and "it was almost impossible for us ever to pay for our own drinks, or meals, or haircuts, because someone always wanted to treat us," Nick said.

"We couldn't get arrested," he added. "And to this day I think I still never get over how strange it was to be lifted out of the rest of your neighbors that way and made into a hero."

"Especially," Pete added, "when those were some of the the same guys who had beat you senseless just a couple years before."

**Graphic**

Photos: Pete and Nick Spanakos are the only identical twins ever to win boxing championships on the same night in New York City. Above, Pete (left) and Nick on Feb. 22, 1955, after their Golden Gloves victory. Nick, at left, and Pete on a recent return visit to Red Hook, Brooklyn, where they grew up and learned to fight. (pg. 45); Nick, at left, and Pete Spanakos in front of a luncheonette in Red Hook, Brooklyn, that their family used to operate. Under attack from neighborhood bullies, the brothers ultimately became a two-man fighting gang. (Edward Keating/The New York Times) (pg. 50)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (through Oct. 4) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (through Oct. 18) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org; closed from 2 p.m. Tuesday until Thursday. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (through Oct. 18) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, at Seventh Street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, 347-799-1017, morbidanatomymuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Contemporary African Diasporan Arts: 'Field Notes: Extracts' (through Sept. 27) The seven emerging artists in this show -- all from the Caribbean or the Caribbean diaspora -- reverse the tradition of field notes in anthropology and ethnography, which were usually taken by outsiders. Instead, they make ''notes'' in the form of art that highlights myths, superstitions and practices native to the islands. Gilles Elie-dit-Cosaque, originally from Martinique, creates notebook-collages called ''Lambeaux'' (''Scraps''); Vashti Harrison's video offers ruminations on ghosts and apparitions in Trinidad; and Holly Parotti's photographs of silk cotton trees in the Bahamas conjure similar spooky mythologies. Sprinkled throughout the show, particularly in the wall text, are references to writers and thinkers like James Baldwin, Aimé Césaire, Jean Rhys, Édouard Glissant and Stuart Hall, who all eloquently addressed colonialism, racism and migration. 80 Hanson Place, at South Portland Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 718-230-0492, mocada.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Gilbert & George: The Early Years' (through Sept. 27) Soon after Gilbert Proesch and George Passmore met as students at St. Martin's School of Art in London in 1967, they determined that everything they made or did in art and life would be sculpture and that their partnership as Gilbert & George itself would be a living sculpture. This delightful show of small- and large-scale works, mostly on paper and dating from 1969 to 1975, reveals the duo starting out in their 20s in a disarmingly playful spirit of self-invention. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-96), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (through Sept. 27) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15' (through Oct. 25) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

Charles Swedlund: 'Buy Photographs -- Not Gold! and Other Works, 1970-1975' (through Oct. 3) Mr. Swedlund's exhibition of playful photographic works from the early 1970s offers an amusing trip back to a time when conceptually minded photographers were looking for ways beyond the Modernist black-and-white print. The show includes photographs turned into puzzles, games, stereoscopic pictures and flip books. Two bubble gum vending machines are stocked with plastic capsules containing little prints. Purchase a $20 token from the gallery and you can obtain one for yourself. Higher Pictures, 980 Madison Avenue, at 77th Street, Manhattan, 212-249-6100, higherpictures.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley (through Oct. 24) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunkerlike construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: Other

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations' (through Nov. 1) In the best Pop Art tradition -- that is, blurring the boundary between art and life -- the three Eduardo Paolozzi sculptures from the 1960s and '70s here actually did time as playground equipment, before being stripped of paint and becoming sculpture again. Accompanying the sculptures are screen prints from two series: the bright, hallucinogenic ''Z.E.E.P. (Zero Energy Experimental Pile)'' series, made from Paolozzi collages from 1969 to 1970, which include images that illustrate Cold War fears and manias; and the muted and pastel ''Calcium Light Night'' (1974-6) series, which responds to musical compositions by Charles Ives, but also mirrors the repeating curves and mechanical patterns of the sculptures. Clearing, 396 Johnson Avenue, at Morgan Avenue, Bushwick, Brooklyn, 718-456-0396, c-l-e-a-r-i-n-g.com. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

Last Chance

Aaron Flint Jamison (closes on Sunday) For his current show, Mr. Jamison has emptied the Miguel Abreu Gallery of office furniture, imitating a tradition started decades ago by Yves Klein and Michael Asher. Inside, suspended from the ceiling, he's installed a single sculpture made of cedar and purple heartwood. In the basement is a bulky, Dada-type machine consisting of giant tubes, digital temperature controls and an ''exposure unit'' with two 1,000-watt ultraviolet lights inside a black case. Hacking art with wonky machines and craft, Mr. Jamison's work offers an update to Institutional Critique but also, perhaps, alternative models for living. 36 Orchard Street, between Canal and Hester Streets, Lower East Side, miguelabreugallery.com, 212-995-1774 (Schwendener)

? Frida Kahlo: 'Mirror Mirror...' (closes on Saturday) This show brings together with startling clarity Kahlo's art, life and impeccably turned-out and monitored persona with nearly 40 photographs by some dozen photographers, starting with her father and including Nickolas Muray, Carl Van Vechten, Gisèle Freund, Imogen Cunningham and Lola Álvarez Bravo. Interestingly the images are strikingly, perhaps frighteningly consistent: Kahlo's persona dominates. Throckmorton Fine Art, 145 East 57th Street, Manhattan, 212-223-1059, throckmorton-nyc.com. (Smith)

'Measure' (closes on Saturday) Starting from a simple prompt -- make a drawing of Storefront for Art and Architecture's exhibition space -- the works in this show explore a variety of methods and mediums for measuring space, time, people, animals, labor, profit and other phenomenon. Reiser & Umemoto's drawing in hygroscopic ink changes color according to the level of humidity; Pneumastudio includes pictures of animals that lived in the area in previous epochs; and a graphic image designed by Juan Astasio for the show's brochure reads, ''Smile, You Are Being Measured,'' suggesting that being measured, like being videotaped, is just another 21st-century condition. Storefront for Art and Architecture, 97 Kenmare Street, near Cleveland Place, SoHo, 212-431-5795, storefrontnews.org. (Schwendener)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (closes on Sunday) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (closes on Sunday) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (closes on Sunday) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (closes on Sunday) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation -- who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

'Please Return To: Mail Art from the Ray Johnson Archive' (through next Friday) Along with 10 of his witty, densely layered collages, this small, engrossing show features dozens of altered versions of several basic images or ''templates,'' which Mr. Johnson mailed to friends and strangers, including many well-known artists, asking recipients to change the image and return it to him. One template is an outline of his own profile, to which Ad Reinhardt added small, penciled letters at the lips, spelling ''silence.'' Richard L. Feigen & Company, 34 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-628-0700, rlfeigen.com. (Johnson)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/18/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-18-24.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/18/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-18-24.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLLECTION OF EMMET AND EDITH GOWIN, PACE/MacGILL GALLERY

MORGAN LIBRARY & MUSEUM)

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[***IN PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YFP-5PN0-00MH-F3G9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For Radio's Outsider, Time for an Embrace***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YFP-5PN0-00MH-F3G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JONATHAN FRIED

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**Body**

IT started with "The Little Black Egg."

By a fluke of the late-night AM airwaves, a 15-year-old Maplewood boy in love with his transistor radio heard the 1966 Nightcrawlers' song coming in from Cleveland. He wrote to the station, and was sent the single that few on the East Coast had heard.

"For the first time in my life, I had something valuable that nobody else had," the boy recalled years later. "I was cool."

Thirty-three years have passed, and that boy, Irwin Chusid (it rhymes with lucid), has built his life around recorded sounds that others have forgotten or never heard.

"I developed an obsession with the esoteric, the obscure and the unknown," Mr. Chusid writes in "Songs in the Key of Z: The Curious Universe of Outsider Music," coming out in May on A Cappella Books (Chicago Review Press, $16.95). "I sought the uncommercial, hidden treasures -- and the failed effort. I wanted music others didn't have and didn't know about."

A radio personality on WFMU-91.1 FM, music journalist, producer, promoter, and artist rep, Mr. Chusid has brought the outsiders a bit closer to the inside. And he has taken himself there in the process.

It has not been easy. In 1994, at age 42, he was borrowing $50 a month from his parents for food. Never one for a typical day job, he was doing freelance writing, and he had produced and tirelessly promoted several albums. The most notable was a reissue of late 1930's recordings by Raymond Scott, an eccentric and in his day very popular composer of what Mr. Chusid dubbed "cartoon jazz" because it was used in more than a hundred classic Warner Brothers cartoons.

But 60 years later, despite the elevation of old cartoons to pop icon status, no one was buying. Mr. Chusid appeared to be headed for the same obscurity as the musicians he loved, territory covered in segments he wrote for "The Big Book of Losers," a 1997 comic strip compilation published by DC Comics/Paradox Press.

His luck turned when Glenn Morrow, co-owner of Bar/None Records here, ran into him at a coffee shop in 1994 and said he was looking for material to reissue. The result was "Space-Age Bachelor Pad Music," a collection of works by Juan Garcia Esquivel, a Mexican easy-listening music pioneer of the late 1950's and early 60's. Today, the joint Bar/None-BMG release, with its dizzy, martini-conjuring stereo swoops and zings, is credited by many with launching the lounge revival of the 1990's that set the stage for Austin Powers, and brought Mr. Esquivel's music to Disneyland, where it can be heard at Space Mountain.

Mr. Morrow explained that the cocktail nation was a cultural moment waiting to happen, and that the Esquivel release provided the spark. Part of it was the name: people wanted to know what space-age bachelor pad music sounded like.

"It was the first release of any vintage material embraced by a new generation," said Mr. Morrow. "It's amazing to see what it spawned."

One of the things it spawned was sales of more than 70,000 CD's. "Suddenly, I was a mensch," Mr. Chusid recalls.

Those expecting Mr. Chusid's apartment here to be a cocktail nation bachelor haven will be disappointed. "It's your basic cultural debris-packed Hoboken railroad." Shelf after shelf of records, tapes, CD's and books. The only liquor in sight is a dust-covered bottle of peach schnapps he uses as a bookend on the kitchen table.

The second of three boys, Mr. Chusid was born in Newark in 1951 and moved with his family to Maplewood in 1958. He grew up listening the music of his parents -- his father was a sign painter and his mother a secretary -- which he described in his book as "the melodious fluffery of Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Julius LaRosa, Patti Page, Rosemary Clooney and Johnny Mathis."

He added: "I still enjoy most of this cold war-era drivel. It's bland and safe -- dollop upon dollop of musical mayonnaise."

A "three-time college dropout," he attended the University of Bridgeport for two years, where he discovered the 60's counterculture, the school newspaper and the campus radio station. He returned home, and with the exception of a few months in New Orleans, has lived in a succession of northern new Jersey towns ever since. He has remained single, and he says his apartment is "a bachelor pad only in the sense that there's a bachelor in it."

His face is serious and scholarly, and the look in his eyes is deadpan and dry. But a playful streak sends him wobbling around his apartment on all fours to show why he named one of his cats Woozie.

His hair short and thin, his middle is thick, and his clothes could be described as thrift-store conservative. He's not a man of expensive tastes.

"I just like my toys to work," he said, gesturing toward his computer screen, where he spends much of his day.

For a man with left field musical tastes, Mr. Chusid has a rather conservative bearing. And despite his "upper ***working-class***"' Jewish heritage, he could almost pass for a cousin in the Bush family. His politics are well outside the usual music industry liberalism; he's a libertarian, in fact, and a fan of Ronald Reagan.

When he began the Esquivel project, Mr. Chusid did not know if Mr. Esquivel was alive, but eventually he met him and took over management of his business affairs. Mr. Chusid recently helped negotiate a contract with Fox Searchlight Pictures, where plans are under way to make a movie with John Leguizamo playing the suave senor, as Mr. Chusid described him.

Now 81, Mr. Esquivel sounded pleased and amazed when he spoke from his home in Jiutepec, Morelos, about the man who made it happen. "He's very hard-working," Mr. Esquivel said. "He deserves every cent he makes representing me."

Mitzi Scott, Raymond Scott's widow, thinks so too. In 1994, Mr. Chusid did some sleuthing in several music and cartoon archives, and found irregularities in the handling of Mr. Scott's royalties from Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck reruns. A settlement "meant a big increase in my income," said Mrs. Scott, whose music business affairs are also handled by Mr. Chusid. Since then, interest in the work has picked up.

"It was just a question of tapping into our collective cartoon subconscious," Mr. Chusid said.

He also helped place some old recordings found in Mrs. Scott's garage in -- among other places -- a dozen Ren and Stimpy episodes. This winter, Basta Records is releasing a two-CD set of Mr. Scott's later electronic compositions, complete with a 144-page booklet edited and partly written by Mr. Chusid. He has also formed and manages the Raymond Scott Orchestrette, a band devoted to reinterpretations of Scott compositions.

The seven-piece group -- including the electric zither player Brian Dewan, another one-of-a-kind talent on Mr. Chusid's management roster -- recently played at an animated music festival in Belgium and is booked to appear at the Museum of Modern Art jazz series in May.

Mr. Chusid is careful to credit Byron Werner, a Los Angeles-based artist who is an acquaintance and fellow record collector, with introducing him to the music of Mr. Scott and Mr. Esquivel.

"I owe my career to Byron Werner," he said of the man who also gave him the phrase space-age bachelor pad music.

Modesty aside, Mr. Chusid has written the liner notes for dozens of CD's, and he has produced 15 albums. Not all have been successful, of course. For example, few people have heard of Lucia Pamela, a singer and multi-instrumentalist who began performing in St Louis in the 1920's and insists that her late 1960's recording session, released by Mr. Chusid in 1992, took place on the moon. She beat Neil Armstrong by a few months, in part, Mr. Chusid said, because recording facilities on Venus were not to her liking.

And R. Stevie Moore, a legend in underground rock circles as the father of do-it-yourself home recordings, does not seem poised to come up from underground New Jersey any time soon.

But Mr. Chusid has only intermittently done business in the usual fashion. On the one hand, he describes himself as a businessman who believes in his product. On the other, there is the tale of his book deal. He was approached by the book's editor, Yuval Taylor, because Mr. Chusid kept pestering him to reissue a book he loved about the late Harry Partch, another musical eccentric and creator of several exotic instruments.

"He wanted to keep Partch's name in the news," Mr. Taylor explained, adding that he was convinced Mr. Chusid had a book in him.

The book Mr. Chusid proposed was about personalities from Tiny Tim to Captain Beefheart to Mr. Partch -- or musical outsiders, referring to those who are "mentally ill, incarcerated, clueless, the result of damaged DNA, abducted by aliens, drug burnouts."

These are artists, Mr. Chusid said, who "in their cluelessness stumble upon unique sounds. They are not aware of their limitations, they're more reckless, less inhibited, and surpass insiders' music in originality and sincerity."

Still, not all of the musicians he has championed are outsiders. Mr. Scott created hits and commercial jingles, and Mr. Esquivel had some successes. Not all of them created pre-rock 'n' roll exotica. What they do have in common, Mr. Chusid said, is the "genius syndrome."

"They are perfectionists," he said. "They're not team players. They are singular in their talents, singular in their vision."

Could he be describing himself? He demurs. "I'm not a genius," he said. "I find things on the scrapheap of history that I know don't belong there." He summed up his role: "I'm living proof that frivolous pursuits can be parlayed into gainful employment."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Irwin Chusid helped bring out a vintage sound dubbed space-age bachelor pad music. Suddenly, he marveled, "I was a mensch."(Frank C. Dougherty for The New York Times)

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[***Remembering the Neediest in a Difficult Time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XW20-000D-G4P0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By J. PEDER ZANE

**Body**

Last year at this time Alberto R.'s biggest worry was Christmas presents. Then he lost his job. Then came a winter without new coats for his wife and three children, macaroni in place of meat, months of a futile search for work and then -- inevitably, it seemed -- an eviction notice.

At his lowest moment he silently pleaded, "All I want is a hand to bring me up." He was desperate enough to try anything, the 44-year-old Manhattan resident recalled last week. "Anything to keep my home, anything to stay off welfare."

As the recession in the New York region drags on and deepens, tens of thousands of ***working-class*** families have found themselves on the brink of poverty.

For Alberto R. and many others, economic security vanished as suddenly as a pink slip. Others had been waging a paycheck-to-paycheck battle for survival that ended in an unexpected illness or the limit of a landlord's patience.

For officials at the charities they are turning to in record numbers, this flood of what one official calls "the new poor" comes on top of the vast problems of the chronically needy, and at a time when, they say, many New Yorkers have either become inured to the suffering around them or are too pinched themselves to give.

"People feel more vulnerable, more apprehensive, -- let's face it, more frightened -- than at any time I can remember," said Philip Coltolf, executive director of the Children's Aid Society. "It's as bad as it's been and the bottom isn't in sight yet.

"If it's a recession when someone you know loses a job and a depression when you lose your job," he said, "then for many New Yorkers, this is a depression."

Signs of the Times

These are among the new signs of hard times reported by the seven charities affiliated with The New York Times Neediest Cases Fund, which begins its 80th appeal on Sunday:

\*Requests to the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York for emergency rent relief are 10 times last year's, up to 1,000 a week this year.

\*Requests for food packages at Brooklyn Bureau of Community Service's main office are running at triple the level of last year.

\*The demand for clothing, especially jackets and ties for job interviews, has risen so greatly much at the Harlem Men's Shelter that volunteers from the Community Service Society of New York have called on manufacturers to supplement individual donations.

\*Counseling provided by Catholic Charities in the Brooklyn Archdiocese is up by 50 percent from last year, primarily for problems related to the loss of jobs. The problems range from substance abuse to depression.

'Staring at Homelessness'

Rescue for Alberto R. began with a call by his wife to the Community Service Society of New York. The society helped him obtain a one-shot rent relief check from a city bureaucracy that had previously turned him away and gave him $508 for food and clothing from its own funds.

"Me and my family were staring at homelessness," said Alberto R. last week on a break from his new job as an electronics-store salesman. "But their help pulled me through, let me keep my dignity until I found a job. Christmas is going to be happy again in my home."

Until August, Pegeen Nieves had a full-time job -- but a razor-thin margin of safety. "After I paid my rent and utilities and fed my three kids, I had $67 left over every month," she recalled.

Then the 26-year-old single mother had to take a leave of absence because of a difficult pregnancy. With no savings and no family to lean on, she wondered how she would support her family as she lay on the pull-out bed in her two-room Brooklyn apartment.

She miscarried in September.

"The doctor let me go back to work part time," she said, "but I was only taking home $800 a month, but the rent was $550 and the baby sitter was $720."

October brought an eviction notice from her landlord and a shut-off notice from Brooklyn Union Gas. It also brought assistance from Catholic Charities of the Diocese of Brooklyn. "The day I called they gave me food and two weeks later $150 to pay my gas and electric," she said. "They gave me some breathing room so I could get money to pay my rent when I started working full-time again in November. If it hadn't been for them I don't know where I'd be."

'The New Poor'

Stephen D. Solender, executive vice president of the United Jewish Appeal-Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York, calls people like Ms. Nieves and Alberto R. "the new poor." They are, he said, "casualties of the recession who need assistance for the first time in their life."

The struggle to avoid the abyss of poverty involves stark choices for families. "Adequate clothing is the first thing they do without, not getting the children the winter coat they need or wearing the shoes with thin soles another winter," said David Jones, executive director of the Community Service Society of New York.

For the charities serving them, the added pressures of the recession are forcing another kind of triage. The agencies were already pressed as city and state funds for foster care, job training, work with AIDS, drug abuse and teen-age pregnancy were shrinking.

Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese, for instance, has been dipping into its reserves for the last five years to subsidize its programs. But faced with a $2.9 million deficit, the organization has been forced to close three of its centers and to stop its homemaker programs, which had helped young mothers and newly housed homeless people learn how to take care of their homes and their families.

'A Vital Lifeline'

Msgr. Timothy McDonnell, the chief operating officer of Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese, said the many strains that his agency is under place a greater emphasis on the need for individual donations like those made to the Neediest Cases.

"At a time when more people are falling into need and less public resources are available, revenue sources like The New York Times Neediest Cases becomes even more of a vital lifeline," he said.

Last year the fund raised a record total of $4,439,093.47. Although the average size of the donations was smaller than in the previous year, more people gave -- at least 15,580 individuals and organizations. The New York Times pays for the campaign's overhead, giving the contributions directly to the seven not-for-profit agencies, which use the money for direct services.

Mr. Solender of the Jewish Federation said the charities recognize that many potential contributors may be feeling vulnerable themselves this year. Others may feel that no help can revive a city that seems sicker each day, but he said that is not the case.

"We are rescuing people each day!" he said. "It's crucial now that we provide the resources to people on the front lines who are helping them become self-sufficient while we still have that chance."

Persian Gulf Veteran

And there is Louis Garcia, 33, a veteran of the Persian Gulf war who entered the Catholic Charities' Bronx office earlier this month. He lost his family, job and home while defending his country.

He returned from Army Reserve service in the gulf region on Sept. 20 and was discharged from active duty, but the security company where he had worked was out of business. His wife, who abuses drugs and alcohol, had been evicted from their apartment for nonpayment of rent and handed over care of their 4-year-old daughter to his mother. He had no savings and was told that he would to have to wait 30 days before he could apply for unemployment benefits.

He began sleeping on the floor of his mother's one-room apartment, but the landlord told him he would evict the family if he did not leave. He slept two nights on the streets before, wheezing and coughing, he turned to the Catholic Charities.

Corrine Malavase, a social service assistant in the Belmont Avenue office, helped him find an apartment and on Nov. 21 provided him with $500 for the first month's rent and $60 more for food.

"He now has pneumonia," she said. "We expect he will need more help and when he does, we'll be there for him."

**Graphic**

Photo: Cat Nesbit, and her son, Sean, at the Children's Aid Society turkey dinner in Manhattan. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)

Graphs: "THE NUMBERS: A Deeper Problem," track numbers for New York City of people on public assistance, receiving food stamps and families in shelters, 1985-1991 (Source: Community Services Society, Population Studies Unit.)

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**End of Document**



[***SPRING FILMS/ACTORS-DIRECTORS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YBP-J3R0-00MH-F25M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Finding a Home Behind the Camera, Too***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YBP-J3R0-00MH-F25M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Ariel Swartley's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about sacred music.

By ARIEL SWARTLEY; Ariel Swartley's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about sacred music.

**Dateline:** VENICE, Calif.

**Body**

AAAH, it's a horrible habit." Anjelica Huston, wearing an open-collared white shirt over slim trousers and looking more relaxed than anyone who flew from Europe to California less than 24 hours ago has any right to, tucks her feet, in their sparkly sapphire-blue ballet slippers, under her easy chair and makes a dismissive motion with the hand holding the Marlboro Light.

"You'd think when you have to smoke that many cigarettes in a movie, that ultimately you wouldn't smoke while you were making the movie," she says, her voice low-pitched and resonant but not, by that token, theatrical. The movie is "Agnes Browne," the first film she has both directed and starred in, and which has just completed a prerelease run in Los Angeles and New York in order to qualify for Oscar consideration. (It will open March 3.)

Outside in the December dusk, sirens shriek past with unnerving frequency. Ms. Huston's ground-floor office lies less than a block from Venice Beach, greater Los Angeles's mecca for souvenir tie-dye, blondes on blades, flaming sunsets over the Pacific and other indigenous displays. Inside the high-ceilinged room, however, with the narrow stair running up one side to a partial loft where a dress rack is dimly visible, we might as easily be in Little Venice, the arty, canal-lined London district where Ms. Huston, 48,spent her adolescence. The cozy sofa and chair, the tall, mews-facing window and the floor-to-ceiling melange of paintings, movie posters and memorabilia evoke a kind of gracious, well-brought-up bohemianism more often encountered in the Old World than the New.

"It's funny," Ms. Huston continues. "I look at the posters of 'Agnes Browne,' and they've wiped out the cigarettes. And there I am." She demonstrates the smoker's usual pose, wrist canted back, first two fingers extended, empty-handed. Minus its prop, the gesture seems overlarge. But then, the character of Agnes, a widowed Irish vegetable seller and plucky mother of seven, is similarly outsize. It may be that Agnes's genesis in an oral tradition -- as part of the Dublin comedian Brendan O'Carroll's weekday radio series -- imparted some myth-size stature even before she reappeared, more fully fleshed, in Mr. O'Carroll's 1994 novel, "The Mammy." On the other hand, mothers -- from Frank McCourt's Angela to the implacable Queen Maeve of Celtic legend -- tend to loom large in the Irish imagination. And the cigarette that Ms. Huston perpetually dangles on-screen is -- like the tangle of endearments and obscenities that streams from her character's lips -- a vivid reminder of 1960's ***working-class*** Dublin and its amalgam of Victorian gloom and wishful modernity.

Ms. Huston is known for playing distinctly American (and decidedly nonmaternal) roles like Lily, the platinum blonde, mob-connected numbers operative of "The Grifters," and Morticia in "The Addams Family." It was, however, the "fairy story" quality that attracted her to Mr. O'Carroll's narrative of women's friendship, luck materializing out of tragedy and a white knight in the unlikely shape of the pop singer Tom Jones, appearing (complete with limo and bodyguard) in time to vanquish the local ogre.

She had recently finished directing her first film, "Bastard Out of Carolina," an adaptation of Dorothy Allison's stark novel of child abuse in a small Southern town in the 1950's, which she made for Showtime in 1996. Perhaps by contrast, she found Mr. O'Carroll's novel "guileless, in a way." Then, too, both the story and the involvement of the Irish filmmaker Jim Sheridan as producer -- his writing and directing credits include "My Left Foot" (1989) and "In the Name of the Father" (1993) -- offered her a chance to return, literally, to the land of her childhood.

Although her parents, John Huston, the director, and Enrica Soma, a model, were American, Ms. Huston lived from the ages of 2 to 11 on a horse farm in the Irish countryside. It was a kind of storybook existence which she describes with bucolic references to "the pony club" and to playing about the paddocks with the chief horseman's children; it ended "with a big wrench," when her parents separated and her mother moved to London. Like most homecomings, the one afforded by "Agnes Browne" was perhaps improved by the fact that Ms. Huston was returning, so to speak, at the wheel of her own vehicle.

Asked what it was like to function simultaneously as leading lady and director, she replies without missing a beat that she wishes she'd had time to find out. "The great part was, you don't nerve up the way you do when you're just acting. You don't have all that time to build up anxiety about what you're doing. You just have to snap in, snap out." There were, she allows, elements of the situation that were "almost intolerable." And given the Irish climate, some of those elements were the elements.

"Because it's an island" -- she begins at the beginning, thus exhibiting a penchant that she will acknowledge as typically Irish, for turning the smallest incident into a full-blown narrative -- "the wind is very strong and clouds pass really fast." While this meteorological volatility provided the director of photography, Anthony Richmond, with a rich palette of damp stonework and lowering horizons, punctuated by the occasional swath of tenderly tremulous blue sky, it also, Ms. Huston recalls, made for chaos. "You're always putting up scrims, and then it rains, and you have to take down the scrims. The light changes every two seconds. It drives you mad."

Indeed, her typical directorial day seems to have been devised by an overly zealous Method actor as preparation for her role as a beleaguered and barely solvent single mom. "You just don't get time to think, really, or time to be alone," she says. "The moment I'm on the set, I go into hair and makeup, because I've got to get ready for the scene. And everyone wants to know what's going on. What are you going to do for the next scene and do you want her to sing? And what should the child wear? You literally do not have a second in which you are not preoccupied with some immediate problem, or having to plan, or having to figure out yesterday's mistakes. And you have about five hours' sleep a night and most of those hours are spent dreaming about it."

She is not, of course, complaining. Women of Ms. Huston's generation in Hollywood do not take opportunities to exert authority for granted. "Still figuring our way through the forest of male dominance" is the way she puts it. Having lived, gratefully, through the transition from "actress," with its slightly dismissive air, to the full-status "actor," they have in the last decade begun moving into the director's chair. But it is still a transformation -- like that of frogs to princes or ducklings to swans -- that seems magical, to the ducklings, at least. The chance to direct "Bastard Out of Carolina" came, she says, "like a gift." The original director having dropped out, Ms. Huston was contacted on a Saturday, and was given the rest of the weekend to decide. She jumped at it.

In her case, the road to swandom was not smoothed by having been born into the Hollywood equivalent of royalty. (Her grandfather was the actor Walter Huston, who portrayed Abraham Lincoln for D. W. Griffith. Her father made his own directorial debut with "The Maltese Falcon." Her longtime consort was the actor Jack Nicholson.) The first film she was offered to direct was a prequel to "Prizzi's Honor." The original 1985 black comedy, directed by an aging John Huston and starring Mr. Nicholson, marked the first time Ms. Huston had worked with her father since she was a teenager. It earned her an Oscar for her portrayal of Mae Rose, the exquisitely vengeful daughter of a Mafia underboss. But the prospect of directing her own version seemed "too interesting for the wrong reasons."

She had reason to be wary of the orbital pull celebrity exerts and the kind of offers that come to the most-approachable link in a powerful chain. "I was always trying to please. Trying to please my father, trying to please the men I was with, and if not trying to please, trying very seriously not to please."

One of the earliest forms her rebellion took was theft. "I used to steal from my father's money box," she recalls, "to buy black babies. When I was going to convent, you could sponsor starving babies in Africa. For a pound you could have eight. I liked the idea of having all these sweet babies and being able to call them different names." Come to think of it, that sounds a bit like moviemaking.

Among the challenges Ms. Huston faced in making "Agnes Browne" was her potentially off-putting decision to have Tom Jones play himself, even though the film takes place at a time when he would have been 30 years younger.

She was inspired, she explains, by an incident that occurred during the making of "Prizzi's Honor." Several weeks into the filming, Kathleen Turner, one of the leads, was surprised to notice a number of period cars on the set of what seemed to be a contemporary film. So she approached the director and asked, "John, is this a period movie?"

"My father," Ms. Huston says, chuckling, "said: 'I don't know, honey. Let's see if it matters.' And it was very much on the basis of his security about that that I decided to use Tom Jones as is." She pauses to let the story sink in.

Confidence is perhaps mainly the difference between knowing how to borrow and having to steal.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Marion O'Dwyer, left, and Anjelica Huston in "Agnes Browne." (Simon Mein/October Films) (pg. 3); Anjelica Huston has gone from actress to actor to director. (CPI) (pg. 16)

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[***ART/ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y7P-RT00-00MH-F0GR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Twins Who Also Share An Enigmatic Vision***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y7P-RT00-00MH-F0GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Barry Schwabsky is author of "The Widening Circle: Consequences of Modernism in Contemporary Art."

By BARRY SCHWABSKY; Barry Schwabsky is author of "The Widening Circle: Consequences of Modernism in Contemporary Art."

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

AT a recent exhibition of the work of the neo-Classical architect Sir John Soane at the Royal Academy here, the video artists Jane and Louise Wilson were especially taken by a watercolor of the Bank of England in ruins. Here was a Soane work envisioned as a relic of the past rather than a project for the future.

Their fascination with this image sheds a revealing light on the work of this team of 32-year-old twin sisters. They are best known for a pair of room-encompassing four-channel video-projection works filmed in abandoned outposts of cold war Europe: the headquarters of the East German secret police in Berlin and the United States missile base at Greenham Common, England. These are projections of a hallucinated architecture, the obsessively patient reconstruction of ruins.

By that account, their newest work, "Las Vegas, Graveyard Time," might seem a departure. But the two casinos where much of it was filmed, Caesars Palace and the Desert Inn, are already relics to some extent, their kitsch decor rendered passe by the family-style respectability of newer casinos like the Bellagio.

"Las Vegas, Graveyard Time" is currently on view at the Tate Gallery here. It is part of an exhibition of works by the Wilsons, who were nominated for the 1999 Turner Prize, which was won by another video and film artist, Steve McQueen.

Initiated in 1984 and nominally intended to honor a British artist under 50 for an outstanding exhibition during the preceding year, the Turner has been seen, at least since its award to Damien Hirst in 1995, as conferring something approaching pop-star status. As Jane Wilson remarked not long after the 1998 prize had gone to Chris Ofili: "I don't know how he can stand it. Sure, it's a great thing that he won, but the Turner Prize puts such a terrible pressure on a young artist."

It is hard not to imagine the Wilsons' being disappointed at missing out on the prize (and the $32,000 that goes with it), but they have seen plenty of pressure over the last year anyway.

At the same time that they were finishing "Las Vegas, Graveyard Time" on a rush schedule, to have it ready for the opening of the show at the Tate on Oct. 20, they were also preparing for their first big museum exhibition, at the Serpentine Gallery here in September and October. The Serpentine show included an equally ambitious new work, "Parliament," which was filmed last summer when the Houses of Lords and Commons were in recess.

"Actually, they're scared out of their minds," Lisa Corrin, the curator of the exhibition at the Serpentine, confided as the Wilsons looked after last-minute details the day before the Tate opening. "They're up to their eyeballs in details. They've even got their mother in from Newcastle to look after them."

Jane is the short-haired, outgoing twin, Louise the quieter, longer-haired one. They have cultivated a look that plays down their resemblance, though they clearly know how to use their twinhood for effect: having decided to go to art school in different parts of Britain (Jane in Newcastle, Louise in Dundee), they collaborated on a single work for their senior-thesis shows. They then went on to study together for their master's degree at Goldsmiths College, London, the breeding ground for much of the attention-getting new art that has come out of London in the 90's. Now they live together in the ***working-class*** Brixton neighborhood of South London, with a studio in Bermondsey, just below the Thames.

Unlike Mr. Ofili, whose spirited collage-paintings are reminiscent of folk art and psychedelia, or Tracy Emin, another of this year's Turner nominees, the Wilsons are not part of the "Sensation" exhibition of new British art at the Brooklyn Museum, the show that brought Mr. Ofili notoriety for his painting "The Holy Virgin Mary." Along with Mr. McQueen and a number of other young English artists who are drawing increasing attention, like Tacita Dean, one of last year's Turner nominees, they represent a very different strand in current British art, one that is perhaps more European in outlook than specifically English.

The works in "Sensation" were drawn from the collection of Charles Saatchi, London's most prominent and omnivorous art collector. The artists most strongly associated with Mr. Saatchi's taste, among whom Mr. Hirst is the most notorious, use sculpture and painting to convey imagery that demands a visceral response; in this art, the complex critical moment may have more to do with examining one's own reactions to an object than with the object's formal elaboration.

Artists like the Wilsons, Mr. McQueen and Ms. Dean, by contrast, work primarily with film and video (although all of them avail themselves of sculpture, photography and other media as well) to create work that may be equally concerned with emotionally laden public issues, but that engages them in a slower, subtler, more rigorously formalized way. (Although Mr. Saatchi's collection is otherwise broad, he has not so far shown much interest in video.)

"Stasi City" (1997) was the work that marked the Wilsons' arrival as more than just promising. By successfully taking on a site like the former East German secret-police headquarters, the Wilsons announced that they were ready to move on from the quirky, personal subject matter so typical of video work by young artists and engage with capital-H history. But not in a didactic spirit, or in the manner of a documentary. All the fears and anxieties of the cold war are there, certainly, but kept at a distance by a rigorous structure that shows them only in glimpses, like the faceless uniformed figures who occasionally pass through, conspicuous but enigmatic, "like fading wisps of a dream when one awakens," as the critic Peter Schjeldahl writes in the exhibition catalog for the Serpentine.

Their next work, "Gamma" (1999), was a companion piece to "Stasi City," filmed in a Western landmark of the cold war as the earlier piece was in one of its Eastern outposts -- both of them now abandoned. More than that, it perfected the method that "Stasi City" had brilliantly adumbrated, with its spooky atmosphere reminiscent of science fiction and horror movies.

Both works are four-channel, floor-to-ceiling video projections, creating a virtual architecture surrounding the viewer, which means that there is never a position from which all four screens are visible simultaneously. The camera restlessly roves deserted spaces, revealing resonant details without dwelling on them. The relentlessly mobile, anonymous viewpoint becomes as much the works' subject as the places being explored. There is no dialogue or voice-over to frame these details, only eerie sounds of machinery and echoing footsteps, sounds that sometimes make viewers whirl around to catch something that sounds as if it had just happened behind them.

P HOTOGRAPHS from "Gamma" are currently being exhibited at the Carnegie International in Pittsburgh. Other United States exhibitions of the Wilsons' work are scheduled at the 303 Gallery in New York in September and at the List Visual Arts Center at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology next January.

The new work at the Serpentine, "Parliament," showed a continuation of the Wilsons' interest in working with politically charged spaces. Maybe that's why "Las Vegas, Graveyard Time" came as so much of a surprise. But there are similarities between the two works.

Just as "Parliament" fuses parts of two distinct places, Commons and Lords, into a fictional "third house," as Jane calls it, "Las Vegas" combines two casinos, along with corridors in the interior of the nearby Hoover Dam, into a single psycho-architectural experience.

As Jane points out, while the other three works are built around horizontal and vertical camera movements, "Las Vegas, Graveyard Time" makes extensive use of circular camera movements. "There are more pans," she says, "like the motion of the roulette wheel. The whole point of the way the casinos are designed is keeping you there -- creating an enclosed mental space with no outside. It's like hypnotism, which was the subject of one of our earliest videotapes. And like the cinema, too."

The Wilsons may be fascinated by cinema's power to hypnotize, to pin its viewers down to a single spot, but the form of their installations is meant to resist it at the same time. "The four-screen setup implicates you more, makes you less passive," Jane says. Louise adds, "It's more like the way you move around sculpture."

Jane continues: "When cinema first began it was very experimental. A lot of that's been lost, but you can experience things in a much more physical, engaged way."

Does that mean the Wilsons see their work (which is shot on film, though displayed as video) as closer to cinema than to art? "No," they both insist at once, but then Louise distinguishes their work from most other video art by adding, "Our production values are attempting to be as good as cinema." Maybe that's why critics who write about their work follow the artists themselves in invoking filmmakers like Andrei Tarkovsky or Dziga Vertov as predecessors, rather than video artists like Bruce Nauman or Joan Jonas.

"Las Vegas, Graveyard Time" imposes its own brand of austere, melancholy grandeur on the town least likely to want it. While video installations have become art-world darlings -- thanks to their ability to bring museums closer to the ethos of popular culture, to make them feel more like places of entertainment -- the Wilsons lend the genre something more like the near-abstraction and gravitas of high modernist films like Alain Resnais's "Last Year at Marienbad." But in their work, as in that of Mr. McQueen and Ms. Dean, both strands, cinema and video art, are equally present. And that's part of what gives it its special strength, as well as its blend of accessibility and artistic reflexivity.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: An image from "Las Vegas, Graveyard Time," the latest four-channel video-projection work by Louise Wilson, far left, and her twin sister, Jane. It is currently on view at the Tate Gallery in London. (Gautier Deblonde (Wilsons); Lisson Gallery, London)

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[***Look Homeward, Angels***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R9R-R120-TW8F-G03B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

JUST before midnight on Nov. 3, a white truck pulled up to the Frank Viola Homing Pigeon Club, on a dark and quiet stretch of Stillwell Avenue in Coney Island. The air was cold and smelled faintly of the sea. Two men hopped out of the truck. One opened its rear doors. The other approached a handful of older men who were standing in the street. ''How many you got tonight?'' the man asked.

Fourteen crates, came the reply. The crates, which were stacked near the curb, held hundreds of pigeons.

It was race night at the Viola club, and for a few hours, the club's pigeon fliers had been tagging the birds' feet with electronic bracelets and scanning the information on the bracelets into a master clock in preparation for their 300-mile overnight journey to the town of Somerset in southwestern Pennsylvania. There, half an hour after sunrise, at a truck stop just off Interstate 76, the birds would be released to race back to Brooklyn, with the earliest arriving back in early afternoon.

Homing pigeons may be icons of the city, with rooftop bird coops a familiar image like the skyline, but the sport has been in decline for the last half century. Although only a couple of hundred pigeon fliers remain in New York, however, that small band, organized into a half-dozen or so clubs like the Viola, forges on, participating in races that span hundreds of miles and conducting hundreds of races each year.

The races are divided into two formal seasons -- one in the fall and one in the spring -- with prizes awarded both for weekly races and season-long performance.

The Somerset race was the last of the fall season for the Viola club, and a crucial one for John Fasano, a 75-year-old retired roofer who began racing pigeons in New York when he was in his teens. Before the start of this race, Mr. Fasano led the club's rankings for the season's best overall average speed, an award that is the closest thing the sport has to an annual championship.

Mr. Fasano was feeling optimistic when he checked in his birds at the Viola club earlier that night.

''I wish I could fly this good every year,'' he said. ''I'd like to finish with a bang.''

As the drivers loaded their cargo into the back of the truck outside the clubhouse, the soft chatter of the birds could be heard through the wooden slats in the crates. The fliers said their goodbyes. ''Guys, I'll see you tomorrow,'' David Kurtz, wearing a heavy flannel coat and a black baseball cap, said to his birds. Then the truck let out a low rumble and disappeared into the darkness.

New York's pigeon clubs, loosely organized by geography and custom, are a cross between an urban sportsman's lodge and a time capsule of immigrant, ***working-class*** New York. Even as recently as a generation back, fleets of racing pigeons swirled above New York like pulsing gray clouds, but the numbers of racers and birds have thinned, with not enough new fliers to replace the old.

Yet the dynamics of a pigeon race have remained mostly the same. The birds are trucked to a central ''liberation point'' anywhere from 100 to 500 miles from the city, where they are released so they can fly home. The birds' owners sit waiting by the coops on their rooftops, or in their backyards. Most birds return within several hours, but some take days or even months. Others never come back.

Homing pigeons start their training a few weeks after birth, which, for birds that will compete in the fall season, means sometime in early spring. After the young chicks learn their way around the coop, racers start taking the birds on training flights, first carrying a crate of young pigeons down the block, then driving them to New Jersey or Pennsylvania and releasing them so they can fly home.

Longtime fliers say they can spot a winner by looking at a bird's eyes, its plume, the white of its beak. Homing pigeons are members of the same family as common street pigeons, Columbia livia, but the two classes of birds have little else in common.

''It's like comparing a Lamborghini to an old pickup truck,'' said David Martinez, a New York police detective who is a member of the Viola club.

Pigeon fliers, whose flocks usually number 40 to 80 birds, do indeed treat the birds like fine automobiles, feeding them a careful tonic of antibiotics and vitamins, and birdseed blends with names like Tipple Mix and Vinny's Candy. Steroids are forbidden, and there is random drug testing at many larger races. A champion pigeon can fetch several thousand dollars at auction, with the hope that it will breed future generations of winners.

''It's like having your own sports team,'' said one Viola club flier. ''And you're the owner, the trainer, the doctor.''

In the early 20th century, matters were a bit less elaborate. The city's pigeon fliers raced by paying a railroad conductor a couple of dollars to let the birds out when a train bound for Pennsylvania reached Erie. In those days, training meant riding the Staten Island Ferry for a nickel and releasing the birds on the other side. The only supplement a racer might use was a rusty nail placed in the birds' water dish, to give his pigeons an extra boost of iron.

If there were a commissioner for pigeon racing in the five boroughs of New York, in recent years that title would have gone to Frank Viola. Mr. Viola, a slight, white-haired man from Bath Beach, Brooklyn, founded his namesake club in the early 1990s and ran the Frank Viola Invitational for the last 16 years. With 1,500 birds, the race became one of the largest in the city, the Kentucky Derby of the pigeon season. This year, the Viola Invitational was scheduled for the first Saturday in October.

However, two nights before the race, when the city's pigeon men would ordinarily have been readying their birds for the trip to the starting point in Cadiz, Ohio, they were gathered at Torregrossa and Sons funeral home in Bensonhurst. Mr. Viola had died the previous day at age 87, and the pigeon men had come to pay their respects.

A group of fliers stood in the hallway at the wake, telling their best Frank Viola stories. Remember how his birds flew missions for the Army Signal Corps in World War II? And how about the time he turned down $20,000 from a Taiwanese breeder for one of his champion pigeons?

Mr. Viola's nephew Peter, who in recent years has taken on a larger role in running both the club and the race, decided to cancel the Viola Invitational in light of his uncle's death. ''He held everything together,'' Bobby Presto, a retired New York police officer and pigeon flier, said of Mr. Viola. ''He was like the godfather.''

It was a cold fall afternoon, a week after Mr. Viola's funeral. The sun was starting to dip behind the Coney Island parachute jump, and a 44-year-old flier named John Mantagas was waiting for his birds to return. Mr. Mantagas had entered 10 pigeons in a contest called the Main Event that is sponsored by a club in the Westchester Square neighborhood in the Bronx. The birds, 600 in all, were flying back that day from Weston, a small town in West Virginia.

Mr. Mantagas was sitting on the roof of his two-story house in Coney Island, the ground floor of which he rents to the Viola club. Of the 10 pigeons he entered -- most fliers enter 5 to 20 birds in a race -- he was favoring a blue bar hen wearing the band number 511.

That bird, he said, had been ''sitting on eggs,'' a strategy that involves putting a handful of fake plastic eggs in the nest of a female pigeon in the days before a race. If a bird thinks it has been separated from its unborn chicks, the theory goes, it will fly back faster to the coop.

Nevertheless, no one is exactly sure what gift of biology allows pigeons to navigate their way home from a far-off, unfamiliar place. In studies in the 1960s and '70s, scientists at Cornell University said that pigeons use the earth's magnetic fields as a guide. Other research has pointed to the birds' heightened sensitivity to low-frequency sounds. A group of Italian researchers suggested that the birds navigate by smell; in Italy, birds travel south toward olive groves, or north toward garlic fields.

In Brooklyn, meanwhile, the sky grew darker, the air cooler. ''All I want is one,'' Mr. Mantagas said. ''Just give me one bird.'' By around 4 p.m., his cellphone started ringing. Staten Island, the Bronx, Queens -- they all had birds. Vieni Benedetto, a flier who lives in Bay Ridge, called to say he got one, too.

''Benny, you got a good one!'' Mr. Mantagas said.

''You might be buying us all dinner,'' he added with a deep, raspy laugh. ''We want linguine with clam sauce and fried calamari!''

He shut the phone and went back to staring at the sky. As a seagull streaked past, Mr. Mantagas started talking about family. ''My kids love the birds,'' he said of his children, ages 2, 3 and 11. ''But I don't know if the sport will be around when they're older.''

These days it can cost several thousand dollars a year to raise and train racing pigeons. Not to mention, Mr. Mantagas said, all the other distractions of modern life with which pigeon racing must compete.

A minute later, a dark gray bird started a sharp dive toward the roof.

''Thank God!'' Mr. Mantagas said, popping out of his chair. ''That's her!''

His hen was home. Inside the coop, she drank greedily from a water dish. Although the bird had returned too late to place among the top winners, Mr. Mantagas was happy. ''You made it,'' he said, picking up the bird and giving it a soft peck on the top of its head. ''And here I was, thinking you'd never come home.''

A little after noon on Nov. 4, just 12 or so hours after the white truck had left the Viola club and headed for Pennsylvania, Mr. Fasano -- the flier who had a good chance to snare top honors for overall average speed -- was pacing on the roof of his house on Avenue Z in Gravesend. Mr. Fasano was waiting for his birds to return. This season would be his last, he had decided, and he wanted to go out a winner.

Soon his favorite bird, a blue-checkered cock, appeared on the horizon, its wings pumping. Mr. Fasano reached into a crate at his feet to grab a chico, a bright white, non-racing bird that fliers use like a flare to attract the attention of incoming pigeons, and threw it into the air. Noticing the chico, the cock flew toward the roof and landed on the edge of the coop, a few feet from the electronic timer that would record its return.

Mr. Fasano took a few gingerly steps toward the bird, shaking a plastic tub of birdseed. ''That's a baby, go inside,'' he said softly. The timer beeped, registering the bird's arrival. 13:02:11. A little more than five hours from Somerset. It was a good time, maybe a winning one. After a few more birds returned, Mr. Fasano jumped into his car and set off for the Viola club, a few exits down the Belt Parkway.

The Viola club's quarters are about the size of a studio apartment. One wall is lined with pigeon crates; on another is a faded-green chalkboard for posting race results. Mr. Fasano and the other fliers had gathered at the club to hand over their clocks to Peter Viola, who was entering the times in a computer. ''Going out a winner,'' Mr. Fasano muttered to himself. ''That'd be something to talk about all my life.''

Although the club was full of loud talk and pigeon stories, the mood, in the absence of Frank Viola, was different. The place felt totally empty, his nephew said.

In recent years, as his uncle's health declined, Peter Viola helped him train his birds, and the two men would drive 70 miles into New Jersey for practice flights. ''We'd load the birds early in the morning,'' Mr. Viola said, ''stop at a bagel joint off Route 22, get some bagels and coffee, go sit up by the lake, release a few birds at a time, just sit and talk.''

After Peter had entered all the times, the results were posted. Mr. Fasano had come in second for the day's race, beaten by a few yards by another Viola club flier. But his finish was strong enough that Mr. Fasano would earn the trophy for the year's best overall average speed.

''Congratulations,'' Mr. Viola said to him. ''You did it!''

Mr. Fasano shook hands all around. Winning would get him a plaque, maybe a short article in The Racing Pigeon Digest. The Viola club used to hold an end-of-the-season awards party, but the event was canceled a few years ago. ''These guys are interested in pigeons,'' Peter Viola explained. ''They ain't interested in dancing.''

By 5 p.m., the men had filtered out onto the street. A few climbed into their cars to drive off; others came up to Mr. Fasano to offer their congratulations. The Viola club would miss him, they said.

''Oh, I'll still be in the coop every day,'' Mr. Fasano said as he lingered for a moment by the club's open door. ''I can't stay away from the birds.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ''My kids love the birds,'' said John Mantagas of Coney Island. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF SWENSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

BELOW, PIOTR REDLINSKI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY1)

AROUND MIDNIGHT ON SATURDAY, NOV. 3: Crates of pigeons were loaded into a truck in Coney Island for the trip to Pennsylvania ...

DAWN SUNDAY, NOV. 4: And they're off! The pigeons were released at a truck stop in Somerset ... (PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF SWENSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

ABOUT 1 P.M. SUNDAY: John Fasano awaiting his birds' return ...

ABOUT 4 P.M. SUNDAY: After the race, at the clubhouse.

HOME AGAIN: One of Mr. Fasano's birds, back in Brooklyn.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABOVE, TOP, BELOW LEFT AND BOTTOM, PIOTR REDLINSKI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY10)

**Load-Date:** December 9, 2007

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[***THE STATE OF DENMARK: DIVIDED AND DISCOURAGED - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KTY0-0008-N414-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By JON NORDHEIMER

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**Body**

Danes don't usually joke about nuclear war, but the audience laughed when Victor Borge, back in Denmark on his 75th birthday, remarked that if one broke out between the superpowers he hoped it happened while he was in Copenhagen.

The comedian, a naturalized American, said that everyone knew that it took ages for anything new in the United States to reach Copenhagen.

Black humor seems to be the only thing capable of producing smiles on bleak winter days when Copenhagen under dull skies looks cast in pewter. This January, in some ways, seems more grim than most.

America's most avidly awaited export, the recovery, is only dimly seen on the horizon, and the Danes, like the rest of Europe, wish something could be done to hurry it along. A few economic indicators are favorable after more than five years of abrupt decline, but unemployment still hovers above 10 percent and the nation has just conducted a general election that provided fresh evidence that a weak economy is making the vaunted Danish consensus on social, political and economic matters fall apart.

Article on political, social and economic scene in Denmark; says few economic indicators are favorable after more than five years of abrupt decline, but unemployment still hovers above 10% and nation has just conducted general election that provided new evidence that weak economy is making vaunted Danish consensus on all matters fall apart; photo (M)

The post-election buzzword in the Danish capital was ''polarization'' - as alien a notion in one of the most homogeneous nations in Europe as could be imagined. Yet the country seemed split as never before between left and right as the debate continued on the revision of a social philosophy that during the years of full employment was seen as one of Europe's most progressive and caring.

Unrest Elsewhere in Europe

It is a question that, in varying degrees, is causing unrest in other capitals of northern Europe this winter. How do societies that pride themselves on fairness and democratic institutions scale down social programs that half the country thinks are excessive and too expensive and the other half thinks are indispensible to the nation's health and welfare?

''We have a very unstable electorate right now and that is a reflection of a trend in the direction of social and ideological polarization,'' said Niels Finn Christiansen, a professor of history at the University of Copenhagen.

''Everything seems to be splitting down the middle,'' he continued. ''Youths are splitting between the Conservatives and the Socialists, the trade unions are splitting on wage policy, and the Socialists themselves are splitting over ideology. There is more and more conflict over values and the direction of the welfare society.''

Nine political parties hold seats in the 179-member Parliament. While the recent election produced a new distribution of seats, real power is still spread so evenly between the Socialists and the non-Socialist parties that a ruling majority government seems beyond the ability of the electorate to deliver.

Prime Minister Poul Schluter called the election when the austerity finance bill presented by his four-party minority Government lost opposition support. His center-right Conservative People's Party picked up 11 seats in the voting, confirming Mr. Schluter's popularity, but left him in charge of a Government still 14 votes short of a majority and still dependent on compromise and a watering-down of policy to stay in power.

In the Netherlands, where unemployment stands at nearly 14 percent, a center-right coalition under Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers has approved the toughest measures in Europe to reduce Government spending, including a 3 percent cut in welfare benefits and wages for 700,000 public workers. The Government survived a series of disruptions by civil servants in late 1983 and emerged from the showdown in a strengthened position to impose additional cuts this year.

In Norway, where unemployment is under 4 percent and oil production creates a strong balance-of-payment picture - unlike in Denmark, which has been nearly totally dependent on energy imports - the center-right Government of Prime Minister Kare Willoch is reported to be growing in unpopularity because of its failure to limit public spending and bring inflation down below the present 8.5 percent.

A center-right coalition in Belgium cut back on pension and welfare benefits last fall, setting off demonstrations and strikes, and it is now preparing to reduce supports for youth and the unemployed.

In all of northern Europe, only Sweden is not committed to changes in welfare programs introduced during the boom years of rapid economic expansion. Swedish conservatives tried but failed to take these steps in the late 1970's before the Social Democrats under Prime Minister Olof Palme returned to form a minority Government in 1982.

Denmark's Social Democrats are less ideologically orthodox than the party in Sweden, a fact partly explained by Denmark's limited experience as an industrial nation. As recently as 1950, one-third of the Danish work force was occupied in agriculture; today the figure is only one in 20.

'A Nation of Farmers'

Unlike Sweden, there was no large industrial ***working class*** until the late 1950's and most of its members today are only a generation or two removed from the farm and the values associated with it.

''This is still a nation of farmers,'' remarked Herbert Pundik, editor of Politiken, an influential Danish newspaper. ''What interests them is rain, not ideology. Farmers don't take words so seriously as city people.''

Words are the stock in trade of Bogbutikken, a Socialist book store on the main street of Hillerod, a comfortable suburb north of Copenhagen.

''In Denmark there are no ghettos, you cannot see the poverty, but it is there,'' said Cecilie Dybvad, one of the volunteer clerks in the store. ''Poverty doesn't just mean not having food. There can be a poverty of spirit, the poverty of having no hope.''

The Christian Democrats, who ran the Danish Government for a quarter- century, had run out of answers, she said. ''They only succeeded in building a huge, impersonal bureaucracy and their policies are no different from the Conservatives. There must be more hunger and more unemployment before the Danish people rise up in anger.''

Trouble on a 'Walking Street'

In a nation of five million united by a common language, religion (Lutheran) and ethnic stock, the specter of domestic discord seems utterly remote. But in recent years disharmony and even muted violence has erupted, as it did this week in Copenhagen when some 150 young men and women clashed with the police on one of the city's famous ''walking streets'' - shopping esplanades closed to traffic. The demonstraters were marking the first anniversary of an angry confrontation between the police and squatters who had occupied housing in the city.

There are 75,000 young people under the age of 25 in Demmark who have never held a job and so are unable to form families or households. Some 95,000 graduates will leave school this year, according to Government estimates, and face cutbacks in social benefits in addition to a dismal job market.

''These youth are splitting between the Conservatives and the more left- wing Socialist parties but only small numbers of them are taking to the streets,'' Professor Christiansen said. ''This number may increase as more grow alienated and challenge our society's traditional values, a process already under way.

''Economic recovery will solve many of Denmark's problems but it won't solve the basic tensions and conflicts now being created by the movement in opposite directions away from the middle, ending the consensus on what kind of society we should have here.''

**Correction**

An article Thursday on the political mood in Denmark contained one inconsistent reference to the former governing party. It is the Social Democratic Party.  
**Correction-Date:** January 21, 1984, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

photo of police officers and protesters in Copenhagen

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[***Text of Bill de Blasio's First State of the City Address***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BGT-3FH1-JBG3-60R1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 4282 words

**Body**

The following is the text of Mayor Bill de Blasio's State of the City address, as prepared for delivery.

Thank you, Katherine, for your kind words and for your service on our transition committee.

Your decades of service to improving public health -- particularly in the realm of women's reproductive health and combatting the spread of HIV-AIDS -- has been instrumental in helping those in need -- both here in New York and around the world.

That advocacy on behalf of everyday people was a hallmark of your grandfather's tenure as mayor.

He understood a bedrock principle of New York greatness, when he said, quote: ''Our city does not belong to any individual or set of individuals. It belongs to all the people.''

LaGuardia Community College in many ways represents that vision.

It is a place where New Yorkers from all walks of life can find a path to a future with a good job and a shot at a better life.

Every day, I sit behind the desk of Mayor LaGuardia, reminded of the courage we all must summon in our fight to make New York City work better for everyone.

Now, we have some extraordinary New Yorkers in the audience today who also share that vision, including one who has inspired me with her intelligence, her drive, and her compassion for more than twenty years -- a young woman who has recently agreed to share her love for this city by leading the non-profit Mayor's Fund to Advance New York City.

Thank you for being my guiding light, Chirlane -- or, as you're apparently now sometimes known, #flonyc.

Thank you to my fellow elected officials in attendance: Public Advocate Letitia James, City Comptroller Scott Stringer, and City Council Speaker Melissa Mark Viverito.

Thank you to the Members of Congress, the City Council, and the State Legislature who have joined us as well. And thank you to Mayor David Dinkins for being here.

You are all dedicated and able public servants, true allies in the cause of social and economic justice.

And thank you, most of all, to my fellow New Yorkers.

We are here to discuss the New York City that we live in today; to lay out our vision for where we will take it in the weeks and months to come; and to discuss something larger -- the core values we share as New Yorkers pursuing progressive change.

This has already been quite a year.In one month's time, our city has weathered three major snowstorms with typical grit and fortitude.

In fact, we've faced more snow last month than any new administration since January of 1978, when Mayor Ed Koch led this city.

Beyond the recent snowstorms, the first few weeks of 2014 have been quite busy.

We've played regional host to the Super Bowl, giving a strong economic boost to New York City at a critical time -- a tremendous coordination between all city agencies to make sure these events came off without a hitch.

Through Vision Zero, we have begun putting into place ambitious new policies to end the tragic and unacceptable rash of pedestrian deaths on our city streets.

Of course, none of this would be possible without the bravery and of the people who make up our city work force.

I want to particularly single out the men and women of the Sanitation Department, NYPD, FDNY, and EMS -- who did so much to help us during the storms.

I know that these speeches have at times been used to attack the motives of our public employees.

Today, I want to recognize the hard work and commitment of those men and women -- and to say how proud I am of them. The services you provide every single day in neighborhoods across New York have made us the safest and strongest big city in America, and you deserve our deep gratitude and respect.

Our public employees represent a thread that runs through this Administration -- a belief that public service is a noble calling -- that part of what makes New York special is helping our neighbors navigate life's challenges, big and small.

New York's drive and diversity are unparalleled in this country, and we have appointed a City Administration that proves it -- putting our best women and men in charge of delivering city services with efficiency and integrity.

This is a team that knows how to execute its core responsibilities -- while never losing sight of the fact that we're called to be part of a larger mission as well.

Because the truth is, the state of our city, as we find it today, is a Tale of Two Cities -- with an inequality gap that fundamentally threatens our future.

It must not, and will not, be ignored by your city government.

A little more than five years ago, the Great Recession hit our city economy -- and our neighborhoods -- with a furious blow to New Yorkers rich and poor.

But more quickly than most predicted, our financial sector has come back.

Wall Street has not only rebounded above its pre-recession levels, but at present hovers near historic highs.

And in some of our neighborhoods, the streets are consistently safe and opportunity consistently flows.

That is a good thing. We celebrate that success.

Yet for millions in this city -- New Yorkers living in all five boroughs -- the economic rebound hasn't just been slow in coming. It seems a distant fantasy -- with the ladder up to the good life stretching farther and farther out of reach.

Good jobs that pay decent wages are all too scarce. Access to the best health care seems, to many, to be a privilege that cannot be earned. To countless New Yorkers, affordable housing is an oxymoron.

And a quality education -- the most powerful tool we know for lifting one's life chances -- has become a promise broken too many times to tally.

All the while, 46 percent of our city's residents live at or near the poverty line.

Our middle class isn't just squeezed; it's at risk of disappearing altogether.

That disparity, that inequality crisis, is the greatest risk to our New York promise.

In past decades, working people built our city, and for their hard work they were rewarded -- not always with great wealth, but with a fundamental assurance...the knowledge that hard work could pull them from modest means into a growing middle class.

Today, that assurance is missing...that sense of economic justice is gone. And that is what we aim to address.

There are some who have taken issue with our commitment to this cause -- who say that income inequality is just a fact of life, and that attempts to remedy it are simply sowing the seeds of class warfare.

But we know better. We understand that allowing the income gap to stretch further isn't simply a threat to those at the bottom -- but to every New Yorker.

And we also know this: New Yorkers' personal commitment to tackling inequality knows no boundaries of geography or income.

Many wealthy New Yorkers are committed to healing those divisions -- not out of mere altruism not due to feelings of guilt, or pity. They know that a Gilded City isn't the New York they signed up for -- even if they currently find themselves doing quite well.

They want all New Yorkers to succeed because it enriches all of our lives, including their own -- with vibrant neighborhoods and quality schools and fairly-treated workers building a better and stronger city.And make no mistake about the motives of those in our most hard-pressed communities.

They don't typically look to the rich with anger, they aren't consumed with jealousy or spite. They are simply in search of the city that they signed up for -- one that rewards not just wealth, but work.

A city that honors the notion that a single mom taking the subway to her job as a housekeeper deserves to see her efforts rewarded, just as readily as the family who owns the home she cleans.

That the young man who stocks the shelves deserves the same respect and chance at a decent life as the executive who owns the store.

New York will only work when it works as one city. And here's why:

Despair does not dissipate. Those who are discouraged -- even hopeless -- about their future...cannot contribute their labor or energy or values to their neighborhoods, or to the neighborhoods that sit just a short subway ride away.

It's as simple as this: the American dream does not work without hope. The dream that New York has always been...does not function if people believe their chance at a better future is out of reach.

Mayor LaGuardia said, quote: ''A mayor who cannot look fifty or seventy-five years ahead is not worthy of being in City Hall.''

We must lay the foundation now for the strength and stability of New York's future...a future of greater equality and opportunity.

We demand a city that lifts the floor for those struggling day to day...that offers every New Yorker a fair shot...because that is the city that we all signed up for.

Mayor LaGuardia called for ''government with a soul.'' He saw beyond the numbers in a budget...understood that those numbers represented real people who were just trying to live their lives, and asked only for a little help.

And that is what we resolve to do.

But before we talk about the measures we will take to reach this goal, it is important that we are honest with New Yorkers about our current fiscal situation.

We are in the midst of a budgetary challenge that is unprecedented. We are faced with a federal government in gridlock that's never been more severe. The state budget contains many unanswered questions. And we have over 150 municipal labor contracts that are unsettled.

When you take all of these factors into account, we are facing an uncharted path.

In the face of this situation, we will be honest with New Yorkers about their government.

We will navigate towards a future that is progressive and fiscally responsible.

It will not be easy.

But we will not turn away from the challenge.

Even with these impediments before us, we've begun the fight to lift the floor for all New Yorkers...to improve the life conditions of those who struggle with great determination -- not to get ahead -- but merely to keep their heads above water.

And we're fighting to give everyone a fair shot, so that city government doesn't set its priorities by the needs of those at the very top...while ignoring the struggle of those born under a less lucky star.

In the first month of this Administration, we have forged an agreement with this City Council that will provide a right to Paid Sick Leave to 500,000 additional New Yorkers.

New Yorkers like the woman I heard from right here in Queens. Kathy Delahoz made a good living, earning $50,000 a year at her job as a computer technician for a company with 11 employees.

After suffering a car accident, she refused medical treatment and instead went back to work the next day because she was afraid of losing a day's pay - or even losing her job.

After her doctor urged her to take a day off to recuperate, she agreed -- explaining the situation to her supervisors. A short time later, she was forwarded a text that read simply: ''Just tell her the job is not for her.''

Under the expanded Paid Sick Leave legislation, New Yorkers like Kathy won't lose pay just because they put their health, or the health of their kids, first.

Esmeralda Valencia, a restaurant owner from Brooklyn knows why that's important.

That's why even before the new law passed, she offered paid sick leave to her employees -- because she knows that a healthy workforce is a more productive workforce.

But expanding Paid Sick Leave is just one part of our effort to lift the floor for our city's middle class and working poor.

This month, we will extend the reach of living wage standards -- ending a City lawsuit that stood in the way of expanding that important legislation...and issuing an executive order to set the expansion in motion.

And we will work with the City Council to increase the number of living wage jobs offered by employers that the City subsidizes -- reaching tens of thousands of additional New Yorkers.

We want to ensure that New Yorkers aren't relegated to the ranks of the poor when putting in a full week's work.

Next week, we will ask Albany to give New York City the power to raise the minimum wage in all five boroughs. In the process, we will send a powerful signal to the people of New York -- that we honor work...and that we are committed to making work pay.

We will lift the floor for New Yorkers crushed by skyrocketing rents...by requiring developers to build affordable homes for everyday people rather than simply multi-million dollar condos for the most fortunate among us.

Let me be clear. We want to work with the real estate industry to build. We MUST build more to achieve our vision. But the people's interests will be accounted for in every real estate deal made with the City.

In total, we pledge to preserve or construct nearly 200,000 units of affordable housing -- enough to house between 400,000 and 500,000 New Yorkers -- to help working people by literally putting a roof over their heads.

On Friday and Saturday, we announced a top-flight team of housing and planning experts, and their first charge is to create and implement a plan to reach this goal -- which will be released by May 1st.

And while we lift the floor, we will also offer New Yorkers a fair shot.

We have already taken bold new steps to reform the overuse of stop-and-frisk.

We announced a settlement in the case of Floyd vs. the City of New York -- an acknowledgment of the wrongs spurred by a broken policing policy and a message to New Yorkers of every background that we will respect equal protection under the law.

We continue working to build a bond of trust between law enforcement and the neighborhoods they serve...to ensure that New Yorkers see their safety and their rights protected. And to protect our police officers, who want and need community partners as they work so hard to root out crime.

And it because of the hard work of our police officers -- working with community partners -- that shootings are down 17 percent from where they were at this point in 2013.

Protecting the safety of all New Yorkers includes protecting the health of all New Yorkers.For months, I joined with deeply concerned neighborhood residents to stop the closures of our community hospitals in Brooklyn. Many days, it seemed like we might not prevail. But we did.

We made it clear that we will no longer accept a reckless pattern of closing hospitals without regard to the people who need the medical services they provide.

Instead of watching hospitals shuttered and simply sold off to the highest bidder, we will continue the battles we've won over the last several months -- requiring alternatives that put the health of our people ahead of profits.

And on that, we will not retreat.

We will protect the almost half-million undocumented New Yorkers, whose voices too often go unheard. We will reach out to all New Yorkers, regardless of immigration status -- issuing municipal ID cards available to all New Yorkers this year -- so that no daughter or son of our city goes without bank accounts, leases, library cards...simply because they lack identification.

To all of my fellow New Yorkers who are undocumented, I say: New York City is your home too, and we will not force ANY of our residents to live their lives in the shadows.

La ciudad de Nueva York es el hogar de todos los que vivimos aqui. No dejaremos que ninguno de nuestros residentes viva en las sombras.

We'll offer a fair shot to the workforce of tomorrow...changing a mindset that focuses on tax breaks for big corporations rather than making it easier for our people to earn the skills they need to land jobs at those companies.

We know the soaring cost of CUNY makes higher education harder and harder for everyday New Yorkers to afford.

And we understand that higher education is the path to a better life...the great equalizer...the key to lifting oneself into the middle class.

To that end, we will focus on the training and skills that individuals need to meet the demands generated by large and small employers of our city.

And we'll not only fight to shift resources from corporate subsidies to tuition assistance, we'll work to connect higher education to the jobs that the 21st Century workforce requires.

CUNY has always been the engine that drove New York's economy, making sure that our great industries had the workforce they needed to thrive.

Today, new industries are driving an economic future with jobs we could not have envisioned just a few years ago.

And CUNY is going to help us fill those jobs with New Yorkers who are educated and ready to work.

We will forgo big giveaways to a select few companies and instead pursue a city economic strategy that grows whole sectors of small businesses in emerging industries -- from technology, to green jobs, to food exports, to advanced manufacturing -- companies that can generate good jobs at decent wages in all five boroughs.

We will create an Entrepreneurship Fund for low-income New Yorkers and a Fashion Manufacturing Fund -- which will leverage private capital to ensure small business growth and fashion manufacturing across all five boroughs.

As we celebrate Fashion Week, we plan to grow this industry to the benefit of New Yorkers from all walks of life.

And we'll create jobs for young people who are growing up in this city... who have always called this home.

Here's how:

First, we will advance a dedicated Science, Technology, Engineering, and Math program at CUNY...to start preparing more graduates of our public high schools for jobs in the city's tech industry.

To that end, our aim is that within eight years, the majority of skilled technology-related jobs in New York City are being filled by those educated in New York City schools. We will look to the innovation economy not just to grow companies, but also to put New Yorkers to work.

Second, as our health sector continues to rapidly grow, we will prepare more of our unemployed, and our young people, for middle-skill, middle-class jobs: by scaling-up innovative programs like the Bronx's Health Education and Research Occupations High School that connects New Yorkers to CUNY and to relevant work experience at Montefiore Hospital.

Third, for people without a college degree, we will reinvent our maze of overlapping and often-ineffective job training programs -- and invest in industry-linked apprenticeship programs that directly connect New Yorkers to jobs in emerging industries such as green building innovation, information technology, and telecommunications.

Fourth, we will connect city high schools to colleges, apprenticeship programs, or industries that correspond to the skills our students must learn. We will reverse the trend of importing engineers, nurses, and other skilled workers to fill New York City jobs -- and start in-sourcing good jobs for those who live here now, and are desperate for work.

While we continue to invest in and expand our new businesses, we won't lose sight of the industries that have made us the center of commerce and culture. We will pursue a five-borough economic agenda that integrates new industries with the traditional drivers of job growth in our city.

Finally, we will not forget our obligations to the people of this city still recovering from the aftereffects of super-storm Sandy.

We are resolved to make the efforts underway function more effectively and efficiently.

In the aftermath of the storm, I personally made it my mission to see the devastation in those neighborhoods myself. The people I met in Staten Island, and the Rockaways, and Coney Island, and Lower Manhattan suffered unimaginable dislocation of their lives.

I made a promise that if elected Mayor, I would make this recovery a focus of my administration.

In the coming weeks, we'll make good on the pledge with a comprehensive review and updated plan to help those for whom the effects of Sandy are still an everyday reality.

And above all, we will give a fair shot to those who deserve it most -- our children -- all of them.

We will offer every child, from every borough of this city, truly universal, full-day Pre-K.

We will provide quality extended learning programs for every middle-schooler.

And for this, we won't wait. We have a detailed plan to put this program into effect this September.

And we will do this by asking those who make more than a half-million dollars a year to pay a little more in taxes.

For those making between $500,000 and a million dollars a year, that means an average of about 970 bucks. But to the young minds that we help shape, the pre-teen lives that we keep safe, the generation of working New Yorkers that we put on a path to success; it will be priceless. Now, I know this last part has been the subject of some debate in recent weeks. And I know that people of good conscience can have different plans for how to achieve better outcomes for our kids.

So let me take just a moment to make MY case for why our plan is the way to make that promise to our young people a reality.There are some who say that Albany shouldn't approve our plan because the state government simply cannot raise any taxes right now.

But that is not the debate. We're not asking Albany to raise the state income tax by a penny to pay for universal Pre-K and after-school programs here in New York City.

We're simply asking Albany to allow New York City to tax itself -- its wealthiest residents...those making a half-million or more a year.

Raising taxes on the rich makes our commitment to our kids more than just words. It makes that commitment REAL. It makes that commitment fair. And it offers a promise to our kids that they can count on.

If there are extra resources in the state budget, we must remember that the State Court of Appeals ruled -- in the landmark Campaign for Fiscal Equity decision several years ago -- that the children of this city deserve billions more in educational resources, and now is the time to provide it.

When it comes to Pre-K and after-school, we have a detailed plan, and it's on the table -- one that's real; that's fair; that's reasonable.

So let's dedicate the funding we need to do what New York City must -- and let's tap the wealthiest New Yorkers to do so.

This is about the children of New York, and just how strong of a commitment we are willing to make to their futures and our own.

And that is a commitment I hear every day -- not just from middle class, ***working class***, and low-income New Yorkers -- but from good people from every income bracket -- people who know that for New York to move forward, we must ask those who have achieved great success to give a little back to ensure that stories like theirs are possible for the next generation.

As I said in my inaugural address, we do not do this to punish success. We do it to create more success stories.

Study after study shows that children who access Pre-K programs are more likely to stay on a path to a productive life.

Middle-schoolers who access after-school programs are less likely to fall victim to gangs and street violence...more likely to graduate and go on to college or the world of work...to have hope for lifting themselves out of a cycle of poverty and into a world of possibility.

Consider the story of Rocio Espada, a single mother of four -- two teenagers, and two little ones -- from Bushwick, Brooklyn.

Instead of taking her four-year-old to full-day Pre-K -- a program that she says would give her child a better start on life -- she's forced to rely on her mother and her friend to watch after her child while she goes to work.

Her teenagers leave school at the end of day with keys to their apartment in their hands -- headed home, Rocio hopes, and not falling victim to the negativity of the streets. Pre-K and after-school programs give mothers like Rocio more than just peace of mind that her kids are safe. They give her the promise that her kids are on the right path -- and staying there.

Mayor LaGuardia was nicknamed the ''Little Flower.'' And he spoke for, and fought for, families all across New York City who would have otherwise gone without a voice.

What we wish for New York City is to nurture our own Little Flowers -- children from every borough and background -- to let them grow to their fullest potential.

That is what we want for New York City.

To lift the floor.

To offer every New Yorker a fair shot.

Fighting to end the Tale of Two Cities -- not just because it's moral and just but because it makes all of our lives richer.

We cannot wait for Washington to act. We will not let the gridlock there -- or the limits of Albany -- to serve as an excuse for New York City to roll over and ignore our mission.

New Yorkers don't look at government as federal and state and local. They look at it -- at all of us -- as their elected representatives; the people they are counting on to make a difference in their lives.

And we here in New York City government have many tools at our disposal to make good on that promise, on that responsibility, and we will use them.

We find ourselves at a fork in the road. We can look down the path that we've been on for far too long. We can see it as the easier trail to traverse, and fool ourselves into thinking it's our only option.

Or we can take the other road, the path to closing the inequality gap, that very New York option of taking on big challenges and getting results.

That's what Mayor LaGuardia did -- making the New Deal come alive in New York City and ensuring that New York responded to the urgent challenge of his time.

That's what so many women and men of great vision and compassion, of strong values and quiet struggle, of fierce determination and relentless action have done throughout New York's history.

That's the path I choose today. I ask my fellow citywide elected officials, members of this City Council and the State Legislature -- and all New Yorkers -- to join me.

We've one got one chance to get this right. Let's seize it.

Thank you, and God bless the people of New York.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/02/11/nyregion/text-of-bill-de-blasios-first-state-of-the-city-address.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/02/11/nyregion/text-of-bill-de-blasios-first-state-of-the-city-address.html)

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[***Golly! A Yank Wrote Those Oh-So-British Mysteries?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y3N-G500-00RP-K063-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1571 words

**Byline:** Elizabeth George

By MEL GUSSOW

By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

Death by decapitation on a farm in a quiet Yorkshire village, the impaling of a playwright in an isolated Scottish hotel, the kidnapping and drowning of the daughter of a member of Parliament -- Elizabeth George's intricately plotted mysteries take her readers through the English countryside and a wide range of professions and crimes. In the author's current best seller, "In Pursuit of the Proper Sinner," a case of a double murder on a moor in Derbyshire deals more than passingly with a composer of the Andrew Lloyd Webber school of musicals.

In her 10 novels, Ms. George has proved herself a master of the English mystery, with an ear for local language and an eye for the inner workings of Scotland Yard. With each book, she has moved up in the ranks of a team headed by P. D. James and Ruth Rendell, in a tradition that stretches back to Agatha Christie and Dorothy L. Sayers.

More than six million copies of her books are in print in the United States, and she has been translated into 10 languages. Ms. George has die-hard fans as well as more casual readers who pick up her books at airports and are so engrossed that they are still turning pages on the way home in buses and taxis.

Newcomers to her work may be surprised to learn that Ms. George is American, not English. Born in Ohio 49 years ago, she has lived most of her life in California and is by her own description "a good Catholic girl" who was married and divorced and writes psychological detective stories.

During a recent visit to New York she was on a literary panel with three authors of hard-boiled thrillers. Despite her demure demeanor, she more than held her own as a writer who knows exactly how she creates her gripping, highly graphic novels.

In an interview, she was asked the obligatory question: Why English? She groaned and said, "I've answered that question in a variety of ways over the years, mostly to entertain myself." The real reason goes back to her high school days. When she was 17, she went to England for several months, studied Shakespeare and became a confirmed Anglophile. While still in school, she started writing stories, not mysteries, with a continuing cast of English characters.

After graduating from college, she taught English and creative writing. In 1983, she began her first mystery novel and because of her attraction to England set it in that country. In her subsequent work she has not veered from that terrain.

There are several touchstones in her books: at least one violent death, a specific landscape and social or cultural background and two detectives, Inspector Thomas Lynley and Sgt. Barbara Havers. The mysteries have not yet been dramatized on television, although two have been optioned by the BBC. But to the author's admirers, her detectives are as familiar and as individual as Adam Dalgleish or Endeavour Morse.

Lynley and Havers are decidedly an odd couple of partners. Lynley, who is the eighth Lord Asherton, is a handsome, distinguished graduate of Eton and Oxford. He often quotes Shakespeare, lives in an elegant house in Eaton Terrace and drives a Bentley. Havers is short, plump and messy, a woman from a ***working-class*** background who lives in a one-room flat in Bayswater. Forthright and assertive, she often breaks rules.

To Havers, Lynley is "a miraculous combination of every single thing that she thoroughly despised" and "so damnably charming that she couldn't understand why every criminal . . . simply didn't surrender to accommodate him." To Lynley, Havers is willful to the point of insubordination.

Beneath all the obvious differences, however, each has a pronounced respect for the other when the two of them are on a case: Havers for Lynley's acuity, Lynley for Havers's intuition. Assisting the two is Lynley's friend Simon St. James, an expert forensic scientist.

In an early unpublished novel, St. James was the sleuth. Ms. George's original idea was to write detective stories in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe or Agatha Christie, with an eccentric detective (St. James) taking suspects into the library and revealing the guilty party. When the manuscript was sent to a publisher, an editor rejected it with a letter praising the writing but saying that novels were no longer written in that old style.

Taking the advice, Ms. George modernized her approach, placing the emphasis more on police procedurals. Looking for a new detective, she chose Lynley, who had played a side role in the St. James mystery. She decided he needed a partner and invented Havers.

"When I looked at Lynley," she said, "I realized I had created a character who was fairly outrageous on the believability scale. There is only one earl that I know of on the police force in all of Great Britain. So I created a character to dislike him before he came on the scene." The goal was to encourage the reader to have some sympathy for Lynley.

The original model for Lynley was the actor Nigel Havers. "In 'Chariots of Fire,' he played the young nobleman who ran the hurdles," Ms. George said. "His butler placed champagne glasses on the hurdles to keep him from knocking them over. Nigel Havers has the aristocratic bearing I was looking for, but I made Lynley taller and bulkier. Then I named Barbara Havers in homage to Nigel Havers."

In Ms. George's first published novel, "A Great Deliverance" (1988), the two detectives clicked. The author brought them back for a second turn and soon the series was born. In contrast to Baroness James and others who write individual mysteries, Ms. George writes books that overlap and are the equivalent of one continuing novel. Because the books are usually more than 600 pages, the collected George would be exceedingly long.

Naturally, they can be read separately and in any order, but with each new story the characters grow and change, and the reader learns more about their personal lives. After 10 books, there is a rather complete picture of Lynley and Havers -- and also of St. James, his wife and Lady Helen Clyde, who finally married Lynley in the ninth book.

Ms. George pays homage to Margery Allingham's "Traitor's Purse" as the mystery that had the greatest effect on her, making her realize she wanted to write about "a detective as a vulnerable human being instead of as a godhead."

For her, every character has to have a "core need in life" and also "a pathological maneuver," obsessive behavior that could be considered a flaw. Analyzing her detectives, she said that "Lynley's core need is forgiveness."

"A tremendous sense of guilt permeates every area of his life," she said, because of his wealth and social position and because he was the driver of a car in an accident that crippled St. James. Lynley's flaw is his "hair-trigger temper." The reason he chose to be a police officer is that "it's a way to level the playing field between his life and other people's lives."

Havers's core need is for equality. Her flaw? "At the extreme, it's probably a paranoid suspicion. This casual disrespect is a front for the tremendous sense of inadequacy that she feels." The reason she joined the police force? "She's always been interested in crime," Ms. George said.

She added: "In that, she's very similar to me. I can remember reading my first murder story in The San Francisco Examiner when I was 7 or 8. I've always found human psychopathology fascinating."

She and Havers are very similar in attitude, she said. For example, both have an innate disregard for lords and ladies, who often are the subject of disdain in the novels. Physically, the author and character couldn't be more different, and whereas Havers speaks bluntly, Ms. George is certainly a match for Lynley in erudition.

Asked what her core need is, Ms. George said, "My writing students got it in one guess: competence, perfection, the need to be good at something. Psychologists would say there are only four basic needs: to be genuine, competent, spontaneous and to do your duty. Nobody would ever argue that I was spontaneous. I can be, but I have to be competently spontaneous." And her obsession? "Beating myself up for not being perfect."

Her work habits are carefully prescribed. First she decides on the killer, the victim and the motive, and she fills many notebooks with close analyses of her principal characters. She keeps an apartment in South Kensington, and in preparation for each book she visits England for a relatively brief period and does assiduous research on location. She writes an outline, followed by a first draft, followed by another outline, always channeling in new ideas. Before she starts a book, she knows exactly how it will end.

Once while writing a novel she was confronted with something totally unexpected. On Page 900 of the rough draft of "Deception on His Mind," she changed her mind about the identity of the killer. She called her agent to give her the news, and they agreed that the change made the book into "an Elizabeth George novel," meaning that the motive was now more psychological.

She explained: "My motives are usually rooted deeply in psychology versus a more overt motive like greed or blackmail. It's usually a need that's been denied, a nurturing that's being sought." In each book she gives the reader a hint in her choice of epigraph. For "In Pursuit of the Proper Sinner," the quote is from Shakespeare: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

Let that be a clue to solving the latest Elizabeth George mystery.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Psychological motives: Elizabeth George, Anglophile and mystery writer. (Rebecca Mooney for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 14, 1999

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[***A CONVERSATION WITH: STEPHEN JAY GOULD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y55-34X0-00RP-K2YW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Primordial Beasts, Creationists and the Mighty Yankees***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y55-34X0-00RP-K2YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

By CLAUDIA DREIFUS

**Body**

It was a sunny afternoon in SoHo and the paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould -- president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Vincent Astor visiting research professor of biology at New York University and the Alexander Agassiz professor of geology at Harvard -- was sitting around his loft, ruminating about the pleasures of finally living in Manhattan.

Dr. Gould, 58, has spent much of his life circling Manhattan. He grew up in 1950's Queens in a ***working-class*** family, in a time when Manhattan was the ever-distant "city." In 1967, Dr. Gould got his Harvard appointment, which meant, of course, living in Cambridge and being one of the few Yankees fans in all of Harvard Yard.

Four years ago, Dr. Gould, who was divorced, married a sculptor and art historian, Rhonda Roland Shearer of Manhattan, now 45, and together they set up housekeeping in SoHo, in a vast urban spread filled with Tiffany lamps, good art and first-edition scientific tomes.

In his 19 books and in essays for Natural History magazine, Dr. Gould has become perhaps the most eloquent and best-known proponent of the view that evolution and natural selection are responsible for the origin and diversity of species. But earlier this month he came under criticism in The New Yorker, which suggested that his emphasis on chance in the evolutionary process had unwittingly aided the cause of creationism. Dr. Gould declined to respond to the New Yorker article, by the journalist Robert Wright, saying that he did not believe that such personal attacks merited a response and that his work spoke for itself.

The Harvard paleontologist did, however, speak about other aspects of the ongoing political struggle between creationists and evolutionists.

Q. What was your reaction, when you first read that the Kansas Board of Education was going to make the teaching of evolution optional in biology classes?

A. That the citizens of Kansas would be profoundly embarrassed by the stupidity of the ruling and that they would vote that school board out of office the next year. The Kansas School Board's decision is absurd on the face of it. It's like saying, "We're going to continue to teach English, but you don't have to teach grammar anymore."

But the creationists can't do what they want to do because of the history of Supreme Court decisions. They are very restricted in terms of a legally defendable stand. This is probably the only thing they can do.

The only reason it happened is that nobody votes in a school board elections anymore. Thus, determined minorities can take over. It took this fundamentalist group three election cycles to take over in Kansas. They only have a one-vote majority, 6-4. Four are up for election next year.

The bigger dangers aren't these legal maneuvers. It's the thousands of teachers who are less than optimally courageous, as most humans are, who are probably teaching less evolution because they don't want trouble. You can't even measure that.

Q. Is creationism a uniquely American phenomenon?

A. That's not hard to see. It just doesn't happen any place else in the Western world. Europeans just don't get why we have it. There are two things that European intellectuals don't understand about Americans, I find. One was Bill and Monica, or, our obsession with it. The second is how you can possibly have an anti-evolution movement in a modern scientific country.

Q. There is a recent trend in the social sciences to go to neo-Darwinist explanations of social problems: a kind of mutant resurgence of the Social Darwinism of the late 19th century. Why has this happened now?

A. This is a conservative age and I think, it's tempting for conservatives to argue, "Why are you calling for change or equalization when what we have now reflects the natural state of human nature?"

Also, I think, we sometimes make a misuse today of Darwin in terms of trying assuage our disappointments with some of our worst traits. That is, if we don't like our aggressivity or our sexism, we might try to fob it off with: "Oh, well, we're made that way. We can't help it."

Q. What about the appeal of neo-Darwinism to people who like their traits? The biological explanation "it's a gene" has, for instance, become very popular with gay rights advocates.

A. Oh yeah. This is an age that largely, wrongly, think, favors genetic explanations. So it's going to spread everywhere. But I think that's a two-headed argument. Because if you put your eggs in that basket, then suppose it turns out that you're wrong? You don't want to base a defense for a defendable bit of our diversity upon its putative biological nature.

I'd rather take the point of view that it has nothing to do with the biology. It's an ethical issue.

Q. As someone who publishes in both scientific and popular media, what's your take on the quality of academic writing?

A. Compared to what? I don't think academic writing ever was wonderful. However, science used to be much less specialized. There wasn't much technical terminology, and then, most academics are not trained in writing. And there is what is probably worse than ever before, the growing use of professional jargon.

And I think it arises more out of fear than arrogance. Most young scholars slip into this jargon because they are afraid that, if they don't, their mentors or the people who promote them won't think they are serious. I can't believe that anyone would WANT to write that way.

Q. Do you think your colleagues sometimes resent you because you have, horror of all horrors, penned a few best sellers?

A. Oh, sure. Anyone who has success in writing for the general public is envied. Goethe died in 1832. As you know, Goethe was very active in science. In fact, he did some very good scientific work in plant morphology and mineralogy. But he was quite bitter at the way in which many scientists refused to grant him a hearing because he was a poet and therefore, they felt, he couldn't be serious. This is not entirely a new phenomenon.

Q. Do you write easily?

A. I don't know what writer's block is.

Q. What does writing do for you?

A. It's the best way to organize thoughts and to try and put things in as perfect and as elegant a way you can. A lot of scientists hate writing. Most scientists love being in the lab and doing the work and when the work is done, they are finished. Writing is a chore. It's something they have to do to get the work out. They do it with resentment. But conceptually to them, it is not part of the creative process. I don't look at it that way at all. When I get the results, I can't wait to write them up. That's the synthesis. It's the exploration of the consequences and the meaning.

Q. Since your marriage to Rhonda Roland Shearer, you have been living half time in New York and half in Cambridge. To what extent has this new life left you feeling split?

A. The big frustration is waiting for this decent train service between Boston and New York to start. But I like living in New York, though I don't feel that I ever left. I grew up in Fresh Meadows, went to Jamaica High School.

Q. You didn't go to Bronx High School of Science?

A. It was too far. I got on a bus and subway and it took me two hours to get there, and I thought, "I'm not going to spend four hours a day for the next three years on the subway." So I went to Jamaica High School. You know, New York had a great public school system once and it will again, I trust. I feel I got a great education at Jamaica High. And P.S. 26 before that. I'm nothing but an old city kid at heart.

Q. Your recent book, "Questioning the Millennium," was, among other things, a lengthy investigation of Year 2000 issues. Tell us, are you and Rhonda secreting bottles of water and cords of firewood for fear of what will happen when the clocks change?

A. No, there's been a lot of attention to Y2K and a lot of testing. I don't expect any. As a matter of fact, I will be singing in a concert of Haydn's "Creation" in Boston on New Year's Day. I'm going to have to get from here to there for rehearsal. I will drive up there, though.

I don't think anything significant is going to happen. In so far that there are some worries on a global scale, the things I would worry about are places that are really cold, like northern Russia, where there could be an interruption of the electricity and heating and things like that.

The funniest thing you can say about it all is that in the year 1000, insofar as people were aware of the millennium, their fears were grander. They feared the apocalyptic revelations of Revelations. They really thought that Jesus would come again, that Satan would be bound and the world, as we know it, would end. I think it's so amusing that in a secular age the main fear that people have is caused by a technical glitch caused by a computer misreading a date because of poor anticipation by some programmers 30 years ago.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: To Dr. Stephen Jay Gould, at his Harvard office, writing comes easily. A paleontologist, he has written 19 books, many of them best sellers. (Rick Friedman for The New York Times)

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[***AT HOME WITH: BOB SMITH; Moving To Catch A Muse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45Y5-6DK0-01CN-H16D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1538 words

**Byline:**  By ALEX WITCHEL

**Dateline:** STRATFORD, Conn.

**Body**

MOST people writing a memoir visit their hometown to refresh their memories. Most people are not Bob Smith. In order to write "Hamlet's Dresser," the 60-year-old self-described "intensity junkie" sold the contents of his Brooklyn Heights apartment, moved back here six years ago and furnished a house from scratch.

"I almost wanted to design a set for a middle-aged man writing a book," said Mr. Smith, who did keep his bed and other items with personal meaning. For everything else he went to a nearby antiques dealer. And while he's exceedingly modest about his knowledge of all things old and older, he knows plenty, and has a killer eye.

"It was a theatrical gesture, trying to create an environment that looked like a 40's movie where everyone goes to Connecticut for the weekend," he continued. "It gave me a sense of safety and well-being because it looked like I had always lived here. It evoked a false sense of history."

Which was in direct opposition to his writing, which starkly reveals the truths of a very painful family story. "Furnishing the house gave me a little vacation time from that process," he said. "And there are model boats everywhere because I was going back to being a kid." He even bought himself a teddy bear.

The book Mr. Smith has written tells of a childhood shaped almost entirely by the birth of his severely retarded younger sister, Carolyn. His parents refused to institutionalize her, and her care dominated the family's life, starting his mother on her own cycle of depression. Convinced that Carolyn's condition was somehow her fault, she cleaned the house compulsively and insisted on bathing her 5-year-old son numerous times a day, sometimes even waking him in the middle of the night.

"My mother's worst fear was odor," Mr. Smith writes. "As if they had voices, smells could tell on us. They could say how imperfect Carolyn was, how imperfect and sinful we were."

When she was 18, Carolyn was finally sent to a state facility where she lives to this day. Mr. Smith's escape from home started earlier, when he was 10 and a librarian gave him "The Merchant of Venice." When he read the line, "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad," he found a kindred spirit.

He began memorizing the plays and the sonnets and, when he was 16, found a summer job here at the American Shakespeare Festival as a dresser, Hamlet's dresser. After years of dressing and changing his sister, who could not be toilet trained, he was qualified.

"Shakespeare is almost always about the other, whether it's Othello as a black man in Venice, or Hamlet feeling like he ought to be someone else," Mr. Smith said last week, sitting at his writing table. "I am also the other. It's part of what I suffer from and rejoice in, in my own nature."

In this house, built in 1770, the rooms are small, the ceilings low, and the walls are crammed with blue plates -- Canton, delft and flow blue. Antique Waterford decanters fill a low table, overstuffed chairs fill corners. The heat blasted, which added to the blue womb atmosphere, and a clock ticked loudly. The place had the feel of an enchanted cottage from a fairy tale, or a fever dream of how Shakespeare himself might have lived in his own Stratford.

"It's like Shakespearean language," Mr. Smith said. "There's so much stuff, you see how much you can jam in and still have it be simple enough to communicate."

The constant references to Shakespeare are not just plugs for the book. The way some people find religion, Mr. Smith found Shakespeare, and when he talks about it at length, politely announcing, "I'm taking a side trip now," his words have the feeling of prayer -- a chant, a rosary, an orientation to the world. Though he never went to college, he has taught Shakespeare not only to actors but to graduate and undergraduate students at Temple University and the State University of New York at Purchase.

Since the mid-1990's, his passion has been teaching the elderly in New York City, at the 92nd Street Y and the Stein Senior Center, among other places. He has always loved older people -- his grandparents were among the softer spots in his desolate youth. Hundreds of students attend his classes, and it was an article about him in The New York Times in 1996 that led to his contract for "Hamlet's Dresser" (Scribner, $24). His mother died last year, but Mr. Smith's father, Raymond, still lives here, and the two have dinner twice a week. Their relationship was never good, Mr. Smith writes, though in recent years the two have grown close. The elder Mr. Smith retired as the head of maintenance for General Electric and lives in a small ranch house he inherited from his sister-in-law.

"I got less angry as I worked on the book," Mr. Smith said. "Everyone should do it. You have to start seeing your family from more than one angle and you get to know them in a way you hadn't. I learned not to get lost in lamentations or expectations. You take the damage in whatever increments you can and make it as whole as you can."

Mr. Smith revisited the eight houses he lived in as a child, his elementary school, and of course, the grounds of the theater, which has been closed for years. He relived his ostracism, the twin burdens of having a retarded sister and of being what was then called "artistic" and a "sissy" in what was a predominantly ***working-class*** town.

"I didn't go into the houses, just stared at them, sitting on fences across the street," he recalled. "But I did go into my grandparents' house, and it was remarkably the same. My grandfather had taken such good care of the woodwork, it looked as it did when I was 6. And when I wrote about the fourth and fifth grades, I went to the school and sat on the back steps, and it all came flying back at me."

He has spent his time around town on foot or riding his bike. He has never learned to drive. "It's an imposed helplessness," he said frankly. "I have enough to handle. I don't need any more."

Indeed, there is a decidedly childlike aspect to Mr. Smith, who seems stuck in time the way child stars can be in their later years, marked forever by the period that so clearly defined them. He was a beautiful child, he writes, and his mother learned to take him into a room first, to warm up the audience as it were, before his sister would follow and invariably spoil the mood. He still has the air of the best boy about him, cleanly scrubbed, crisply dressed in his striped shirt and gray vest. When he walked through town and a woman in a car passed by, he twinkled at her full throttle, stardust everywhere, but once she turned the corner, poof. He kept walking, himself again.

Before Mr. Smith turned 21 and left town in 1962, he took more dressing jobs with the Shakespeare festival, including a road tour with Bert Lahr. But he was also a painter and supported himself for decades by selling his paintings. As he worked, he surrounded himself with open books and memorized Shakespeare. Among his friends in the theater he became known as an expert.

"Joe Papp was emerging then,," he recalled, "and actors would say, 'I'm auditioning for him, could you take a look?' I'd watch them do Coriolanus's mother and tell them when I wasn't understanding. They would get the part and come back to me again. I had actors in all these plays, and they said, You have to do a class. The idea terrified me. An easel is a great place to hide. And I liked not being in the world."

Ultimately, he was persuaded, and was so successful he had no more time to paint. But by the mid-1990's, he had stopped working with actors and had begun concentrating on the elderly. "Actors are about tomorrow," Mr. Smith said. "With very old people, nothing is about the future. It's all about the now and the then. It was a great relief to me to not have to help somebody dream."

His relationships with many of these students transcend the classroom -- he will sit with them for hours in a doctor's waiting room, reading aloud to pass the time. It feels like an echo of his caring for Carolyn. Right after she was sent away, Mr. Smith visited her; he did not return for 40 years.

"She couldn't understand me being there, playing, then walking away," he said. "I've always known something about loneliness, and that felt like cruelty to me. We went from 24 hours a day to nothing except a kind of tourism. It probably makes me a creep in the common Hallmark kind of living. But my teaching, my power, is still talking to my sister, still telling her things. And because she had no ability to get it, I had to develop an extraordinary technique and patience, knowing I was probably going to fail."

He hasn't, of course. In "Hamlet's Dresser," Mr. Smith writes about a woman who confessed her terror at being old and alone:

" 'Why don't you come up and stand by me when you get frightened,' I said. 'Don't talk or interrupt, just stand with me till you're not so afraid.' For almost the whole year before she died, every Friday, she'd quietly stand right next to me for a few minutes. Suddenly she'd be there, like an altar boy with the priest when I was a kid at Holy Rosary. And I always thought about high school all those years ago and how much I needed someone who was O.K. to think I was O.K. and just let me stand next to them."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: PROLOGUE -- Bob Smith, right, stands outside his 18th-century house in his hometown, Stratford, Conn. When he was age 3, above, the birth of his sister, Carolyn, changed everything.; BLUE PERIODS -- As a teenager Mr. Smith found solace at the Shakespeare theater in Stratford, above, where he worked as a dresser. He later cultivated an eye for meaningful clutter, including Canton plates, left. (Above, right and top right, Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. F4); FROM SCRATCH -- To write his memoir, Bob Smith sold everything and created a more fitting set. (Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

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[***Duke Softens Past in Louisiana Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XK50-000D-G500-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 24, 1991, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** David Duke

By ROBERTO SURO,

By ROBERTO SURO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** COVINGTON, La., Sept. 20

**Body**

First came the warnings. State Representative David Duke told a crowd of supporters gathered in a rural meeting hall here that their way of life was threatened by racial quotas and welfare babies.

Then Mr. Duke, a 41-year-old former grand wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, promised that if he was elected governor he would save Louisiana by giving poor blacks his own version of "tough love."

With a month to go before the voting in Louisiana's open primary, Mr. Duke's past has not emerged as a major issue in the campaign. Poll takers, political analysts and even aides to rival candidates agree that Mr. Duke has succeeded in presenting himself as a legitimate candidate for governor, and he is widely credited with putting his message into language that has a potentially broad appeal among white voters.

With public opinion polls showing that he has a fair chance to win a place in a runoff, Mr. Duke has become the wild card in an election that will provide this year's most prominent test of racial issues in American politics.

Appeal to Racial Identity

Although much of his message is framed in terms of budget cuts and changes in the welfare system, Mr. Duke still makes a direct appeal to his supporters' racial identity.

"If you are white these days you are a second-class citizen in your own country," Mr. Duke said at his rally here on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, drawing loud applause.

Within the next 10 days both President Bush and Vice President Dan Quayle are scheduled to campaign in Louisiana for the incumbent, Buddy Roemer. The Governor was wooed by the White House last spring when he switched parties and became the Republicans' prize catch to date in their long effort to convert Democratic officeholders in Southern states.

The other major contender for a spot in the runoff is a populist Democrat, Edwin W. Edwards, who previously won three terms as governor with strong support from black voters and is now trying to rally his party's traditional constituencies.

The operatic qualities of Louisiana politics, with larger-than-life personalities and melodramatic plots, are reinforced by the state's election laws. All candidates regardless of party affiliation appear on the same ballot in an open primary, which will be held on Oct. 19 this year. If no one wins a majority, the top two candidates will meet in a runoff on Nov. 16.

'A Very Dicey Contest'

"It is virtually a three-way race and it is certainly a very dicey contest for second place," said Edward Renwick, of the Loyola University Institute of Politics.

The race is further complicated by the candidacy of United States Representative Clyde C. Holloway, who has the endorsement of the state Republican Party. Mr. Roemer did not seek the endoresement. Nor did Mr. Duke, who calls himself a Republican even though he has been disavowed by both the state and national party organizations.

In a poll made public last week by the Loyola institute for several Louisiana television stations, Mr. Renwick found that Mr. Roemer was preferred by 26 percent of the electorate, Mr. Edwards by 25 percent, Mr. Duke by 10 percent and Mr. Holloway by 9 percent. The poll of 750 registered voters had a margin of sampling error of nearly four percent.

But taking into account what has come to be known as Mr. Duke's "hidden vote" -- people unwilling to admit their preference for him except in the privacy of the voting booth -- Mr. Renwick recalculated Mr. Duke's share at 25 percent.

This hidden vote came out massively for Mr. Duke last year in his unsuccessful effort to unseat Louisians's senior Senator, J. Bennett Johnston, a Democrat who has been an influential voice on Capitol Hill for 20 years.

Just days before the election, public opinion polls were predicting that Mr. Duke would win from 20 to 30 percent of the vote. His actual total was 44 percent, including about 58 percent of the white vote.

Duke Attracts Protest Vote

Charles and Sandra Wagoner are examples of Mr. Duke's hidden vote. Mr. Wagoner is a 29-year-old economist, and Mrs. Wagoner, 30, is a paralegal. They concede they are uncomfortable with Mr. Duke's involvement with the Klan and with several of his positions on specific issues.

But they came to Mr. Duke's rally here because, as Mrs. Wagoner put it, "He strikes a very sympathetic chord in those of us who are working to death, who are taxed to death and don't see much for it."

Mr. Wagoner said, "There is a protest vote out there of people who will go for Duke in the end because even if they don't like everything he stands for, they are even more unhappy with the way things are going."

A major factor in determining the size of the hidden vote this year is Mr. Duke's apparent ability to overcome the less savory aspect of his past.

In last year's Senate race the electorate was constantly reminded of Mr. Duke's past as a Klansman and a neo-Nazi by the news media and by Senator Johnston's television advertisements. This year, for the first time in his political career, Mr. Duke's past is rarely mentioned.

For example, Mr. Duke appeared before a political science class at the University of New Orleans this week and took several hostile questions from students on issues like his proposal to give welfare mothers cash payments if they agree to be implanted with long-term contraceptives. But no student ever referred to his past.

"It's been gone over and over and now it's old news, said Alan T. Leonhard, the professor who taught the class. "People in Louisiana are used to him. The shock value has worn off."

Douglas Rose, a professor of political science at Tulane University, said: "Duke is now following a relatively well-trod Republican trail. He is saying some things we've heard from George Bush and certainly from Jesse Helms," the Republican Senator from North Carolina.

In his campaign appearances Mr. Duke bemoans excessive government spending and rising taxes. He also deplores crime, drug trafficking and the high costs of welfare. He frequently stresses the charge that affirmative action programs are unfair to whites.

Drawing a Battle Line

Like other politicians who raise the same issues, Mr. Duke refrains from outright appeals to racism. But he is more explicit than others in drawing a battle line between his constituents, white voters, and his scapegoats, poor blacks, who are blamed for everything from rising crime to rising taxes.

"The rising welfare underclass is taking more and more from the ***working class***," he says. "They are overwhelming us."

Mr. Duke was on his home ground in Covington, a community about 40 miles north of downtown New Orleans. Addressing an all-white crowd, he said, "It is time to reform the liberal welfare system because it is not helping the poor escape poverty, and it's not helping the people who are paying for it."

Then, in tones heavily laden with sympathy, he added: "We have not helped these people by giving them our money. We have not been very Christian. I want to help them."

'It's Called Tough Love'

Mr. Duke, who is divorced, compares welfare recipients to his teen-age daughters, saying it would be wrong to give them everything they want. "It's called tough love," he said.

In an interview, Mr. Duke said he has had a change of heart. "I used to blame minorities for a lot of the conditions in their communities," he said. "Now I blame the liberal social welfare system for creating those conditions, and I feel sorry for the people."

But he cautions against making too much of this change.

"I have not given up the basic conservative values I started out with," the candidate said. "I've become more moderate, but I'm not afraid to say I believe in white rights. I do say that because I believe in protecting our nation's western, Christian culture, but now I can also say I believe in black rights, in equal rights for all."

**Graphic**

Photo: As the primary race for Louisiana governor enters its last month, State Representative David Duke, left, who is a candidate, has been credited with making himself seem a legitimate one. Mr. Duke, a former grand wizard of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, campaigned recently in the Louisiana countryside. (Tomas Muscionico/Contact Press Images for The New York Times)

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[***Opera's Heavenly Duo Live Earthly Lives***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y1Y-KF00-00RP-K22X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

**Body**

Ben Heppner and Jane Eaglen, the new dynamic duo of Wagner opera, are spending a lot time together these days. They are currently singing the daunting title roles in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," conducted by James Levine. Tonight will be No. 5 in the run of eight sold-out performances, which ends on Dec. 18.

Before the production was introduced there were weeks of intensive rehearsals. The stamina required to perform this touchstone opera, which, with intermissions, lasts more than five hours, is superhuman. It is not altogether surprising that there has already been one hitch: Ms. Eaglen, who was ill, withdrew from Friday night's performance. (Making her Met debut, the soprano Sue Patchell stepped in.) Ms. Eaglen has reportedly recovered and is planning to sing tonight.

So getting this Canadian tenor and this English soprano together for an interview on their off time proved impossible. Mr. Heppner, who lives in Toronto, is a doting father who wants to maximize time with his wife and two teenage boys, who were all with him in New York for the Thanksgiving holiday. (His other child, a daughter, is in college near Chicago.) And Ms. Eaglen's fiance, an American from Seattle, is in New York, too. The couple are getting married in March, so there are planning and shopping to do.

The only time Mr. Heppner could find to talk in the aftermath of his acclaimed Tristan was the morning after the second performance. At his request, the meeting took place at 9 a.m. at a coffee shop near Lincoln Center. It was hard enough for his interviewer, who had simply attended Friday night's performance, which ended at 12:15 a.m., to get up in time. But Mr. Heppner, having just hours earlier sung the most demanding tenor role in opera, was at the shop waiting, a steaming cup of coffee in hand, all rested and ready to go, at eight minutes before the hour.

"Today is Big Apple Circus day for us," he said. "I'm taking the family later. They're asleep now, so it was a good time for me to get away."

Ms. Eaglen says her internal clock has had to adjust to the demands of singing Isolde every few nights. She wanted to meet on Tuesday afternoon, following last Monday night's performance, after having slept late and run some errands, no doubt for the wedding. "It's exciting," she said. "A new phase in my life. My fiance is traveling with me now, and we're lucky he can do that. This business is so hard on relationships."

Wagner fans are hoping these two singers will work together for a long time. The Met had not presented "Tristan und Isolde" for nearly 16 years because there were simply no singers on the scene who could handle the title roles. Many critics feel that Mr. Heppner and Ms. Eaglen are the first real contenders since the glory days of Birgit Nilsson and Jon Vickers.

Both have taken carefully mapped but different paths to this Wagnerian summit. Mr. Heppner, 43, did not begin his professional career until some 12 years ago. At that time he thought of himself as a lyric tenor. But his teacher, William Neill, said that Mr. Heppner's voice was gaining body and going through a change of color and vocal category, or "Fach," as it is called. By the time Mr. Heppner won the Met's 1988 National Council Auditions, he was impressing the judges most with his dramatic German repertory.

He has sung a variety of roles since, from Tchaikovsky's Gherman in "Pique Dame" to the title role in William Bolcom's "McTeague," which received its premiere in 1992. But his Wagner roles have provided his breakthroughs at the Met and elsewhere, first as Walther in "Die Meistersinger," then the title role in "Lohengrin."

He approached Tristan with "fear and trepidation," he said. "There was a mountain of mythology about the role I had to climb." Indeed. The first Tristan, Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld, died just 11 days after the premiere. The role is a notorious voice wrecker. "There is no other piece I sing that comes close to it in demand," Mr. Heppner said. "Even Lohengrin feels like a walk in the park in comparison."

Such thoughts preoccupied him as he prepared his first Tristan, at the Seattle Opera in the summer of 1998, with Ms. Eaglen, who was singing her first staged Isolde. "There was a tremendous amount of expectation on Jane and myself," he said. "I didn't want this to be my Waterloo."

That performance was a critical success, though Mr. Heppner opted for two cuts in the music that were routinely taken by the most celebrated Tristan of the century, Lauritz Melchior. At the Met Mr. Heppner is singing every note Wagner wrote, and with a musical accuracy that Melchior, for all his vocal splendor, never matched. But he had to prepare himself as an athlete does.

"When I began rehearsals in October, I realized that I would not have the stamina to get through the entire role," he said. "So I would sing full out even in the piano stagings, as much as humanly possible." During these rehearsals most singers "mark," that is, sing in half-voice, leaving out high notes altogether. Mr. Heppner never did. "You don't learn stamina by marking," he said.

Ms. Eaglen, who is 38 and comes from the solidly ***working-class*** city of Lincoln, England (her father worked in a foundry making ship engines), originally wanted to be a pianist. She never thought of singing until her piano teacher encouraged her to take some voice lessons when she was 17.

"I sounded like a boy soprano," she said. "But I loved it. After two weeks my voice teacher, Joseph Ward, the only teacher I've ever had, said, 'One day you will sing Norma and Brunnhilde.' I didn't know anything. I asked, 'Are those good roles?' "

She entered the Royal Academy of Music in Manchester and at 21 joined the English National Opera, where she sang "Il Trovatore," "Tosca" and other standard repertory operas in English translation, as is company policy.

"The middle of the voice was strong then," she said. "But the top took time to develop. I had to wait for the muscles to get stronger. I waited. I was 29, singing Tosca in Australia, when I finally sang my first high B and high C in a performance. The voice eventually evened out. I never pushed or rushed my development."

Each of these artists has been praised for singing the dramatic Wagnerian repertory with the requisite ample sound and weight, yet with Italianate lyricism as well. This is intentional. On Ms. Eaglen's first recording, from 1996, she programmed music by Bellini and Wagner to make the point that the principles of the Italian bel canto singing tradition are equally suited to Wagner. If you walk by Ms. Eaglen's dressing room before a "Tristan" performance, you will hear her warming up with "Casta Diva" from Bellini's "Norma."

"I've always been taught that you use 100 percent of your energy and emotion, but never your voice," she said. "You use every ounce of your body. I am a very physical singer. That's part of my technique. But go beyond that vocally and you will not last. At the end of the evening singing Isolde I am physically and emotionally tired. But vocally I could probably sing it again. I'm not sure I ever want to be put to the test to find out, though."

Mr. Heppner also says that bel canto principles are applicable to Wagner, though he prefers the term "Ben canto."

"If somebody wants the moan-and-bark method of singing Tristan, they have to go to someone else," he said. "If I'm reduced to that, I'll give up the role. I still essentially consider myself to have a lyric voice. Singing Tristan this way, the role has been a help to me vocally."

Both singers have bodies to match their big voices. Mr. Heppner, 12 pounds at birth, says that he "started life at Wagnerian scale." Given their physiques, they are pleased with Dieter Dorn's stark, abstract production, which trusts in the music, they feel, and frequently just frames them dramatically and lets them sing.

Early next month the world's new Tristan and Isolde report for duty at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, in the same production they sang in Seattle. Mr. Heppner also has some non-German touchstone tenor roles in his future, including Verdi's Otello and Berlioz's Enee. Ms. Eaglen will be back at the Met in the spring for the other great Wagner heroine, Brunnhilde, in the "Ring" Cycle.

"Wagner wrote wonderful roles for women," she said. "They take charge. The men talk about things, the women do them." One reason she has not sung more of the major Verdi roles, though she intends to, is that the characters do not claim her as much. "A lot of Verdi's women are a little bit wet," she said. "All this taking poison because the boyfriend's run off."

Both Ms. Eaglen and Mr. Heppner assert that they do not read reviews. But they have been gratified by the ecstatic ovations from audiences. Still, not every member of the audience is so intensely involved, Ms. Eaglen reports.

"This production is sometimes so brightly lit that I can see everyone out there," she said. "I wish the people who were going to sleep would not sleep in the first row. The ones with their heads back and their mouths open tick me off. You end up kind of singing to them."

Though Mr. Heppner has sung Tristan to the Isolde of Deborah Polaski in Salzburg and Florence, and will sing the opera again in Salzburg this summer with Waltraud Meier, he knows that his pairing with Ms. Eaglen is special.

"I sometimes feel like she swamps me vocally," he said. "It's a big voice," he added. "But I think it's a good pairing. I can't fight it. Jane is ready as Isolde. I am ready as Tristan. It's the natural progression. We are going to be doing it together. More than being good for me and Jane, it's good for the piece."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Ben Heppner, left, and Jane Eaglen, Tristan and Isolde for a new century, at the Met. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)

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[***A Rough-and-Tumble Congressman Is Ready to Step Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H4S-KP50-TW8F-G36Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1991 words

**Byline:** By JEFFREY GETTLEMAN

**Body**

Growing up in a tenement apartment in Union City, N.J., Robert Menendez had a dream. It was an unusual dream for someone whose vistas were blocked by chain link fences and dollar stores and whose father could barely hold a job. But even back then, Mr. Menendez was openly ambitious about it.

''I remember as kids, he'd say, 'I'd like to be a U.S. senator,''' said Manny Diaz, a childhood friend. ''And we'd laugh, because it seemed like pie in the sky.''

Now, after decades of public service, Mr. Menendez, a formidable Democratic congressman from New Jersey, may achieve his dream.

Just beneath the clamor of the governor's race in New Jersey is a shadow race to be the state's next United States senator. If Jon S. Corzine, the investment banker turned senator turned candidate for governor, wins the election in November, he will pick a successor for his Senate seat. And that's how, after all these years of talking about becoming a senator, Mr. Menendez could step in.

Mr. Menendez is now in an awkward three-way dance with two other Democratic New Jersey congressmen -- Robert E. Andrews of Camden County and Frank Pallone Jr. of Monmouth County -- all working for Mr. Corzine's election campaign in the hope of a major promotion.

Mr. Corzine refuses to say whom he prefers, insisting that he must concentrate on his own race. But many political analysts, reading the tea leaves of Mr. Menendez's frequent appearances on behalf of the senator and their close relationship, say that Mr. Menendez is the front-runner.

If Mr. Menendez is selected, New Jersey will be represented by a rising Democratic Party star who would be the state's first Hispanic United States senator.

The son of poor Cuban immigrants -- his father was an itinerant carpenter, his mother worked in a factory -- Mr. Menendez has both a common touch with his constituents in Hudson County and clout among powerful Democrats nationwide. In 2000, he was even mentioned as a possible candidate for vice president.

But Mr. Menendez also brings with him a reputation for extreme tactics. His career has been marked as much by his Congressional and personal successes as by a number of bruising political battles, notable even in the take-no-prisoners culture of New Jersey politics.

''His style is to live by the sword,'' said Frank J. Guarini, a former New Jersey congressman whose retirement paved the way for Mr. Menendez's ascent.

With a slight paunch and bookish glasses, Mr. Menendez, 51, looks more like the policy wonk he is also said to be than like a political bruiser. But he certainly says little to undermine the description.

''I fought people from the very beginning,'' Mr. Menendez said in an interview this summer. ''It's never easy when you have to turn against someone who is either personally with you or professionally with you, but if it's wrong, it's wrong.''

His steely side may come from where he grew up. Union City is a crowded ***working-class*** city perched on the sandstone Palisades above the Hudson River, overlooking Manhattan. It used to be dominated by an Italian-American cabal but today feels more like a little slice of Latin America, where men in cowboy hats sell papaya from the backs of pickup trucks and empanadas seem as common as pizza.

It was here that Mr. Menendez learned to fight for what he wanted. When his high school teachers tried to make him and other students buy extra books for honors classes, he ran for the school board and eventually won, at age 20. A few years later, in 1981 as a young lawyer, he took on the entire Union City establishment after he realized that his mentor, William V. Musto, the beloved but deeply corrupt mayor, was misusing school funds.

Mr. Musto, who was a father figure to Mr. Menendez, was indicted on several corruption charges. And when Mr. Menendez became a government witness, many people in Union City saw it as the ultimate betrayal -- especially after Mr. Menendez announced he was running against Mr. Musto.

Mr. Menendez said he put his life on the line during Mr. Musto's trial and wore a bulletproof vest because he received so many death threats.

''I don't mean to say it was easy, but it was right,'' Mr. Menendez said of his decision to testify.

That testimony led to Mr. Musto's conviction, but voters in Union City re-elected him anyway. It was the only election that Mr. Menendez ever lost. He remembers feeling so disillusioned that he thought to himself, ''That's it, I'm not going to pursue public life anymore.''

But four years later, after Mr. Musto had been sent away to federal prison, Mr. Menendez ran again for mayor and this time he won. He was 32.

Those who knew him back then describe him as self-righteous, effective, polished and indefatigable. He was -- and still is -- a workaholic.

''I can't ever remember Bob Menendez sitting in front of the TV with a bowl of chips,'' said Donald Scarinci, a prominent New Jersey lawyer who has been close to Mr. Menendez since they were teenagers.

Mr. Menendez's single-minded focus propelled him from mayor to assemblyman to state senator and finally to Congress, in 1992. By the late 1990's, Mr. Menendez was one of the most popular politicians in the heavily Democratic county, winning re-election with 75 to 80 percent of the vote.

But someone was suddenly in his rearview mirror. Rudy Garcia, a high school football star and Ivy League graduate, had become a Democratic state assemblyman and Union City's mayor by age 34. He and Mr. Menendez were both bright lights in New Jersey's emerging Hispanic leadership, and they started off as allies.

But soon Union City was not big enough for both of them. Mr. Garcia and Mr. Menendez have wildly different versions of this era, though some of Mr. Garcia's accounts jibe with what others have said about Mr. Menendez's hardball style.

Pat Politano, a political consultant who worked for Mr. Garcia, said the first sign of trouble was Mr. Menendez's lingering involvement in Union City's affairs.

''Bob used to call us up from Washington, asking about police shifts,'' Mr. Politano said. ''I'm thinking, what's going on here? Doesn't this guy have a treaty or something to work on?''

Mr. Garcia said Mr. Menendez turned against him in 1999 after he fired Mr. Scarinci, who was representing several cities in Mr. Menendez's orbit, including Union City. Mr. Garcia said he believed that Mr. Scarinci was charging too much for his services, which Mr. Scarinci denies.

Mr. Menendez said Mr. Garcia coveted his job.

''Rudy wanted to run for Congress,'' Mr. Menendez said. ''And I don't believe in unilateral disarmament.''

Whatever the provocation, Mr. Menendez accused Mr. Garcia of abusing his power and was soon calling for his ouster as mayor, which fueled the perception -- reinforced by later examples -- that the congressman was willing to go to war for his friends' business interests.

''It was getting to the point where I could either walk away or get totally destroyed,'' Mr. Garcia said. He walked away, resigning in October 2000.

Mr. Menendez soon began squabbling with another prominent Democrat, Glenn Cunningham, the mayor of Jersey City, over a political appointment.

The spark between them was a vacancy created by yet another Hudson County corruption investigation. Robert Janiszewski, the former county executive, was indicted on bribery charges (he was eventually convicted), and county leaders needed to replace him.

Mr. Menendez and Mr. Cunningham agreed that Bernard M. Hartnett Jr., a Jersey City lawyer, should serve as interim county executive but they split when it came time to decide what to do next. The mayor wanted Mr. Hartnett to seek election to the rest of the term but Mr. Menendez vehemently opposed him, saying Mr. Hartnett had given his word not to run.

Mr. Hartnett said in an interview that he had never made such a deal. Soon, Hudson County Democrats were witnessing an all-out civil war, with Mr. Menendez and Mr. Cunningham insulting each other at dueling news conferences.

Mr. Menendez called Mr. Cunningham a liar and a lawbreaker. Mr. Cunningham called Mr. Menendez ''the big, bad boss'' and ''Little Fidel.''

Mr. Cunningham accused Mr. Menendez of pressuring state officials to cut some of Jersey City's state aid, which suddenly fell to $2 million in 2003 from $10.5 million the year before -- a ploy, Mr. Cunningham said, to force him to raise taxes. Mr. Menendez denied he had anything to do with the aid cut.

Meanwhile, in Washington, Mr. Menendez was knee-deep in another intraparty battle. He was running an intense campaign against Rosa L. DeLauro, a congresswoman from Connecticut, for House Democratic Caucus chair, the third-highest position among Democrats in the House. Mr. Menendez enlisted national Hispanic groups on his behalf and ended up winning by one vote.

Members of Ms. DeLauro's staff said that neither they nor the congresswoman would comment on the caucus race. But Jenny Backus, a Democratic strategist, said the victory sealed Mr. Menendez's reputation as ''the guy who you want on your side in a street fight.''

''He can be very persuasive and charming,'' Ms. Backus said. ''But you know he comes from the white-hot crucible of New Jersey politics.''

But so did Mr. Cunningham, and in 2003, he bucked Mr. Menendez and county party leaders by running for the State Senate. When his slate knocked off three of Mr. Menendez's allies, he handed the congressman an embarrassing defeat.

''A lot of Democratic leaders were concerned about why Menendez was getting so involved in minutiae,'' said David Rebovich, managing director of the Rider Institute for New Jersey Politics. ''It was beginning to look personal.''

Mr. Menendez said that his rivalry with Mr. Cunningham has been exaggerated. ''I had greater friendship with Glenn for a longer period of time than I had any quote-unquote clashes with him,'' he said.

But even as late as the spring of 2004, several people close to Mr. Cunningham said that Mr. Menendez tried to block Mr. Cunningham from being appointed as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Menendez said he would never do such a thing. Mr. Cunningham did get his delegate seat. But in May 2004, he died suddenly after a heart attack. More than 5,000 people attended his funeral, but Mr. Menendez was not one of them. He had been told to stay away.

Mr. Menendez has been in Washington for 12 years. He is recently divorced, with two grown children. He sits on the transportation and international relations committees and has secured millions of dollars for New Jersey's ports, tunnels and roads and helped overhaul the nation's intelligence services.

He is the only Cuban-American Democrat in Congress, often crossing party lines to vote with Republicans on hard-line Cuba policy but remaining progressive enough on other issues to rise to the highest ranks of Democratic leadership.

Political analysts say it is this high profile position in the Democratic Party and the fact he could become New Jersey's first Hispanic senator that make him the front-runner to succeed Mr. Corzine.

Yet, the two other Democratic congressmen vying for the job, Mr. Andrews and Mr. Pallone, have served in Congress longer and have their own strengths. Mr. Andrews is known as an education expert. And Mr. Pallone is popular in suburban areas that include many Republicans. And then there is Acting Gov. Richard J. Codey, who remains very popular and has also been mentioned as a possible candidate.

Whoever is appointed to finish Mr. Corzine's term, should he win the governorship, then faces an election in 2006. Thomas H. Kean Jr., a Republican state senator and the son of a respected former governor, has already announced his interest in the seat.

Mr. Corzine, refusing to reveal whom he might choose, praised Mr. Menendez for his political savvy.

''Make no mistake about this,'' Mr. Corzine said, ''this guy is very effective.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Robert Menendez, during an August visit to the Jersey City Family Health Center. (Photo by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** September 19, 2005

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[***MODERN ARRANGEMENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J430-0008-Y115-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 23, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 7, Column 1; Book Review Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1383 words

**Byline:** By Carol Tavris

**Body**

AMERICAN COUPLES

Money/Work/Sex. By Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz. 656 pp. New York: William Morrow & Co. $19.95.

THIS is the book that gives the lie to Tolstoy's belief that ''happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.'' The truth is just the opposite. Unhappy families are alike in highly predictable ways: The partners quarrel relentlessly, one bullies or tyrannizes the other, both put their selfish interests above their mutual interests as a couple. They have affairs, they disagree about power, they care about transient values, such as beauty, more than enduring ones, such as commitment. It's happy couples who differ, each in its own way. Some fight all the time, others rarely; some don't have sex very often, others do frequently; some are traditional, others egalitarian; some are possessive, others aren't. But you won't see this overall pattern in ''American Couples'' at once. Like most survey researchers, Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz, sociologists at the University of Washington, describe hundreds of tiny stars and few constellations. The reader who looks here for hot new findings on the state of the American couple will be disappointed. Indeed, the reader who seeks a summary may be surprised at how little has changed in the last 20 years of social turmoil.

Carol Tavris reviews book American Couples: Money/Work/Sex by Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz; drawing

Mr. Blumstein and Mrs. Schwartz set themselves an ambitious goal: to describe in detail both the mundane and the significant aspects of couples' lives, to identify which aspects are related to happiness or conflict and to predict which couples break up and why. They contrast the experiences of four kinds of couples - married, cohabiting, homosexual male, and lesbian - but the sample was not random or representative of all ''American couples.'' As with most volunteer surveys, the sample was biased in the usual ways - respondents were almost entirely white, affluent, moderate- to-liberal, well educated, professional. This is not a book about immigrant couples, unemployed couples, ***working-class*** couples or minority couples. Even so, many of its findings support basic research in family sociology - for example, that when wives work they change the balance of power in the household - and this speaks well for the solidity of its conclusions.

The researchers, sponsored initially by the Russell Sage Foundation and the National Science Foundation, solicited volunteer couples by speaking to social clubs and business organizations, by giving television and newspaper interviews and by advertising in homosexual publications. They ended up with 12,000 completed questionnaires, and from them they selected 300 couples (in Seattle, San Francisco and New York) for interviews in depth. A year and a half later, they sent half of the interviewees a follow-up question

Carol Tavris, a social psychologist, is the author of ''Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion.'' naire, to see which couples were still together. The questionnaire covered housework, employment, sex, decision-making, children, ideals and ambitions, beauty, friends, relatives - a potpourri of subjects.

''American Couples,'' however, apparently the first volume of the research project, reports on only the three ''sexiest'' areas: money, work and sex. After an introductory chapter on the couple in American histo ry, a large section is devoted to all the findings on these three subjects; then the authors provide an oddly abrupt and short ''epilogue'' on the question of which couples broke up (odd since the question of the stability of couples was one of their principal concerns - and the one their couples and, presumably, readers - most wanted to understand). The final section of this volume, as long as the research findings, consists of profiles of 20 couples (five from each of the four groups in the survey) based on transcribed interviews. The strength of this survey approach - generating piles of information - is also its weakness. Research that is conducted without a theoretical framework, a point of view, may yield unexpected results, but it is also in danger of lacking perspective and discovering the obvious. You will not find here the astute, provocative dissection of ''his'' and ''her'' marriages, as in Jessie Bernard's ''The Future of Marriage''; you will not find the eloquence of Studs Terkel's interviewees on the meaning of work. Moreover, the public and professionals alike are past being startled by sheer statistics - Kinsey was the last to get away with that. Without a guiding theory, the authors mistakenly leave out children, who are perhaps the most significant factor in family stress (and pleasure!) and the main reason everyone worries about the high divorce rate.

WITHOUT theory, researchers are vulnerable to two dangers in survey statistics: the correlation problem (they say people who find their partners attractive have happier sex lives; but isn't it possible that having a happy sex life makes you find your partner attractive?) and what we might call the ''only'' problem. For example, Mr. Blumstein and Mrs. Schwartz tell us that ''when wives are not possessive it means they are less likely to feel the relationship has much of a future.'' The nonpossessive wife, it seems, says to herself, ''This marriage isn't going anywhere; let him fool around if he wants to.'' Now what does ''less likely'' mean? In the book's reference notes, we read that among possessive wives, 87 percent say their marriages will last; among nonpossessive wives, ''only'' 73 percent do. This difference may be statistically reliable, but whatever does it mean? Nearly three-fourths of the nonpossessive wives are confident about their marriages.

Despite these caveats, which are true of all surveys, ''American Couples'' does offer many findings about modern relationships. Some are truly important: Married men have such an intense aversion to housework that the more they do of it, the less happy they are, the more they fight with their wives and the greater the chances of divorce. A woman cannot do less housework than her husband thinks is ''fair'' - i.e., almost all of it - without jeopardizing their relationship. Nor can she be too ambitious, too career-oriented or earn too much money without jeopardizing the relationship. And yet the couples who are happiest are those most equal in power, in the freedom to initiate sex, in decision-making.

READ past the obvious results: ''Husbands and wives who do not believe that marriage should be forever are less willing to pool (their money).'' ''Married couples who disagree about the wife's right to work have less stable relationships.'' ''Gay men are happier with their work if they are open about their sexual preference.'' ''When heterosexual women are attractive, they have more varied sex lives.'' ''For all types of couples, possessiveness escalates when one partner fears the other might have a meaningful affair.'' ''A fixation on beauty makes it difficult to create a stable relationship.''

Read past these, to the larger portrait of American relationships the book offers: Men and women, regardless of their sexual orientation, still differ in profound ways. Women, lesbian or straight, do not like to dominate, to be the more powerful partner, to feel superior; they want a balance, they want equality. (So important is a balance of power to lesbians that they are the group whose members are most likely to have split up, to resent being put in a more powerful role. Indeed, they are the group that has sex least often, since a common lament among them was dislike for being the one to ''always initiate sex.'') Men, homosexual or straight, want to preserve their power and dominance; they care about the partner's looks; they are still less ''relationship-centered'' than women.

''If all this sounds as if nothing is changing, then it is somewhat misleading - but only somewhat,'' the authors conclude. Some couples are redefining their relationships in new ways, but ''they are fewer than we might expect.'' ''American Couples'' is not to be read for newsworthy nuggets, but as a text on the basic state of couples today - on the yearning for stability in a world that makes stability so difficult.

**Graphic**

drawing ; drawing

**End of Document**



[***ATLANTIC CITY CHURCHES FALLING ON HARD TIMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-HFM0-0008-Y273-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 24, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1242 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY

**Dateline:** ATLANTIC CITY

**Body**

Two years after the Civil War, St. James Episcopal Church opened its doors here at Pacific and North Carolina Avenues. Decade after decade, generations of wealthy tourists returned each summer to worship. St. James prospered.

In the 1950's, however, the tourists began going elsewhere. St. James, and the rest of Atlantic City, began to slide. The handsome church, of native Jersey sandstone and Italian marble, never recovered. On Oct. 16, the 116- year-old church closed after a final service. Three people attended.

Article on plight of churches in Atlantic City, NJ, many of which have fallen on hard times; notes elements of religious stability in area--summer tourists and working- and middle-class residents--started moving from area in late 1950's; illustration (M)

''Isn't that amazing?'' St. James's rector, the Rev. Russell Gale, said the other day. ''For the last service of the church - three people.''

For many years the throngs of summer tourists and solid, churchgoing neighborhoods of ***working-class*** and middle-class people helped churches flourish in Atlantic City. But those elements of religious stability began disappearing from many parts of the city in the late 1950's.

Not Helped by Casinos

With the exception of several churches primarily attended by the city's black residents, many churches and synagogues, principally on and around Pacific Avenue, have fallen on hard times. Pastors and rabbis are struggling for parishioners and solvency.

The ''casino juggernaut,'' as one clergyman described the gambling industry, has not helped much. Since the arrival of casinos in 1978, block after block of already declining housing has fallen to arson and land speculation. Millions of people have come to the casinos over the last five years, but few have ventured beyond the slot machines and blackjack tables to take an hour out to worship.

''The attitude of the city leaders has to change before you can get a good, solid middle class here again,'' Father Gale said. ''They have to make people feel wanted and radiate a sense of desire for community.''

''I really think the church in Atlantic City has had it,'' he added. ''There's absolutely a lack of spirituality here. The people who come to Atlantic City have no interest in anything but the casinos.''

Cupcakes to Save Church

In the end, Father Gale took to selling cupcakes at noontime outside his church in hopes of raising money and recruiting new parishioners. The effort was futile. It left him embittered. He is now thinking of moving away.

The demise of St. James Episcopal has not been an isolated incident.

In the mid-1970's, the Olivet Presbyterian Church closed and was turned into a discoth eque. Early last year, All Saints Episcopal Church was shut and razed for a parking lot. Early this year, Temple Beth Israel was sold to Resorts International, the first of the city's nine casinos, after the synagogue had withered for 15 years on the edge of a wasteland left from a bungled urban renewal project of the 1960's. And there are trouble signs at other churches. The Calvary United Methodist Church has closed its regular building for the winter because it cannot afford to heat it. Sunday services for its 135 parishioners have been transferred to a recreation room in the church's office building.

Marathon Donations

To get money for utility bills, Calvary United has leased its Sunday school and adult-education rooms to a social group that will create a shelter for teen-age runaways. Last month, Robert L. Gilmore, the pastor, sent fliers to 300 Methodist churches in southern New Jersey, appealing to their parishioners to make monetary pledges for each mile he ran in the 26- mile Atlantic City Marathon Dec. 4. He raised $3,000, he said.

The money, Mr. Gilmore said, would be spent on vans to take the elderly shopping; on programs for the disabled; on transients and the poor, and on the shelter for runaways.

Across Pacific Avenue from Calvary United, the Friends Meeting House, a Colonial Georgian-style Quaker fixture since 1872, is up for sale. In an earlier era, Quakers owned many of Atlantic City's beachfront tourist hotels and were linchpins in the city's economy.

Now, Harold Jernigan, headmaster at the Quaker School, and his wife are among the few Quakers left here. A new meeting house and a new school will be built about 25 miles away in Smithville.

Parishioners Are Aging

At St. Nicholas of Tolentine Roman Catholic Church, 70 percent of the 166 parishioners are more than 70 years old, according to the Rev. Dante L. Girolami, the pastor. They cannot support fund-raising campaigns. St. Nicholas's second biggest revenue source, after Sunday collections, is votive candles.

''This used to be a thriving parish,'' Father Girolami said. ''It was family oriented. It is no longer.''

A decade ago, 400 youngsters from St. Nicholas's attended the church's parochial school. Now the school has 126 students. About 75 are non-Catholics, Father Girolami said.

About 52 percent of Atlantic City's 40,000 residents are members of minority groups, mostly black and Hispanic. Many middle-class blacks, principally employees of the city and the school system, attend St. Augustine's Episcopal Church.

''Our church is able to function quite well,'' said the Rev. Earl Pierce, pastor of St. Augustine's. He noted that the parish built a new $100,000 rectory in August.

Father Pierce said there were between 15 and 20 churches in Atlantic City attended primarily by blacks. ''They're not losing'' people, he said, ''but they're not gaining either.''

Until recently, Rabbi Aaron Kraus was head of the Community Synagogue here, a post he held for 21 years. He has been transferred to a temple in Margate, just south of Atlantic City. The Community Synagogue's membership, he said, was once robust. Now it has dwindled to 100 people, mostly elderly. ''There are no families left in that area,'' Rabbi Kraus said.

'Lots of Funerals'

Father Gale, of St. James Episcopal, came here in 1974 with a reputation for saving failing churches. But, he said, the tide was irreversible.

''In my nine years, I never had a wedding,'' he said. ''I've had maybe a half-dozen baptisms. But there have been lots of funerals.''

Clergymen staying here stress the need to adjust, and attempt to capitalize on the casinos and the people they bring to town.

St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, situated next to Bally's Park Place Casino and the city's hospital, makes money on weekdays by renting its 70- car parking lot to gamblers and hospital personnel.

Since taking over several months ago, the Rev. Philip Bigelow has scheduled Sunday services at 8:30 A.M. and 5:30 P.M. to coincide with the shift changes of casino workers. This fall, the church honored the 500th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther with an Octoberfest and two days of musical celebration. About 1,000 people attended.

''It proved it's still possible to get people back downtown,'' Pastor Bigelow said. ''A church not only does teaching, but it's a patron of culture.''

At St. Nicholas of Tolentine, a 4:30 P.M. mass on Saturday now outdraws Sunday masses. ''It's attended principally by visitors to the casinos,'' Father Girolami said. ''They can go to supper afterward and have the night and all day Sunday free.''

''I think there's a future,'' Father Girolami said of Atlantic City's churches. ''but it'll be a different apostolate. Somehow, we're surviving with visitors. We depend on visitors from all over the Eastern Seaboard.''

**Graphic**

photo of recent mass at St. Nicholas of Tolentine church

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[***Life Returns to a Fouled Creek;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XVV-9KC0-00RP-K2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Newtown, Less Classy Than the Gowanus, Has Allies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XVV-9KC0-00RP-K2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** By ANDY NEWMAN

By ANDY NEWMAN

**Body**

Up in the wheelhouse of the Bullet II, a 65-foot party boat out of Sheepshead Bay, Capt. Eddie Shaw chomped his frayed cigar, checked his sonar screen and cut the wheel hard to starboard, heading into unfamiliar waters and leaving the East River behind.

To the left were rows of silent warehouses. To the right, a handful of crabbers and anglers fishing on a crumbling bulkhead waved at the odd sight of a boatload of tourists chugging by.

"I've never been up this creek before," Captain Shaw said. "This is adventurous."

This is Newtown Creek, birthplace of kerosene, burial ground of untold tons of human waste and more than a Valdez-full of oil, former home of Wissel's Dead Animal Wharf and one of the world's biggest copper refineries. Fifty or 100 years ago, every skipper in the harbor knew the creek, a broad, five-mile-long tidal inlet of the East River that divides Brooklyn and Queens. It was one of the busiest ports in the country and just about the foulest.

These days, though, the creek is the city's forgotten waterway, largely ignored by the businesses that line its banks and virtually inaccessible to the public. Most of the shipping traffic has been driven off by pollution, factory closings and lack of money and political will to dredge the creek. Just about the only people who lay eyes on its waters are the drivers who blankly gaze down at it while stuck in traffic on the Kosciuszko Bridge.

But for some people -- including the 50-odd amateur historians, professional planners, waste-disposal buffs, locals and lovers of urban wilderness who crowded the rails of the Bullet on a recent Sunday -- the creek, with its soaring bridges, quiet side channels and air of fading industrial grandeur, still exerts a powerful pull. And as time and tide slowly clean the once-dead water, flora and fauna are making their presence known again.

"This makes me proud," Ken Owens, 39, a warehouse manager who grew up on the Brooklyn side, said as the scenery drifted past the boat -- patches of wild sunflowers, workers walking the catwalks between the white oil tanks, cormorants posing on old pilings. "It's not postcard beautiful, but it has beauty to it."

And it should be cleaner, after the city spends $2 billion to upgrade the huge sewage treatment plant on the Brooklyn bank, a project that is scheduled to be completed by 2010 and that is to include a waterfront promenade. Some residents hope this will inspire the city to open other garbage-choked street ends that overlook the creek. A few visionaries picture a marina, or at least a boat launching ramp.

At one time, Newtown Creek was a proper stream, draining the uplands of western Long Island. But by the late 1800's, the bulkhead-bordered creek had been walled off from its sources of fresh water and was lined with petrochemical plants (including the first kerosene refinery, opened in 1854), fertilizer and glue factories, sawmills and paint works, and jammed with commercial vessels. The Vernon Avenue drawbridge, long gone, flexed its hinges 50,000 times a year, and the little creek moved more cargo than the lower half of the Mississippi.

This brisk commerce -- combined with the untreated sewage of hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers -- created staggering amounts of smoke, stench and sludge.

Over the last 50 years, though, as city, state and federal officials bickered about whose job it was to keep the creek navigable, shipping traffic left for deeper ports. Commercial traffic is down to a couple of dozen boats a day at most -- barges of scrap metal, gravel or garbage, or the odd oil tanker. The businesses along its banks now include a plumbing-fixture showroom, the Dry Ice Corporation and what may be the city's only waterfront adult bookstore. Most of the dumping has stopped, too, and while the sewage treatment plant, built in 1967, is primitive, it has been a vast improvement over nothing.

The creek's future, however, is uncertain. Unlike its smaller, quainter cousin, the Gowanus Canal, whose champions predict it may one day become the hub of a sort of Brooklynian Venice, Newtown Creek is an unlikely candidate for gentrification.

For one thing, there is much more industry along the creek, which the City Planning Department -- notwithstanding the planned sewage-plant promenade -- considers "exclusively a working waterfront" of negligible interest to the public.

For another, while the Gowanus links the brownstone districts of Park Slope and Carroll Gardens, Newtown Creek is flanked by ***working-class*** Greenpoint on the Brooklyn side and industrial Long Island City and West Maspeth in Queens. Partly due to its neighbors' lack of clout and partly because of the area's history as a haven for waste, the creek is home to the highest concentration of trash transfer stations in the city -- about a dozen.

Ronald Shiffman, the director of the Pratt Institute Center for Community and Environmental Development, which is trying to find ways for industry and recreation to coexist on the creek, said that "there isn't any reason in the world" why a working waterfront could not include public space.

Bernard Ente, a photographer from Maspeth who organized the sightseeing cruise, said that given the creek's well-protected waters and prime location -- less than a mile from midtown Manhattan -- pleasure boaters would dock there if they could.

But the city's environmental commissioner, Joel A. Miele Sr., said he could not picture it.

"As a boater who docks in Jamaica Bay," he said, "I'm not really interested in putting my boat into the creek, because now I've got a major maintenance problem: the hydrogen sulfide takes the paint off the boat. There's really not a lot of people I can conceive of who might want to put a boat into Newtown Creek. In fact, there's nothing in Newtown Creek that would attract boaters other than the fact that it's wet."

Mr. Miele has apparently never met Barbara Dente, 39, a hairdresser, Polish immigrant, national-level kayaker and president of the Newtown Creek Canoe and Kayak Club.

The 20-member club would love to practice on its namesake, but the only way to dip a boat into the creek is to carry it over concrete barriers and across a crater at the dead end of Manhattan Avenue in Greenpoint, and then only at high tide.

"We have all these boats, a floating dock, a trailer, but we have no access to the water, no place to practice," Ms. Dente said. "We are Greenpoint residents. Why should we have to go to Harriman State Park, one hour away, or Paerdegat Basin near J.F.K. Airport, when we have beautiful flat water here?"

One recent Indian summer afternoon, Ms. Dente and George Trakas, the artist who designed the waterfront park, took a reporter on a paddle along the creek, down long straightaways perfect for kayak sprints and up quiet backwaters like Dutch Kills, a finger that pokes into Long Island City.

At the creek's upper extremities, where the tide barely pulses, the water is often milky with dust from a cement plant and the dissolved oxygen level hovers near zero. But in the lower two-thirds, the green water was translucent and sparkled with schools of little fish.

Across the creek from the site of Mr. Trakas's park, a bright yellow taxi dangled from the claw of a crane waiting to drop it into a scrapper.

"On weekends," Mr. Trakas said, "this place is paradise. I come up here, bring a thermos and just sketch. You can't do that on the Hudson or the East River -- just calmly paddle around."

Commissioner Miele, noting the presence of human waste in the creek, also counseled strongly not to eat anything caught there.

But on any nice day, the end of Manhattan Avenue, recently cleaned up by a community group that tired of waiting for the city to do it, fills with locals who come to fish or just admire the slantwise view of the midtown skyline.

One Sunday in late October, opposite Manhattan Avenue in Long Island City -- the only other public access point along the creek -- Tom Tanner dangled his hook in the water. Mr. Tanner, 48, said that in the last couple of weeks, his colleagues at a bus-shelter maintenance company just up the street had started fishing the creek after work.

"It doesn't get any better than this," said Mr. Tanner, who usually fishes in the ocean from boats like the Bullet. "I live 10 minutes away, and look at what we have here."

He was interrupted by a great commotion from the Brooklyn side. "Hey!" a voice yelled across the water. "I caught two on one hook!"

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: A party boat is a rare visitor to Newtown Creek, a five-mile inlet dividing the industrial wastelands of Brooklyn and Queens. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B1); George Trakas, an environmental artist, is building a park to border the sewage plant along Newtown Creek when it is upgraded. Then again, some environmental officials warn that the creek will take paint off a boat. (Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. B6)

Chart: "CHRONOLOGY -- Historic Newtown Creek"

1613-14 -- Dutch settlers travel up the East River and map the creek.

1856 -- In a letter to officials, the city surveyor, J. S. Stoddard, recommends against plans to run sewer lines into the creek, but his warning is unheeded.

1889 -- The New York Times writes that the creek elicits a sort of withering sneer like that summoned up by the mental image of skunks, asafoetida, stale eggs and sewer gas.

1891 -- A Brooklyn Smelling Committee describes a creek blackened with industrial waste and lined with heaps of rotting flesh from meat factories.

1920's and 30's -- The creek is widened and deepened to accommodate heavier shipping traffic.

1967 -- The Newtown Creek water pollution control plant opens to treat sewage.

1991 -- The City Council votes to acquire land to improve the sewage plant so that it treats sewage with bacteria before discharging it into the creek. (pg. B6)

Map of Brooklyn and Queens shows location of Newtown Creek. (pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** November 12, 1999

**End of Document**



[***The Blue-Collar Thoroughbred***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R58-G740-TW8F-G0HB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JOHN FREEMAN GILL

**Body**

LIKE many New Yorkers, she came to the city from someplace else, aiming to go as far as her talent could take her. She was just starting out, and when she arrived from rural Florida, she moved into a small place in South Ozone Park, Queens, so close to Kennedy Airport she could hear the planes roaring overhead as she ate breakfast.

Her new home was not a studio apartment, however, but rather a hay-filled stall at the Aqueduct Race Track. This new New Yorker was a 2-year-old thoroughbred racehorse named Karakorum Starlet, a chestnut filly who has an inborn restlessness about her that even now, two years later, is evident to anyone who visits her home in Barn 3 at Aqueduct. On a summerlike fall morning, four days before she was to race in the $125,000 Iroquois Handicap at Belmont Park on Oct. 20, Starlet spent most of her waking hours in her stall, swinging her head back and forth like a jumpy metronome.

In a sense, Starlet is aptly named. Although she is far from famous, she has an avid fan base. Whenever she or any of her stablemates in the Karakorum Racing Team breaks from the starting gate, the horse carries not only a jockey but the hopes and passions of three dozen city residents, most from the boroughs outside Manhattan.

These New Yorkers track the careers of Karakorum horses not merely as bettors but as owners. In a once rare but increasingly popular arrangement, each Karakorum horse is owned by a commercial partnership in which up to 200 shares have been sold to people from all walks of life.

For an initial $499 payment and a monthly maintenance fee of $29, Karakorum -- the operation takes its name from the ancient capital of the Mongol Empire, which conquered its enemies on horseback -- will sell a buyer a one-half percent stake in a racehorse. This low threshold for ownership has made the sport of kings easily accessible to ***working-class*** and middle-class horseplayers whose involvement might otherwise be limited to yelling at the television sets in their local OTB parlor.

In a notoriously expensive game whose high-profile owners include business titans and Middle Eastern royalty, Karakorum counts among its shareholders hairdressers and garbage truck drivers, stagehands and telephone repairmen.

Typical of Karakorum shareholders is Juliet Nash, an insurance company finance officer who lives in Flatlands, Brooklyn. Ms. Nash said she recognizes that she is hardly of the stature of George Steinbrenner or Sheikh Mohamed of Dubai, two famous stable owners. Yet she added: ''I feel when I deal with Karakorum that they treat you like an owner of that caliber. It's great that little turfites like myself can enjoy the feeling of ownership without putting too much into it.''

Usually, that rarefied feeling includes the privilege of losing money. Although Karakorum horses have increasingly won a share of the purse over the last two years, they almost never turn a profit for shareholders; in most cases, a horse's winnings do no more than pay its owners' Karakorum bills for a few months.

''I tell people they should have a good time and shouldn't expect to make any money, but the customers think I'm lying,'' said Josh Bauman, Karakorum's silver-haired sales manager, who on race days wears a black sport jacket and red pocket square that match the silks of Karakorum's jockeys. ''The buyers say, 'I'm just looking to have a good time; I don't expect to make any money,' and I know they're lying.''

Nearly all Karakorum shareholders were bettors before they were owners, and for many of them, the exquisite tension of just being in the game, as horseracing is known, transcends the frequent hit in the pocketbook.

But beyond the gambling aspect, holding a share in a racehorse, even a percentage that amounts to little more than a hoof and a fetlock, offers owners a variety of fulfillment that is as individual as the owners themselves.

''There's a story behind each person who does this,'' Mr. Bauman said. ''Nobody does this for any logical reason.''

The Filly in the Wallet

Reveta Rowe, a 65-year-old certified nursing assistant and OTB bettor who lives in Wakefield in the north Bronx, had longed to own a racehorse for more than 25 years, since shortly after immigrating from Jamaica.

In July last year, when she saw a Karakorum commercial while watching a horse race on cable television, she jumped at the opportunity, putting down $499 to buy half a percent of a 2-year-old bay filly named Karakorum Elektra. Two months later, she bought another half-percent for $350.

''Whenever she runs, I drop everything and run to see how she does,'' Ms. Rowe said. In all, Elektra has 79 owners, 61 of whom live outside the city and few of whom know one another.

The filly immediately showed promise, finishing second in her first race and winning her second outing by a length and three-quarters.

Now Mrs. Rowe and her husband, Winston, view Elektra almost as a member of the family. Mrs. Rowe carries a photograph of the filly in her wallet, and the couple recently framed a larger picture of their thoroughbred so she could take her place on their wall beside the photographs of their five children.

''It's like when your kid goes to school and you go to your first performance of the child, and you have that certain feeling of accomplishment and investment in what your child does,'' explained Mr. Rowe, who has seen Elektra only on television because his job driving a sanitation truck keeps him too busy to go to the track. ''You love the animal, and though you can't feel the same love as you do for a child, you feel almost the same sentiment as if it were your child.''

Shareholders whose investment is driven by their love of the track often buy at least a 3 percent stake in a horse so they can become licensed as owners by the state. The license entitles them to racetrack perks that set them apart from the legions of weekend handicappers at the three tracks in the New York Racing Association circuit: Aqueduct, Saratoga Race Course, in upstate New York, and Belmont Park, just over the Queens border in Nassau County. The privileges include free access to the owners' boxes, the barn area and the paddock, where some feel they gain the inside track as bettors by chatting with trainers and jockeys.

''They ask me how our horse will do,'' said Jeff Odintz, a native of Canarsie, Brooklyn, who trains 14 of the 21 Karakorum thoroughbreds competing or training in New York. ''Sometimes I give them our horse or maybe another in the race where they can bet and maybe make some money. I try to help them out.''

For others, visiting the horse they own leads to a more personal attachment. When Annette Matejik, a 49-year-old fitness instructor from Jackson Heights, Queens, first petted Elektra in the horse's stall, she felt an instant connection. ''She's a little jumpy, a little out of her mind, to be honest,'' Ms. Matejik said. ''But I felt intuitionally: This is it; this is the one.''

Ms. Matejik, who wears an exercise brace on her left ankle to prevent stiffness, feels that her bond with the filly is strengthened by the knowledge that Elektra has battled soreness in a hind leg joint. ''I can identify greatly with a horse that's hurting,'' she said. ''I feel that way every day.''

But the most common motivation for ownership is probably the simplest: the urge to be one of the lucky ones trotting down to the winners' circle while the losers are tearing up their tickets. When any Karakorum horse wins a race, all the Karakorum shareholders are invited to the winners' circle to join the group picture with the victorious thoroughbred, regardless of whether they own shares in that particular horse.

The practice helps promote an impromptu camaraderie among a group of elated strangers, some of whom express their euphoria in unexpected ways.

On Sept. 27, after Elektra closed in the homestretch of a seven-furlong race at Belmont to win by a head, Ms. Matejik stood for the winners' circle group photo, then frenetically rubbed her palm on the animal's sweaty nose and sniffed her hand.

''Horse smell!'' she declared with a giggle, offering the man next to her a whiff. ''I love it.''

The Feisty Long Shot

As the much-anticipated stakes races of Belmont Park's final weekend of the year approached last month, some horseplayers thought that Karakorum Starlet's best days were behind her. At Saratoga on Aug. 20, the 4-year-old had achieved her greatest victory when she won the $81,650 Union Avenue Stakes. But in her next two races she faded, finishing fourth in her most recent outing.

Her trainer, however, sensed that she was feeling feisty. Mr. Odintz had entered her in the seven-furlong Iroquois Handicap, the biggest sprint race of the year for New York-bred fillies and mares. As Starlet stood in her stall after a jog one morning, battering a suspended red rubber ball with her head like a boxer working a punching bag, Mr. Odintz said she had blossomed into ''a nice, hard-knocking New York-bred stakes filly.'' Nonetheless, he was unsure she could beat two of her more favored rivals in the Iroquois: Ice Cool Kitty and Light Tactic.

Four mornings later, as the day of the Iroquois dawned, Starlet was led out of her barn and into a van for the short drive to Belmont Park. She and Elektra, who was stabled at Belmont, were to run in consecutive races.

Over in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, a retired interior designer named Larry Marimow, who owns 3 percent of both Starlet and Elektra, bypassed the velveteen jogging suits he wears to the track when Karakorum horses are not running and instead chose a snazzy brown double-breasted suit and silver wraparound sunglasses worthy of an Elmore Leonard character. James Lorenzo, a telephone repairman from Ozone Park, Queens, chose a sharp gray sport jacket and a silvery tie.

Then both men headed for the track in their cars. Ms. Matejik made the journey on the Long Island Rail Road.

In Fort Greene, Brooklyn, Bernice Thomas, who sells advertising for community newspapers, had to stay home to take delivery of a fish tank, but she hoped to catch Elektra's race on television. Up in the Hudson Heights section of Manhattan, a private investor named Julian Hamburger, who owns stakes in both Starlet and Elektra, could not turn on the television because he is an Orthodox Jew and his religion forbids it. ''Even so,'' he allowed, ''I'll walk over to the OTB and just look in.''

In the early afternoon, in Belmont's grandstand, Karakorum shareholders sought out Mr. Bauman, the company's sales manager, and asked him what strategy the Karakorum jockeys planned to pursue.

''See, you're inside the stable,'' said Mr. Marimow, the interior designer from Sheepshead Bay, ''which is an edge for a guy who likes to bet.''

Mr. Marimow was in his element. For most of his adult life, even before two heart attacks sidelined him from the work force more than 20 years ago, racing had been his passion and the track a place he felt respected. But among the non-horse-playing public, he lamented, ''there is a certain taint of disrespect given to people who are involved in the racing game.'' Most distressing to him, he said, was that his daughter and son-in-law disapproved of his playing the horses on his laptop in their house, ''and that creates heartache in my life.''

Soon Mr. Marimow flashed his owner's credentials and strolled into the paddock. As Starlet and her rivals were paraded around the walking ring, he joined several other Karakorum owners in its center.

At odds of 14 to 1, Starlet was a long shot, going up against three horses that had beaten her in her previous race. The favorite was Light Tactic, an undefeated 3-year-old about whom Mr. Bauman had warned shareholders in an e-mail message, ''The word on the backstretch is that she's an unbeatable freak.''

Success Has Many Parents

Mr. Marimow, sitting alone in an owner's box moments before Starlet's race, was the very image of dapper poise. As the horses broke from the gate, he raised his binoculars to his eyes and intoned with quiet professionalism: ''Starlet's at the lead. The favorite is chasing her. Now the favorite is dropping back.''

But as the race progressed and the field thundered into the far turn with Starlet still in front, Mr. Marimow's voice began to crack with emotion. ''Come on, baby!'' he shrieked. ''Come on, baby!''

As the field raced to the top of the stretch, a bay filly named Mama Theresa came up fast on the outside. Mr. Marimow, the blood surging into his normally pallid face, stood and hollered: ''Kick home, baby! Kick home, baby!''

Starlet and Mama Theresa raced through the final furlong together, and as Starlet, under fierce whipping from her jockey, Garrett Gomez, crossed the finish line to win by a neck, Mr. Marimow's face contorted with ecstasy. Then he and nearly 50 exultant owners and their guests cascaded down to the winners' circle from the grandstand and clubhouse as Starlet was led to the front of the crowd for the group photo.

Orlando Correale, a Karakorum shareholder who is an owner of a pizza place in Hollis, Queens, looked around in wonderment at all the gleeful strangers. ''It's like one big family you don't know,'' he said.

Mr. Marimow, flashing a snaggletoothed grin, galloped off to cash in a ticket worth more than $1,200. How did he feel? ''Winner!'' he replied giddily. ''No matter what else is happening in your life, you're a winner.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: AND THEY'RE OFF!: Karakorum Starlet, below, being prepared for her big day at Belmont, where she and her owners gathered in the winners' circle, above.

JOHN Q. HORSE: Starlet, above center, with Josh Bauman, Karakorum's head of sales, at her stable at Aqueduct

Reveta Rowe, left, one of Elektra's owners, with her husband, Winston

and Larry Marimow, right and far right, a Starlet owner.

HORSES FOR THE PEOPLE: Howard Rosenberg, above, a Karakorum representative, working the crowd from a booth at Belmont

and Starlet running as No. 6 in the Iroquois Handicap. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEATRICE DE GEA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

PHOTOGRAPH OF KARAKORUM STARLET RUNNING IN THE IROQUOIS HANDICAP BY ADAM COGLIANESE)

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**End of Document**



[***Don't Get Angry. He's Kidding. Seriously.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45TH-HH80-01CN-H011-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:**  By CAROL VOGEL

**Body**

The invitation to his opening looked innocent enough: a photograph of a pigeon perched on a ledge overlooking the rooftops of Manhattan. Those familiar with the work of Maurizio Cattelan, the Italian Neo-Conceptual artist, might well have assumed the exhibition would feature some of his latest animal pieces. Perhaps a new twist on his horse hanging from a ceiling or a variation on the ostrich with its head in the ground or another play on "Cheap to Feed," the dead dog curled up in a chair taking a nap.

Instead, tucked away in the south room of Marian Goodman's gallery on West 57th Street in Manhattan is "Frank and Jamie," a pair of New York City policemen -- life-size wax figures -- propped upside down along a wall. "They're like broomsticks," Mr. Cattelan said.

So what did the pigeon invitation (the photograph was not even Mr. Cattelan's work but had been taken by Peter Prant, a Brooklyn photographer) have to do with the officers? "Nothing," Mr. Cattelan said in an interview, bursting into fits of giggles. Then he paused and added: "Its about generating confusion. Using someone else's image is not what people expect."

Getting back to "Frank and Jamie," Mr. Cattelan became serious, "We tried to do iconic cops, like in the movies. It's the right moment because it's the wrong moment. I didn't want to make a comment about New York City's police or Sept. 11th or Amadou Diallo," he said, referring to the West African immigrant who was killed in 1999 by four white police officers in an incident that became synonymous with a confrontational style of policing. "In my mind it's the third part of a trilogy about power."

People are still talking about the other two parts. The first was "The Ninth Hour," a room-size installation with a life-size wax figure of Pope John Paul II in white robes felled by a meteorite that crashed through a skylight. That work caused a stir when it was included in "Apocalypse: Beauty and Horror in Contemporary Art," at the Royal Academy of Art in London two years ago. Later, when it was shown at the Zacheta Gallery in Warsaw, two members of the Polish Parliament tried to vandalize the work, saying it was disrespectful to their beliefs, but guards stopped them before they did any damage. A second version of "The Ninth Hour" was sold last year at Christie's in Manhattan for $886,000.

The second piece, "Him," a sculpture of Hitler diminished to the size of a 10-year-old, on his knees asking for forgiveness, is part of an exhibition at the Ydessa Hendeles Art Foundation in Toronto.

Since he moved to New York in 1993, Mr. Cattelan, 42, has become one of the most talked-about artists of his generation. His first show, at the Daniel Newburg Gallery in SoHo in the early 1990's, consisted of just two elements: a crystal chandelier, which he said represented the world, and a live donkey, which he explained stood for him. So many people complained about the donkey's braying, not to mention its mess, that the show closed in a day.

Mr. Cattelan frequently comes up with a simple idea -- sometimes based on a topical subject or sometimes just a reflection of something he alone is thinking about -- and then twists it into something original. Like the British artist Damien Hirst, Mr. Cattelan uses animals to make the works both repellent and endearing.

He is also often compared to artists like Jeff Koons and Takashi Murakami because he does not actually make his pieces himself; rather he has a network of collaborators here and abroad. But unlike Mr. Koons and Mr. Murakami, who have large studios, Mr. Cattelan works out of a one-room apartment in Greenwich village, relying on the telephone, e-mail and faxes.

While most contemporary artists gain their reputations primarily through their dealers and then museum exhibitions, Mr. Cattelan's notoriety has come from the quirky events he stages and from the high visibility of his work at auction. At the 1993 Venice Biennale, when he could not come up with something to fill his space, he sold it to an Italian perfume company, which used it for advertisements.

"At the time, people interpreted it as a comment on the value of information and advertising," he said. "To me it was more about admitting my failures in public."

In 1999 he once again grabbed the spotlight at the Venice Biennale when he hired a fakir to bury himself in the sand, his hands in prayer being the only visible portion of his body.

"By just leaving a trace of a body, I forced the viewer to make up his own story," Mr. Cattelan said. Last summer he staged another event that was an off-site project for the Biennale: he recreated the Hollywood sign atop a Palermo garbage dump. More than 150 people piled into a chartered plane to see it.

Of his trilogy, Mr. Cattelan says he envisions an imaginary world in which symbols of power are finally dethroned. Throughout his career he has questioned the notion of authority. There was the time he taped his dealer, crucifixion style, to the wall of a gallery in Milan as part of an exhibition and had to call an ambulance when he found the man had fainted. Then there was the incident in Amsterdam, where Mr. Cattelan stole an entire show of sculptures by another artist that were hanging in a next-door gallery and tried to pass the work off as his own. ("This wasn't about stealing," Mr. Cattelan said. "It was meant to be a comment on displacement. We took everything including the garbage cans.")

All of his works are part playful, part soulful and part autobiographical. Mr. Cattelan said that growing up in Padua, he saw himself as an outsider trying to escape from an underprivileged upbringing. His father was a truck driver, his mother a cleaning woman. At 12 he studied electronics, a popular subject for the ***working-class*** youths.

His mother died when he was 18, and he had to start working, he said. He sold holy effigies in a church, from which he was expelled when he drew a mustache on a sculpture of a saint. He worked as a nurse and at a morgue as an embalmer. But it was designing furniture that got him into art. In his 20's he moved to Milan, where the worlds of art and design naturally meld.

"Maurizio's more serious than he looks," said Francesco Bonami, senior curator at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, who has responsible for "Felix," Mr. Cattelan's colossal skeleton of a cat fashioned from fiberglass that was installed in the museum's atrium on Sept. 14 and has been there ever since.

Just as the pigeon photograph on the invitation to his recent show has nothing to do with the work on view, there is an element of surprise in everything he does. Taking his inspiration from Andy Warhol, he often sends a younger look-alike named Massimiliano Gioni, who is the editor of the magazine Flash Art, to be his mouthpiece. Toward the end of a talk at the New School in October, Mr. Gioni confessed, "I'm here as Maurizio Cattelan is not here, just in case you didn't realize it" He added, "My name is Massimiliano, and I've been Maurizio Cattelan for three years now."

Once when Mr. Gioni posed as Mr. Cattelan on television in Europe, the station's switchboard was jammed with viewers calling to say an imposter was on the air. "I wasn't trying to mock or make fun of anybody," Mr. Cattelan said. "I don't like the idea of having a public image. In the end you have an image of someone, which becomes true whether it is or not."

Tom Eccles, director of the Public Art Fund in New York, who introduced Mr. Gioni at the New School simply as "the speaker," said, "Even people who knew it wasn't Maurizio began to believe it was until the end."

The real Mr. Cattelan is instantly recognizable: that unmistakable aquiline nose, slim frame and deep-set eyes have been the subject of some of his own work. In one piece he hung a figure of himself by his collar, like a puppet, in a felt suit that once belonged to the German artist Joseph Beuys.

Also like Warhol, whose magazine Interview was all about other people's ideas, Mr. Cattelan has begun two publications, Permanent Food and Charley. Permanent Food is a patchwork of pages of other magazines from all over the world pasted together. Charley, which is due out early next month, is not so different. The first issue will be a 400-page paperback put together by 70 curators, critics and artists, who were each asked to choose 10 emerging artists to watch.

Contemporary-art collectors like Donald Rubell of Miami, Peter Brant of Connecticut and Stefan Edlis of Chicago all own major pieces by Mr. Cattelan. So do museums like the Museum of Modern Art and the Solomon R. Guggenheim. "In the trajectory of art history there are artists who work with humor but who are actually serious," said Nancy Spector, curator of contemporary art at the Guggenheim. "Maurizio's works are not random acts of silliness. They have meaning now, and they'll have meaning later."

Francois Pinault, the luxury goods magnate who owns Christie's, has commissioned Mr. Cattelan to design his gravestone, which will say "Why Me." Mr. Pinault was also a sponsor of the Hollywood sign in Palermo and was on hand greeting the 150 fans who flew from Venice to see it.

"It's a novelty act," said Paul Schimmel, chief curator of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, after spending the day in Palermo. "I got on a plane to see the Hollywood sign that is five minutes away from where I live."

Mr. Eccles of the Public Art Fund echoed Mr. Schimmel's sentiments: "There is something absurd about going all that way to see an image we've all seen countless times before. Yet we all did it."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: "Not what people expect": Maurizio Cattelan, left, sent invitations for his show with no hint of his new work, "Frank and Jamie," above right, part of his trilogy on power, which includes images of the pope and Hitler. (Tony Cenicola/The New York Times); (Courtesy of Maurizio Cattelan/Marian Goodman Gallery)(pg. E1); Maurizio Cattelan's attention-getting works include a horse preserved by taxidermy. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. E3)

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[***The 3 New Top Security Appointees***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XK70-000D-G528-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

By CLIFFORD KRAUSS

**Body**

Vadim V. Bakatin

Chairman of K.G.B.

Vadim V. Bakatin, who takes over the K.G.B. without any known background in the intelligence and internal security agency, is among the most liberal figures in the Soviet leadership. His appointment appears to presage a major overhaul of the agency and the dismantling of much of its secret police operations, American officials say.

Administration officials expressed enthusiasm for Mr. Bakatin's appointment, characterizing him as a man of great intelligence and candor who has repeatedly shown loyalty to the cause of reform even when his progressiveness stood in the way of his career advancement.

Mr. Bakatin had been one of the main proponents of glasnost and perestroika until he was dismissed as Interior Minister late last year during a resurgence of the right in the Communist Party. He is known as an proponent of due process of law and of radical economic reforms, including the attraction of foreign investment and the steady elimination of subsidies and price controls.

"He is going to clean up the K.G.B., no doubt about it," said an Administration official who monitors Soviet intelligence agencies. "He'll get rid of the cowboys and insist the K.G.B. follows the law."

Promoted U.S. Exchanges

As Interior Minister, Mr. Bakatin promoted personnel exchanges between his ministry and the United States Justice Department, as well as between Soviet and American local police forces.

Condoleezza Rice, a political scientist at Stanford University, said, "He sought out Western ideas on how police forces should behave in a democracy." Ms. Rice, who met Mr. Bakatin briefly last year when she served as a staff member in the National Security Council, said, "He is open and outgoing and easy to talk to."

A civil engineer by training, Mr. Bakatin comes to the K.G.B. as an outsider to the security force, although he has spent most of his career in law enforcement. As Interior Minister he worked closely with the K.G.B. fighting crime and corruption, but Western analysts said he had never been a member of the K.G.B. and had no known record of political repression.

Born in 1937 into a middle-class family in the Siberian coal mining town of Kiselevsk, Mr. Bakatin graduated from a technical institute and worked on several construction projects before he went to work for the Communist Party in the early 1960's.

Taste for Things Western

He is known for his taste for things Western -- ranging from his love for tennis to a fondness for be-bop jazz, the Beatles and Elvis Presley.

Mr. Bakatin worked his way through the ranks of several regional party organs before he was promoted by Mr. Andropov to be an inspector of the Communist Party Central Committee. He returned to regional party work in 1985, serving as first secretary of the party in the cities of Kirov and Kemerovo.

His active support for Mr. Gorbachev led to his appointment as Interior Minister in 1990. Though he was removed from his post, he continued to serve as a member of the Soviet Security Council.

In an interview with the Soviet press in May, Mr. Bakatin identified himself as a "radical centrist."

Mr. Bakatin ran against Boris N. Yeltsin for President of the Russian federated republic, campaigning for even more radical change, but came in third place in the election.

Yevgeny I. Shaposhnikov

Defense Minister

Col. Gen. Yevgeny I. Shaposhnikov, the new Defense Minister, had been commander of the Soviet Air Force, and his refusal to obey orders from the coup committee helped bring about its downfall.

One of his first acts as Defense Minister was to resign from the Communist Party.

Administration officials said they were pleased with General Shaposhnikov's appointment because he seemed to be the kind of officer who would support a sweeping reform of the Soviet economy and reducing the size of the Soviet military. In speeches over the last year, they said, he has argued in favor of giving priority to economic development as a matter of national security.

American officials compliment him for accepting the demise of the Warsaw Pact as a development that could not be avoided, and they say they believe that he will work to remove Communist Party influence from the armed forces. "He can be expected to move toward a smaller, more professional military," an Administration official said.

Approved by Yeltsin

A State Department official said his appointment was approved by Mr. Yeltsin because "Yeltsin believes he will support what needs to be done to the military, a reduction in the size and a conversion to an all volunteer force."

Stephen Foye, an analyst of the Soviet military for Radio Free Europe, said General Shaposhnikov "is very forward-looking."

"He has spoken very favorably of increased competition in the defense industries," he said.

An American military intelligence official described the general as "hard-charging, a fighter pilot's fighter pilot." He reportedly works about 75 hours a week, but is also known for hard living, including chain smoking and hefty eating.

Unusually Young for Post

At age 49, he is unusually young to have risen to the Soviet high command, a point American analysts make to explain his fresh approach to many issues. He was born in 1942 in a small Russian village to a ***working-class*** family. At age 21, he joined the Communist Party and graduated from the Kharkov Aviation Institute, after which he served as an air force pilot.

After serving in East Germany, he was appointed first deputy commander of the air force in 1988, and then was elected to a seat on the Communist Party Central Committee. He was promoted to air force commander in July 1990. His principal priorities for the service were better training and more efficient and economical equipment.

'Substantial Cuts' Seen

"His appointment probably means a more rapid transition that could bring substantial cuts in the armed forces and less holding back by the old guard," he said.

General Shaposhnikov's ascendency does not mean that conservatives will no longer have a place in the military.

His new principal deputy, the General Staff chief, is Gen. Vladimir Lobov, a hard-liner who has long called on the Soviet Union to seek military superiority over the West. Last posted as Chief of Staff of the Warsaw Pact military alliance, he is one of the Soviet Union's leading strategic theorists. General Lobov, who is 56, has tended to bend his political philosophy with the leadership and has not overtly opposed President Gorbachev.

The new No. 3 man in the armed forces, the Deputy Defense Minister, is Lieut. Gen. Pavel S. Grachev, 43, a liberal. As commander of Soviet paratroops, he refused to deploy his forces in support of the coup committee this week. He served for five years in Afghanistan during the war, an experience that apparently made him skeptical about deploying military force abroad.

Viktor P. Barannikov

Interior Minister

Viktor P. Barannikov, the new Interior Minister, is a close ally of Mr. Yeltsin, who has long worked to make the Russian police independent of the central Soviet authorities.

In his former post as chief of the Russian federation's Interior Ministry, Mr. Barannikov concentrated on criminal investigations and eradicated Communist Party cells from his agency. Administration officials said they expected him to continue his reform policies. "His priority will be to make an effective crime-fighting unit out of the Interior Ministry as opposed to an instrument of internal repression," an Administration official said.

Mr. Yeltsin promoted Mr. Barannikov, who at the time was first deputy minister of internal affairs in the Russian republic, to become the chief police officer in his Government late last year.

Least Known to Washington

Of the new appointees, he is the least well known to the Bush Administration. A State Department official said it was not even known whether he is married or has children. He is believed to have been born in 1941, and he has been involved in regional and national police work since 1961.

American officials said they were pleased about his appointment because he struggled in his former post against hard-liners in the Soviet Interior Ministry who wanted to subordinate his agency. He insisted that the militia of the Russian federation be commanded by Mr. Yeltsin and not by Moscow.

**Load-Date:** August 24, 1991

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[***When Seaside Dreams Measured 20 by 40 Feet;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4BK0-0005-G3FS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Summer Sun Sets on Jersey Shore Bungalows***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4BK0-0005-G3FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By NEIL MacFARQUHAR

**Dateline:** SEASIDE HEIGHTS, N.J.

**Body**

The titles in the real estate brochures still consecrate them as a tiny piece of heaven. Beach Getaway. Enchanted Cottage. Seashore Dream. An owner really getting swept away dubbed one Bohemian.

Consider the humble beach bungalow.

Crammed cheek by jowl along often unpaved streets, they were once the only vacation destination ever needed for ***working-class*** families flocking to the Jersey Shore between Memorial Day and Labor Day.

But these shacks are no longer a family trophy fantasized about for the rest of the year. Few factory workers can afford a second home, while anyone with the cash to buy a swatch of sand and waves seeks somewhat more grandeur than a bungalow's low ceilings, cramped interior and nonexistent yard.

"My parents were never rich, and none of my friends' parents were rich or even financially secure, but we were still able to afford two homes," said Brian D. Bausback, 29, whose father fell in love with his mother as she stood outside her parent's summer bungalow, soaping down a car. "Now it is a big luxury to buy a second home and keep it up."

The heart of bungalow country around Seaside Heights sits on a barrier island once simply called the Strip, but rechristened Barnegat Bay Island to give it a more upscale image and push its evolution as a year-round community. The garish boardwalk here, the bargain motels and the bungalows have a hard time competing for the vacation-package crowd that can easily head for California or the Bahamas.

"We were a summer bungalow town and we never really made a transition," said P. Kenneth Hershey, Mayor of Seaside Heights. "Most vacationers now, no matter what their income, want first class."

The orphaned bungalow communities now pull in retirees or people on public assistance attracted by low rents. Community leaders want to entice younger, first-time home buyers who might consider fixing up a bungalow and living there year-round. Seaside Heights hired Michael L. Redpath as its public relations director 18 months ago to reshape the town's image, away from boardwalk and bungalows.

"There is a need to become more year-round or else it essentially becomes transient housing," Mr. Redpath said. "You don't see a whole lot of blue collar or even middle-income families anymore."

Donald and Evelyn Selesnick first showed up around 1950 on what was to become Rutherford Lane in Dover Township, four miles north of Seaside Heights. The parallel shacks, costing $1,000 to $2,000, had replaced tents pitched on the dunes for the summer. The money got you a one-room bungalow with a sleeping loft on a plot roughly 20 feet by 40 feet.

"Who the hell had money?" said Mr. Selesnick, 70, who joined his father and uncle at the Continental Can factory in Paterson after the war and stayed there until he retired as plant manager in 1976. At the beach, a well-to-do Pennsylvania family kept control of the actual land, and if the caretaker disapproved of you, your vacation was doomed. "If he didn't like you he would say pick up your house and get out," Mr. Selesnick said.

The Selesnicks used to pack nine people at a time into their house, the men filling the downstairs while the women pitched shoes from the sleeping loft in a vain attempt to quiet the snoring below. Dinner was harvested from the clams and mussels crowding the beach or the sea bass running just offshore.

"You could smell the clam chowder coming from every house," Mrs. Selesnick, 70, said. "I would say it's been a good 20 years since there have been clams on the beach."

They were still being taken when Mr. Bausback toddled around the street in diapers in the 1960's. By that time bungalows were selling for between $12,000 and $18,000, with the first modifications of screened-in porches, second stories, interior showers and other amenities. The expansions pushed the shacks to within feet of one another.

During Mr. Bausback's childhood, summers on the beach started the day after school let out and seemed endless. He remembers getting to know the 50 or so older couples who summered there -- some of whom have now retired in their bungalows. "It is wild because they were old when I first knew them and they are still alive," said Mr. Bausback, who supervises storage-tank cleanups. "It is like they have been 65 for the past 30 years."

Prices are not so timeless. Small bungalows cost from $50,000 to $80,000, actually a dip from the real-estate boom of the late 1980's. Something right on the beach with a second story can fetch well over $100,000. Those who are buying tend to be young professionals who hope to make some money off rent or recovering land values. Rents range from $400 a week, for a throwback bungalow distant from the shore, to more than $2,000.

Ocean County is full of year-round residents like Mr. Bausback who once spent their summers on the Strip. Unable to afford both a house in northern New Jersey and a Shore bungalow, the new generation of homeowners have invested in year-round houses just over the bridge from bungalow towns. From there they can both hit the beach and commute to work. The county's population has more than quadrupled, to 455,000 in 1995 from 108,000 in 1960.

Those with the money to buy the old houses by the water tend to tear them down and replace them with something more substantial and winterized. Occasionally someone will combine a few bungalow lots. But even mashing several small plots together does not create open space: the new house would still be encircled by shacks.

"Why build a big house like that and you are scrunched into a little area?" said Sherri Crilly, 32, an office worker married to a Toms River policeman. Each childhood summer was spent at the Shore, but the couple decided a few years ago to buy a house inland, off the barrier island. "I want my property," she said. "I want my conveniences. I want my luxury."

Many bungalows still lie dark all winter, but fewer every year. With the shift away from being summer outposts, the beach communities are beginning to resemble real towns with real-town problems.

Long-term residents in Lavallette, one of the more prosperous communities along this strip of beach (and the one with the least number of bungalows), grumble about the "newcomer" who won the most recent mayoral election by promising to invest million of dollars to replace the town's infrastructure.

Mayor Aileen L. Baron, a retired high school education teacher from Essex County, has actually lived in the town for two decades. But her victory indicated a shift away from residents who lived off the seasonal tide of summer visitors. Her support came from places like West Point Island, where the homes can cost $600,000 and where much of the newly booming elementary school population lives. Homeowners are worried about the effect of epoxy in their water pipes.

"You can't put the lid on a boiling pot without expecting it to explode," the Mayor said.

The old-timers who gather each afternoon in the boat building shop of Charles E. Hankins, 70, the son of a previous mayor, like to point out that they have been drinking and boiling the water for years and are not dead yet.

Mr. Hankins has a letter on his wall from President Clinton recognizing him as one of America's master artisans. But he says he has made his last cedar skiff of the kind that used to fish the waters up and down the Shore. He is not sure how much longer he will build rowboats from plywood.

"Nobody wants to row anymore, they want an outboard motor," one of his friends said. Mr. Hankins has actually not put a boat on the water himself in about 10 years. Whenever he crosses the bridge over Barnegat Bay, he is aghast at the chaos of motorized water skis and pleasure boats below. "Boats go this way and that way, they don't know which way they are going," he said.

Like the boats, the towns that once had a simple and direct formula for summer -- lots of bungalows near the beach -- don't know quite which direction they are heading.

"I never talk to anybody who says they would like to rough it for a week and come to a bungalow," said Mr. Hershey, the Seaside Heights Mayor. "That era is gone. It was a nice era, but we move on."

**Graphic**

Photos: The popularity of the bungalows on Rutherford Lane in Dover Township, N.J., above, has dwindled since their heyday 30 years ago, when they inspired the post card at right. (pg. 15); Evelyn and Donald Selesnick came to Dover Township, four miles north of Seaside Heights, around 1950, when one-room bungalows cost $1,000 to $2,000 and the beach was rich with clams and mussels. (Frank C. Dougherty for The New York Times) (pg. 19)

Map of New Jersey highlighting Seaside Heights. (pg. 19)

**Load-Date:** July 7, 1996

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[***ART/ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y08-F4H0-00RP-K3YM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***On Reading History Between the Lines of Faces***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y08-F4H0-00RP-K3YM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 28, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By VICKI GOLDBERG

By VICKI GOLDBERG

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

IT seems that no two 20th centuries are alike. Most of the planet lived through the same amazing technological changes and the same two world wars, and in this media era the vast majority saw the same or similar visual reports of major events; nonetheless, every nation has a distinct version of history and a distinct way of looking at the past. Even within one country, people see and experience the time largely the way they choose to; it may be that each one of us has a personal version of national history and another of international history as well.

"Faces of the Century: A Sainsbury's Photographic Exhibition," currently at the National Portrait Gallery in London (through Jan. 30), points this up quite cleverly. (Sainsbury's is a private arts sponsorship program set up by grocery chain money in 1981 to deliver, as the accompanying catalog explains, "high quality, imaginative and dynamic arts sponsorships involving as many people as possible in the communities where we trade.") Restricting the century to faces, and British faces at that -- you had best look elsewhere for anyone important, like Stalin or Mao, beyond these sceptered isles -- ensures a certain idiosyncratic slant. The show, which will travel to three British venues, sails breezily along with a pound or two of profundity for ballast.

Recounting the century through faces sounds like Carlyle's notion that history was synonymous with major figures: "The history of the world is but the biography of great men." Historians (and, among others, Karl Marx) have been notoriously dubious about this proposition, saying that larger forces were at work that men (and perhaps on one or two occasions women) merely harnessed or fit into.

Photographic portraits are not biographies anyway, nor are they particularly effective at conveying or symbolizing events or ideas or drives larger than the subjects themselves unless those subjects happen to be holy figures, heads of state or sex goddesses. A portrait of Enrico Fermi or Robert Oppenheimer could stand for the atom bomb, but if you want to get the message over fast, I suggest a picture of a mushroom cloud.

Happily, the National Portrait Gallery has allowed "portrait" to be defined broadly enough to include groups and crowds, a few action pictures and photographs of the anonymous. The great man -- and now woman -- principle still rules, but with a twist: they are the people who chose the pictures. Ten well-known Britons (some better known in the United Kingdom than in the United States) were each asked to select 10 photographic portraits to illustrate their ideas of what mattered in this century.

David Bowie (rock singer, songwriter, actor), Asa Briggs (historian), Anna Ford, (broadcaster), Max Hastings (newspaper editor, author), Stephen Hawking (scientist), Helena Kennedy (college president, chairwoman of the British Council, president of the National Children's Bureau), Trevor Phillips (broadcaster, chairman of the London Arts Board), David Puttnam (filmmaker), John Sainsbury (chairman of the Sainsbury Arts Sponsorship Panel, director of the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund, college president) and Vivienne Westwood (fashion designer) selected good, bad and indifferent photographs for the sake of what they represented as much as whom.

In fact, the photographs, though many are fine enough, turn out to be less interesting than the choices and explanations of this diverse and independent-minded group of people, each of whom looked at the 20th century through a lens so individual as to suggest that no two lists in the world would be entirely the same. Vivienne Westwood, who chose some of the most amusing pictures, including one of herself parodying Margaret Thatcher, stayed largely with fashion from "some sense of responsibility," she says, "of what people might expect of me," an odd bit of kowtowing to public opinion by the woman who was the co-creator of the punk look. Most selectors were more diverse, but speaking roughly, and leaving out a lot of asides, they focused on three major changes in Britain in this century: the communications revolution, the status of women and the advent of multiculturalism.

Mr. Briggs, who has spent much of his scholarly life writing about broadcasting, makes the case for communications. Lord Northcliffe, who founded The Daily Mail and The Daily Mirror around the turn of the century and soon acquired control of The Times, turns up, and so do Mrs. Thatcher and Francois Mitterrand signing the Channel Tunnel Treaty in 1986, setting in motion another kind of communication. And then there's a baby clutching a stuffed toy and staring at a computer monitor.

The media message could scarcely go unrecognized in a show about photographs of the century. Ms. Kennedy selects a photograph of an enormous crowd listening to the Sinn Fein leader Michael Collins in 1922 and remarks that face-to-face political communication like that has just about gone with the wind. Mr. Bowie chooses two fairly dull pictures of major subjects: one of John Logie Baird, who first transmitted images by wireless waves in 1924, and one of a talking head on television in 1946. And the many movie stars and popular entertainers like Vivien Leigh and the Rolling Stones may not be singled out here as media products but that is what they are. The exhibition opens with a large blow-up of a frantic mob of teenagers, mostly girls, struggling with bobbies on the day the Beatles received their M.B.E.'s (Member of the Order of the British Empire) from the Queen, an event that in itself marks the nation's recognition of the importance of heroes who ride the media waves.

As for women, Stephen Hawking says he "concentrates on scientists and women, whom I consider the important members of society." The four women in his group, none of them scientists (an accurate reflection of the position of women in the sciences for most of this century), are Virginia Woolf; Mrs. Thatcher (a glamour portrait by the fashion photographer Norman Parkinson); Diana, looking a bit like a piece of Hummel porcelain in a photograph by Snowdon (who goes by a single name, much as she did), and a sedate portrait of the suffragist Emmeline Pankhurst in the 1920's.

Pankhurst turns up again in a different incarnation in Anna Ford's group, being bodily carried off by the police in 1914. A nameless suffragist addresses a group of ***working-class*** men in 1908 in Asa Briggs's section. (The campaign for women's suffrage did not succeed in Britain until 1928, the year of Pankhurst's death.) Ms. Ford chose women only, remarking that their lives changed radically in this century but slowly, and that they are still underrepresented in the top ranks of almost everything. Britain elected its first woman to Parliament in 1919, appointed its first female government minister in 1924, its first female life peer in 1958 and its first female high court judge in 1965. (For what it's worth, America elected its first woman to Congress in 1917 and appointed its first woman to the cabinet in 1933.)

Politicians, incidentally, get a bad rap in this show. Mr. Hastings excluded them, because, he says, "so few exercise lasting influence upon their times." Lord Sainsbury permitted none in but Churchill, because politicians generally "will be barely remembered in a hundred years."

Women constitute a category that will last longer. Among Ms. Ford's images of women are a group of laughing coal workers during World War I, women slaving to keep their households clean in "The Steamies" (the public wash house) in 1939 and the founders of Virago Press, which from 1973 has published books by and about women. These pictures were not necessarily taken for feminist causes. The first was probably a report on the home front in wartime; the second was taken by Humphrey Spender, a fine journalist, for a series on British towns in Picture Post; the third, by Susan Greenhill, looks like a news photograph. Photographs were undoubtedly one of the most widely produced products of the century, and those that are indexed and accessible constitute a voluminous historical archive, to be read and plumbed by different people for different ends. They are malleable documents that can be appended to various histories and causes, and they are, all the time.

The selectors include one black man, Mr. Phillips, who traces multiculturalism, and a white man, Mr. Puttnam, who does the same. This facet of British life is the closest anyone comes to speaking of the breakup of empire. Both men chose pictures of Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British Union of Fascists and admirer of Hitler in the 1930's, and both included a picture taken on the Empire Windrush, a ship that brought 492 passengers and eight stowaways from the Caribbean to Britain in 1948. Mr. Phillips also presents a picture of Earl Mountbatten, last viceroy of India, and his wife sitting on the same level as a crowd of Indian dignitaries in 1948, preparing to relinquish the jewel in the crown. Mr. Phillips says the overriding change has been the chance for everyone to determine his or her own life, a judgment that could be made about women's issues as well.

David Bowie, who favors creative types, turns the explanatory caption on its ear with captions composed of anagrams spat out by a computer program. The first two lines for "Samuel Beckett Irish playwright" are "This huge typewriter blackmails. Superbly hit witchlike megastar." The first and last lines for "Peter Mandelson British politician" are "The brainiest implication splendor" and "Cheerio! Brilliant disappointments" -- which sounds like an offhand British comment on the century itself. What a relief to have the computer scrambling words instead of images at this point in time!

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Thomas Hardy, in the "Faces of the Century" show in London. (Clive Holland)(pg. 45); The poet and novelist Thomas Hardy, in the "Faces of the Century" show in London. (Clive Holland)(pg. 44)

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[***HOLIDAY FILMS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P60-00RP-K3G9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Watching While Time the Sculptor Shapes the Self***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XW8-9P60-00RP-K3G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL APTED;

Michael Apted is a film director based in Los Angeles.

By MICHAEL APTED;  Michael Apted is a film director based in Los Angeles.

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

TWO films I directed are opening this week: the new James Bond and "42 Up." Coincidentally, they are the longest-running franchises in the history of their genres -- it's the 19th Bond movie, and the 35th year of a series that has followed the lives of 14 British people every seven years from age 7 to the present day. Any similarities pretty much end there, as "The World Is Not Enough" (opening Friday) cost 240 times more to make than "42 Up" (opening Wednesday at the Film Forum).

Normally you would shrug off the serendipity of the two openings as part of life's rich pattern. But another element came into the mix recently with the publication in England of "The Arithmetic of Memory," an autobiography by a contemporary of mine from school, Anthony Rudolf. The book jump-started a flood of memories about my teenage years, and it put me in the middle of my own documentary. The "Up" films ask the question, "Can you see the adult in the child?" and I wonder if that's true of me. Is it conceivable that there was anything in my younger self that would give clues to the man guiding 007 (Pierce Brosnan) as he wrestles with the world's most feared terrorist (Robert Carlyle) for control of Caspian Sea oil?

As far back as I can remember, I loved the radio: plays, comedy, quizzes, and music. Television came late in our suburban London household -- and I think I learned to read figuring out the listings in Radio Times. Encouraged by my mother, I gobbled up popular culture and was able to put it all to some purpose when, at 11, I went to the City of London, the school Tony Rudolf evokes in his memoir. Like him, I fell under the spell of Nobby Clark, an English teacher with a love of theater and the drive and passion to communicate it to teenage boys. My inchoate feeling for drama blossomed into something solid and then, of course, into the beginnings of a dream.

The school was situated right in the heart of London, and that turned out to be the making of me. From an early age, I had a sense of the world; traveling every day from the suburbs to town in the rush hour left you in no doubt that there was a throbbing, complicated world lying in wait. More specifically, being in central London put the theater and cinema at my disposal. At 16 I saw, by chance, Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries," and fell immediately in love with movies. I realized that film could carry ideas and emotions as well as any book, poem or play, and from that moment I knew what I wanted to do with my life. It's quite a journey from Bergman to Brosnan, but Bond begins to make some sort of sense.

One of my heroes, the Spanish film director Luis Bunuel, wrote that our imagination and our dreams are forever invading our memories; since we are all apt to believe in the reality of our fantasies, we end up transforming our lies into truths. My series of "Up" films has the cruel trick of confronting people with the cold reality of the past. The visual truth of them on film erases any filtered version. The 42-year-old senior librarian who is trying to inspire and drive her two teenage daughters through school is reminded that her ambition at age 7 was to go and work in "Woolworfs." The Hackney Borough councilor, with his ***working-class***, immigrant constituency, has to live with the thought that as a kid he thought "colored people" were purple, with red eyes and yellow feet. And the anguished little boy from a children's home who didn't want to get married because, "Say you had a wife and had to eat what they cooked you, and say I didn't like greens, which I don't, and say she said you had to eat them, well, then, that's it." He has been married for 20 years, has two children and is none the worse for eating his greens.

Sometimes the films can be uncannily prescient. The 7-year-old country boy wandering through the Yorkshire Dales in his big Wellington boots wanting to find out all about the moon is now a science professor at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. The jug-eared, saintly lad who wanted to give most of his money to the poor did just that, by choosing to use his Oxford education to help poor immigrant children in the East End of London rather than tapping the richer pastures of the private sector. It's very powerful watching people grow up in front of you, even if their lives are treated in ridiculous shorthand -- 42 years in 12 minutes!

So if it's powerful for us to watch, what's it like for them? The question I'm most asked is whether or not being in the films has changed their lives, so in "42 Up" I let them answer it. Some say they enjoy it; others hate it and take part only under sufferance, persuaded by me that the films are unique and that we should finish what we started. They argue that at 7, they had no say in the decision to take part -- and anyway, when is it ever going to end? Some see it as a treasured record of their lives, while others regard it as a major invasion of privacy and wouldn't wish it on anybody. Most shrug off its psychological impact, but it's hard to believe that putting yourself up for public examination every seven years doesn't take some toll.

As for me, I find the films increasingly stressful to make. For one thing, the age difference between me and the subjects (15 years) diminishes as time goes on. I started out as an anonymous adult figure, then became a sort of big brother and now am an equal, a collaborator. Whether or not they like doing the film, or like or don't like me, we all know each other extremely well: 35 years in the documentary trenches together. As we get older, thoughts of mortality click in. Americans particularly have always been obsessed by how many of them are still alive (all, mercifully). I used to brush the question aside, putting it down to some local sense of the macabre, but not any more; for a death would be a death in the family, with all the pain that would bring.

Given the anxieties of being part of the project, it still seems worth doing. It's immensely popular wherever it's shown, has achieved icon status in England and is widely used as a tool in schools, teachers colleges and universities. Does it have anything useful to say in a general way about the human condition? Maybe it shows that the core character doesn't change -- if you're extroverted or timid as a child, then that's how it will always be.

Yet I find that very hard to apply to my own life. I was a wallflower at school, frightened of authority, terrified of girls, avoiding my own shadow. And now I'm directing a blockbuster movie with a budget and schedule that leaves no room for a faint heart. But then, wallflower may not be how others saw me -- it could be a trick or deceit of my own memory.

Anthony Rudolf says the past is a limitless repertory of virtual possibility, which you can invent and reinvent, shape and reshape. If he's right, then I've destroyed that fun for my "Up" characters by putting their past into the relative permanence of celluloid. It's the same for movie stars, like my friend Jodie Foster, who has been making films since she was 3. Her whole life is up there for everyone to see. There's no mystery about how she looked, how she sounded, how she has aged: it's a matter of public record.

The rest of us are luckier. I was proud to have been at school with Mike Brearley, England's most successful cricket captain in generations, and I tell a story of playing in the school junior team and his scoring 120 runs to my 3. At best it's an exaggeration, but it's possibly not even true. I'm not really sure, but no matter: it's a part of who I think I am. I was also at school with the actor John Shrapnel and played Claudius to his Hamlet. John was the real thing, the rest of us poseurs, but the memory of it sparkles in my mind. Unfortunately even that powerful fantasy goes a little pear-shaped whenever I run into my Gertrude, the distinguished natural-history filmmaker Malcolm Penny -- a robust, gray-haired, full-bearded father of four. The Lord Mayor of London, Lord Levene of Portsoken, was also a contemporary, and we weren't particularly close; but my pleasure in his success has me reinventing our past.

Give me a child until he is 7 and I will show you the man, say the Jesuits. And this was the starting point for the original "7 Up" back in 1964. As I construct my present with 007 and "42 Up," and find the strength to meet the new challenges, I wonder whether my past isn't just as fluid and volatile as my present. Everything's in motion, everything's a constant process of reinvention. If I show you the man, will you see the boy of 7?

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Jackie, Lynn and Sue in "42 Up," a series that began when they were 7, with pictures of themselves at various stages in their lives. (First Run Features)

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[***ARGENTINES VOTE TODAY IN TWILIGHT OF ARMY RULE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J1J0-0008-Y2BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By EDWARD SCHUMACHER

**Dateline:** BUENOS AIRES, Oct. 29

**Body**

Argentines are scheduled to vote Sunday in national elections that will end nearly eight years of military rule.

Almost 18 million of the nation's 28 million people are eligible to vote in the first elections here in a decade. They will vote for a President, a congress and provincial and municipal officials.

The presidential race has seen a hard-fought contest between the left-of- center candidates of the two main parties: Italo Luder, a former Senator who represents the union-based Peronist party, and Raul Alfonsin, a fiery former Congressman of the middle-class Radical Party. Polls project that each will get roughly 40 percent of the vote.

National election that will end nearly 8 year of military rule is set for Argentina; career sketches of leading presidential candidates, Italo Luder, Raul Alfonsin, Rogelio Frigerio, Alvaro Alsogaray, Oscar Alende and Frrancisco Manrique; photos (M)Long Wait Is Possible

Most of the other eight candidates have indicated that if the outcome is close they will withhold their support from both candidates to bargain in an electoral college not scheduled to meet until Nov. 30 or even until the new Congress meets in mid-December. The country could be without a President- elect until then.

The military is so unpopular and so demoralized by its defeat in the Falkland Islands war with Britain last year and by an economic crisis that Government officials said the inauguration of the new government was likely to be moved up from the scheduled date of Jan. 30 to late December.

President Reynaldo Bignone, who was appointed 16 months ago, planned to end a nine-year old state of siege today, one of the last vestiges of restricted freedom, officials said.

Economy in Disarray

Whoever wins the election will inherit a deeply troubled economy. Inflation has been running at an annual rate of 1,000 percent in recent weeks and foreign banks have cut off most new loans because of disputes over a $40 billion foreign debt.

The campaigns ended Friday with extraordinarily large rallies, which have been a hallmark of Argentine politics and which are unmatched anywhere in Latin America.

At least a million wildly cheering people carpeted the Ninth of July Avenue here, a broad boulevard of 16 traffic lanes and grassy strips, to hear Mr. Luder speak Friday night from a high platform in front of an obelisk similar to the Washington Monument.

Mr. Alfonsin attracted almost as many at the same spot two days before. Some 400,000 people turned out to cheer him Friday night in the key provincial city of Rosario, 150 miles north of here.

Parties' Platforms Are Similar

The platforms of the two are similar, calling for renegotiation of the foreign debt and the prosecution of military personnel for the disappearance of more than 6,000 Argentines during the antiterrorist campaign of the 1970's. They are divided mostly by style. Mr. Luder is the more measured of the two, but he represents a party, the Peronists, that is trying to overcome a history of thuggery and authoritarianism.

The two candidates avoided criticizing each other directly throughout the campaign, but in the closing days they increasingly attacked the other's party.

Mr. Luder had been campaigning on a theme of broad national unity in what his aides said was an effort to attract middle-class voters. But shedding the coat and tie he normally wears, and his usual stiff manner, the former president of the Senate sought at the end to shore up his party's ***working-class*** base.

He lashed out Friday night at the ''vacuous and plaintive mentality of the petty bourgeoisie, who do not understand that democracy is won on the social plains, which means lifting all citizens to a fair distribution of social wealth.''

Peronism Divides Nation

Mr. Alfonsin, referring to past Peronist governments, said in his speech Friday: ''It is not enough to call for liberty. One must have a history of liberty in order to assure it, or we will again be faced with silence, repression and fear.''

Peronism has divided Argentines since it was founded in 1945 by Juan Domingo Peron, who built up the power of the labor unions. The Peronists have not lost a free election since, although the military, with the sporadic support of other political parties, has sought to eradicate the movement in many coups.

General Peron died in office in 1974, and was succeeded by his third wife, Isabel Martinez de Peron. She was overthrown in 1976 by the military, which has ruled since then. She has remained silent in self-exile in Spain and has scarcely been mentioned in public here since she refused to return for the Peronist nominating convention early last month.

General Peron, however, remains a powerful force even in death. Mr. Luder and most other Peronist candidates quote the general like the Chinese once quoted Mao Zedong. The general's picture, often with that of his fabled second wife, Evita, is plastered across the country on campaign posters, often with sayings of his. ''Things are going to be fixed by all of us, or they aren't going to be fixed at all'' is a favorite.

A Consensus Candidate

The 56-year old Mr. Alfonsin, a lawyer whose fiery oratory has attracted students, intellectuals and even some workers to the once stodgy Radical Party, has sought to turn the idolatry against the Peronists.

''Important Peronist spokesmen say they are going to win the elections with General Peron,'' Mr. Alfonsin said at the rally here Wednesday. ''If that's so, who is going to govern?''

The barb strikes also at deep divisions inside the Peronists. Mr. Luder rose as the consensus candidate with few enemies, but union leaders hold much of the power within the party. One such leader, Lorenzo Miguel, the acting official head of the party, was prevented from speaking at a huge Peronist rally last week because of heckling by supporters of Herminio Iglesias, who is running for Governor of Buenos Aires Province with the support of labor unions.

The campaign saw some violence such as the stoning of a Radical campaign headquarters here Friday night by several hundred Peronist youths, but it was more remarkable for its moderation. The last election, in 1973, was marked by terrorism.

But political leaders fear that violence could erupt if there is a drawn-out battle in the electoral college. Three minor parties likely to win most of the rest of the vote would be critical in negotiations. They are the leftist Intransigent Party, the centrist Movement for Integration and Development and the rightist Federalist Alliance. The three are historically closer to the Radicals, but old feuds among them make an outcome unpredictable.

Mr. Alfonsin, Mr. Luder and other candidates have signed a ''democratic pact'' promising, should they lose, not to call on the military for still one more coup.

Leading Candidates in Argentine Election Italo Luder Peronists President in 1975. Called for renegotiating country's foreign debt and prosecution of military for human-rights violations. Populist party was founded in 1945 by Juan Domingo Peron, army officer who was aided by his charismatic wife, Evita. Party has dominated Argentine politics ever since, never losing an election it has been allowed by military to run in. Mr. Peron died in office in 1974 and was succeeded by his third wife, Isabel Martinez de Peron. She was overthrown by military in 1976, and remains in self-exile in Spain. Unions are power base of party, which is nation's largest, having 2,861,467 registered members. Raul Alfonsin Radicals years old. For more than a decade, headed left-of- center faction in middle-class Radical Party, which dominated politics in early part of century. A fiery orator, he was in constant conflict with aging party leaders until he captured party control in primaries this year. Has campaigned for clean government and subordination of armed forces to civilian power. Favors prosecution of military for human- rights violations and renegotiation of foreign debt. Party has 1,349,150 registered members.

**Graphic**

photos and descriptions of leading candidates; photo of Peronist party supporter

**End of Document**



[***POP/JAZZ;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4D60-0005-G04W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Queen of the Comeback, Cher Tries Yet Again***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4D60-0005-G04W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 30, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 24; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1446 words

**Byline:** Cher

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

WHEN ASKED WHAT IS THE MEANEST thing anyone has ever written about her, Cher remembers having read once that if the world were destroyed in a nuclear holocaust, the only things left alive would be "cockroaches and Cher."

Exactly who imagined this postnuclear landscape and in what publication it ran, she can't recall. But in its mixture of loathing and admiration for Cher's survival skills, this picture of the raven-haired star rising up among a trillion insects distills the ambivalent public attitude toward a woman who has enjoyed more show business comebacks than Judy Garland and Bette Midler put together.

"Cher is the proverbial cat with nine lives," says her friend David Geffen, the entertainment mogul whom she almost married in the 1970's. "She's really a very delicate piece of machinery. People think she's tough, but the truth is she's a pussycat who has had to feign toughness in order to keep from being killed."

After lying low for several years, nearly flattened by a severe case of chronic fatigue syndrome complicated by pneumonia and an embarrassing interlude as an infomercial queen, Cher is again on the comeback trail. Her late-blooming movie career, which began in 1982 with "Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" and peaked in 1987 with "Moonstruck" (for which she won an Oscar for best actress), has been shakily revived with "Faithful," her first film since "Mermaids" in 1990. This dark marital comedy, in which she stars with Ryan O'Neal and Chazz Palminteri, died at the box office two weeks after it opened last April. "It was no loss," she allowed. "At least the reviews said it was nice to see me acting again."

Musically, she seems to be faring better. "It's a Man's World," her first pop album in five years, has got off to a promising start with the help of a hit single, "One by One." From an artistic standpoint, this soulful collection of grown-up pop songs, a version of which was released in England last November, is the high point of her recording career. Capped by an iconoclastic rendition of "It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World," James Brown's ode to male supremacy, the album evokes the hard emotional lessons learned by a woman who has loved too well but not wisely.

Cher's sorrowful vocals convey the same tone of bruised but unbowed self-appraisal that gave Tina Turner's 1984 comeback album, "Private Dancer," an autobiographical tinge. Released by Reprise Records in America last week, barely a month after her 50th birthday, the album suggests that Cher, who has been saddled with a tabloid image of a boy-crazy perpetual adolescent, has achieved a kind of emotional maturity.

Turning 50 was not as bad as she had feared. "I thought it was going to be awful," she said the other day, ensconced in a Manhattan hotel suite. "But it was a day just like any other day, and I was having a really good time." Lithe and statuesque in a black jump suit, she paused to wash down one pill from a fistful of capsules she identified as vitamin E, vitamin C, magnesium and evening primrose oil with a swig from a bottle of mineral water. The room was pungent with the scent of burning incense.

With a face as smooth and translucent as white marble framed by plumes of jet-black hair that set off her jutting cheekbones, Cher exuded the aura of an image-conscious teen-age rebel whose persona is an eclectic accumulation of styles: basic beatnik black, hippie nonchalance and fashion-model hauteur toughened with biker-chick bravado. Her casual use of profanity suggested the defiant misfit who continually ran away from home as a child.

Her love affair with rock-and-roll began 40 years ago when her mother took her to an Elvis Presley concert at which he appeared in his famous gold suit. "For me, Elvis was a singing James Dean, and I was really rebellious," said Cher. "When I was growing up in Southern California, the role models were Sandra Dee and Doris Day, and everyone but me was cute and perky and blond. I was dark and moody and strange looking."

By her own count, Cher has been in show business for 33 years. During that time, her public image has teetered between being a joke (the 1970's, when she had hits with kitschy exotica like "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves" followed by a dreadful disco phase) to respected Hollywood actress (the 1980's movies "Silkwood," "Moonstruck," "Mask" and "The Witches of Eastwick") back to joke (the 1990's and late-night infomercials in which she was a ubiquitious hawker of hair-care products).

Which is the real Cher? To the feminist critic Camille Paglia, Cher, like Raquel Welch and Loni Anderson, is the sort of star that the cultural elite loves to look down on, but who, at the same time, retains the affection of a grass-roots audience. "Because of her ***working-class*** background, a mass audience of women have a deep empathy with her emotional life," Ms. Paglia said. "If Cher's a joke, she made herself so by having too much surgery. Until she altered her nose she looked like an Indian princess. Then she started looking less and less like herself and started to drift, like Michael Jackson, into a solipsistic fantasy."

Cher herself is the first to admit that she has often looked somewhat ridiculous. She puts the blame partly on the way the music business operated when she entered show business. "It was a time when girl singers were patted on the head for being good and told not to think," she remembered. "As a wife, mother and recording artist who was gigging constantly, I had to juggle so many balls at once that I didn't have time to think. It's not been a deep musical career, and I've always dressed kind of bizarre. But I think my voice has gotten better, and so has my choice of music."

"It's a Man's World" may be the first Cher album that doesn't demand a weird wardrobe to match its material. The songs suggest a woman of a certain age pausing to look back on her love life and vowing not to repeat old mistakes.

Cher's love life, of course, has been one of the most discussed in show business. From Sonny Bono, her husband, mentor and singing partner in the mid-60's, with whom she developed a kind of hippie Burns-and-Allen act, she drifted to Mr. Geffen, then married the rock guitarist Gregg Allman, who at the time was addicted to heroin.

Cher has a daughter, Chastity, now 27, by Mr. Bono, and a son, Elijah, 19, by Mr. Allman, and she is fiercely proud of both. Although she was initially taken aback when her daughter's came out as a lesbian eight years ago ("I felt guilty," she said. "Both their childhoods were not exactly Betty Crocker"), she now calls her daughter "one of the coolest people I've ever known."

After the marriage to Mr. Allman came relationships with a string of rock musicians including Gene Simmons of Kiss, David Paich of Toto and Richie Sambora of Bon Jovi. Her last major relationship, with a young actor named Rob Camilletti, ended more than four years ago.

"Rob was my best relationship ever, and when we broke up I was devastated," she said. "But we're still best friends. Since Rob, I have had one relationship, and it was great, but it lasted for about a minute and a half."

IF CHER'S RELATIONSHIPS HAVE BEEN BRIEF ("two years used to be my cutoff point," she said), her career never seems to die. Mr. Palminteri, who worked with Cher for a year on "Faithful," attributes the longevity of her stardom to a mixture of self-discipline and street-smarts.

"When you become a star, and you're not hungry anymore, one of the things that keeps you a star is your work ethic," said Mr. Palminteri, who wrote the script for the movie in addition to starring in it. "Cher's very regimented. She gets up at a certain time, works out, has a chef that cooks certain things for her to stay in great shape, has a voice teacher come every few days for a singing lesson and a chiropractor who gives her adjustments. She's also one of the smartest people I've ever met," he added. "Mark my words, she will become an A-list director one day, guaranteed."

The first step in Cher's directing career is a 37-minute segment of a Home Box Office movie, "If These Walls Could Talk," a trilogy about abortion in America that will be shown in October. The episodes, which are set in the same house during different decades, feature Demi Moore, Sissy Spacek and Anne Heche. Cher directed the 90's episode and has a small role as an abortion doctor.

Can Cher regain her foothold in the Hollywood firmament? "I've had huge ups and downs in my life, and I've made some stupid, stupid mistakes and bad choices," she said. "But no matter what I'm going through at the moment, somehow I always think the future is going to be better, and somehow it always is."

**Graphic**

Drawing. (Hirschfeld)

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**End of Document**



[***Barcelona Builds a Global Village - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BXM-NJ90-TW8F-G34K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1733 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER DUNNING

JENNIFER DUNNING is a dance critic for The New York Times.

**Body**

ONE of the quickest ways to plunge into the vivid culture and personality of Barcelona is simply to turn on BTV, the lively local television channel, and watch Barcelonians take their turns on the ''videomaton,'' coin-operated video cameras scattered around the city. Lovers kiss or giggle. Grizzled old-timers push their grandchildren forward and new parents proudly hold up their infants for inspection. Sidewalk philosophers offer their world views and would-be performers get their chance in the spotlight.

Forum Barcelona 2004, which opens on May 9 and continues through Sept. 26, 141 days and nights, as the advertisements breathlessly proclaim, is an ambitious $2.3 billion international enterprise sponsored in part by Unesco. But its essential town-meeting flavor is not all that different from the videomaton. In what promises to be a heady exchange of ideas and visions, social planners, intellectuals, politicians, artists and advocates for various causes will gather to participate in 45 ''dialogues'' on the themes of cultural diversity, sustainable development and conditions for peace. Participants range from superstars like Mikhail S. Gorbachev, Bill Clinton (whose attendance was still pending), Bono and Noam Chomsky to New York-area heroes like Cora Weiss, the 1960's New York peace advocate, and the urbanist Jane Jacobs, who will appear on video. Forum organizers hope to attract five million visitors.

This serious side of the event, which is expected to be the first of several annual forums to be held in world cities, was probably best described by Pasqual Maragall, the charmingly rumpled new Socialist president of Catalonia, who conceived of the Forum. The Forum could become ''the third leg of Davos and Porto Alegre,'' Mr. Maragall said, referring to the world conferences in Switzerland and Brazil.

Speakers are all paid a meager stipend of about $1,250. ''So Mr. Clinton thinks the idea is good enough,'' Oleguer Sarsanedas, a Forum spokesman, said. ''The same with Mr. Gorbachev.''

Many of the sessions, which are open to the public by preregistration and payment of an admission fee on the Forum Web site, will take place in an imposing new raised triangular building at the heart of the huge 3,000-acre festival site, on Barcelona's handsome, sprawling waterfront. Designed by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron, the winners of the 2001 Pritzker Prize, the skylighted building houses an auditorium and television and radio production center, with open-air plazas on the roof and under the building. Water will course through from pools on the roof, in one of many acknowledgments of the Mediterranean's role in Barcelona's culture and history.

Conferences will also be held at the new Barcelona International Convention Center, designed by a Catalan architect, Josep Lluis Mateo. Also at the site are two new parks with amphitheaters and a third along the beach, as well as a new marina and the artificial Pangea Island, accessible only to swimmers.

The public may participate in the dialogues by registering questions and recording comments on computers to be set up in public spaces around the city. ''We didn't want a conventional conference full of men in gray who know and talk with each other,'' Mireia Belil, a Forum spokeswoman, said. The principles and culture of listening will be fostered at the event, she said -- speakers will not only talk but will also listen to their audiences. And the plan is to continue the worldwide debate in the future on the Forum Web site, with participating cities adding to the exchange each year.

Everyone in Barcelona seems to have an opinion about the event, though few seem sure of exactly what it is. ''It is an interesting idea to organize a forum where the least important can have a voice,'' Andreu Morte i Teres, a theater director and novelist who heads the experimental Mercat de les Flors theater. ''The smallest voice can speak with the biggest voice.''

And Forum 2004 will offer a chance to get to know Barcelona in all its irrepressible vitality, in performances, exhibitions, street events and workshops throughout the city. Many productions are new and allude to Forum themes. Some 1,500 performances were scheduled at last count, including programs by 20 circuses and typically anarchic Catalan street-theater groups like La Fura dels Baus and Els Comediants.

Catalans tend to be an endearing blend of equally passionate practicality and idealism. Starting with its World Exhibition of 1888, Barcelona has seized on international events like the Olympics and Forum 2004 as a pretext for rebuilding the city.

Eagle-eyed festival visitors may glimpse a new urban solar power station, waste-water treatment plant and incinerator in the distance, all of them screened by new man-made dunes and parklands. On the ground, a giant mural of Mediterranean fish sprawls, seen best by planes flying in to the city airport.

That and the redevelopment of a depressed small-industry area called Besos -- a word that is pronounced in a way that turns the area's name into something other than the Spanish word for kisses -- were prime aims of the Forum, which was financed in large part by the Spanish government, the Catalan regional and Barcelona city governments. Avinguda Diagonal, a spacious avenue that sweeps across Barcelona, has been extended to the festival site and the port. New roads and bus and subway stops have been built.

Exhibitions around the city will include ''Picasso. War and Peace'' at the Museu Picasso de Barcelona, May 25 to Sept. 26, and exhibits at the Fundacio Joan Miro and the Museu d'Art Contemporani de Barcelona (Macba) that pose provocative questions about modern art.

In the port area, the famous ''Warriors of Xian,'' Chinese funerary art, will be on display from the start to the close of the forum at the Sant Adria Marina. Sixteen small exhibits on a variety of themes including fair trade, ethical banking, women, human rights and the environment will be held on the festival site. So will workshops, many designed to appeal to children, on dance and percussion, musical instruments, problem-solving with mechanisms like giant domino pieces, and crafts and large-scale construction.

The formal settings include just about every museum and theater space in Barcelona, among them the gorgeously funky old Paloma dance hall, where a cabaret series will be held. Music, mostly classical, will be the draw for the Gran Teatre del Liceu, the city's opera house, and the newish L'Auditori, where Mstislav Rostropovich is scheduled to conduct the first Forum concert, Britten's War Requiem, on May 14.

Most attractions come with a bonus, because they are held in theater spaces and neighborhoods that are themselves destinations.

An international musical homage to Pablo Neruda will be performed on June 14 at the fantastically ornate Palau de la Musica Catalana, a 1908 building designed by Lluis Domenech i Montaner.

Major pop music stars are also part of the program. Performances by Sting and by a group headed by B.B. King at the Palau Sant Jordi sports arena provide occasions for a trip up Montjuic. One of the imposing craggy hills that ring Barcelona and help to give the city its feeling of intimacy, Montjuic is an area rich in performing-arts opportunities during the Forum. Bob Dylan is scheduled to sing at the Poble Espanyol, a simulated Spanish town built for the 1992 Olympics, which were held in Barcelona. The ethereal Catalan folk singer Maria del Mar Bonet is to perform at the Teatre Grec, a mossy open-air amphitheater.

Clustered close together are three major theaters, where some of the Forum's most intriguing drama and dance will be performed. The Teatre Nacional de Catalunya will open the festival's theater presentations on May 9 with performances of Albert Camus's early play, ''Caligula.'' Pina Bausch's Tanztheater Wuppertal is also scheduled to perform there.

New productions by Robert Wilson and Peter Sellars will be presented in May and June at the Teatre Lliure, which was originally devised as a home for serious plays for ***working-class*** audiences, followed in late June by Mikhail Baryshnikov and his new acting company in a play by Rezo Gabriadze. Peter Brook returns with a theater production called ''Darling Brokar'' to the Mercat, a huge old former flower market.

Mr. Morte has suggestions for typical Barcelona experiences. You can see an avant-garde art exhibit at Macba or the CaixaForum, the big glistening modern museum near the Mercat, he said, and then take the subway or go for a stroll in the sun, drink a beer and hang out in a chiringuito -- a simple portside bar -- until as late as 2 a.m.

Or you could spend entire days and nights locked in intense discussion about world problems. ''The idea is to help citizens peel off their indifference,'' Mr. Sarsanedas said. ''The hope is that people who participate will know that they are not alone in the world.'' Asked about the utopian impracticality of it all, Mr. Sarsanedas smiled and offered his favorite description of the event, which came from Adolfo Perez Esquivel, the Argentine Nobel Peace Laureate of 1980 and a Forum participant. ''The Forum,'' Mr. Esquivel said, ''will be a meeting of optimists with different points of view.''

If you go

The forum will take place in newly constructed installations in the Sant Adria de Besos district on Barcelona's waterfront. Information on Forum Barcelona 2004, which opens on May 9 and closes on Sept. 26, is available on the forum Web site, [*www.barcelona2004.org*](http://www.barcelona2004.org) or by calling (34) 902 242 004.

The ''Dialogues'' component of the Forum, at which topics related to cultural diversity, sustainable development and the conditions for peace will be discussed, is open to the public by preregistration on the Web site. A Dialogue ticket also allows attendance at any of that day's other Forum events.

Tickets to performances and other arts events held as part of the Forum may also be bought in advance on the Web site, or at locations in Barcelona starting May 9. A single-day ticket purchased by May 8 costs $22.75 (at $1.27 to the euro) for an adult, with discounts for children and seniors. From May 9, an adult ticket is $26.65. Season passes reduce the per-day cost.

On the Web site you can also make hotel reservations and get information, for example, about Barcelona's transportation system.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on March 14 about the Forum Barcelona 2004, a festival for artists, intellectuals and politicians this summer, misstated the origin of the Poble Espanyol, or Spanish Village, a section of Barcelona that represents architectural styles of Spain. It was built for the 1929 Universal Exhibition, not the 1992 Olympics. In addition, the singer Maria del Mar Bonet, who will perform during the festival, was described incorrectly. She is from Majorca, not Catalonia.

**Correction-Date:** March 28, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Palau St. Jordi stadium will feature musical performances. The CaixaForum museum. Rendering of a festival building to be used for lectures. (Photos by Toru Morimoto/Panos Pictures, for The New York Times [stadium], Infrastructures del Llevant de Barcelona [Forum], Jordi Lopez Dot [Caixa])(pg. 8)

Beach bar near the festival site. The Palau de la Musica Catalana, where a musical homage to Pablo Neruda will be performed. A cabaret series will take place at La Paloma dance hall. (Photographs by Toru Morimoto/Panos Pictures, for The New York Times)(pg. 9)Map of Spain highlighting Barcelona. (pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 2004

**End of Document**



[***IN LONDON, STREET STYLES AND TAFFETA CLOTHES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J6J0-0008-Y4XS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 20, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1322 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DUKA

**Dateline:** LONDON, Oct. 13

**Body**

King's Road is still crowded on Saturdays with English youths who shape their hair into enormous spikes, each spike a different shade of Italian sherbet, to paraphrase a line from Clive James's novel ''Brilliant Creatures.'' And the World's End shop of Vivienne Westwood, the spiritual mother of punk fashion, is still at one end of the road, the hands of its clock spinning backward at a madcap rate.

But Miss Westwood, an integral member of the British style revolution of 1976 that disrupted the fashion world like a very large rock thrown into a very sleepy pond, is not there. She is in Italy designing clothes for Fiorucci. In other times, that might have been known as selling out. Today, even in the most subversive fashion quarters, it is known as making a living. Indeed, close inspection of the English street scene reveals that although King's Road seems to be a subcultural mecca for the leather-wearing suburban youth of London, it is in reality little more than a funky shopping mall, a tourist attraction merchandising clothes that can no longer be called underground.

Article on London's new crop of fashion designers; photos (M)

Real English fashion has moved on to different pastures and punk has become commonplace. While many Americans are only now beginning to understand what it was all about, in England punk has become part of the commercial fabric of the country, sold to the public in much the same way that hippie culture in the 1970's became marketed. And the word punk is itself considered outdated, absurd and dead.

As Peter York, a market research consultant and author of ''Style Wars'' and ''The Sloane Ranger Handbook'' says: ''The King's Road scene is now totally ordinary. It's become mainstream and is in no way odd. What's odd is that what is mainstream here is still considered avant- garde in America.''

Because it is mainstream, even Levi Strauss has realized the merchandising power of punk and has a new campaign that pictures a dozen young people with wild hair and copy that reads: ''We cut jeans the way you cut your hair.''

The new trend in the world of the young English fashion designers is something quite unexpected and represents a reaction to the punk explosion, an emerging sociocultural split among the young of the fashion world, who are divided into two groups: those who design clothing for the avant-garde and are on the fringe of the fashion establishment, and those who design clothing for women like the Princess of Wales. That clothing, not touched by the eddies and tides of fashion, ranges from fresh and sleek, the styles the Princess wears, to frumpy. While fashion has always reflected this division, today it is more evident than ever, a standoff between the street youths and the ''taffeta girls and wing-collar boys,'' as they are called here, of the upper class.

Among the first group are such designers as Katharine Hamnett; David Holah and Stevie Stewart, who have a company called Body Map; Sue Clowes; the hat designers Paul Bernstock and Thelma Spiers; Dexter Wong, and Robin Archer.

Sweatshirts and Jogging Clothes

For most of them, a souped-up version of American sweatshirt clothing and jogging clothes is the new direction, with blousy tops and trousers that are exaggeratedly large and hang from suspenders or are snug-fitting with zippers extending from ankle to knee. But none of it is scruffy, ripped or shabby. Fresh is the new catchword.

Helen Roberts, the fashion editor of The Face, the trendiest and most popular magazine among the youth of London, said: ''There's really nothing happening fashionwise on the streets. What's happening is internal. The young designers have cleaned up their look. They've become sporty and clothing has become graphic and very New York.''

While Vivienne Westwood was the first to design this new kind of sweatshirt clothing in London six months ago - Kamali first designed a tamer one in the United States two years ago - other English designers have their own versions. ''We've put all that former punk era behind us,'' said Mr. Holah. ''We've grown up and we want our businesses to last. What we're doing now is casual eccentric clothing. Our new spring collection, oversized nautical sweatshirt clothing, is selling to Barneys, Macy's and stores in England.''

At the same time that these designers are experimenting with sweatshirt materials, Katharine Hamnett has become the leading designer of casual clothing inspired by military shapes and executed in industrial cottons. Of all the new designers, she is the most popular and the most political. Her latest tank tops are inscribed with ''Ban the Bomb'' and ''Education Not Missiles.''

No 'Status Clothes'

''I can't stand status clothes,'' she said in her studio in Islington, a tough neighborhood of London. ''I believe clothes should just be comfortable and, if you're a woman, not emphasize your sexuality. Women don't need to do that to survive anymore. I like the idea of the same clothes for everyone and I think the clothing of the young designers are free from the prewar Victorian ethic that has stifled England. Why else did punk happen in the first place? The young are considered of no value here and to express themselves they became defiant in their appearance. But it has created clothes with a tremendous energy. The youth are producing a flower now, though where it will go I don't know.''

If Michael Rosen, a teacher of fashion design at Middlesex Polytechnic, one of the leading fashion schools in a country filled with them, has his way, the energy of England's youth will be transformed into retail profits.

''The gap between young designers with imagination but no financial backing and designers with no imagination and backing is becoming smaller,'' he said. ''Primarily because the young designers are getting smarter. We're teaching them how to get their point across to the establishment while at the same time not losing their creativity. Now these kids are beginning to get bank loans and are able to set up their own businesses. The only problem is that the press still considers them to be on the fringe while the designers who make clothes for the Princess are considered to be high fashion.''

Indeed, while the avant-garde are designing for their street-loving peers, such designers as Arabella Pollen, Jasper Conran, Wendy Dagworthy and David and Elizabeth Emanuel are designing for the solidly middle or upper class, some of whom are known as Sloane Rangers, others as the Hooray Henrys and still others by the name by which they have always been known, the aristocracy. In any case, most of the clothing they design looks perfect for everyone from Anglified preppies to businessmen.

In fact, with the growing influence of the Princess of Wales, these designers and the people they design for have assumed a new place of importance in the fashion world. As Jasper Conran, the 22-year-old son of Terence Conran of the home furnishings company, said, ''We want to make that clothing that appeals to everyone. I don't believe in designer dressing or extremes. I believe in clothes.''

Elizabeth Emanuel said: ''We do a collection for every figure shape, for every kind of woman and we always look to the past when we design. We say that the other side of the New Wave is the New Romance.''

In the hands of the Emanuels, the New Romance looks like sailor dresses and cocktail dresses made of white eyelet cotton, and none of it looks new.

''But that's not the point,'' Peter York said. ''If punk was a ***working***- ***class*** revolution, the 80's is seeing a middle-class or aristocratic revolution in which the middle class who so desperately wanted to get in with the 'in' crowd now feels that they were right all along. Now they are more confident about their appearance and culture. All of us have gotten a little older and none of us are really selling out. We're getting smart. We just have to sit here now and wait for the world to come to us.''

**Graphic**

photo of British fashions; photo of Arabella Pollen

**End of Document**



[***'Skeletal' Models Create Furor Over British Vogue - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4MF0-0005-G2DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1459 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON

By JOHN DARNTON

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 2

**Body**

After stepping into a minefield of controversy over the connection between fashion and health, the Swiss watch manufacturer Omega reversed its decision to stop advertising in a British fashion magazine that used what it called "skeletal" models.

Giles Rees, the British marketing manager for the Omega Watch Corporation, a unit of the SMH Swiss Corporation, said on Thursday that his company would cease advertising in the British edition of Vogue, saying its emphasis on ultra-thin models, typified by two features in the June issue, could encourage young women to develop eating disorders.

But a day later he reversed his position, saying that the company's chairman, Nicholas Hayek, believed "it is not in anybody's interest to influence the editorial position of any given media."

Stephen Quinn, the magazine's publisher, said that the reversal was "a complete victory" for Conde Nast, the Advance Publications unit that owns the magazine. "It's good news in terms of editorial independence and the fact that advertising revenue will continue," Mr. Quinn said Friday, according to the Associated Press.

Mr. Rees's original letter to the magazine excoriated it for two editorial features in the June issue in which photos of two well-known models, Trish Goff and Annie Morton, show them as unusually thin. Mr. Rees said that he was "appalled" by the "extremely distasteful" pictures of the models -- not just because they were so thin but because the layouts "made every effort to accentuate this attribute."

Miss Morton, in an eight-page spread on bandeau tops, tiny shorts and rubber skirts, shows a boyish figure and a rather sickly demeanor, described by a blurb as taking "body consciousness to a new extreme." Advice follows on achieving such a look: "All that's required is a well-toned physique and a cool attitude."

Caught off guard, the British Vogue first suggested that Omega was upset because a photo spread of watches, including one Omega, was intentionally printed out of focus, apparently for artistic reasons.

Then as the controversy gathered steam, the magazine's editor, Alexandra Shulman, released a statement saying that it used the same models as other magazines, that they "tend to be in their late teens and still, naturally, extremely thin," and that they "also tend to flesh out as time goes on."

The magazine added: "As the fashion bible, we are acutely concerned about the dangers of appearing to promote unnaturally slim models."

Those in the fashion trade and magazine business said that models -- particularly British ones -- have been getting slimmer. This trend has accelerated since 1992 and 1993 when Kate Moss, the British model, became the paradigm for the latest waif look popularized by fashion magazines and most prominently by Calvin Klein ads.

But this was the first time those industries recalled a major advertiser objecting publicly to the models' appearance because their appearance might encourage unhealthy behavior such as eating disorders. More often, editors and readers complain about the advertisements for reasons from sexual innuendo to encouragement of habits like smoking.

For a long time, casual observers have linked the trend of ultra-thin fashion models to a rise in eating disorders, theorizing that in setting new standards of slimness that are impossible for most people to meet, the models are encouraging obsessive dieting and extreme weight loss.

Anorexia nervosa, a sometimes fatal eating disorder characterized by self-induced starvation and excessive exercise, pre-dates fashion's focus on emaciated female bodies, but few psychologists doubt that the imperative to be thin, emphasized daily in ads, movies and on television, contributes heavily to eating disorders.

"The desire to fit the cultural ideal of thinness drives many women to diet severely," said Dr. Terence Wilson, a psychologist at Rutgers University. "In some vulnerable young women, this leads to bingeing and purging, or to self-starvation."

While not discounting the publicity about super-thin celebrities as a factor, researchers also tend to paint a more complicated picture of the disorders -- involving low self-esteem, extreme perfectionism, a sense of loss of control and perhaps sexual confusion.

What is not in dispute is the widespread nature of the problem. Recent studies indicate that 1 in 10 college students suffers to a significant degree from anorexia, bulimia nervosa or binge eating. Although most by far are young women, there are signs that the problem is gaining among young men as well.

Some researchers believe that the disorder, once associated largely with middle- and upper-middle class teen-age girls, is now increasingly reported among preadolescent girls, adolescent boys and older women. The National Association for Anorexia Nervosa and Assorted Disorders, based in Highland Park, Ill., estimated that seven million females and a million males in the United States suffer from eating disorders.

But still, the most susceptible group appears to be young women at the beginning of puberty. That seems to cast the body image epitomized by models as the main villain.

"These girls, especially at adolescence, are watching women and they are watching the culture's fascination with models," said Marie Wilson, president of the Ms. Foundation for Women, which has been supporting research and programs involving girls and their body images for years.

Ms. Wilson said that a new study, done by the foundation with Seventeen magazine, of 500 young men and women between the ages of 13 and 21 turned up the intriguing finding that 5 percent of girls and 12 percent of boys said they judged others on appearance but that 30 percent of girls and 33 percent of boys believed others judged them by appearance.

"One-third of girls said that weight is something they worry about, compared to 17 percent of boys," she said.

Susie Orbach, a therapist who specializes in treating eating disorders and the author of "Fat is a Feminist Issue" and of "Hunger Strike," recalled that the first modern model who was shockingly thin was the British Twiggy, in the Swinging London of the 1960's. "The difference was she gave off the appearance of being happy -- she was a ***working-class*** girl breaking into the upper-class esthetic of being so rich you don't eat.

"Today it's more sinister. It's about the confusion of femininity, and who women are, and the conjunction of women insisting they can be taken seriously in the world, and the resistance to that which says, 'You can go as far as you like, baby, but you'll still feel insecure about your bodies.' "

In the June issue, Miss Goff was photographed lounging around and running across a beach in a spread on action wear. In one photograph on the Contents page, as she gazes at the camera with a towel around her neck and with a bare midriff, she looks especially gaunt.

The layout with Miss Morton is in keeping with a new fashion trend here, described by one newspaper as the "skimpy, thrown-together, post-Trainspotting junkie look." "Train Spotting" is a new British film about the lives of drug addicts in England's bleak north.

After the British press picked up the story Friday, various groups rushed to support Omega's stand. "We're pleased that this has happened and by the reaction to it," said Joanna Vincent, head of the Eating Disorders Association, a charity counseling organization here. "We've been saying for a long time that the use of these kind of models promotes anorexia and bulimia. I find if difficult to know what's in the minds of these fashion advertisers when they choose them."

Nothing but fashion goes through their minds, said the models' agents.

"This controversy is ridiculous," said Corinne Nicolas of Elite Model Management, the agent for the 19-year-old Trish Goff. "The girl looks no different. She eats well, and in her entire career she has looked the same.

"If you look right now at all the magazines, the trend is for thin girls. That's what's selling. There was a time when the girls were voluptuous. But today a girl who is busty and voluptuous won't sell. The advertisers are the ones who decide. They hire our talent."

David Bonnouvrier, Miss Morton's agent at DNA Model Management, said he was "amused" by the furor. "Anyone who knows Annie knows she's the most normal person you could meet. She drinks beer. We go to dinner and I can tell you, she's not a cheap date."

He said her measurements were: 34-24-34. Asked what her weight was, he said: "I'd have to get back to you on that."

The article also referred incorrectly to a British film about drug addicts, "Trainspotting," which was mentioned in a newspaper's description of a fashion trend that uses thin models. The film is set in Edinburgh, Scotland, not in the north of England.

**Correction**

An article in Business Day on Monday, about criticism of the use of very thin models in the British edition of Vogue, misstated some findings of a study by the Ms. Foundation for Women and Seventeen magazine on teen-agers and their body images. The study found that 5 percent of the young women and 12 percent of the young men surveyed said they judged themselves by how they look; they did not say they judged others on appearance.

The article also misstated the number of teen-agers surveyed. It was 1,000, not 500.  
**Correction-Date:** June 6, 1996, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photo: The Omega Watch Corporation criticized the British Vogue for using models, like Trish Goff, who glorify "anorexic proportions," but later reversed a decision to suspend its advertising in the magazine. (The Conde Nast Publications Ltd.)

**Load-Date:** June 3, 1996

**End of Document**



[***The Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54PR-BS61-JBG3-63X6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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January 13, 2012 Friday

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**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 20

**Length:** 3398 words

**Body**

Movies

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign-language films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases: nytimes.com/movies.

'The Adventures of Tintin' (PG, 1:47) The Belgian boy detective (Jamie Bell) and his dog, Snowy, get a motion-capture makeover in Steven Spielberg's wildly overworked animated movie, which has the expected technique and hardly a moment of downtime. (Manohla Dargis)

'Alvin and the Chipmunks: Chipwrecked' (G, 1:28) The furry guys and the Chipettes, the gal pals they acquired in an earlier installment of the franchise, find themselves shipwrecked along with their human minder, Dave (Jason Lee). Personality-altering spider bites give the shenanigans an amusing twist. (Neil Genzlinger)

- 'The Artist' (PG-13, 1:40) Not so much a tribute to the glories of silent cinema as an ingeniously up-to-date attempt to replicate their magic. Completely delightful. (A. O. Scott)

'Carnage' (R, 1:20) Fear and loathing among the privileged parents of Brooklyn, courtesy of Roman Polanski and Yasmina Reza, whose source play was called ''The God of Carnage.'' Christoph Waltz, Kate Winslet, John C. Reilly and Jodie Foster are in good form as the bickering bobos, and Mr. Polanski is a virtuoso of confinement and claustrophobia, but the elegant camera work and abundant verbiage cannot disguise how glib and intellectually thin the material is. (Scott)

- 'A Dangerous Method' (R, 1:39) Michael Fassbender is Carl Jung, Viggo Mortensen is Sigmund Freud, and Keira Knightley is Sabina Spielrein, a young woman caught between the two giants of modern psychology during the years of their volatile association. Directed by David Cronenberg from a script by Christopher Hampton (based on his own play and John Kerr's book), the film is sexually charged and intellectually thrilling, propelled by its characters' terror and excitement as they explore the unmapped territory of the unconscious. (Scott)

'The Darkest Hour' (R, 1:59) How slovenly is it to use invisible aliens? If you're going to tease us with nothing but pinwheels of light for three-quarters of the film, you'd better have one heck of a reveal up your sleeve. But if all you have is the equivalent of exploding garden gnomes, then your problems are greater than a disposable cast and a filming style as flat as the color palette. Directed by Chris Gorak, written by Jon Spaihts, with Emile Hirsch and Max Minghella. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

- 'The Descendants' (R, 1:55) Alexander Payne's splendid new film somehow manages to be both a family melodrama and a knockabout farce without exaggerating anything. George Clooney plays Matt King, the scion of a wealthy family of Hawaii landowners, whose wife is in an irreversible coma after a boating accident. Matt must deal with his daughters -- Amara Miller and Shailene Woodley, both excellent -- and with a great deal more besides, including a land deal and the aftermath of his wife's infidelity. The movie is full of incident and surprise, humor and pathos, but the most striking and satisfying thing about it is the freedom Mr. Payne grants the characters, who move through the story on the momentum of their own choices and instincts. They are so vivid and real that you miss them when the movie's over. (Scott)

''The Devil Inside' (R, 1:27) A dog with fleas but no scares. (Dargis)

'Drive' (R, 1:40) Sleek, cool and empty, Nicholas Winding Refn's fastidious Los Angeles noir stars Ryan Gosling as a nameless driver who becomes a chivalrous avenger when his lovely neighbor (Carey Mulligan) falls afoul of some nasty gangsters. The nastiest of them -- played by the great Albert Brooks -- is reason enough to see the movie. There are others, too, as long as you don't expect too much. (Scott)

'Extremely Loud & Incredibly Close' (PG-13, 2:09) Stephen Daldry adds to the kitschification of 9/11 in his glossy version of the Jonathan Safran Foer novel about a New York boy (the newcomer Thomas Horn) who sets off on an adventure in the wake of his father's death. (Dargis)

'The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo' (R, 2:38) Rooney Mara is a sensational Lisbeth Salander in David Fincher's version of the first volume of Stieg Larsson's ''Millennium'' trilogy, and Daniel Craig is an obliging sidekick. But Mr. Fincher's slick, menacing style and Ms. Mara's fierce performance are hobbled by the plodding, procedural obviousness of the original story, which cannot quite rise above the level of a not-bad television crime series. (Scott)

'Le Havre' (No rating, 1:43, in French) The Finnish director Aki Kaurismaki uses the French port city of Le Havre as the backdrop for a slight, touching fable of lower-depths solidarity that is also a tribute to a romantic, populist ideal of France. (Scott)

- 'Hugo' (PG, 2:07) Based on ''The Invention of Hugo Cabret,'' this enchantment from Martin Scorsese is the 3-D children's movie that you might expect from the director of ''Raging Bull.'' It's serious, beautiful, wise to the absurdity of life and in the embrace of a piercing longing. It's also very much an expression of the filmmaker's movie love. No one gets clubbed to death, but shadows loom, and a ferocious Doberman nearly lands in your lap. (Dargis)

'The Ides of March' (R, 1:41) In this slick and moody political thriller, George Clooney (who directed) plays a liberal governor locked in a tight race for the Democratic presidential nomination. The real focus of the drama, though, is a young, talented campaign staffer played by Ryan Gosling, whose character is tested by a series of personal and professional challenges. Despite an insidery vibe and some good supporting performances (notably from Paul Giamatti and Philip Seymour Hoffman as rival campaign managers), the movie feels flat, safe and unconvincing. It lacks the vigor, vulgarity and nastiness that makes actual American politics so fascinating and appalling. (Scott)

'In the Land of Blood and Honey' (R, 2:07, in Bosnian) Lovers become enemies become lovers in this admirably tough if uneven film set against the war in Bosnia and starring the very fine Zana Marjanovic and Goran Kostic. Written and directed by Angelina Jolie. (Dargis)

'The Iron Lady' (PG-13, 1:45) Meryl Streep plays Margaret Thatcher, in power and in retirement, with brilliant wit and sly sympathy, but the film, directed by Phyllida Lloyd, falls back on biopic cliches and leaves us with a soft and vague picture of a woman who was surely the opposite. (Scott)

- 'J. Edgar' (R, 2:17) In this sensitive, surprising exploration of the private life and loves of J. Edgar Hoover (a terrific Leonardo DiCaprio), the director Clint Eastwood and the screenwriter Dustin Lance Black suggest that the former director of the F.B.I. collected other people's secrets even while he safeguarded an explosive secret of his own, namely his relationship with his close friend and colleague, Clyde Tolson (Armie Hammer). (Dargis)

- 'Margin Call' (R, 1:45) A long, bad night on Wall Street, in which a motley, not entirely unsympathetic cast of analysts and traders, faced with impending catastrophe, contrive to save themselves, anoint scapegoats and sell out the rest of us. A great cast (including Kevin Spacey, Zachary Quinto, Paul Bettany and Demi Moore) brilliantly directed by J. C. Chandor. (Scott)

'Martha Marcy May Marlene' (R, 2:00) Elizabeth Olsen plays the title character, a young woman in flight from a cult led by the charismatic and predatory John Hawkes. The film, directed by Sean Durkin, shifts back and forth between her time in the cult and her subsequent stay with her sister and brother-in-law, and the fractured chronology mirrors Martha's fragmented identity. But while Mr. Durkin creates an atmosphere of dissociation and dread, there is something gimmicky and superficial about the film, which plays with the idea of its protagonist's interior life rather than really exploring it. (Scott)

- 'Melancholia' (R, 2:10) The end of the world imagined by Lars von Trier as a ravishingly beautiful planetary collision intruding on the difficult, painful relationship of two sisters played by Kirsten Dunst and Charlotte Gainsbourg. (Scott)

- 'Midnight in Paris' (PG-13, 1:34) This slight, elegant sketch from Woody Allen finds the perfect balance of whimsy and wisdom as it contemplates the charms and traps of cultural nostalgia. Owen Wilson is a writer on a visit to Paris who is swept to an earlier era in that city's glory. Marion Cotillard is the woman he meets there, Rachel McAdams is his present-day fiancee, and Kathy Bates is Gertrude Stein. The large cast also includes Adrien Brody, Michael Sheen and Carla Bruni, the first lady of France, playing a museum tour guide. (Scott)

'Mission: Impossible -- Ghost Protocol' (PG-13, 2:13) The director Brad Bird (''The Incredibles'') brings a welcome lightness to a franchise that, along with its leading big smiler, Tom Cruise, had grown progressively leaden. A very fine Jeremy Renner co-stars. (Dargis)

- 'Moneyball' (PG-13, 2:06) A perfect Brad Pitt plays Billy Beane, the hungry heart and general manager of the Oakland Athletics, in this fictionalized look at the baseball team. Steven Zaillian and Aaron Sorkin wrote the fast, funny script (from the Michael Lewis book); Bennett Miller directed; and Jonah Hill and other valuable players fill out the terrific cast. (Dargis)

- 'The Muppets' (PG, 1:38) The cheery news is that Disney's smiley-faced reboot of a beloved franchise has been done just about right, which means it was conceptually and technologically left alone with its endearing quirks intact. (Stephen Holden)

'My Week With Marilyn' (R, 1:39) The director Simon Curtis tries to resurrect Marilyn Monroe (Michelle Williams, who whispers and wobbles nicely) in a movie based on the diaries of Colin Clark, who worked on ''The Prince and the Showgirl.'' (Dargis)

'New Year's Eve' (PG-13, 1:58) This depressing, two-hour, star-stuffed infomercial pitching Times Square as the only place in the universe you want to be when the ball drops at midnight on Dec. 31 interweaves more have a dozen lackluster vignettes into a shallow joyless mosaic. (Holden)

'Norwegian Wood' (No rating, 2:13, in Japanese) Though evocative of an era -- the late '60s -- when romantic sex and young love were glorified as life's be-all and end-all, the screen adaptation of Haruki Murakami's much-loved 1987 novel registers less as a coherent story than as a tortuous meandering reverie steeped in mournful yearning. (Holden)

- 'Once Upon a Time in Anatolia' (No rating, 2:30, in Turkish) A metaphysical road movie about life, death and the limits of knowledge, the latest from the celebrated Turkish filmmaker Nuri Bilge Ceylan (''Three Monkeys'') takes the unassuming form of a police investigation that, as miles and words mount, turns into a plangent, visually stunning meditation on what it is to be human. (Dargis)

- 'Pariah' (R, 1:26) In this film written and directed by Dee Rees, Adepero Oduye plays a lesbian teenager in Brooklyn afraid of coming out to her strait-laced parents. Her performance captures the jagged mood swings of late adolescence with a wonderfully spontaneous fluency and conveys the intelligence and willpower, as well as the vestigial shyness, of a young woman who is bursting out of her chrysalis. (Holden)

'Pina' (No rating, 1:46, in German, English, Russian, Italian, French, Slovenian, Korean, Spanish and Portuguese) Wim Wenders's 3-D documentary pays vivid tribute to the life and work of Pina Bausch, the German choreographer who died in 2009, leaving behind a corps of devoted dancers and a corpus of provocative and powerful dances. (Scott)

'Roadie' (No rating, 1:35) Michael Cuesta directs a gruffly tender Ron Eldard in a bittersweet story about a middle-aged rock Sherpa who returns to his Queens childhood home and reconnects with the past (notably in the form of Bobby Cannavale and Jill Hennessy). (Dargis)

'Robinson in Ruins' (No rating, 1:41) Anglophiles, historians, intellectuals and aesthetes will embrace this final chapter in Patrick Keiller's Robinson Trilogy, with ''London'' (1994) and ''Robinson in Space'' (1997). Each is a wan travelogue of an England abandoning its landscape and ***working class***. Paul Scofield (who died in 2008) -- as a Boswell accompanying his unseen friend Robinson, a scholar and seeker of obscure places of historical interest -- narrated the first two. Vanessa Redgrave takes over in ''Ruin'' (2010), a slow-moving but informative and more lyrical polemic. (Andy Webster)

- 'A Separation' (PG-13, 2:03, in Farsi) In this tightly wound, complex drama from Iran, a couple's marital crisis reveals schisms of class, sex, age and ideology. The writer-director, Asghar Farhadi, achieves the pace and suspense of a thriller and the psychological depth and social insight of a good novel. (Scott)

'Shame' (NC-17, 1:39) A somber study of sex addiction, directed by Steve McQueen. Vague and dreary when it should be tough and devastating. (Scott)

'Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows' (PG-13, 2:09) The world's smartest detective continues his dispiriting devolution into a standard-issue Hollywood action hero, thanks to Guy Ritchie and Robert Downey Jr. (Scott)

'The Sitter' (R, 1:21) Less directed than doodled by David Gordon Green, this on-and-off funny rehash of ''Adventures in Babysitting'' stars Jonah Hill as a college dropout who, one night, reluctantly babysits three children. (Dargis)

- 'The Skin I Live In' (R, 1:57, in Spanish) Pedro Almodovar's latest finds the going dark, then darker in a shocker about a plastic surgeon (a great Antonio Banderas) whose beautiful patient (Elena Anaya) is also his prisoner. It's tough rather than playful and at once an existential mystery, a melodramatic thriller, a medical horror film and a polymorphous extravaganza. (Dargis)

- 'Take Shelter' (R, 2:00) Michael Shannon is Curtis, an Ohio man with a decent job and a nice family (Jessica Chastain is his wife) who lives in terror of losing it all. Frequent nightmares about an apocalyptic storm lead him both to question his sanity and to take increasingly extreme precautions. The director, Jeff Nichols (''Shotgun Stories''), uses Curtis's predicament to construct a quiet, unsettling allegory for an anxious time. (Scott)

- 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy' (R, 2:08) An excellent Gary Oldman stars as George Smiley in Tomas Alfredson's superb adaptation of the 1974 spy novel by John le Carre, a mystery about mysteries within mysteries. The terrific ensemble cast (which also includes John Hurt, Benedict Cumberbatch, Toby Jones and Tom Hardy) is among the very greatest you'll see this year or next. (Dargis)

'Toll Booth' (No rating, 1:36, in Turkish) Painstakingly written and directed by Tolga Karacelik, this Turkish character study of a simmering toll both attendant (Serkan Ercan) balances a lack of subtlety with fine acting and Ercan Ozkan's eloquent photography. (Catsoulis)

- 'The Tree of Life' (PG-13, 2:18) Terrence Malick's new film -- his fifth in 38 years, crowned with the top prize at Cannes -- engages some big, heady questions about life, God and the universe, scrolling back to the creation of everything and forward to the end of time. At the center, though, is the tender, lyrical and precisely observed chronicle of an ordinary family in postwar Texas. Brad Pitt and Jessica Chastain beautifully convey the strains and graces of a marriage, and Hunter McCracken as their oldest son, Jack, takes us inside the soul of a young man grappling with the everyday mysteries of his own existence. (Scott)

'The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn -- Part 1' (PG-13, 1:57) Little Bella is all grown up now, and while Edward is still more zomboid than juicily predatory, thanks to the franchise's newest director, Bill Condon, not everything else on screen is dead, too. (Dargis)

- 'War Horse' (PG-13, 2:26) This tale of a British farm lad and his beloved horse, directed by Steven Spielberg, is an old-fashioned widescreen, full of clear and simple emotion and rousing action sequences. (Scott)

'We Bought a Zoo' (PG, 2:04) A touching Matt Damon plays a widower who, yes, buys a zoo in this likable, family-friendly film from Cameron Crowe, who brings out the best in his performers, those with two legs and more. (Dargis)

- 'Young Adult' (R, 1:34) The screenwriter Diablo Cody and the director Jason Reitman -- who brought us ''Juno'' -- return to Minnesota with the tale of a grown-up mean girl's identity crisis. Charlize Theron is Mavis, a writer of ''Gossip Girl''-like teenage fiction who returns to her hometown hoping to reunite with her high school sweetheart (Patrick Wilson). She spends a lot of time hanging out with another, geekier classmate, played by Patton Oswalt. But any expectations of standard romantic comedy are brilliantly and brutally dashed. The extent of the film's darkness and honesty may take awhile to register. (Scott)

Film Series

Bresson (Friday through Thursday) Organized by James Quandt of the TIFF Cinematheque in Toronto, this traveling program of 12 masterworks by Robert Bresson begins its North American tour at Film Forum, where it continues through the end of the month. An independent figure even within the idiosyncratic French cinema, Bresson explored spiritual life through materialist means, making meticulous and moving tales of transcendence most often using nonprofessional actors. Coming highlights include ''Pickpocket,'' a story of a sinner redeemed that had a direct influence on ''Taxi Driver'' (Friday and Saturday); and ''L'argent,'' Bresson's last film (1983), shown in a new print (Tuesday through Thursday). Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, (212) 727-8110, filmforum.org; $12.50. (Dave Kehr)

The Dardenne Brothers (Friday through Monday) A seven-weekend retrospective devoted to Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne, the Belgian brothers who brought a new flavor of realism to the movies with their concentrated, long-take style, begins appropriately with the 1996 ''La Promesse,'' the film that brought them to international attention. Jeremie Renier (who also appears in the Dardennes' newest film, ''The Kid With a Bike,'' which opens at the IFC Center on March 16) plays the teenage son of a sleazy contractor (Olivier Gourmet) who takes it upon himself to care for the family of an illegal African immigrant who has been killed in an accident at his father's work site. Screenings are at 11 a.m., Friday through Monday. The program continues next weekend with a double feature of two early documentaries by the Dardennes: ''For the War to End, the Walls Should Have Crumbled'' (1980) and ''Lessons From a University on the Fly'' (1982). IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at Third Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com; $12. (Kehr)

Raj Kapoor and the Golden Age of Indian Cinema (Friday through Monday) A series devoted to this beloved Indian actor-director winds down with a selection of his late work, including the notorious critical disaster (and hence, prime candidate for reconsideration) ''My Name is Joker,'' a 1970 story of a self-pitying clown whose aim in life is to ''make Jesus laugh'' (Friday at 6:30 p.m. and Saturday at 2 p.m.). Kapoor followed this legendary flop with a 1973 box-office hit, ''Bobby'' (Sunday at 5:45 p.m. and Monday at 6:30 p.m.), in which he cast his son Rishi as a rich boy who falls in love with the family maid's granddaughter (Dimple Kapadia), frustrating his family's plans to marry him off to a mentally impaired heiress. Ah, Bollywood! Museum of Modern Art, Lewis B. and Dorothy Cullman Education and Research Building, 4 West 54th Street, Manhattan, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $12. (Kehr)

Jacques Perrin: Renaissance Man (Tuesday) This French actor, producer and director is the subject of a monthlong retrospective, held Tuesdays in the auditorium of the French Institute/Alliance Francaise. The presentation for Tuesday is a strong double bill: Valerio Zurlini's haunting ''Desert of the Tartars,'' a 1976 film about a group of soldiers stationed in an eerily empty fortress, awaiting the arrival of an enemy army that may or may not exist (12:30 and 4 p.m.), and Pierre Schoendoerffer's ''317th Platoon,'' a vivid and disturbing account of a French unit trapped behind enemy lines late in the Indochina War, at 7:30 p.m. French Institute/Alliance Francaise, Gould Hall, 55 East 59th Street, Manhattan, (212) 355-6100, fiaf.org; $10. (Kehr)

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[***SHRINKING A STAFF, THE KODAK WAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JJX0-0008-Y39G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1273 words

**Byline:** By ERIC N. BERG

**Body**

ROCHESTER ON a bitterly cold morning last January, production workers of the Eastman Kodak Company gathered at their plant for a party to celebrate completion of Kodak's 10 millionth disk camera. Colorful, spirited banners festooned the walls, thanking workers for a job well done. There was enough hot coffee and white, vanilla sheet cake to feed a small city. While the wind whipped the snow outside into drifts, employees hugged one another. Some people cried.

Two days later, the ax fell.

Article on Eastman Kodak Co's reputation as paternalistic employer in light of drive, begun in Jan, to reduce labor costs; drive has included layoff of more than 2,700 employees, deferred year-end merit raises for 83,000 others, an early retirement program and offer of severance pay to employees electing to resign; Kodah says reductions were necessary because of slowdown of its business and were conducted thoughfully and sensitively; different story emerges from interviews with current and former employees; photos (L)

In a move that seemed completely out of character for Kodak, the company laid off 1,100 production workers at its apparatus division, including some of the same employees who only a few days before toasted its success.

''It killed me,'' recalled John D. Clauss, 23 years old, a quality-control worker who survived the January cut but was laid off in May. ''Kodak knew that once the company had 10 million cameras in the store it would have 7,000 extra people on the payroll with nothing to do.''

As it turned out, those January layoffs were only the beginning of what has become a relentless drive at Kodak to cut labor costs. This push to prune manpower - planned almost a year ago and expected to continue into 1984 - has been unparalleled in Kodak's 103- year history.

Kodak, of course, has a different view of the layoffs than Mr. Clauss.It says that production always declines after Christmas and that it never guaranteed permanent work to anyone. Whatever the merits of the arguments, the January party and subsequent dismissals underscore what has become a deeply troubling question at Kodak and one that has tested both the courage and skill of its management: How can a corporation facing the most hostile business environment in its history sweat off a substantial part of its work force, while at the same time preserving its reputation as one of America's most paternalistic companies?

SINCE January, Kodak has laid off more than 2,700

employees, deferred year-end merit raises for

roughly 83,000 others, shut two regional sales- and-distribution centers and left hundreds of nonessential jobs unfilled.

In a telling example of the company's new hard line on labor, Kodak for the first time in recent memory has failed to employ any college students for routine summer work. By comparison, last summer the company hired 2,500 students, many of them the children of longtime Kodak employees.

Kodak says the reductions were necessary because of a slowdown in its business. More important, the company says the cutbacks were conducted thoughtfully and sensitively in a manner reflecting its deep, abiding concern for its employees.

''We considered this the least painful way to reduce our work force to reflect new economic realities,'' said Henry J. Kaska, Kodak's chief spokesman, referring to a voluntary early-retirment program offered in January and February in which an estimated 5,000 workers agreed to quit.

But a different story emerges from interviews with current and former Kodak employees. In a counterpoint to feelings held in this city for generations, a growing number of Kodak workers now question whether the company is still the secure, steady employer it once was - a place where one could spend one's working life if one wished. This fear of leaner opportunities at Kodak runs deep in ''Kodak towns'' - the nearby ***working-class*** communities like Webster and Greece, which for decades have sent entire families to work in Kodak's red-brick, smokestacked factories.

Kodak is still a powerful player in film and other photographic products, particularly in the United States, where it controls about 85 percent of the amateur film market. But that figure is down from a high of 91 percent in 1967. And abroad, Kodak is facing continued recession and stiff competition from lower-cost producers like the Fuji Photo Film Corporation of Japan. Its bottom line reflects this. In 1983's first six months, Kodak earnings from operations fell 47 percent, to $363.8 million from $681.6 million in the period a year earlier; first-half sales declined 3 percent, to $4.53 billion from $4.68 billion in 1982's first half.

Thus, with its control over revenues and markets no longer uncontested, Kodak is slashing away at its number of employees, which at the end of 1982 totaled 6,300 in the United States and 136,500 worldwide. At the same time, however, it is trying to do so in a way that will maintain its image as a beneficent employer.

So far, Kodak has been only partly successful. Although older workers say they remain loyal to Kodak, younger people here express fear that the company will not be able to offer them the same bountiful opportunities it offered their parents and grandparents.,

AT THE ELMGROVE INN,SOUNDS OF SILENCE ROCHESTERTrick work'' is what employees of the Eastman Kodak Company call their practice of working rotating shifts. And each morning after their work is done, employees on trick C - roughly from midnight to 8 A.M. - pile into the Elmgrove Inn to blow off some steam.

For years, the Elmgrove has been a popular watering hole for Kodak night workers.

Located just outside Kodak's huge apparatus division here, the Elmgrove - a two-story, brightly colored, former hotel - has been converted into a bar and grill so Kodak workers can eat, drink and play video games after a night on the assembly line.

So heavily does Elmgrove depend on Kodak workers for business that managers of the inn reportedly keep the shades drawn to make night workers who just clocked out think it's still early morning - and too early to go home.

A year ago, the Elmgrove held a special promotion to attract Kodak business. Gary J. Palumbo, owner of the inn, took special advertisements out on the radio and offered pitchers of draft beer at bargain prices. He even hired two additional bartenders to handle the anticipated traffic.

And his thinking was justified. ''By 7:30 A.M., the parking lot was filled, and by 8 A.M. the place was filled to the gills,'' Mr. Palumbo recalled. ''You couldn't move the place was so packed.''

Now, however, just one year later, the Elmgrove is having problems.

With the layoff of more than 2,700 production workers at Kodak's apparatus division last January and May, morning business has fallen considerably. Mr. Palumbo estimates the drop-off at 70 percent compared with the same period a year ago.

''I could just see that they were making reductions,'' he said. ''Things have slowed quite a bit.''

To be sure, Mr. Palumbo still does a healthy business. There are still more than 15,000 workers at the apparatus group, whom he targets as potential customers.

But whereas Thursdays and Fridays Mr. Palumbo had three bartenders on duty 18 hours daily, from 8 A.M. to 2 A.M., he now has cut back to one. Additionally, Mr. Palumbo, himself, has begun to tend bar more than in the past.

In a renewed effort to bring in Kodak business, the Elmgrove for the first time is featuring live country music. The hope is that even if there are more cutbacks at the apparatus group, entertainment will keep Kodak workers coming.

''It's tough but I'm taking steps to improve things,'' Mr. Palumbo said.

**Graphic**

photo of Mary Anne Ford (Page 6); photo of Joe Cirrincione; Table of events at Eastman Kodak since Jan. 1983

**End of Document**



[***A Whistle-Stop World***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45JP-T410-01CN-H2DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1609 words

**Byline:**  By WILLIAM L. HAMILTON

**Body**

A 13-YEAR-OLD lives inside Richard Roman, 32. And the 13-year old employs him. Mr. Roman, a sandy-haired soccer jock, jumped into the cab of his blue Ford F-550 recently, a pickup truck the size of a locomotive, and drove to the top of the cliffs of Dover, N.J., to show off the view from his new house.

Dover, an 18th-century town, population 18,000, sat nested between the hills like a toy train set: hospital, school, factory. A train pulled into the train station.

Mr. Roman's company, East Coast Enterprises, builds toy-train and model railroading layouts for hobbyists and collectors. He started designing and constructing layouts professionally when he was 13.

"At night, when the lights come on, I see this," said Mr. Roman, psyched, standing by his idling truck, his house behind him. He swept his gaze over Dover, now an O-gauge panorama. "I see my railroads. This is the ideal functioning town that time forgot about for a while."

Today, everyday, the news is good. In Mr. Roman's machine shop, mounted on plywood, small-town America, with its small-town values, is alive and well.

Mr. Roman builds it: an emblematic vision of a simpler time and a purer place that Americans started to recapture in popular culture as it started to slip their grasp.

On Main Street, the windows are clean, not shattered. Workmen wash them, day in and day out. Mailmen face dogs, not anthrax. Children swing toward skies without planes. The nation travels by train, and the trains are on time. The universe is ordered. Life is accountable.

What goes around comes around quickly when the world is 12 by 24 feet. There is no suburban sprawl. There isn't the space.

More than nostalgia for trains or toys, what lives on in Mr. Roman's towns is nostalgia for a way of life.

"It's a perfect, peaceful place, it's safe," said Mandy Patinkin, the performer, of the town Mr. Roman created for Mr. Patinkin's layout, which is modeled on Creed, Colo., a mountain town where Bat Masterson was once the marshal. Mr. Patinkin, 49, got his first toy train as an 8-year-old.

"They want Pleasantville," Mr. Roman said. It is a hometown, dear to remember, that might never have existed.

Mr. Roman, who studied engineering, is not an architect, an urban planner or a developer, but he designs and creates three to four towns, with landscapes, every year. He employs a three-man crew; several freelance kit builders and painters; his wife, Dione; and his father, Geza. He knows, technically, that an O-gauge train like Lionel will climb only a 2 percent grade with ease on a track. He also knows, conceptually, what makes a town viable.

"It's a packaging issue, just like my railroads," he said. "The type of housing that would be next to the railroad, zoning and industry, nice neighborhoods where the trains wouldn't be allowed." On Mr. Roman's larger layouts, there is a wrong side of the tracks, with ***working-class*** hotels and union halls. "And the features of a town," he said. "Firemen fighting fires, a cop writing somebody a ticket." A town is its people. Mr. Roman buys them -- pewter nuns, brides and bridegrooms, sailors and painted "painted ladies" -- from suppliers like Arttista Accessories in Delaware.

Part Robert Moses, part Robinson Crusoe, part Freud, Mr. Roman, with a Hewlett-Packard laptop; RR-Track, a hobbyist's software; and his hands, must realize working municipalities from the uncharted childhood islands in the minds of grown men. Mr. Roman's clients include policemen and criminal defense attorneys, eye surgeons and electricians. Layouts range from 75 to 2,000 square feet. They average $100 to $200 a square foot, depending on the "intensity of detail," Mr. Roman said.

Toy-train and model railroad hobbyists number no more than 350,000, spending an estimated $400 million annually, according to the Kalmbach Publishing Company, which publishes magazines like Classic Toy Trains and Model Railroader. But they are a powerful, imaginative lobby for a version of American life that hasn't existed since the late 1950's and early 60's, when the national railroads' steam engines were retired, the interstate highways were built, air travel became common and the great golden age of locomotion and riding the rails rolled to a stop.

Things were different then, a perception that will never dim in the celluloid-window-lighted towns of O- and HO-gauge trains.

Mr. Roman said that in the wake of the events of September, he expected his fanciful business to stumble. In fact, clients put a rush on orders. Suppliers, like track makers and switch makers, reported shortages. Lionel, the 102-year-old toy-train manufacturer that was acquired in 1995 by an investment group that includes Neil Young, the rock singer, reported a 40 percent increase in sales in the last six months.

"Guys wanted their trains," said Mr. Roman, who has no clients that are women. "They can go into their train rooms and close the door, and the world is under control." It is now predominantly an adult's hobby, a fact the industry is recognizing and catering to with reissues and collectibles, and events like the Train Collectors Association meet in York, Penn., on April 19 and 20.

The most popular era recreated in hobbyists' layouts is the 1950's, the era during which the romance of the railroads disappeared like a mighty cloud of steam into the air, and with it the familiar landscape of America.

Ray and Charles Eames, the designers, made a homage to trains using toys in 1957. "Toccata for Toy Trains" is a 14-minute film of a trip through town and country with music by Elmer Bernstein, inspired by the filmmaker Billy Wilder's gift of a toy locomotive to Charles Eames.

"Railroads built the towns, as they moved inland from the coasts," said Thomas H. Garver, the author of "The Last Steam Railroad in America," a book of photographs by O. Winston Link, who documented the last days of the Norfolk & Western Railway in the 1950's, as it sped -- a 60-mile-an-hour fire-breathing steel cortege -- through the small mining towns of West Virginia. Mr. Garver will be the curator of a museum dedicated to Link's work, which will be housed in the train station in Roanoke, Va., designed by Raymond Loewy, the industrial designer who streamlined the Pennsylvania Railroad's steam engines in the 1930's into cosmopolitan rocket ships.

"If you look at those towns now, they're shells," Mr. Garver said, explaining the lure of reclaiming their memory with a model railroad. Mr. Roman uses Link's photographs as source material in setting his scenes.

For the small-town residents, many of whom moved to cities in the 1950's, the railroad was a way in and a way out, a whistle wailing through at night like the siren of a wider world, inviting adventure.

"The steam whistle is a beautiful sound," Mr. Garver said.

There is a noir quality, too, to the railroad's transient presence in a town, like the arrival of a stranger, which has not escaped hobbyists. What layout builders like Mr. Roman call the icons of American life in miniature, available through the mom and pop businesses that produce them, like Downtown Deco in Montana -- the milk-loading platforms, the grain elevators, the Grecian temple banks, the men in suits kissing their wives and walking to work -- also include the typical small town's secrets: detective agencies, pawn shops and hobos sleeping, with newspapers over their faces, under a tree. They weren't yet the homeless. Boxcars were their homes.

"They forget polio and bomb shelters," said Tony Koester, a model railroader in Newton, N.J., speaking of fellow hobbyists. Mr. Koester, 59, is part of a growing movement of model railroaders who, working as preservationists and historians, are creating accurately scaled, extensively researched layouts that are time- and place-specific.

"I remember sitting on the roof as a Cub Scout, looking for Russian bombers," he said. "And I lost a friend to polio." Mr. Koester's layout reproduces the fall of 1954, in scenery, and the St. Louis run of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railway, called the Nickel Plate Road.

"I grew up in a little town in west Indiana called Cayuga," he said. "My dad ran the brickyard. We left in 1958."

The Nickel Plate Road came through town, still with steam. "They hiss and snort and puff," said Mr. Koester, as if he were a boy describing a dragon. "That's the only thing that's going to be on my tombstone: 'Model Railroader.' "

Several weeks ago, Mr. Roman visited Joanne and Wayne Weiner in Randolph, N.J. Mr. Weiner is a client.

Mr. Weiner led Mr. Roman down carpeted steps into the basement of his suburban home. It got louder as they went down. Mr. Weiner had been careful to start running his trains before Mr. Roman arrived. They were racing and revolving and taking the straightaways, through the blinking crossings and over the trestled bridges -- boys swimming in the river below -- of his town, no one else's, alive with activity. For anyone who was a boy in the 1950's or 60's, the loud, metallic sound is like time rushing back into a can.

"Classic," Mr. Roman said, looking up from the next step down.

Mandy Patinkin recalled showing his 88-year-old uncle his layout, which is at his house in upstate New York. "We grew up on the South Side of Chicago," Mr. Patinkin said. "We were in the scrap metal business, which is the junk business -- the Peoples Iron and Metal Company."

Mr. Patinkin had Mr. Roman represent it on the layout. "My uncle Harold, the last trip he made was to my son's bar mitzvah, three years ago," Mr. Patinkin said. "We carried him up the steps to see the layout. He parked himself in front of the Peoples Iron and Metal Company.

"And he just sat there and wept."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: BACK THEN -- Pewter men inhabit small-town America in Richard Roman's train layouts.; CITY FATHER -- Mr. Roman creates classic American landscapes for model railroads. (David Levinthal for The New York Times; below, Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. F1); AMERICANA -- A street scene, above, with a pawn shop and railroad crossing by Downtown Deco, which makes kits for model railroaders. Right, Richard Roman on a complex layout. Above left, "NW 1635, Birmingham Special at Rural Retreat, Virginia, 1957," by O. Winston Link. Left, Mr. Roman's view of rural small-town life.; DOWNTOWN -- Charles and Ray Eames, above, on the set of the film "Toccata for Toy Trains." (Neil Pinkstaff/Downtown Deco); (Eames Office); (David Levinthal for The New York Times); (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)(pg. F9)

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[***Getting Personal in Prime Time;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XVM-9F00-00RP-K27T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Creators of TV Shows Tap Their Lives***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XVM-9F00-00RP-K27T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 10

**Body**

Two years ago Betsy Thomas, a television writer, checked into the Chateau Marmont hotel in West Hollywood in the aftermath of a divorce. On her first evening there she called room service for a bottle of wine when friends visited. The waiter, an unemployed actor, arrived with the tray.

One thing led to another. Ms. Thomas not only married the actor, Adrian Wenner, but also turned the experience into a television comedy series, "Then Came You," creating it with Jeff Strauss. The show is scheduled to make its debut on ABC early next year.

"Writing about your own life keeps you honest," said Ms. Thomas. "And let's face it, truth is often stranger than fiction."

With the network television audience shrinking and network executives acknowledging that no one is quite sure anymore what viewers want, television writers have turned inward to create a surprising number of shows that reflect their personal lives, most of them funny, but some painful too.

At least 10 new shows that either began this fall or are set to be shown next year are based on the writers' experiences. The dramatic fodder includes being abandoned as a child by a father who returns years later; entering the dating game after a divorce; coping with a strong-willed mother; life as a high-school geek, and being a gay man living in a Brooklyn apartment with straight roommates.

And then there's Ms. Thomas, who is fully tapping into her often embarrassing experiences while dating Mr. Wenner. (The two were married in May.)

"He's seven years younger, and he looks really young," said Ms. Thomas, who is 33. "I've been asked if he's my son, my nephew, my little brother. And I don't look old! When we got our marriage license in Chicago, the woman asked our date of births. I told her mine, and he told her his -- which is 1973 and terrifying. She just stopped and raised an eyebrow at me and went back to her writing. My first reaction was, 'I'm not a cradle robber.' My second reaction was anger."

For years writers and creators have used television to mirror their lives. Two of television's most successful series, "I Love Lucy" and "Seinfeld," were based to some degree on the lives and idiosyncrasies of their creators. On the other hand, Steven Bochco ("N.Y.P.D. Blue") and Dick Wolf ("Law and Order") have never worked as police officers or prosecutors, and Norman Lear ("All in the Family") is hardly a ***working-class*** family man from Queens.

Yet this year shows based on personal experience are unusually abundant, and no one seems fully sure why, though many note that networks are searching for something -- anything -- to distract audiences from cable or the Internet.

"When writers are able to draw on their own life experiences and find comedy within those experiences, and the comedy rings true, that often creates a very compelling program," said Lloyd Braun, co-chairman of the ABC Entertainment Television Group.

Networks sometimes go out of their way to find writers whose lives reflect the ones they are creating, especially for shows about families. "An office show is one thing," said Garth Ancier, president of NBC Entertainment. "We've all worked in offices and you can observe the human dynamics, but it's difficult to do stories about parenting if you don't have kids."

Similarly, Alan Ball, the creator of "Oh Grow Up," a comedy series on ABC about a gay man and his straight roommates in Brooklyn, said writers have more empathy and passion for a show that springs from personal experience.

"What you're ultimately doing is creating a stylized version of life," said Mr. Ball, who also wrote the screenplay for the film "American Beauty." "We're definitely looking to base the arc of the show on very real things, some of which I've experienced," said Mr. Ball, who is gay and shared an apartment in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn from 1986 to 1994. "But the gay guy does not fully represent me; I don't look like him, I didn't get married like him, I'm not a lawyer like him and he's much more conservative than I am."

In "Sammy," an animated show with a serious spin, which is to have its premiere early next year on NBC, the comedian David Spade deals with "your textbook deadbeat dad," the character Sammy, who abandons his wife and three young sons and later moves back into the life of one of the sons, who has become a successful comedian.

"The core of the show is pretty true," said Mr. Spade, who also stars in the NBC comedy "Just Shoot Me." "It gets touchy for me. It's close to home. I keep thinking, 'Do I really want people to know about this?' It's a fine line."

One reason for doing "Sammy," Mr. Spade said, was that he wanted to create something semiserious about growing up without a father and about a mother burdened with two jobs and caring for three boys. The network and Mr. Spade are convinced that because divorce affects almost half of American children, the show could touch a large audience.

But Mr. Spade also made clear that he wants to exorcise some personal demons. At one point in the show Sammy is tossing a football with his grown son. "You got your arm from me," says Sammy. His son replies, "All I got from you is alcoholism and a fear of commitment."

There is NBC's "Freaks and Geeks," about two cliques of high school outcasts in the 1980's, created by Paul Feig, 37, and Judd Apatow. "I fell squarely in the geek category," said Mr. Feig, a longtime television comedy writer who attended Chippewa Valley High School in Mount Clemens, Mich. "I was a big, lanky, awkward kid. All my extremities developed before the rest of me. I was the kid who knew how to fix the movie projectors and get things in focus. I think I had one date in high school."

Mr. Feig said: "The only way I can make something 100 percent honest is taking from my own life. It's also more fun to write that way, more cathartic."

Other sitcoms and dramas based on personal lives include an ABC series about the aftermath of divorce, "Once and Again," which reflects the experiences of one of its creators, Marshall Herskovitz, and CBS's highly successful "Judging Amy," in which the actress Amy Brenneman plays a newly appointed judge in Hartford who tangles with her forceful mother, played by Tyne Daly.

Ms. Brenneman's mother, Frederica S. Brenneman, has been a judge for 30 years in courts in Connecticut and is a technical adviser to the show. "The relationship between my character and Tyne Daly was very much mirrored on my relationship to my mother," Ms. Brenneman said. "Sometimes it gets complicated. At the end of the day we're making a fictional piece, but there are moments that are tricky for both of us."

She said with a laugh, "I don't think any secrets have been told."

Ms. Brenneman, who was formerly on "N.Y.P.D. Blue," said that she grew up listening to her mother's stories about court cases. "When you write from your own story it's so much more quirky than any fiction can be," she said. "You have an endless supply from which to draw. It's so specific. It's just better stuff."

Another highly promoted show, NBC's "Third Watch," about police officers, paramedics and firefighters, is based on the experiences of Edward Allen Bernero, a former Chicago policeman who worked on the police show "Brooklyn South" and is the co-creator and co-producer of the new series with John Wells.

"The characters on the show are me and the people I know," Mr. Bernero said. "We haven't had to invent a lot. It's natural."

He said viewers no longer accept traditional police dramas on television because of the influence of reality-based shows like "Cops" and Mr. Bochco's shows like "N.Y.P.D. Blue." "If you tried to do a 'Starsky and Hutch' today people wouldn't accept it," said Mr. Bernero. "They've been on the inside too much."

The personal approach is hardly restricted to network television. There is also the successful half-hour series "Oh Baby" on the Lifetime cable network, which is about a single working woman who has a child through artificial insemination. The comedy is based on the experiences of Susan Beavers, its creator and executive producer. Ms. Beavers, a veteran television writer, said that after taking 18 months off to spend with her baby, returning to work was difficult.

"I knew that in order to get back to work I'd have to write something," she said. "I tried to deal with what I knew -- how to tell a boyfriend that you're artificially inseminated, the logistics of it, hiring a nanny, going back to work for the first time with the baby at home, getting a kid into a prenursery, which meant for me joining a church and getting baptized, which I did."

Ms. Beavers, whose son is 4, said that writing about what she knew was far more honest and artistically truthful than creating scripts involving issues about which she knew little. "I wrote a show for Tony Danza where he was a police officer in Hoboken," she said. "I don't know anything about Hoboken or police officers. Why was I on that show?"

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Top left, Busy Philipps and James Franco in "Freaks and Geeks," inspired by the youth of Paul Feig, inset; "Then Came You," top right, with Susan Floyd and Thomas Newton, mirrors the life of Betsy Thomas, inset; and "Sammy," with David Spade. (ABC); (Chris Haston/NBC); (NBC)

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**End of Document**



[***How Green Will the Garden Be?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H04-5HD0-TW8F-G2KD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LAURA MANSNERUS

**Dateline:** WANAQUE

**Body**

IN one of his proudest moments as governor, James E. McGreevey signed the Highlands protection bill last August at the Wanaque Reservoir Dam, overlooking a valley of meadow and woodland. This August, from the same vantage point, he would see mid-rise skeletons of fresh lumber in yellow Tyvek wrapping, looking like a cluster of airport hotels.

''Coming Soon!'' a billboard across the road from the dam shouts, ''Wanaque Reserve.''

To those counting on the legislation to shut down building in the heart of the New Jersey Highlands, the sign announcing Wanaque Reserve, 755 new condominiums and town houses, is a taunt. To those who would build, it is more of a last gasp.

In a state that saw galloping development even before the current real estate boom, the Highlands Water Protection and Planning Act was meant to keep it away from the more than 850,000 acres of mountains and foothills that cut through seven northwestern counties. Rivers and reservoirs there feed drinking water to the east, to roughly half the state's population, and they are vulnerable to contamination from development. The act places strict controls on a little less than half of that space and provides for a master plan, which doesn't yet exist, for the rest.

There is little dispute that for the 415,000 acres that are supposed to be closed forever to new subdivisions and shopping malls, the Highlands Act will choke such projects off -- eventually. Even the Sierra Club's New Jersey director, Jeff Tittel, who has called for an immediate moratorium on building, said that ''the era of the big condo development will be over.''

But, as Mr. Tittel is the first to note, it is not over yet. Projects that were in the pipeline are now rising from the ground. Others are before the Department of Environmental Protection, awaiting approval. Exceptions in the law allow small-scale development that will add up.

Some large-scale plans received exemptions from the law, the biggest being the one granted Pulte Homes for Wanaque Reserve, under a grandfather provision allowing those that had at least one state permit by March 29, 2004, when the legislation was introduced. There are more awaiting the outcome of legal fights over the essential issue in the Highlands: whether this land of reservoirs has enough groundwater for everyone who wants to live there.

At the same time, the Highlands Council, appointed last year to draw the master plan for development throughout the Highlands, is weighing incentives for towns in the approximately 442,000 acres outside the restricted area to protect what is still pristine and build on their already-developed land.

The results will determine how much more populated this slice of the Appalachians will become.

Many here say the Highlands are already crowded. With more than 800,000 people in about one-sixth of the state's land, the area is more densely populated than 47 states and, according to the task force that Mr. McGreevey appointed to assess the need for regulation, its land was being consumed at the rate of 5,000 acres a year.

The northwest counties were under pressure particularly from developers who would ''put 30 or 40 McMansions on a ridge line'' for buyers willing to pay for the scenery and endure an hour's commute, said James W. Hughes, the dean of the Edward J. Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University.

Given the pressures from the east, Mr. Hughes said, ''if we zoned the Highlands for half-acre single-family homes, you'd have massive movement out of Essex, Hudson and Union into those counties.''

In the year since the Highlands Act scratched that possibility, it is not clear how much new development has been proposed; the Highlands Council is collecting data from the 88 towns in its jurisdiction. And while subdivisions are forbidden in the protected area, owners may build on single lots.

Fending Off an Old Foe

Aversion to new development was bubbling well before the Highlands Act. In West Milford, for example, which borders Wanaque in northern Passaic County, voters rebelled against the town's approval of Eagle Ridge, a proposed town-house development by the building company K. Hovnanian, which had been granted one permit.

Having ejected the township council majority that supported the project, and electing replacements who resolved to fight it, residents have now turned it into a test of the Highlands Act: how far will the state will go to make sure new development will not deplete local water supplies?

Officials of the Department of Environmental Protection heard from residents at a public hearing early last year. ''We had 100 people, and 99 said we didn't have enough water,'' said Doris Aaronson, a resident who has fought the project. The only speaker supporting the project, she said, was the owner of the 72-acre tract, not yet sold to Hovnanian.

In April, department officials said they were not satisfied with Hovnanian's water testing. The builder sued, accusing the Commissioner Bradley M. Campbell of the Department of Environmental Protection of a ''penchant for political pandering'' that was causing unjustified delay. (The exemption available to the project under the Highlands Act may expire in October.) Under court order Mr. Campbell has until Sept. 6 to act on the application. Mr. Campbell has been on vacation and was unavailable for comment, his office said.

While Hovnanian's testing found an ample water supply for its 280 town houses, a local environmental group, Skylands Clean, commissioned a study that found the builder's estimates to be much too high.

Residents say wells are running dry all over West Milford. ''Almost everyone in the area has groundwater and no access to the reservoirs,'' said Ross Kushner, the director of the Pequannock River Coalition. ''We get water from cracks in solid rock. This is a microcosm of the whole Highlands.''

The Highlands Council, while it has no authority over the permits, agreed -- at least to the extent of urging Mr. Campbell not to approve Eagle Ridge until the council finishes its master plan.

Adam Zellner, the council director, said: ''There are 20 Eagle Ridges out there, and there are 1,000 projects out there a little smaller than that. So you've got to be sure. You've got to be right or you're going down a slippery slope.''

Grandfathered projects will probably bring several thousand more houses and condominiums, Wanaque Reserve among them, to the preservation area.

Waiting for the Other Shoe

But the much bigger unknown is what will surface in the ''planning area,'' the half of the Highlands that is not subject to the preservation law. The local authorities have approved big subdivisions that will mean an addition of some 5,000 houses and condominiums.

Developers will also, presumably, be able to take advantage the state's new ''fast track'' law, which allows expedited permits from the state, although its effective date was postponed by Mr. McGreevey and then by Acting Gov. Richard J. Codey. If the Highlands Act was a triumph for environmentalists, the fast-track law was its price, a political tradeoff that its architects acknowledge.

The boundaries of the preservation area were negotiated by legislators, local officials and building industry leaders. The resulting map carved out some tracts that developers were eyeing or that local officials wanted to hold in reserve. The preservation area reaches down into Warren and Hunterdon Counties in irregular fingers, so that long corridors of restricted land are bordered by corridors open to development.

When the Highlands master plan is finished next summer, towns in the planning area can change their zoning to conform to it (and receive protection from lawsuits) or ignore the new plan. Many feel they are besieged by development, including some who call the act an unacceptable incursion on home rule.

''I think what we should do is buy everybody out,'' said Mike King, who lives in Phillipsburg and heads a local conservation group, the Phillipsburg Riverview Organization. ''To buy development rights on all this land would be cheaper than trying to provide added infrastructure.''

On a drive from Phillipsburg to Hackettstown, Mr. King, sounding like a man with 10 fingers in the dike, pointed to a dozen sites where housing had been approved.

''They would plop down 3,000 or 4,000 people and say it's an infill,'' he said, indicating the grassland along Interstate 78, an extension of a bird habitat area in Pohatcong that his group has preserved.

Along the Musconetcong River, he stood in Point Mountain Park in Lebanon Township, which is in the preservation area, and pointed to Mansfield Township on the other bank, which is not. The Mansfield planning board approved a subdivision of 226 houses near the river, which, Mr. King said, will send dog walkers and picnickers into the wildlife habitat on the other side.

The Warren County planning director, David Dech, said there had been no boom in the planning area within the county. Since March 2004, there have been 154 housing units in ''major projects,'' typically defined as 4 or 5 lots, approved, in contrast to almost 300 a year in the seven previous years. Still, some 2,000 have been proposed.

Others say development is too slow. ''There's not any provision anywhere in New Jersey, even before the Highlands Act, to address the housing needs of the state's ***working-class*** households,'' said Patrick O'Keefe, the chief executive of the New Jersey Builders Association. ''When the legislation was before the committees, there were in the Highlands communities 100,000 young adults who were on the threshold of starting their own careers and households. The act effectively said, 'There will not be housing in this region for you.'''

Meanwhile, according to Mr. Hughes of Rutgers, demand will increase in the planning area, where housing prices began to climb in the 1990's as more towns changed their zoning to require larger lots. ''There are going to be people willing to cash out and go to North Carolina or Virginia,'' he said.

The state and local governments have promised millions of dollars to buy land and easements in the preservation area and to set up a program to transfer development rights. But Mr. Hughes said that while homeowners would reap big profits from selling, farmers could suffer ''a wipeout.''

This month, one of them spoke at a Highlands Council session. Andy Drysdale, who ran a dairy farm in Chester Township and later became a land surveyor, said the Highlands Act had killed his proposal to subdivide his 16 acres and retire on the proceeds. He had waited too long, he told the council.

''We hear that at so many meetings,'' Jack Schrier, the council's vice chairman and a Morris County freeholder, said later. ''Sometimes it's heartbreaking.''

At his house that afternoon, Mr. Drysdale and his wife, Lois, described the dismemberment of the farm his grandfather bought in 1924. Other members of his family sold pieces of it to developers over the years, Mr. Drysdale said, while he retained his 16 acres. His plan to subdivide it cost $60,000 in engineering and legal fees.

Now, a few months from his 70th birthday, he said, ''I'm self-employed, and I don't have a pension.''

The meadow behind the neat, shingled house is now surrounded by more than a dozen enormous houses splayed across the hillside, locking in the Drysdales' land.

The Drysdales' lawyer, James Knox, said ''there could have been dozens and dozens of exemptions and carve-outs to soften the blow'' for farmers and small landowners in the Highlands Act.

''But there was no such intent,'' Mr. Knox said. ''If part of your social strategy is to make northwest New Jersey a rich person's enclave, this works beautifully.''

For the Drysdales, the good news is that the lots split off from the farm in the 1990's have sold for upward of $500,000 and the houses on them are now changing hands for $1 million to $2 million. So the sale of their house and its 16 acres would buy a nice new one, though maybe not in the Highlands.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: An apartment complex with views of the Ramapo Mountains is under construction on Highland Avenue near Wanaque Reservoir.

Monksville Reservoir is part of the water system the Highlands Act aims to protect. (Photographs by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

In Warren County, 154 housing units have been approved for development, including in Panther Valley, above. (Photo by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 10)Map of New Jersey highlighting preservation and planning areas. (pg .10)

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**End of Document**



[***Where the Brouhaha Was Born;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XMN-5WD0-00RP-K0TB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***British Artists Have Been Taking Risks, and Flak, for Years***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XMN-5WD0-00RP-K0TB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SARAH LYALL

By SARAH LYALL

**Dateline:** LONDON, Oct. 13

**Body**

It all began in 1988 when Damien Hirst, an art student full of swagger and energy, decided to put on a show.

He took works by unknown artists, himself and 15 other students from Goldsmiths College here, and displayed them in a spectacular abandoned Docklands warehouse. Calling the show "Freeze," he printed glossy catalogues, alerted the artistic in-crowd and turned the whole thing into such an event that by the time the advertising mogul and art arbiter Charles Saatchi showed up, Mr. Hirst was proud to inform him that all the art was already spoken for.

And so it was that a new group, the Young British Artists, was born. They were Neo-Conceptualists who, more often than not, set out to shock, using video, photography, painting, collage and sculpture to tweak convention and raise questions about big-ticket subjects like life, death, sex and the ennui of existence. These artists emerged as a potent force in London in the early 1990's, and their work forms the core of the "Sensation" exhibition now generating so much light and heat at the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

"They're using the language of contemporary art to actually face, straight on, questions about people's daily lives and existence in a way that is very special and particularly English," said Norman Rosenthal, exhibitions secretary of the Royal Academy of Arts here, where "Sensation" drew protests, raves and some 350,000 visitors in 1997. "Though myth is a large part of their art, they are not mythologizing the subject matter they're dealing with. They're going straight for the jugular."

The artists have been going straight for the jugular, in different ways, for the last 11 years, and though they are not as young as they used to be -- most are now well into their 30's -- the Young British Artists have managed to convey the sense, all this time, that their work is still fresh and innovative. While they have made the transition from anonymity and relative poverty to artistic celebrity, their next big challenge is the one that bedevils every artist known for startling work: what to do for an encore.

Although their work varies widely, the artists have a few things in common. In class-obsessed Britain, they generally came from the lower end of the spectrum -- maybe not ***working class*** but certainly lower-middle class -- and were willing to circumvent the art establishment to get ahead. They hung out together, smoked and drank together, fell in and out of love with one another and championed one another's work. And most studied at Goldsmiths, a well-known art school where the lines between different artistic mediums were blurred and where the Conceptual artist Michael Craig-Martin, a professor of fine art, was fast developing a reputation for being a first-class nurturer of young talent.

"When the history of this is written, it will be Michael Craig-Martin who is seen as the godfather," said Richard Dorment, the art critic at The Daily Telegraph. "What he did was encourage these young artists to define art not in terms of painting and sculpture but conceptually, in that it could be made of anything."

At Goldsmiths students also learned valuable lessons about subjects other than making art: how to navigate the complicated art market, how to publicize their work, how to get attention.

It was no coincidence that the group emerged in the tail end of the Thatcher years, a time when the Government was particularly uninterested in supporting the arts.

"There was no longer a public support system," Mr. Dorment said. "Young people were told not to accept handouts from the Arts Council but to help themselves. And there was a change in attitude. Young artists saw the rest of the country kicking to life in a capitalist way, so they decided to put on their own shows and exhibitions, rather than waiting for galleries."

The indisputable leader of the pack was Mr. Hirst, then just in his early 20's and bursting with youthful creativity, and market savvy beyond his years. His ability to produce provocative art -- his most famous, now on display in Brooklyn, is probably the sleek, 14-foot tiger shark floating in formaldehyde -- was more than matched by his skills as an impresario, curator and promoter. And he had an uncanny knack for generating publicity, securing his position as the enfant terrible of British art by cavorting drunkenly with pop stars, making outrageous comments to the news media, and cheerfully posing for strange, high-concept photographs in magazines.

Where Mr. Hirst went, his friends followed. The group expanded as the years went on, but the core was drawn from the 16 original "Freeze" artists, nine of whom appear in "Sensation." In addition to Mr. Hirst, the Young British Artists, who also became known as the Freeze Generation, include Rachel Whiteread, Ian Davenport, Gary Hume, Fiona Rae, Sarah Lucas, Gavin Turk, Chris Ofili and Abigail Lane, among others.

Their work has ranged from Mr. Hirst's huge installations (butterflies hatching, maggots attacking a rotting cow's head, medicine cabinets full of scary-looking pills and equipment) to Ms. Whiteread's stark plaster casts of interior spaces to "Self," by Marc Quinn, a frozen cast of his own head made with eight pints of his blood.

The artists have tended to mix their mediums. Gillian Wearing gave strangers on the street pens and paper and asked them to write whatever was on their mind, then photographed them standing next to signs that said, for instance, "I'm desperate." In "16 mm.," Sam Taylor-Wood made a film of a young woman dancing -- or being made to dance -- to the sounds of machine-gun fire.

As the decade progressed, the work -- much of it so large and unwieldy as to rule out being displayed in, say, the space above a sofa -- put art in the center of Britain's youth-driven cultural boom.

"It's very accessible art," said Cornelia Grassi, who owns Greengrassi, a contemporary art gallery in London. "You don't have to do an art history class. You can look at the title and the piece and understand what they're doing and summarize it in one sentence. Not that it's simplistic, but it's not going to alienate a general public."

It did alienate a lot of people, though. The debate over what it meant and whether it was really art and why so much of it seemed deliberately distasteful spread far beyond the artistically minded crowd. The tabloid press delighted in stunts like sending a reporter to pose near a Hirst dead-fish piece with an order of french fries, for a fish 'n chips photograph. And some critics said they really could not see the point.

"Just to wish to excite horror and shock by showing somebody a cadaver isn't necessarily a particularly interesting esthetic act," the art critic Robert Hughes told The New York Times in 1995, speaking of Mr. Hirst. "His works of art are meant to create a sort of environment for themselves, which is nothing other than sensational. I think the content of actual thought in Damien Hirst's work is pretty close to zero."

With little money on hand and expensive pieces to make, the artists were supported by a large network, including new contemporary art galleries like the White Cube in Piccadilly and more established institutions like the Tate Gallery, which sponsors the the Turner Prize -- a prize that has been won by Mr. Hirst, Ms. Whiteread, Ms. Wearing and Mr. Ofili. There were also individual patrons, of whom the most influential and the most pervasive was Mr. Saatchi, the advertising executive turned art collector.

He still spends much of his time traveling to artists' studios and exhibitions of contemporary art, gathering pieces for his collection. Some then go on display at the Saatchi Gallery, a gleaming white temple to contemporary art in northwest London. Mr. Saatchi became the patron nonpareil of the movement -- "Sensation" is drawn from his holdings -- and a tastemaker whose support, or lack of it, can determine the trajectory of an artist's career.

"He's more than just a collector," Mr. Rosenthal said. "He's the great patron of a lot of these artists and has actually enabled them to work."

The Young British Artists were welcomed, too, in the frisky European contemporary art world, giving London an international reputation for being a place where things were happening again. Work by the best-known artists began to fetch higher and higher prices and to appear in galleries and museums in the United States. In 1995 the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis put on " 'Brilliant!': New Art From London."

All this leaves old hands here slightly bemused that "Sensation" has stirred up such a fuss in New York. For one thing, many of the pieces in the exhibition come from the early 90's, making them yesterday's news by contemporary art standards. Also, London already had its "Sensation" convulsion, when the show opened at the Royal Academy two years ago; most of the complaints then, however, centered on the inclusion of Marcus Harvey's picture of Myra Hindley, one of Britain's most notorious mass murderers.

"It's amazing that two years later it goes to New York and creates this big furor," said Mr. Craig-Martin of Goldsmiths. "It seems completely bizarre from a British point of view that in America, the land of sin, there should be a fuss about a couple of pictures. It's as though nobody had ever seen risque things and sex and violence before."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Some members of the group known as the Young British Artists shared a vacation in Greece last year. Their work has generated plenty of headlines in the last decade. (Johnnie Shand Kydd/Courtesy Jay Jopling)(pg. E1); Damien Hirst in his studio in Brixton, in South London, in 1995. (Associated Press); The "Freeze" exhibition a decade ago shook up the British art world. (Damien Hirst/Courtesy Jay Jopling London )(pg. E3)

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[***MY BROOKLYN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XPC-RR90-00RP-K43V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Sunday in the Park With Others From Everywhere***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XPC-RR90-00RP-K43V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Bliss Broyard is the author of a story collection, "My Father, Dancing."

By BLISS BROYARD;  Bliss Broyard is the author of a story collection, "My Father, Dancing."

**Body**

Ever since I moved to New York three years ago and landed in Park Slope, Brooklyn, I've had my eye on Manhattan, determined that if my ship ever came in, I'd promptly redirect its course toward that island's shore. I was after the kind of New York described by Joan Didion in her essay "Goodbye to All That" in which the city is "an infinitely romantic notion, the mysterious nexus of all love, money and power, the shining and perishable dream itself." As a young writer in search of experience, how could I want to live anywhere else?

Time keeps passing, however, and I still haven't made it across the East River. What keeps me in Brooklyn, I'm realizing, is not the exorbitant Manhattan rents, the mind-numbing thought of trying to find new accommodations or my own lovely rent-stabilized apartment in Park Slope, but Prospect Park. This 526-acre concert of woods, lake and meadow offers a different sort of "mysterious nexus," one of every culture and diversion. It's the New York carnival, all right, but with an unvarnished, unself-conscious quality that makes me feel as if I've stumbled into someone's backyard.

It takes me 45 minutes to walk the 3.5-mile loop that runs just inside the perimeter of the park, and in that short time I pass pickup soccer, baseball, ultimate Frisbee games and athletic moms and dads pushing jogging strollers uphill. I'm passed by cyclists -- the kind who wear reflective jerseys and travel in dense packs -- and less ambitious types simply out for a Sunday bike ride. I encounter joggers, Rollerbladers and birdwatchers in search of the cuckoos, hawks and numerous strains of Eastern warblers that make Prospect Park one of the major birding areas in New York state. At the lake, people feed ducks, fish for striped bass or pedal a boat into one of the many small inlets that make this body of water feel much larger than its 60 acres.

Many frequenters of the park hail from Trinidad, India, the Dominican Republic, Mexico, Ireland, Italy and Poland. There are old Russians and young Hasidic couples, dreadlocked Rastafarians, Park Slope yuppies and Prospect Heights buppies. The neighborhoods surrounding Prospect Park, with the exception of Park Slope, are predominantly ***working class***. For these families who can't escape to a beach or country house when the pressures of the city become too great, the park indeed serves as their collective backyard.

Prospect Park also has many formal attractions, starting with its grand main entrance: the 72-foot-tall Memorial Arch in Grand Army Plaza with its bronze sculptures honoring the soldiers and sailors of the Union forces in the Civil War. The park offers a Wollman Rink for skating -- although it is less distinguished than its Central Park counterpart, which may explain a pending renovation -- and Lefferts Homestead, a historic farmhouse with a children's museum. There's a zoo, a carousel and many fine examples of architecture from the late 19th and early 20th centuries: the whimsical Oriental Pavilion and neighboring formal garden and the elegant Italian-style boat house with its romantic setting along the Lullwater, a fingerlike extension of Prospect Lake, and its view of the graceful arched Lullwater Bridge designed by McKim, Mead & White.

But it is the informal places -- the paths that meander through the woodlands and along the water, the large stretches of green used for every type of sport, the playgrounds and clusters of picnic tables -- where I've found the New York of my imagination. Out for a run early on a Saturday morning, I pass a trail ride led by a middle-aged African-American man on a tall white horse. With his short dreadlocks peeking out from a western-style hat and wool vest and button-down shirt, he cuts a striking figure.

Following him is a lineup as colorful as the leaves that have begun to turn overhead: two Orthodox young men whose side locks peek out under their yarmulkes, an African-American father and son team, a Dominican man and two older women who trade encouragement in Polish. The group is dressed in an array of blue jeans, sweatshirts and sneakers. No velvet hunt caps or leather breeches required.

I round the last curve and break into a sprint for the final 50 yards of the loop. As I walk back toward the exit I catch my breath and the air is moist and cool. The cups of coffee clutched by the dog owners streaming into the park send up small spirals of steam. I spot a woman practicing the bagpipes. She's a park regular, as is the man on the unicycle who is jockeying back and forth and turning tight circles so he can stay in place while clapping in time to the bagpiper's music.

In front of the woman stands a man with two Labrador retrievers straining at their leashes as they add their howls to this spontaneous symphony. I feel inspired to participate in some way, but since I'm not musical the only thing I can think to do is turn a quick cartwheel in the grass.

Even amid all this activity, a quiet hovers over Prospect Park. In the afternoon I'll take a book and find a seat on one of the benches that line the Long Meadow, a one-mile stretch of lawn that curves around stands of tall trees and dips and rises across gentle slopes. Sitting there, I'm aware only of the wind stirring the leaves, the shadows of the trees stretching slowly across the grass, and the stillness of spirit that comes when one's senses are engaged by nature.

What is operating here is perhaps "the sense of enlarged freedom" that the park's designers, Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmsted, wrote about in their initial proposal to the Brooklyn park board in 1865. While that sense of freedom is evident upon entering Prospect Park, the landscape's calculated design responsible for creating it is not. A visitor wanders along a path that leads up a hill and through the woodlands, drawn forward with curiosity about what lies around the next bend and the faint sound of water in the distance.

The path turns sharply to reveal a small waterfall cascading over a pile of boulders. Along another path, a view opens to reveal a weeping willow bent over the lake, an undulating shoreline heaped with wildly lush shrubbery and the elegant contours of a far bank in contrast to a silhouetted tree line above it. These experiences are so lovely and surprising as to feel serendipitous. Yet on learning, for example, that the park's lake, pond, streams and waterfalls are all fed by Brooklyn city water and are, in fact, turned on and off by one large spigot, one can only appreciate the ingenuity of the park's designers.

Prospect Park is considered by many to be the crowning achievement of Olmsted and Vaux, who also designed Central Park a decade earlier. In a recent biography of Olmsted, "A Clearing in the Distance," the author, Witold Rybczynski, observes that the pair had come a long way since winning the competition for the design of Central Park that marked the start of their partnership: "Central Park is an impressive achievement for two neophytes, but it is the work of beginners. Its many different aspects barely hold together -- they are simply fitted into the awkward rectangle side by side. There is no narrative thread. Prospect Park is different.

Its elements demonstrate, with startling clarity, both variety and unity. Each has its own character yet interacts with its neighbor."

His observation extends to the visitors at Prospect Park. Unlike Central Park, where the demographics of users in the northern and southern ends vary widely, Prospect Park has no such distinction. This phenomenon is caused in part by its small size and wedged, triangular shape as well as by its outreach programs intended to draw visitors to the sides of the park opposite their neighborhoods. Yet the park's unified design also deserves credit in allowing almost anyone to feel welcome anywhere.

This feeling wasn't always the case. Twenty years ago the park was run down and could, at times, seem menacing: every building was closed and visitors had dwindled to 1.5 million annually. At its peak, at the end of the 19th century, the park, which opened in 1867, had as many as 15 million visitors a year. In the 1970's New York City, faced with a growing crime problem, cleared all the undergrowth in the forested area to protect people from assault. This growth, also called an understory, is crucial to sustaining the wooded area because it acts as a nursery for the next crop of trees as the larger ones die out.

But with crime rates down and confidence in public safety improved, along with the many restoration projects made possible by the fund-raising efforts of the Prospect Park Alliance and the help of 5,000 volunteers, the park is undergoing a renaissance. Bit by bit, with the clearing of silt from the ponds and the replanting of the ravine and forest, the park has begun once again to serve as an urban oasis for its visitors, as many as six million last year.

Of course, there will always be park users who impose their own design on the landscape. The term "desire line" refers to a well-worn route chosen by visitors as opposed to an actual path. Remote, wooded areas like the wonderfully named Vale of Cashmere are crisscrossed with desire lines made by those in search of more venturesome types of stimulation. I have no objections, though. As I myself avoid such destinations, I allow that this is New York, after all, with its infinite variety of mystery, excitement and adventure. How could I expect anything less?

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: A place where the ambitious and the mostly not so ambitious can spend time well, or just enjoy themselves.

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**End of Document**



[***Seeking Summer All Year***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GS4-MF20-TW8F-G2N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

SUMMER is ripe in the modest seaside cottages here in Old Lyme: Soul-deep heat. Lazy lopes back to the house after a day in the sun. Porches cluttered with inflatable beach toys. Cheap charcoal grills in the grass. Italian ice. Carousel rides. A couple of rowdy bars but mostly just a gentle family tempo. And the evening light is perfect.

Naturally, when summer is over, not everyone will want to go home. The trouble, however, is that they have to, and not necessarily because they must return to school or work.

By mid-November, the town shuts off the water to most of the cottages in the small beach associations that have housed ***working-class*** vacationers for decades here beside Long Island Sound. Town officials say many cottages were built only for seasonal use, but some residents are creative.

They bore illegal wells through basement floors. They store secret water tanks in sheds. They park cars perpetually over the main valve outside to keep the utility company from turning off the water each fall.

''Oh, my car broke down and I left it there,'' goes one excuse, said Ronald E. Rose, Old Lyme's chief sanitarian.

The search for year-round water is only one aspect of a broader mission that includes extra insulation and electric heaters. With the value of waterfront property soaring, the real goal is to find a way to live in, or to rent out, the realm of summer for all four seasons.

''The new generation coming in wants to use the property as long as they can,'' said Don Brodeur, a year-round resident who supports the seasonal residents and whose family has owned land in Old Lyme for generations. ''It costs them a fortune to buy the places and then just to be able to use them for 10 or 12 weeks is pretty costly.''

The tension is rising along with the prices. Hundreds of beach residents, including some whose families have summered here for generations, have brought a federal civil rights lawsuit to establish their year-round property rights. The town, after losing some early battles in the five-year-old case, is discussing settlement even as it prepares for trial.

Some say the standoff reflects Old Lyme at the brink of an inevitable transformation. They say one of Connecticut's last affordable shoreline escapes could become yet another affluent year-round waterfront community.

''I think ultimately a lot of this is going to be about what it means to be Old Lyme,'' said Eric Knapp, a lawyer with the firm Branse&Willis, in Glastonbury, who is among the lawyers representing the town.

Officials say a year-round community, while increasing tax rolls, would also increase the demand for services, including more pressure on schools. They also warn of traffic problems and potential pollution in the Sound.

''Just because you're starting to collect some serious tax money doesn't necessarily mean it's a bonanza for the town,'' said Timothy C. Griswold, the town's first selectman, who said assessed property value rose by 68 percent from 2000 to 2004. ''We're trying to keep the town the way it is as long as possible.''

Houses in Old Lyme's beach communities, often on lots as small as a tenth of an acre, use septic systems that, in many cases, the town says cannot support more use. And many can neither expand their septic systems nor dig year-round wells because of state health laws requiring separation between water-supply and septic systems.

But Kenneth R. Slater Jr., a lawyer with Halloran&Sage in Hartford who represents more than 400 beach residents who have filed the suit, said not all his clients want to live at the beach year round.

''As a private property owner, they don't want to be prohibited from coming down on weekends or even retiring there,'' Mr. Slater said.

The State Department of Environmental Protection has urged shore towns to build sewage systems, and some beach residents in Old Lyme say the town, some of whose leaders descend from the area's 17th-century settlers, is discriminating against them. They complain that they pay year-round taxes but are denied the right to live in Old Lyme year round.

''We're like a stone in the bottom of their shoe,'' said Dino Dinino, who more than three years ago began buying and renovating property on struggling Hartford Avenue in Soundview Beach, one of the few public beaches on the central Connecticut shore that is not a state park.

Mr. Griswold, who lives on Griswold Point on waterfront land that his ancestor Matthew Griswold settled in the 17th century, said some seasonal residents were asking for too much.

''I don't think it's we and they,'' Mr. Griswold said. ''If they feel they're being picked on, look at what you have there. You and your family have enjoyed it for many years and now you want something different, but the state has rules. The town has rules.''

Now, however, the town is considering a settlement.

''Some of the early decisions haven't necessarily been favorable,'' said Jane R. Marsh, a member of the town's zoning commission, which is the defendant in the lawsuit. She said the town, feeling pressure from Judge Ellen Bree Burns, who has criticized some town restrictions on beach residents, could decide to grant year-round status for a large group of seasonal residents.

''Maybe it doesn't work for a town to say any part of itself is seasonal,'' she said.

But Mr. Knapp, the lawyer, said the town would likely insist on some seasonal restrictions. And seasonal homeowners would still have to contend with state health codes regarding waste disposal.

Old Lyme has been a summer destination for more than a century, although for decades the summer residents followed their own rhythms, not hard and fast deadlines, to decide when to come and go.

In the 19th century, when the area's shallow harbor and tidal flats proved unsuitable to the industrialization sweeping other port towns in the state, its beachfront farmland ultimately became its greatest asset.

American landscape artists began coming to Old Lyme late in the 19th century, lured by the rural seaside and the light raking across the Connecticut River, which separates the town from Old Saybrook to the west. Many artists stayed at the home of Florence Griswold, also a descendant of the area's first settlers. Her house is now a museum.

Early in the 20th century, some farmland was subdivided into what eventually became the beach communities. The lots were small and most of the houses were built only for mild weather. The area became even more popular. In 1925, the Point O'Woods Beach Association was incorporated by a special act of the State Legislature.

Other associations followed: White Sands, Old Colony, Old Lyme Shores, Miami Beach. Although they remained within the Town of Old Lyme, each association had some governmental authority of its own, even if most residents lived there only in the summer.

Just as important, each association had an identity, often defined by a mix of ethnicities -- Italian, Irish, Jewish -- and they had little in common with the year-round residents, including many descendants of colonists, who lived in the elegant historic homes four miles up Route 156 in town.

Several beach residents said that the cultural divide persists, and that it is at the heart of the disagreement over year-round use.

''They just look at the beach people like second-class citizens,'' Mr. Brodeur, the year-round resident who supports the seasonal residents, said of the town. ''It's been like that forever.''

Mr. Brodeur noted that the divide between beach and town extends beyond town hall. He is helping lead a fight to keep the local Catholic church, Christ the King, from selling a chapel near the beach that vacationers pack on summer Sundays.

Business is improving on Hartford Avenue, town officials and local residents say. Mr. Dinino and his wife, Heidi, said they paid about $1 million for a handful of run-down commercial and residential buildings on the street. They have renovated the buildings, which now house a deli, a candy shop and more, and they are trying to sell them as a package for about $2.4 million. But Mr. Dinino, who lives in Middletown year round, said restrictions on how long businesses can stay open during the year have made his property harder to sell.

''This could be a Watch Hill, an Essex, a Mystic Seaport kind of thing, because this is the only public street that leads to the beach in all of this area,'' said Mr. Denino, referring to the vibrant waterfront towns in Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Ms. Dinino said the broad and well-financed appetite for waterfront living eventually will force the town to change.

''I think someday a big developer with some big attorneys is going to come in, and the town's not going to be able to fight it,'' she said.

Town leaders say they have yet to see many tear-downs of old cottages, though many are being renovated, particularly those directly on the beach. They add that they do not necessarily oppose new buyers collecting multiple lots and building something new that they can live in year round, as long as they meet state requirements for lot size and setbacks before digging wells and septic fields.

''I kind of think the time of everybody wanting a seasonal house has past,'' said Ann Brown, Old Lyme's zoning and wetlands enforcement officer. She said her work was disproportionately focused on beach properties because so many residents there seek variances from zoning rules.

Ms. Marsh, of the zoning commission, said she wanted to keep the beach associations seasonal in order to save them. A first cousin of Mr. Griswold, Ms. Marsh said she lives year round on one of several properties her family owns on about 100 rural shorefront acres between the White Sands and Hawk's Nest beaches.

She said her family wanted to keep their property, but she worried that some beach residents want a year-round designation so they can sell for a higher price.

''Each one is interested in having access to their own house whenever they want without necessarily being aware of what that will mean,'' she said. ''My concern is if each of them gets what they want and then they set out to change it, they may completely spoil what they have made for themselves.''

For now, the summer ways endure.

One evening on Hartford Avenue, the humidity was thick while Jerry Vowles, 61, tapped his fingers to ''Give My Regards to Broadway.'' He used a foot pedal to control the speed of the old carousel he and his wife, Dee, bought two decades ago to run as a summer business.

A young blond girl atop a painted horse circled again. Her eyes fixed on the brass ring that, should she grasp it, would win her another ride. Got it.

Down the street, at Vecchitto's Froze-Rite, Margaret Vecchitto scooped one large root beer ice and one large lemon ice for two young boys, cousins from Berlin who come every night. The price: $1.75 each for a large, $1.25 for a small.

The store, really just a converted window in a house through which money and 11 flavors of Italian ice change hands, opened on Hartford Avenue in 1946. Mrs. Vecchitto, 79, is not among those hoping to stay open year round.

''Who buys lemon ice in the wintertime?'' she asked. ''Do you know how many scoops it takes to make $100?''

The sky eventually broke. Wind ripped. A plastic chair blew into the street. Lighting seemed to strike right there. People ducked.

The power flickered out at the carousel and the music stopped. Mrs. Vecchitto closed her window against the storm. A shirtless boy stood in the downpour, his Dickies cap turned backward while he caught the rain with an empty bottle of Snapple peach tea. Then he tossed the bottle by the curb and watched it rush away with the current because water suddenly was everywhere.

THE WEEKENDERS

Articles in this series will periodically report on ways in which second-home owners are changing small towns.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: From their second-floor balcony on Miami Beach, Keith and Rita Henson, top right, overlook the public beaches in Old Lyme. Vecchitto's Froze-Rite, above left, opened in Old Lyme in 1946. Above, Don Dubaldo and Chris Cannata, foreground, relax near a seasonal cottage on Old Colony Beach. (Photographs by Thomas McDonald for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Hartford Avenue, far left, in Soundview Beach has seen a renovation in the past several years with new businesses joining the old. Margaret Vecchitto, above, and her family have served ices there since 1946.

Timothy C. Griswold, first selectman, resists the idea of changing seasonal cottages in Old Lyme. (Photographs by Thomas McDonald for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** July 31, 2005

**End of Document**



[***The Third Woman of 'Thelma and Louise'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XFH0-000D-G2NR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1270 words

**Byline:** Callie Khouri

By LARRY ROHTER,

By LARRY ROHTER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, June 4

**Body**

One day in late 1987, Callie Khouri, a producer of pop-music videos who had never written a film script, picked up her notebook and wrote: "Screenplay idea: two women go on a crime spree. They're leaving town, both leaving behind their jobs and families. They kill a guy, rob a store, get hooked up with a young guy."

The odds were stacked against her, but Ms. Khouri's initial jottings found their way to the screen as "Thelma and Louise," starring Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis as a pair of Arkansas women on the lam from the law and the men in their lives. Giving a feminine twist to a pair of all-too-familiar Hollywood genres, the road picture and the buddy picture, the film has received outstanding reviews and quickly become an audience favorite, earning $12 million in less than two weeks.

But "Thelma and Louise," directed by Ridley Scott, is more than simply the first sleeper hit of the summer movie season or a personal triumph for Ms. Khouri. It has also, to her astonishment, become the center of a growing polemic. Gossip columnists, talk-show hosts and a slew of others have attacked it for what they say is gratuitous violence, for its poor female role models and for deliberately presenting men in the worst possible light.

Feminism or Male-Bashing?

"I hear people getting their knickers in a big twist about what this movie is supposed to be," Ms. Khouri said in an interview the other day at her home here. "There's so much talk about whether it's a feminist screenplay, whether it's a male-bashing movie. It's none of those things. I am a feminist, so clearly it is going to have my point of view. But this is a movie about outlaws, and it's not fair to judge it in terms of feminism."

"People say Thelma and Louise are not role models," she continued. "Well, they were never intended as role models, for God's sake. I don't want anybody doing anything they saw in this movie. They are outlaws who should be punished and are. I do not justify their actions."

Ms. Khouri credits her husband, the writer and producer David Warfield, for originating what she thinks is the most accurate description of "Thelma and Louise": '9 to 5' meets 'Easy Rider.' " That a controversy has erupted around her film, and not the countless others like it that have featured male characters breaking all the rules, smacks of a double standard, she said.

"Here we are in an age when a guy like Andrew Dice Clay is filling Madison Square Garden, and they're asking me if I'm writing a feminist revenge flick," she said incredulously. "It just seems ludicrous in the face of all that's going on out there to ask whether this is hostile toward men. I don't think that it is. I think it is hostile toward idiots."

The "Thelma and Louise" script was, in fact, a conscious effort to counter what Ms. Khouri said she sees as Hollywood's tendency to limit women's roles to easily identifiable types such as "bimbos, whores and nagging wives." Writing over a six-month period while continuing to produce pop-music videos, occasionally consulting a how-to-write-a-screenplay book for guidance, Ms. Khouri strove for a delicate balance of humor and social commentary.

"I did want the movie to be fun, and for people to laugh," she said. "But I also wanted, as a woman, to walk out of the theater not feeling dirty and worthless, for a change, not feeling like I had compromised the character of women, because that is one area where women really get shortchanged in movies. So many times you go to the movies, and what woman up there would you want to be? None of them."

An inveterate filmgoer, Ms. Khouri vividly recalls some experiences with particular distaste. She was appalled, she said, by "Beverly Hills Cop II," particularly "when that guy is being chased around by Brigitte Nielsen, and he finally shoots her in the head and says, 'Women!' The audience went crazy. It's not that it offended me; it scared me."

Not long after Ms. Khouri finished her script and showed it to a friend for comment, it became the talk of Hollywood -- or at least the talk of agents with female clients. The script made its way to Mr. Scott, who has directed such glossy fare as "Alien," "Blade Runner" and "Black Rain," and quickly attracted the attention of four studios and big stars like Goldie Hawn, Cher and Michelle Pfeiffer before ending up at MGM/Pathe , which promised not to force Ms. Khouri and Mr. Scott to tinker with the script or change the dramatic conclusion.

"I had been hearing about this great script with not one but two great parts for women, which is a very unusual event," said Ms. Davis, who ended up in the role of Thelma. "I first saw it about a year before we began shooting and just loved both the parts. It's not often you see parts for two fully realized women characters and have a movie be about women's adventures and journeys."

Ms. Khouri, 33 years old, is no stranger to the world of ***working-class*** Southern women portrayed in "Thelma and Louise." She grew up in Paducah, Ky., and majored in drama at Purdue University. She has supported herself as a receptionist, salesclerk and waitress in "restaurants and bars in Nashville and out here when I needed something to fall back on." She says she has endured the condescension and many of the same slights that so infuriate Thelma and Louise.

"From the way she writes, you could tell she knew these characters inside out," said Ms. Davis, who won an Academy Award as best supporting actress for "The Accidental Tourist" in 1988. "I knew that if I needed to find out the color of the toothpaste Thelma used, I could call Callie and she would know."

What Every Woman Knows

Unlike Thelma and Louise, Ms. Khouri said she had never been raped. But, she said: "I've definitely felt threatened. I've found myself in situations where saying no was not doing the trick, and I didn't have a gun. It's horrible."

For that reason, she thinks the controversial scene in which Louise kills Thelma's assailant "is a very cathartic scene for women."

So, she says, is the scene in which Thelma and Louise take revenge on a truck driver who has been harassing them and making lewd gestures by shooting up his gasoline truck. The scene has also drawn a strong reaction from both women and men. "It's definitely accurate," said Mimi Polk, who produced the film with Mr. Scott. "I've driven from Minnesota to Florida with eight girls, and believe you me, those guys exist and are pretty rude."

Ms. Khouri added: "There is not a woman in the world who has not dealt with that guy. He is out there in force, but when you're walking down the street and guys do that, what you're supposed to do as a woman is ignore it."

Making Up for '99 Percent'

Ms. Khouri takes exception, however, to assertions that she has created no sympathetic male characters in "Thelma and Louise" and has gone out of her way to portray men as bullies, nags, betrayers, thieves and liars. The detective played by Harvey Keitel is "the moral sense of the audience," she said. "He is us."

"You can't do a movie without villains," she added. "You have to have something for the heroines, or antiheroines, to go up against, and I wasn't going to contrive some monstrous female."

Along with Ms. Khouri, Ms. Davis said she feels a certain sense that turnabout is fair play. "Even if this were the most man-bashing movie ever made, saying, 'Let's all us women get guns and kill men,' it wouldn't even begin to make up for the 99 percent of all movies where the women are there to be caricatured as bimbos or to be skinned and decapitated," Ms. Davis said. "If you're feeling threatened, you're identifying with the wrong character."

**Graphic**

Photos: Above, Geena Davis, right, and Susan Sarandon in "Thelma and Louise." Callie Khouri, left, who wrote the screenplay, describes the film as "a movie about outlaws" that should not be judged in terms of feminism. (MGM/Pathe & Bart Bartholomew for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***For a Change, French Dance Comes to America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K3H0-0008-Y4RR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 10, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Byline:** By DAVID STEVENS; David Stevens is the dance and music critic of The International Herald Tribune.

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

In the last 20 years or so, American modern dance has become a more or less constant presence in French cultural life, not only through the frequent visits of companies led by Merce Cunningham, Paul Taylor, Alwin Nikolais, Murray Louis and others, but through such collaborative events as the Paris Opera Ballet's all-American program this spring that included world premieres of dances by Alvin Ailey and Andrew deGroat.

But below this glossy surface, which still tends to give modern and post-modern dance in France an exotic air, a hardy, indigenous plant has been growing, and for the first time this year some of the traffic will be in the other direction.

This week, five French modern dance companies will appear at the American Dance Festival in Durham, N.C., and then from July 20 to 24 they will be performing at PepsiCo Summerfare in Purchase, N.Y.

The initiative for these appearances came not from the French, but from two Americans -- Susan Buirge, an American dancer and choreographer based in Paris since 1970, and Charles Reinhart, director of the American Dance Festival, which will celebrate its 50th anniversary next year.

In 1981, when Miss Buirge became artistic adviser of La Danse a Aix, a dance festival founded in 1976 at Aixen-Provence, one of her first acts was to suggest to Mr. Reinhart a four-year exchange program between the two festivals. A basic aim of the Aix festival is the introduction of new choreographic ideas and a program balanced between French and foreign companies. This brought Charles Moulton, Johanna Boyce and Performance Group, and the North Carolina Dance Theater to Aix in 1981 and 1982 and Sandman Sims this year.

The second stage was to send French companies to the United States, and last November Mr. Reinhart came to France. "In eight days I traveled from Lille to Brittany and from Grenoble to Marseilles and saw 18 companies," he reported. Then he returned to France for 10 days in February, encompassing the annual two-day marathon choreographic competition called "Le Ballet Pour Demain" that has been run for the last 15 years in the ***working-class*** Paris suburb of Bagnolet. By then he had seen a total of 42 companies, "and we picked several with an eye to representing different directions in dance."

The companies that will give a total of 12 performances at the two American festivals are Caroline Marcade et Compagnie, headed by a dancer-choreographer who spent several seasons with the experimental group at the Paris Opera headed by Carolyn Carlson; the Compagnie Esquisse, headed by Joelle Bouvier and Regis Obadia; the Ballet Theatre de l'Arche, headed by Maguy Marin, based at the municipal theater in the Paris suburb of Creteil; the Compagnie Dominique Bagouet, based at the Centre Choregraphique Regional in Montpellier, and the Compagnie Karine Saporta. A sixth group was chosen -- the Groupe Emile Dubois based at the Maison de la Culture in Grenoble, but a conflict in dates will keep this ensemble from making the trip.

Miss Buirge and Mr. Reinhart are agreed in stressing one point: that this is decidedly not an exercise in shipping coal to Newcastle. The product represented by these five companies, they insist, is specifically French and not just badly digested Cunningham or Nikolais. "We are in the midst of a worldwide miniboom in modern dance," Mr. Reinhart said. "The young talent coming over will be a surprise to everybody."

He also spoke of the attention to costumes and subject matter, the "very subjective viewpoint," and the "taking of the minimalist aspect and putting meat on the bones," as some of the aspects he found in common among the French troupes he saw on his two visits.

"Marcade represents something so French that no one would look at it and say it comes from anywhere else -- a very chic kind of French," he continued. "Maguy Marin is very strong, shocking in parts, a little like French Buto. Bagouet has a traditional sense of modern dance, interesting but not avant-garde. Bouvier-Obadia and Saporta are more avant-garde, which is perhaps a sign of my own age."

Miss Buirge, who as a former Nikolais and Murray Louis dancer, as a choreographer, teacher and director of her own company, as an artistic adviser at Aix and Bagnolet, has become a kind of unofficial housemother to the young French contemporary dancers and choreographers, is also quite specific about the Frenchness of the rising tide of modern dance here.

"There are three points to be made about these five companies," she said. "In all five there is a preoccupation with costume -- no leotards or tights, no jogging clothes. In all five, there is placing of dance in a context -- a decor, maybe only a backdrop or a chair, but no empty stage. Finally, all the space is close to the body."

Miss Buirge also put the French experience in a historical context. "If you go back to the beginning, for me it is Delsarte's theories," she said, referring to the 19th-century French theoretician Fran, cois Delsarte, whose ideas strongly influenced the pioneers of modern dance. "Delsarte's theories are what became St. Denis, Humphrey, Graham. And though the French now don't know who Delsarte is, what we are doing in the sense of movement has the same roots in spirit."

An important event, Miss Buirge feels, was Rolf Liebermann's appointment, almost 10 years ago, of Carolyn Carlson as choreographer and director of the experimental dance group at the Paris Opera, independent of the Opera's ballet troupe. Miss Carlson's slender, supple body and cool Nordic blondness "changed the image of the dancer," Miss Buirge said. "And the phenomenon finally became fashionable with our concern for the body -- the health corps arrived."

The gallicizing of modern dance is reflected by a number of artistic and structural phenomena in France.

Item: With the end of the Libermann regime at the Paris Opera and the departure of Miss Carlson for Venice, the new director of the Opera, Bernard Lefort, transformed the experimental group into an integral part of the Paris Opera Ballet. The Groupe de Recherche Choregraphique is now headed by Jacques Garnier, a dancer who left the Opera more than a decade ago to found his own company, the Ballet-Theatre du Silence. Now headed by its co-founder, Brigitte Lefevre, that company, based in La Rochelle, is the only troupe in France to have Cunningham dances in its repertory.

Item: The Maison de la Danse in Lyons, founded in 1980, may be the only theater anywhere whose full season is devoted to dance. It has no resident company, and its programming ranges from classical troupes to modern and experimental, but young French modern dance groups figured prominently in the programming.

Item: The annual choreographic competition at Bagnolet has become so besieged with French and foreign entries that this year it instituted a pre-selection process.

Item: Initiatives by the Cultural Ministry and regions and municipalities have helped to keep dance from being overly centralized in Paris. The Ballet-Theatre Contemporain, now based in Nancy, and the Centre National de Danse Contemporaine at Angers, originally headed by Alwin Nikolais and now directed by Viola Farber, are still going strong. The Danse a Aix festival, and the international dance festival at Montpellier, founded in 1980, have rapidly become focal points of interest in modern dance.

In this context it is hardly surprising that Susan Buirge and Charles Reinhart think of this year's project as merely an opening wedge in making modern dance a two-way street between France and the United States. "I know," said Miss Buirge, "that any foreign dance company that goes to the United States after this event will not go as they did before."

**End of Document**



[***A Warbler Set Aloft By a Dedicated Flock; Patience Pays Off for Nelly Furtado's Team***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45D7-9TH0-01CN-H2VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, March 20

**Body**

Nelly Furtado, a Canadian singer-songwriter, rushed to the stage at the Grammy ceremonies last month to accept the award for best female pop singer for her song "I'm Like a Bird." Ms. Furtado, the daughter of ***working-class*** Portuguese immigrants, said she felt like Cinderella.

The fairy tale almost did not happen.

For nearly a year, Ms. Furtado, with her manager, Chris Smith, and a representative from DreamWorks, her record company, traveled relentlessly around the United States, visiting radio stations where she sang -- actually auditioned -- for the executives and disc jockeys to get her songs on the air. Some were reluctant because Ms. Furtado's songs were not easy to categorize: a blend of pop, hip-hop, bossa nova and melancholy Portuguese fado.

"We would bring in pizza for everyone while she sang," said Marc Ratner of DreamWorks, who traveled with her. "There are so many records coming out. You had to separate Nelly's CD from the hundreds of other pieces of plastic on people's desks."

When Ms. Furtado's first album, "Whoa, Nelly!," was released in the fall of 2000, initial sales were disappointing, leaving her and DreamWorks nervous about its future. The bottom-line mood of the music business resembles that of the movie industry: if a new CD, like a new film, does not open strongly in its first week, the company often loses interest.

But Ms. Furtado, who is as ambitious as she is talented, and DreamWorks, a relatively small, independent company that was slow starting and not known for its brashness, persisted aggressively.

"Nelly is a victory from the get-go," said Lenny Waronker, former president of Warner Brothers Records and one of the co-chairmen of DreamWorks Records. "But it was brutal. It took an enormous amount of time."

Ms. Furtado put it another way. "I did whatever DreamWorks wanted me to do," she said. "They took a chance on me, and I took a chance on them."

"Whoa, Nelly!" has now sold about four million copies worldwide, and the figure is climbing. Her popularity abroad matches -- and may outmatch -- her success in the United States. Her current concert is selling out smaller theaters around the nation.

She has been the subject of lengthy articles in Rolling Stone and other magazines, and has appeared several times on "Tonight" with Jay Leno, as well as on the David Letterman and Rosie O'Donnell shows and "Saturday Night Live." (It doesn't hurt that Ms. Furtado has movie-star looks.)

Whether she has an enduring and successful career like Madonna or Eric Clapton, or one that sputters after two of three albums is unknown of course. The music business is especially cruel to young singers -- like Lisa Loeb, Edie Brickell and Jewel -- who never match their first success. Beyond this, Ms. Furtado has yet to prove her ability to create a large fan base and to make the uncertain leap from clubs to arenas.

"The next steps for Nelly are very difficult," said Joe Levy, music editor of Rolling Stone. "Any new artist has a lifetime to make a first album. She may have eight months to make a second one." (Ms. Furtado is now working on hers.)

Radio play remains difficult for Ms. Furtado and any other emerging singer. "Even though Nelly has had a great deal of success in radio and is steadily building her fan base, there's still no guarantee that radio will continue to support her, because of the way the format works now," said Melinda Newman, West Coast bureau chief for Billboard. "Radio used to give artists like Nelly the benefit of the doubt. Not anymore. It's singles oriented, not artist oriented. It's very much done on a song-by-song basis."

Though Ms. Furtado's fortunes could flag, she has not made a serious misstep. Talent agents and even rival record company executives said that the patient way DreamWorks has slowly unveiled Ms. Furtado was unusual in today's record business.

"Everyone wants instant results now," said John Marx, senior vice president for contemporary music at the William Morris Agency. "The record companies spend all this money signing acts, but they also need to spend time developing them. They don't do that."

It's quite possible that the larger record companies -- owned by conglomerates like AOL Time Warner, Sony and Bertelsmann -- could have dropped Ms. Furtado or, more likely, lost interest because of her slow start. DreamWorks is a small label, but its name resonates because its owners are high profile: Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen. The company released only 18 albums last year, and is expected to issue 29 this year. A large company may release at least 125 albums annually.

Despite its pedigree, DreamWorks Records has not had a breakthrough star. Its first album in 1996 was George Michael's "Older." Its second album that year was Eels' "Beautiful Freak." Sales on both were relatively modest. In some ways DreamWorks Records may need Ms. Furtado almost as much as she needs the company: not only does she have star potential, but she can also attract other young artists to the label.

Seated in his office in the nondescript building on the fringe of Beverly Hills that houses DreamWorks Records, Mr. Waronker said: "Sure, we have our own pressures here. But not anywhere as near as other labels. If you're a big company, you're really about numbers. You have a three-month report card. The corporation reports to shareholders.

"We're a small company. Every record counts with us. We knew if Nelly's record worked, it would be a big thing for all of us. We know she's special. We know she's original. But the odds are that a big company wouldn't have hung with her."

Ms. Furtado's career does indeed have a fairy-tale quality. She grew up in Victoria, British Columbia, the third child of Antonio Jose Furtado, a stonemason, and Maria Manuela, a hotel maid, who came from the same village in the Azores.

"I was always into music," Ms. Furtado said in a recent telephone interview from Raleigh, N.C., where she was on tour. "At the age of 4, I'd be sitting in the car, making up music in my head and singing."

As a child, she said, she listened to her parents' records of Billy Joel, Blondie and Lionel Richie. As a teenager, she listened to -- and was influenced by -- artists like Mariah Carey, Mary J. Blige, LL Cool J, Ice-T and Smashing Pumpkins. By 17, she had moved to Toronto to live with relatives, make demonstration tapes and perform where she could.

Mr. Smith, her manager, said he saw her at Honey Jam, a small club in Toronto that mostly features black singers. Ms. Furtado, who is white, "had the confidence to be up there in an all-black female showcase," he said. "She got a standing ovation. She stood out."

Three years ago Beth Halper, an artists-and-repertory executive at DreamWorks Records, was in her office with a friend, listening to some demo tapes of new singers and bands. Ms. Halper recalled that the friend, Jake Wisely, then an executive at Universal Music Publishing who is now at EMI, asked, "You know about this girl Nelly?" Ms. Halper replied, "No."

The tape of Nelly Furtado was clicked on. "Within 20 seconds I knew," Ms. Halper said. "I've never had that reaction before. It was a very emotional response, very visceral. It was the sound of her voice. I jumped on the phone and got her in a hotel room in New York."

Ms. Furtado and her manager were flown to Los Angeles to meet DreamWorks executives on Feb. 17, 1999. She was already talking to other record companies: Epic, Elektra, Interscope and Jive. All these companies are owned by larger corporations. Some of them said they would send in producers and songwriters to help her.

What most impressed her about DreamWorks, she said, was that the executives told her that she would supervise her records with her longtime Canadian producers and that she would essentially have creative control. Ms. Furtado and her Canadian team are still partners.

DreamWorks "believed in my demo," Ms. Furtado said, adding, "They didn't try to fix me."

To clinch the deal, Ms. Furtado and her manager were taken to the Beverly Hills mansion of Mr. Geffen, who earned his fortune in the record business. Some of the company executives who accompanied her had never been to his home.

"It was a life decision for her, but Geffen made it sound simple: she had to join DreamWorks," Ms. Halper said. In the midst of the meeting, Mr. Geffen's chiropractor showed up for an appointment. Mr. Geffen offered Ms. Furtado and Mr. Smith some quick bone adjustments. She signed her contract in March.

A business team was quickly set up to work with Ms. Furtado: Mr. Waronker; Ms. Halper; Mr. Ratner, who oversees promotion of adult radio formats; Steven Baker, who heads creative marketing; Johnny Barbis, a former president of Island Records who now oversees promotion; Bryn Bridenthal, the publicity chief, who has worked in the music business for more than 30 years; and Mel Posner, who oversees the international unit. Ms. Bridenthal put Ms. Furtado through a one-day training session on how to deal with newspapers and television.

Ms. Furtado returned to Toronto to spend months writing songs for her album, which was completed in April 2000. The album came out six months later. The first week -- despite considerable publicity -- it sold only 4,087 copies.

"I was disappointed," Ms. Halper said. "But we had conviction."

Breaking through on radio was the challenge. The national radio campaign kept losing momentum and was almost dropped by radio stations.

"It almost died on us three times," Mr. Barbis said.

Mr. Waronker said: "Stations were getting ready to let go, but we kept getting these little positive stories back, too, which told us that the public was getting used to her. If you're dealing with an artist with an unusual point of view, a little left of center, it can be tough."

By the end of 2000, momentum was building. The album was selling about 12,000 copies a week, starting mostly with women in their mid- to late 20's. Then Ms. Furtado's television appearances, and the magazine articles that presented her as a striking and feisty young woman, led teenagers to buy the album. By the end of last year, it was selling 55,000 copies a week.

"It took awhile," Ms. Furtado said "It was a hard-won battle. It takes years to break into the public consciousness. I'm still working at it."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Nelly Furtado, who won the Grammy for best female pop singer, performing at the Hammerstein Ballroom, a stop on her current tour. (Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times)

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[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XHW-B2K0-00RP-K0ST-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***After All That Yelling, Time to Think - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XHW-B2K0-00RP-K0ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

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**Length:** 1460 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

AS is almost always the case in the culture wars, the event that provokes the skirmish turns out to be much less entertaining and far less significant than the political fight it kindles.

"Sensation," the survey of work by young British artists, finally opens to the public tomorrow at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, two years after it was on view in London. Normally that would make the show old news in the New York art world, where many of the artists have had gallery shows already.

It would have been impossible for even the Amazing Kreskin to anticipate that the exhibition would provoke Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani to go so far as to try to evict the museum from its building. But the failure to predict at least that "Sensation" might genuinely hurt people who are not art insiders, accustomed to what young artists do, suggests the extent to which the art world is out of touch.

Hence the debate over the meaning of Chris Ofili's "Holy Virgin Mary." Like previous debates about the merits of other disputed art in the culture wars, this one founders on the most basic level of interpretation. It is as if the argument were being conducted by people speaking different languages.

We might look on the bright side and see the argument as an indication of art's allusiveness. Artists intend certain things, but then their work gains unintended meaning as other people bring their own assumptions to it. The same work can mean different things to different people, and in this way it is given new life. Unfortunately, when the debate becomes as public and angry as the one over Mr. Ofili, it overwhelms the artwork and defines the artist for years.

The art world should begin by admitting it is elitist. It is cut off from the rest of the world to the extent that it chooses to be. Contemporary artists like those in "Sensation" expect you to relate to their work on their terms.

Damien Hirst is a clever artist not because he slices dead animals and packs them in containers of formaldehyde, but because, among other reasons, those huge containers, like his cabinets of pharmaceuticals and his zippy spot and spin paintings, allude intriguingly to Minimalist sculpture and other 60's art. An outraged public fixated on the animals themselves becomes a foil for him. That's the cynical part of the operation. The good part is that art, as the saying goes, is an equal-opportunity elitist: anyone who wants to can learn to speak the language.

Of course it helps to see a work before deciding what you think it means. A pity of the Brooklyn debacle is that even some of the museum's defenders on First Amendment grounds have said they won't visit the exhibition because they are sure it will offend them.

Being a poor cousin to the city's big art institutions, the Brooklyn Museum occasionally may be excused for trying to cook up gimmicks to entice parochial Manhattanites across the river. But its fake "health warning" for "Sensation" ("The contents of this exhibition may cause shock, vomiting, confusion") not only gave ammunition to the Mayor, it cheapened the institution and hurt the art in the show as well. If the museum's own advertisement describes the work as nauseating, is it a surprise that people should assume, sight unseen, that it is?

Yes, some of it is, but not all of it. The show is uneven, like most big group shows of new art. It includes 40 artists, and with around 90 paintings, sculptures and installations, many of them large, it sprawls luxuriously across two upper floors of grand galleries in the museum, kicking European paintings out of their usual rooms.

A few of the exhibition's works are in other parts of the museum as well. As theatrical presentations of new art go, this is one of the most lavishly installed in years, no doubt the most visually spectacular that the Brooklyn Museum has done.

Several of the galleries do look great. One of them mixes Rachel Whiteread's famous "House," her big plaster cast of the inside of a room, with Richard Billingham's glossy tragicomic candid photographs of his ***working-class*** family, unexpectedly linking two dissimilar artists through the theme of dysfunctional domesticity.

Another gallery puts Gary Hume's stripped-down, eye-popping abstract paintings, coolly mechanical, beside Mr. Hirst's sculpture of a sliced cow in several large clear containers to stress an equally clever connection through Minimalist sources.

It's not just a sales pitch by the museum that Britain is producing an unusual number of good young artists at the moment. If Ms. White read's plaster and rubber sculptures, cast from the undersides of chairs or the inside of a bathtub as well as a room, aren't exactly original, they have a somber dignity. Fiona Rae paints serious, jazzy abstractions. The best work in the exhibition basically does what all good art should do: It makes you think.

That includes Mr. Ofili's art. He has several large pictures in the show, all of them incorporating elephant dung, one way or another. They're basically abstract, brightly colored, meticulously made works of swirling shapes and beautifully stippled surfaces, throwbacks to 60's psychedelic art, with occasional bits of text woven into them, conveying a lightness of spirit that has to be weighed against what his detractors are now saying about him.

Likewise, Mr. Hirst's mischievous sculptures have a buoyancy and wonderment about them, like the old dioramas at the Museum of Natural History, which belies their macabre reputation. There are other artists here who are interesting in different ways, different being the crucial word: Peter Davies, for instance, who paints texts about other artists, like hand-written billboards, obsessively scrawled, that are good one-liners; and Gillian Wearing, who makes videos that surprise us in ways more memorable for not being predictable.

But smart though parts of the installation are in making connections among some of these artists, nothing really ties all the works in the show together conceptually. They are simply owned by Charles Saatchi, the London advertising executive who has been instrumental during the last decade in promoting various 90's British artists.

The Mayor's latest strategy for taking over the museum is to charge that it has conspired with the show's sponsor, Christie's, to inflate the value of Mr. Saatchi's collection. Christie's denies that it is planning to move the art directly from the museum to the auction block. These are legal matters for the courts to decide.

But from an art perspective, exhibitions of private collections, although they have been a staple of museum programming for decades, raise questions.

If this museum wanted to survey contemporary British art, it could have organized an exhibition itself. Maybe it isn't as crucial to ask whether taxpayer money should go toward enhancing a collector's fortune as to ask whether it should go toward art that some people think is offensive. But it is a question.

Sometimes the art world can be a depressing place. The other big art story this week is that Mary Boone, the dealer, was arrested on Wednesday because Tom Sachs, the artist who is having a show in her gallery, had been distributing live 9-millimeter cartridges as souvenirs. Mr. Sachs's show features handmade guns and a reproduction of an airplane toilet.

It's hard to imagine that a parade of felons had been marching into Ms. Boone's burnished Fifth Avenue gallery to pick up free ammunition. The escalating presence of New York City government officials policing the art world is ominous.

That said, idiotic art desperate to provoke a response gets shown in big galleries and museums, and everyone is expected to defend it on First Amendment grounds.

In "Sensation," this means potentially defending works like Marc Quinn's "Self," his frozen cast of his head made of his own blood, and the portrait of Myra Hindley, the English murderer of children, made out of hand prints of children, a painting by Marcus Harvey that caused the biggest ruckus when the show was in London. It also means potentially defending the Chapman brothers' child mannequins with multiple genitals, and Sarah Lucas's inexplicably fashionable sculptures in which melons, fried eggs and cucumbers are genitals.

Under ordinary circumstances, bad art naturally gets sorted out and disappears. That is how history works when it is left alone to do its job. The paradox of the culture wars is that they have made celebrities out of some artists who would otherwise vanish. Censorship has become a growth industry.

This may be the best argument, in the end, for unfettered freedom of expression.

"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection" opens tomorrow and remains at the Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway, (718) 638-5000, through Jan. 9.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an art review in Weekend yesterday about "Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection," at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, gave a misspelled surname in some copies for an artist whose portrait of an English murderer is in the show. He is Marcus Harvey, not Heavey.

An article in the Metro Section about a preview of the exhibition misstated the surname of the woman portrayed by Mr. Harvey. She is Myra Hindley, not Handle.

**Correction-Date:** October 2, 1999, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photos: Damien Hirst's "Away From the Flock," above, and Gary Hume's "Begging for It" in "Sensation," at the Brooklyn Museum of Art. (Photographs from the Brooklyn Museum of Art)(pg. E31); Works in "Sensation," clockwise from left: "Untitled (100 Spaces)" (1995) by Rachel Whiteread, "The Holy Virgin Mary" (1996) by Chris Ofili, "Self" (1991) by Marc Quinn and an untitled Richard Billingham photograph (1995). (Photographs from the Brooklyn Museum of Art)(pg. E35)

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[***POLICE IN LONDON AND ROME ARREST 4 BOMB SUSPECTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GRX-21J0-TW8F-G1YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 30, 2005 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1820 words

**Byline:** By ALAN COWELL Reporting for this article was contributed by Ian Fisher and Elisabetta Povoledo from Rome and Jonathan Allen, Karla Adam, Stephen Grey and Souad Mekhennet from London.

**Dateline:** LONDON, July 29

**Body**

The police in London and Rome, acting several hours apart on Friday, arrested the remaining bombing suspects in the July 21 failed attacks in London, according to a Scotland Yard official, placing the four main suspects in police custody.

In addition, the police arrested a man in West London who they say might have been a fifth bomber in the plot , the official said, speaking in return for anonymity under police rules.

On Wednesday, the police in Birmingham arrested Yasin Hassan Omar, identified as a suspect in the failed bombing attack on the Warren Street subway. He shared a small apartment in a housing project in North London with one of the suspects arrested Friday.

Law enforcement and intelligence officials say that the police have not established a firm link between a round of bombings July 7, when the 4 bombers and 52 other people were killed, and the botched attacks July 21, when no one was hurt.

They have pointed to several similarities between the events, however, including the explosive material used and the backpacks in which the men carried the bombs. In addition, investigators are examining whether both sets of bombs were constructed with similar plastic containers.

After the raids in London got under way on Friday, a series of loud booms punctuated the morning quiet, presumably from stun grenades and tear gas canisters. Police officers in gas masks and body armor stormed two apartment buildings. People stumbled onto the street in their underwear and robes, clutching children and shoes.

Police snipers using rifles with telescopic sights took up positions overlooking the apartments where the arrests happened. The raids were arranged at short notice, police officials said.

At a housing project called the Peabody Buildings, two men were detained, Peter Clarke, Scotland Yard's leading antiterrorism official, said. One of them was Ibrahim Muktar Said, apparently the same man who had been sought, under the name Muktar Said Ibrahim, in the failed bombing of a No.26 double-decker bus in east London. Mr. Said, 27, has been described by the police as an Eritrean-born naturalized Briton. He was Mr. Omar's roommate at a housing project called Curtis House in North London, which the police raided after the July 21 attack.

Television video showed the police ordering one man, whom they addressed only as Mohamed, to undress and surrender.

''You must do as we say,'' a police officer was heard shouting at one of the suspects. Mr. Clarke told reporters that the two men had refused to surrender, so ''specialist tactics were used.''

Paul Carroll, 35, a painter and decorator, said he had a clear view of the front door of one apartment that was raided. ''The police taped it up with something like masking tape and blew it off,'' he said. ''They fired in tear gas, just shot it in with a rifle running past the windows. Then I just heard one of the police shout, Mohammed, come out with your hands up.''

''About 45 minutes after they blew off the door the police brought out two Somalian-looking men, one in the early 20's, short hair, cleanshaven; one about 40, stubble,'' Mr. Carroll said, speaking to a reporter over a cellphone as the events unfolded.

On television, two men on an apartment balcony could be seen surrendering. At a crucial moment in the arrest, two small children wandered out of a neighboring apartment, curious about a police dog, and were shooed away by a police officer.

The second man arrested at Peabody Buildings identified himself as Ramzi Mohammed, Mr. Clarke said. The name had not previously been made public and the man may have been the suspect in the failed bombing of a subway train near the Oval station in South London.

Mr. Clarke said that in Friday's arrests, one unidentified man, detained in Tavistock Crescent in West London, would be questioned in relation to the July 21 attempts.

Mr. Clarke did not refer to any of the men arrested Friday specifically as a fifth bomber. Nor did he lay claim publicly to rounding up all the bombers. ''I must be careful not to say anything which could prejudice the right of any individual to receive a fair trial,'' he said.

A few hours after the morning arrests in Britain, the Italian interior minister, Giuseppe Pisanu, said in Rome that the police there had arrested a Somali-born man with British citizenship. Italy identified him as Osman Hussain and Britain identified him as Hussain Osman. The minister said in a statement that the man was ''the fourth attacker of July 21 in London.''

The emergence of a Rome connection seemed certain to raise questions about how a suspect had managed to slip out of Britain undetected, particularly because images showing all four suspects on closed-circuit television were made public just a day after the attacks.

The possible existence of a fifth attempted bomber has previously been a matter of debate among investigators pondering the significance of an abandoned package of explosives similar to those that failed to detonate on July 21.

But the Scotland Yard official said investigators now believed a man arrested Friday who was not identified by name could well have been a member of the same terror cell that dumped explosives in a park at Little Wormwood Scrubs, close to where Friday's raids and arrests took place in West London, after the July 21 attempted attacks.

Mr. Clarke said in a televised briefing for reporters: ''The investigation has moved with some speed, but I must emphasize it is still continuing. It is dynamic, complex and wide-ranging.'' He also said, ''There will be more very visible police activity,'' a statement indicating he did not believe the terror cells had been wound up.

But he cautioned Londoners that the arrests might not have removed the perils of terrorism.

''We must not be complacent,'' he said. ''The threat remains and is very real.''

The raids in London and Rome unfolded within hours, and the British police said there had been ''very close'' liaison with the Italian authorities.

Mr. Clarke also confirmed that the Italian police had arrested a man he identified as Hussain Osman -- the same man identified by the Italian authorities as Osman Hussain -- whose image caught on closed-circuit television had shown him close to the failed bombing of a subway train near Shepherd's Bush station. He was later shown in a separate image wearing a white singlet aboard a No.220 bus heading away from the scene of the attempted subway bombing.

Some accounts of Friday's arrests remained unclear. Some people thought one of the arrested men was a bus driver or had been sheltered by bus drivers.

Nina Wilson, an 18-year-old supermarket worker who lives nearby, said one of the raided apartments was inhabited by ''two, maybe three Somalian-looking men in their early-30's.'' She said: ''Every time I saw them they were in their blue bus driver clothes. They were very friendly.''

David Clouden, a 40-year-old bus driver, also saw the police leading ''a black guy, a young guy, Somalian. I recognize him from being round here. He works down at the local bus station -- Westbourne Park bus station. The guy was wearing a London Transport uniform -- blue jacket with yellow fluorescent vest over the top.''

Other witnesses said the driver might have been leading the police to the suspects' apartment.

The arrests brought to five the number of men detained directly in connection with the failed bombings. But British police officers have indicated they want a much wider investigation.

Earlier in the investigation into the July 7 bombings, Sir Ian Blair, the head of the Metropolitan Police, had referred to bombers as ''foot soldiers.''

''Al Qaeda does not act like some classic Graham Greene cell,'' Sir Ian said. ''It has very loose affiliations, and we have got to find the bankers, the chemists and the trainers -- all the people who are assisting in this.''

In a statement on Friday, the police said two women, not identified by name, were arrested under antiterrorism laws at Liverpool Street main line station. The area around the station was sealed off and the station was evacuated after one of the women tried to run after refusing a police order to open a bag, witnesses said.

The Italian government released little official information on the arrest there. But one investigator said that the Italian antiterrorism police tracked Mr. Hussain down through cellphone calls.

He said Scotland Yard had informed them of several calls made to his phone from Italy. The Italian police then began intercepting his calls, and pinpointed him to an apartment in Tor Pignattara, a ***working-class*** neighborhood scattered with foreigners in southeastern Rome.

''It was full-time work that took less than 48 hours to finish,'' said the investigator, who spoke on condition of anonymity.

He said the police were able to track him through the calls, and that he stopped in France and Milan. On Friday, the investigator said, Italian police had also conducted searches in some 20 places that Mr. Hussain had called in Italy in four cities: Rome, Milan, Brescia and Udine.

The investigator said that, at the moment, it did not appear that Mr. Hussain came to Italy to carry out attacks. It appeared, rather, that ''he was on the run and that was it,'' the investigator said.

Sir Ian, the London police chief, has said the attackers on July 21 all made one single mistake which prevented their explosives from detonating with the same bloody results as the July 7 attacks.

The arrests followed a bewildering series of police raids in several parts of London including housing projects in south London looking for the family and associates of one of the bombers.

But the hunt also claimed a further victim, a Brazilian electrician, Jean Charles de Menezes, 27, shot dead by police who say they mistook him for a suicide bomber. Hundreds of people gathered on Friday night for a mass at Westminster Cathedral in his honor. His family has disputed the police account of his death.

Alessandro Pereira, a cousin of the dead man, told reporters: ''He was a young man who came to London full of dreams and hopes. He loved London. We have many questions as to how he died. We want to find the truth. We want justice.''

In Rome, Mr. Hussain was arrested at about 4:30 p.m., roughly six hours after the raids began in London -- by anti-terror police in a small apartment on the second story of five story tan brick building, one nine in a complex where 170 families live.

Several Italian media outlets said the apartment had been rented by Mr. Hussain's brother, who also reportedly was arrested on Friday.

A neighbor, Gerardo Murano, 59, a civil servant, said he barely noticed his next door neighbor, whose window blinds could remain closed for days at a time. In fact, he said he had been bothered by the fact that he didn't know the person who lived on the other side of the wall.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Ibrahim Muktar Said, left, also known as Muktar Said Ibrahim, and Ramzi Mohammed were arrested yesterday in London. They are suspects in the failed bombings of July 21. (Photo by Daily Mail, via Zuma Press)

Italian police officers searched the apartment where they arrested Hussain Osman yesterday in connection with the failed attacks in London. (Photo by Jake Price for The New York Times)(pg. A5)

Two suspects wanted in connection with the July 21 plot, Ibrahim Muktar Said and Ramzi Mohammed, were arrested yesterday in London. (Photo by Daily Mail, via Zuma Press)(pg. A1)Chart: ''Four Arrests''SUSPECT: Yasin Hassan Omar, 24NATIONALITY: Born in SomaliaATTEMPTED BOMBING: Warren Street stationRESIDENCE: Curtis House apartment in New SouthgateARRESTED: July 27 in BirminghamSUSPECT: Muktar Said Ibrahim, 27NATIONALITY: Eritrean-born British citizenATTEMPTED BOMBING: Number 26 bus, Hackney RoadRESIDENCE: Shared an apartment with Mr. OmarARRESTED: July 29 at the Peabody Buildings housing project in Dalgarno GardensSUSPECT: Ramzi MohammedNATIONALITY: UnknownATTEMPTED BOMBING: Oval stationRESIDENCE: UnknownARRESTED: July 29 at the Peabody Buildings housing project in Dalgarno GardensSUSPECT: Osman Hussain, 27NATIONALITY: Somali-born British citizenATTEMPTED BOMBING: Shepherds Bush stationRESIDENCE: UnknownARRESTED: Reportedly arrested in Rome by Italian police on July 29Map of London highlighting the following:Location of attempted bombingsResidences of those listed aboveLocation of arrests(pg. A5)

**Load-Date:** July 30, 2005

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[***The Good Mother***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4XY0-0005-G253-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 28, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1466 words

**Byline:** By Mary Gordon;

Mary Gordon's newest book, "The Shadow Man," a memoir, will be published in May.

By Mary Gordon;    Mary Gordon's newest book, "The Shadow Man," a memoir, will be published in May.

**Body**

THE WOMAN WHO WALKED INTO DOORS

By Roddy Doyle.

226 pp. New York:

Viking. $22.95.

The Celtic twilight casts a long shadow, and it is longest outside the land of Ireland. Perhaps the country's most thriving industry is tourism: foreigners, mainly Americans, traveling to their fantasy of a country located somewhere outside of time, an Isle of Saints and Scholars, of leprechauns, of Yeats and Joyce and Synge. A land of myth. O'Casey's ***working-class*** heroine was called Juno, and she had her paycock: myth, if of a different, Roman flavor, was invoked even as the stern strokes of realism were inexorably applied.

Perhaps no one has done so much to create a new set of images for the Ireland of the late 20th century as Roddy Doyle. For teen-agers, Dublin is the city of his invention: home of the Commitments, singing their retro-rock as they panhandle on Grafton Street. Mr. Doyle has made his own the gritty world of modern Dublin, violent and generous-hearted, meanspirited and fed by dreams. In "The Woman Who Walked Into Doors," he has created a small jewel of a book; it extends his range and adds new and subtle colors to his already impressive palette.

"The Woman Who Walked Into Doors" is about a battered wife. Its title comes from the excuse such women give to doctors, nurses -- the outside world. "I walked into a door," these women say of themselves, and as Paula Spencer, the novel's heroine, notes, the world is willing to accept such lame explanations. "I'd tell them everything if they asked," she says of the emergency room staffs who never question her repeat visits, or who chalk them up to her drinking or clumsiness or bad luck. She knows that she's invisible to them; they never see her as a whole, only the particular afflicted part -- leg, arm, breast, head -- she presents for their ministrations.

But Paula understands, and wishes us to understand, that things were not always this way. She is the daughter of two relatively affectionate, responsible parents; she is one of three sisters, all of whom enjoy one another. She was a pretty girl, but her early puberty brought her mixed delights and sorrows. She saw that her mother looked angry at her first glimpse of Paula's developing breasts; immediately she felt she'd done something wrong. And she felt that the desire she aroused in men was the result of some obscure wrongdoing. Or wrongbeing -- inevitable, almost a physical trait. "I used to smell myself to see if it was that, some sort of a scent that I could wash off." And she understands that being a young woman is a no-win situation: you're either a "slut" or "a tight bitch." But her being the first in her class to get her period brought her the power of knowledge. She turned this power to language. "I said the word Penis like I'd said Desk or Road. Erect. Menstruation. Vagina. Tampon. Headache. Great words; I frightened . . . them."

How different these magic words are from the magic words of the prepubescent narrator of "The Sisters," in Joyce's "Dubliners": "paralysis," "simony," "gnomon." The universes invoked by the different words are galaxies apart, but the power of language to terrify is identical. Indeed, it is the triumph of this novel that Mr. Doyle -- entirely without condescension -- shows the inner life of this battered housecleaner to be the same stuff as that of the heroes of the great novels of Europe. Memory, language, the struggle to comprehend and name a self, to separate the true history from the false one: these tasks fall to Paula Spencer as they fell to Proust's Marcel or Joyce's Stephen Dedalus. Marcel tastes and retastes his madeleine; Stephen smells ash and roses; Paula continually sees her husband's legs in a triangle above her as she lies on the linoleum after a beating.

She is troubled by the idea of memory, and broods upon its power to give life and to distort it. She grows to understand that her first memory, the visual image that is for her the emblem of happiness and well-being, is an error. She remembers being in her crib and seeing flowered curtains blowing in the breeze, but her mother assures her that there were never flowered curtains in the house, only striped ones. One of her sisters agrees with her that their father was a kind man, and one does not. But one confirmation is enough for her; she comes home, a bit tiddly, from her confab with her sisters thinking: "I felt solid. . . . I'd got something right. . . . My father was my father; my past was my past. . . . It hadn't always been like this. I had once been a girl. I used to read my stories out in class."

The tragedy of Paula and her husband, Charlo, is that they weren't always tragic. He was a handsome boy with Elvis lips; she was a lovely girl who could sit on her hair. They have a blissful honeymoon at the seaside. But when she becomes pregnant, he becomes abusive. The question for Paula is whether the end of things destroyed the beginning. Were there any good times, or were they "all polluted, all ruined"?

In following the progress from Charlo as sexy boy to Charlo as brutal wife abuser, Mr. Doyle modulates his prose with fine, sinuous variations of velocity. When Paula is ruminating, the prose goes slowly: whole complex sentences, medium-length relaxed paragraphs. But when she is drunk or remembering being beaten, the pace becomes frantic; there is no distance between Paula and us. Mr. Doyle's description of what it's like to be beaten by your lover, the father of your children, is a masterpiece of virtuoso moves. Nothing is blinked; nothing is simplified.

"Shoulders, elbows, knees, wrists. Stitches in my mouth. Stitches on my chin. A ruptured eardrum. Burns. Cigarettes on my arms and legs. Thumped me, kicked me, pushed me, burned me . . . raped me. Seventeen years. He threw me into the garden. He threw me out of the attic. Fists, boots, knee, head. Bread knife, saucepan, brush. He tore out clumps of my hair. Cigarettes, lighter, ashtray. He set fire to my clothes. He locked me out and he locked me in. He hurt me and hurt me and hurt me. He killed parts of me. He killed most of me. He killed all of me. Bruised, burnt and broken. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered. . . . There wasn't one minute when I wasn't afraid, when I wasn't waiting. . . . He gave me a choice, left or right; I chose left and he broke the little finger on my left hand. Because I scorched one of his shirts. Because his egg was too hard. Because the toilet seat was wet. Because because because. He demolished me. He destroyed me. And I never stopped loving him. I adored him when he stopped. I was grateful, so grateful, I'd have done anything for him. I loved him. And he loved me."

This indeed is the horror of spousal abuse: in some way, the abuser does love his wife, and she does love him. Paula simultaneously affirms and denies this, with the necessary ambivalence that follows trauma. She adored him; she hated him; he loved her; he was trying to destroy her. Her greatest joy was making a home with him; her greatest victory, conking him with a frying pan and throwing him out of the house. She accomplishes this finally because she sees him looking at their daughter, not with desire, as a lesser writer would have suggested, but with hate and a wish to annihilate. She stops being a battered wife when she becomes a protective mother.

MR. DOYLE is extraordinarily successful at tracking the mixed feelings of a loving but damaged mother in relation to her daughter. "There were some times when I was so jealous I wanted to maim her, really hurt her. I adored her. She was my pride and joy; still is." "Sometimes I forget she's my daughter, I want her to love me so much. . . . It's so reassuring just being in the same room as her. I calm down; I don't grab at the glass. I'd like to sleep in her bed sometimes but I never could."

I've never been terribly interested in the question of whether a man can satisfactorily write about a woman's experience; a good writer can, a bad writer can't. Roddy Doyle, whose previous novel, "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha," won the Booker Prize, is a very, very good writer. "The Woman Who Walked Into Doors" honors not the female experience in the abstract, but the experience of this one woman, Paula Spencer; it examines it with tenderness, but with fearless clearsightedness. And it's funny in places too. Paula Spencer is neither a victim nor a flawless Madonna; she inhabits the complexity of her mind and history; she acts to buy a better future for her children. That the imagery for this future is taken from neither the iconography of the church nor the history of Ireland but, as she tells us, from "The Cosby Show" ("Couches. Rugs. A big white dog with no sex") shows Mr. Doyle's entirely unsentimental and perfectly attuned comprehension of the real world of the Irish present.

**Graphic**

Drawing.

**Load-Date:** April 28, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Classical Music and Opera Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PTV-MW40-TW8F-G1NN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 2007 Friday

The New York Times on the Web

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**Length:** 2418 words

**Body**

CLASSICAL

Full reviews of recent music performances: nytimes.com/music.

Opera

'CARMEN' (Friday, Sunday and Wednesday) If ever there was a promising Carmen, Beth Clayton is it: a powerful presence both dramatically and vocally, she takes the title role and should add considerable pizazz to the late-afternoon somnolence of Jonathan Eaton's production for New York City Opera. Her Don Jose is Scott Piper, who has a decent voice he can sometimes use well; Carlos Archuleta will make his company debut as Escamillo; and Jennifer Black, a fellow at the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann program and a winner at this year's George London competition, is Micaela. Joseph Rescigno will conduct. This could be one to watch. Friday at 8 p.m., Sunday at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Anne Midgette)

'CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA' AND 'PAGLIACCI' (Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday) New York City Opera's new production of ''Cav/Pag,'' by Stephen Lawless, moves rural Sicily to the ***working-class*** shabbiness of postwar Italian filmdom. Saturday and Thursday at 8 p.m., Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Bernard Holland)

'DON GIOVANNI' (Saturday) It's been called the greatest opera in the repertory, but Mozart's classic can also be an acquired taste, even for the young singers in City Opera's cast, who may need a little more guidance. Julianna DiGiacomo, as Elvira, has a definite vocal presence and a firm, vivid sound; Bruce Sledge, as Ottavio, is able but sounds underinvolved; JiYoung Li, as Zerlina, has a nice, colorful voice, though little sense of rhythm; and Daniel Borowski is a woofy Commendatore. The other singers are Mardi Byers (Anna), Daniel Mobbs (Leporello) and Aaron St. Clair Nicholson, making his company debut in the title role. At 1:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Midgette)

'LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR' (Friday and Tuesday) In the title role of Donizetti's ''Lucia di Lammermoor,'' Natalie Dessay, the petite French soprano with enormous charisma, justifies the extensive promotional campaign the Metropolitan Opera has built around her for this repertory staple. Ms. Dessay gives a haunting portrayal, singing with a wondrous mix of intimacy and brilliance, and poignantly conveying the fragile character's descent into murderous instability. The excellent cast is topped by the ardent tenor Marcello Giordani as Lucia's lover, Edgardo, and the dynamic baritone Mariusz Kwiecien as her bullying brother. James Levine conducts a gripping performance on Friday; Jens Georg Bachmann conducts on Tuesday. Over all, the director Mary Zimmerman's production is alluring and powerful, though she shows a theater director's impatience with the supposed static quality of drama in opera by inventing a distracting bit of action for the famous sextet. At 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $15 to $20 for standing room.

(Anthony Tommasini)

'MADAMA BUTTERFLY' (Monday) To make a mission statement at the start of his tenure as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, Peter Gelb opened last season with the Oscar-winning director Anthony Minghella's visually beautiful production of Puccini's ''Madama Butterfly,'' first presented at the English National Opera. The abstract staging deftly employs movable screens, billowing fabrics, stylized costumes and, most daringly, a life-size puppet manipulated by three puppeteers to portray Butterfly's 3-year-old son. This production returns with two intriguing casting choices in the lead roles: the excellent and sensitive soprano Patricia Racette as Butterfly, and the ardent tenor Roberto Alagna as Pinkerton. Mark Elder conducts. At 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; remaining tickets, $320 and $375. (Tommasini)

'LE NOZZE DI FIGARO' (Saturday and Wednesday) Jonathan Miller's spare 1998 production, now directed by Robin Guarino, has the virtue of letting Mozart's music and Da Ponte's libretto work their magic unhindered. But that can't happen if the casting and chemistry aren't right. For its first cast the company offers youthful exuberance to superb effect: Lisette Oropesa has a lovely, flexible voice and the comic instincts to shape Susanna perfectly, and Erwin Schrott, a Uruguayan bass, matches and at times surpasses those qualities in his portrayal of Figaro. Hei-Kyung Hong, as the Countess; Michele Pertusi, as the Count; and Anke Vondung, as Cherubino, also contribute beautifully. Philippe Jordan conducts with energy and style. Saturday at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $42 to $295. (Allan Kozinn)

'ROMEO ET JULIETTE' (Saturday and Thursday) You won't hear much better singing today than what the Met offers in this year's ''Romeo,'' a bright candy box of a production that this year opens to reveal one vocal delight after another. Anna Netrebko offers gorgeous sound as Juliette, and the quality goes beyond the leads: Stephane Degout is an agile Mercutio; Kristinn Sigmundsson, a strong Frere Laurent; and the young mezzo Isabel Leonard is a sparkling delight as Stephano, her debut role with the company. There is much buzz about the young tenor Joseph Kaiser, who is making his company debut as Romeo. Placido Domingo's conducting is so well intentioned that it is hard to take him to task for its muddiness. At 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $15 to $20 for standing room. (Midgette)

Classical Music

EFE BALTACIGIL (Tuesday) This young Turkish cellist, who won the Young Concert Artist International Auditions in 2005, performs works by Beethoven, Shostakovich and Brahms. At 2 p.m., New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West 64th Street, Manhattan, (212) 501-3330, merkinconcerthall.org; $14. (Kozinn)

BOSTON SYMPHONY (Monday) With James Levine conducting and Jean-Yves Thibaudet as pianist in the G major Concerto, the Boston Symphony with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus brings an all-Ravel program. At 8 p.m., Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $45 to $141. (Holland)

ENSEMBLE ACJW (Wednesday) Fellows of the Academy -- a two-year program of Carnegie Hall, the Juilliard School and the Weill Music Institute that offers postgraduate musicians education and performance opportunities -- unite as the Ensemble ACJW to play works by Bright Sheng, Poulenc, Bartok and David Bruce. At 7 p.m., Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $15.

(Vivien Schweitzer)

GOTHAM EARLY MUSIC SCENE (Sunday) This new organization, devoted to fostering early music in New York, winds up its series of sampler concerts with two quadruple bills. At the early show, Repast, Asteria, the New York Consort of Viols and Spiritus Collective perform; the later show includes Artek, Pomerium, My Lord Chamberlain's Consort and the Ivory Consort. At 3 and 8 p.m., Times Center, 242 West 41st Street, Manhattan, (212) 556-4300, gemsny.org; $10 to $40. (Kozinn)

PAUL JACOBS (Tuesday) This brilliant young organist and evangelist for the instrument plays Messiaen's majestic ''Livre du Saint Sacrement.'' Mr. Jacobs, a Messiaen champion who has played the composer's entire organ output in marathon concerts across the United States, describes the work as ''a terrifying display of color, birdsong, plainchant and a palpable joy.'' His performance will undoubtedly be a memorable experience. At 8 p.m., Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 West 46th Street, (212) 769-7406, juilliard.edu; free. (Schweitzer)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA (Thursday) Anne Manson is the conductor for a program featuring pieces by Zhou Long and Jennifer Higdon to go with music by Mozart and Bartok. Peter Jay Sharp Theater, 144 West 66th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 769-7406, juilliard.edu; free, but tickets are required. (Holland)

LUCERNE FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA & SOLOISTS (Friday through Sunday) This orchestra and smaller ensembles drawn from it take over Carnegie Hall's three stages this weekend. On Friday at Weill Recital Hall a string ensemble from the orchestra plays Mendelssohn's Quartet No. 2 (Op. 87) and works by Rossini and Andre Caplet. Saturday in the main hall the full orchestra, led by Pierre Boulez, plays the Mahler Symphony No. 3, with Anna Larsson, a contralto; the American Boychoir; and the Women of the Westminster Symphonic Choir. On Sunday afternoon the superb pianist Pierre-Laurent Aimard joins a chamber group for a Zankel Hall program that includes Mozart's Piano Quartet in G minor (K. 478), Ravel's Piano Trio and Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony (Op. 9). A few hours later, in the same hall, a second assembly of Lucerne soloists offers Mozart's Flute Quartet in D (K. 285), Janacek's ''Mladi'' and Brahm's String Sextet No. 2 in G (Op. 36). Friday at 7:30 p.m., Weill Recital Hall; $48. Saturday night at 8, Carnegie Hall; $25 to $84. Sunday at 4 and 7:30 p.m., Zankel Hall; $36 to $44. (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org. (Kozinn)

MAHLER CHAMBER ORCHESTRA (Friday) The group takes a break from its core role with the visiting Lucerne Festival Orchestra to play Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. Pierre Laurent-Aimard, a soloist in two piano concertos, conducts. At 8, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $25 to $84. (Holland)

ORCHESTRA OF ST LUKE'S (Saturday) The Orchestra of St. Luke's and Peak Performances@Montclair present the premiere of the multimedia collaboration ''In the Grace of the World,'' inspired by ''The Peace of Wild Things,'' a poem by Wendell Berry. The work, which will be conducted by Xian Zhang, the dynamic associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic, features music by the Latvian composer Peteris Vasks, as well as works by Part, Takemitsu, Hovhaness, Ives and Bach. At 8 p.m., Alexander Kasser Theater, Montclair State University, Montclair, N.J., (973) 655-5112, peakperfs.org; $15. A round-trip shuttle bus to the theater from the Maritime Hotel, 363 West 16th Street, at Ninth Avenue, Chelsea, is available for $5. (Schweitzer)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS (Thursday) The chamber ensemble arm of this venerable British orchestra plays Dvorak, Shostakovich and Mendelssohn at the Morgan Library's small, elegant new hall. At 7:30 p.m., Morgan Library & Museum, 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, (212) 685-0008, www.themorgan.org; $45; $35 for members. (Holland)

PACIFICA QUARTET (Monday through Wednesday) This excellent and youthful group is presenting a survey of the complete Beethoven string quartets in a series of free ''Lunchtime Concerts'' in a setting that could not be more ideal for chamber music: Philosophy Hall at Columbia University. With seats for about 130 people and places for another couple of dozen more (who stand or sit atop tables), this intimate room allows you to experience these works up close. Listeners are invited to eat their brown-bag lunches. The players discuss each work, with musical illustrations, before playing it. This week they perform an early quartet (Op. 18, No. 2) on Monday, and a middle period piece (Op. 59, No. 3) on Tuesday, and a profound late quartet (Op. 127) on Wednesday. Get there early, though. Word has gotten around, and the concerts are packed. At 12:30 p.m., Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th Street, Morningside Heights, (212) 854-7799, millertheater.com; free. (Tommasini)

ESA-PEKKA SALONEN (Friday) Despite his enormous success as a conductor, most notably with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Esa-Pekka Salonen still thinks of himself as a composer who conducts. And well he should, for he is an adventurous and accomplished composer. Last season the New York Philharmonic presented the premiere of Mr. Salonen's rhapsodic, frenetic and stylistically eclectic piano concerto. On Friday the Miller Theater opens its series of Composer Portraits with a program devoted to Mr. Salonen's works, ranging over three decades, including two recent pieces in their New York premieres. Jeffrey Milarsky conducts an ensemble of top-notch performers. At 8 p.m., Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th Street, Morningside Heights, (212) 854-7799, millertheater.com; $25. (Tommasini)

SEQUITUR (Monday) This innovative new-music ensemble, one of many adventurous groups in New York's thriving contemporary music scene, plays Schoenberg's ''Pierrot Lunaire,'' Harold Meltzer's ''Sindbad'' for speaker and piano trio, and Stephen Dembski's ''Show'' for voice and four instruments. At 8 p.m., Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $20. (Schweitzer)

KIRI TE KANAWA (Thursday) She says this is not her ''farewell tour,'' but certainly Ms. Te Kanawa is of a certain age, and chances to hear her live have been few and far between. The program of her Carnegie recital this week is certainly an attractive lure: Leading with her strength (Strauss songs), she continues through France (Duparc and Poulenc), stops off in the English-speaking world (with an excerpt from Jake Heggie's opera-in-progress ''Master Class,'' as well as Britten and Copland) and ends in Italy with Wolf-Ferrari and Puccini. Warren Jones is the accompanist, and Frederica von Stade will make a guest appearance. At 8 p.m., Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $31 to $102. (Midgette)

TEATRO LIRICO (Friday) The Boston Early Music Festival has established a presence in New York with its series at the acoustically warm, visually striking new chamber music hall at the Morgan Library, and its first offering is this ensemble led by Stephen Stubbs, the lutenist and guitarist who directs the festival (with Paul O'Dette). On a recent ECM recording, Mr. Stubbs and company showed a flair for improvisation, and some of that is included here as well, amid works by Monteverdi, Farina, Hidalgo and Marini. At 7:30, Morgan Library & Museum, 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, (212) 685-0008, www.themorgan.org; $45. (Kozinn)

CEDRIC TIBERGHIEN (Sunday) This up-and-coming French pianist makes his New York recital debut in the Frick Collection's intimate concert hall with Beethoven's Sonata No. 27 in E minor and Sonata No. 32 in C minor; Chopin's Ballades Nos. 1 and 4; and Franck's Prelude, Choral et Fugue. At 5 p.m., Frick Collection, 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, (212) 547-0715, frick.org; $25. (Schweitzer)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Oct. 18) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on a stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grassroots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Oct. 17 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (through Oct. 4) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Frick Collection: 'Leighton's ''Flaming June''' (through Sept. 6) ''Flaming June,'' by Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), a masterpiece of Victorian painting, has come to New York for the first time in more than 35 years, for a solo turn at the Frick Collection. Anyone who's ever perused books of late-19th-century British art will instantly recognize the idyllic image of a young woman in a sheer, incandescent orange dress curled up in sleep on piles of drapery on a marble bench, with a sunstruck Mediterranean in the distance. She's particularly memorable for her disproportionately large right thigh. The painting is languorously beautiful and an exceptionally interesting artifact of Victorian consciousness. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Johnson)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'China: Through the Looking Glass' (through Sept. 7) Designed to illustrate the influence of Chinese culture on Western fashion, this visually extravagant exhibition fills both the basement-level Anna Wintour Costume Center and the Chinese galleries on the second floor, and claims a repurposed Egyptian space in between. In terms of real estate, it's one of the museum's largest shows ever. And it feels that way, exhaustingly so, with acres of objects, photographs, film clips and apparel punched up by sound-and-light special effects. In a way, it's all just fashion business as usual, the product of a culture that speaks a language of overkill. In this case, though, a smaller, better show is all but buried: a nuanced historical essay on cultural hybridity, the mixing of styles and ideas over space and time that leaves every culture equal to every other culture in its creative impurity. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (through Sept. 20) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Warriors and Mothers: Epic Mbembe Art' (through Sept. 16) If a dozen masterpiece Renaissance sculptures, done in an unknown and wildly unorthodox style, suddenly turned up in the Italian countryside, the find would make the news. You'll encounter the equivalent of such a discovery in this show of spectacular weatherworn, wood-carved figures, some dating to before the 17th century, that were made by the Mbembe in southeastern Nigeria and taken to Paris by an African dealer in the early 1970s. They caused a sensation among collectors and scholars at the time, and you can see why. But the effort to find more of them proved fruitless. The examples at the Met, which include the original dozen, represent all the fully intact stand-alone Mbembe figures known to exist. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? MoMA PS1: 'Wael Shawky: Cabaret Crusades' (through Sept. 7) Some of the most vivid depictions of a war in the Middle East aren't on television news these days. They're in the local solo debut of the Egyptian artist Wael Shawky at MoMA PS1. Called ''Cabaret Crusades,'' it's made up of three sequential films set in the distant past, beginning in the 11th century when European armies marched eastward to claim the Holy Land. The story is one of almost unremitting violence, and the scenes of battle, torture and execution are appalling to see, which is a surprise, considering that all the actors are marionettes, some of which are on view in the gallery, and an extraordinary sight they are. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

MoMA PS1: 'Im Heung-soon: Reincarnation' (through Sept. 7) The South Korean artist and director, who won the Silver Lion at this year's divisive Venice Biennale, presents his latest work: an exquisitely filmed, if somewhat jumbled, meditation on the enduring traumas of armed conflict. One video screen features Vietnamese women who suffered at the hands of the Korean army during the Vietnam War; the other follows women in Tehran who lost children during the Iran-Iraq war. Though the connections between the two conflicts finally remain somewhat obscure, ''Reincarnation'' hangs together thanks to Mr. Im's striking cinematography and inventive approach to documentary -- he intermingles historical footage with fictional re-enactments and bold non-narrative sequences, such as a woman's long black hair swallowed up in a flowing sand dune. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Jason Farago)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (through Sept. 20) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (through Sept. 20) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'One-Way Ticket: Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series and Other Visions of the Great Movement North' (through Sept. 7) In the early 20th century, tens of thousands of African-Americans left the rural South for the industrial North in search of jobs, homes and respect. Officially, this MoMA show is meant to mark the centennial of that immense population shift, though it also marks another anniversary: the first time in two decades that all 60 paintings in Jacob Lawrence's great ''Migration Series,'' now divided between New York and Washington, have been shown together at the museum. Here they are surrounded by period photographs, books and fabulous music in a display as stimulating to the mind and the ear as it is to the eye. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971' (through Sept. 7) In 1971, Yoko Ono gave herself an imaginary solo show at MoMA by means of a few cut-and-paste photographs and some strategically placed newspaper advertisements. More than 40 years later, the real thing has come to pass and it was worth the wait. Enhanced by films and a soundtrack, the show is largely archival, with lots of works on paper, including the 151 hand-typed note cards that, in 1964, became ''Grapefruit: A Book of Instructions and Drawings,'' and demonstrate how radical this artist's early experiments with language and performance were. A 2015 sculpture rounds things out. Sure to put you off balance, it's a reminder of what a wake-up-to-life call that art can be, a message that this underestimated artist has been delivering for years. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-1996), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through January 2016) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Neue Galerie: 'Gustav Klimt and Adele Bloch-Bauer: The Woman in Gold' (through Sept. 7) The spring release of the movie ''Woman in Gold,'' which is about the restitution of some Nazi-looted paintings by Gustav Klimt to their rightful heir, brought the media spotlight back to the most celebrated of those works, ''Adele Bloch-Bauer I'' (1907). The predominately gold painting made headlines in 2006 for its purchase by Ronald S. Lauder for $135 million, then the highest price paid for a painting. This small show features the portrait (which is on permanent display at the Neue) along with eight other Klimts and an assortment of jewelry and decorative objects typifying the luxurious lifestyle of Adele and Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer, the art collectors who commissioned it. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Johnson)

? New Museum: 'Albert Oehlen: Home and Garden' (through Sept. 13) This fantastic, overdue show skims too lightly over three decades of painting -- from 1983 to 2011 -- as the artists moved from Neo-Expressionist self-portraits to his latest abstractions, in which irony is replaced by a semblance of anguish. In between: some of the first (and best) forays into painting by computer, and a group of canvases whose sublime abandon obliterates elaborate computer-built images. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (through Sept. 20) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation -- who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: 'Art as Activism: Graphic Art from the Merrill C. Berman Collection' (through Sept. 13) This show offers a selection of 71 posters from the 1930s to the '70s that show the role visual art has played in political and protest movements in the United States. Drawn from the singular collection of Merrill C. Berman, an investor from Rye, N.Y., they offer a rich alternate history of the last century, one you probably didn't learn about in your American history textbooks. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Schwendener)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'After Midnight: Indian Modernism to Contemporary India, 1947/1997' (through Sept. 13) This large group exhibition of South Asian-born artists is really two shows, a focused one of modernist painting from roughly the time of Independence in 1947 through the 1970s, and a larger, somewhat haphazard selection of multimedia work from the past few years. The best way to approach the second part is one artist at a time, and there are some fine ones, from Atul Dodiya and Dayanita Singh of an older generation, to Prajakta Potnis and Sreshta Rit Premnath of a younger. The placement of films by Nikhil Chopra around the museum's grand New York City panorama makes for a win-win installation. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum of Art: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (through Sept. 27) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, queensmuseum.org, 718-592-9700. (Schwendener)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

? Raymond Roussel (closes on Saturday) The French writer Raymond Roussel (1877-1933), born into the Parisian beau monde, developed a literary mode in poetry, fiction and drama based on linguistic ingenuity and the turning of super-realism into fantasy. Although his work met with public scorn -- Roussel was crushed and died by suicide -- it has been hugely influential since. Marcel Duchamp and Michel Foucault claimed him as a liberating hero. Max Ernst and Joseph Cornell revered him. The poet John Ashbery has written brilliantly about him. This archival show tells his story through literary and art world ephemera and suggests his effect on contemporary culture. It also marks the New York debut of a well-known European gallery, which should feel strongly encouraged to enliven the city with comparable offerings in seasons ahead. Galerie Buchholz, 17 East 82nd Street, near Madison Avenue, Upper East Side, 646-964-4276, galeriebuchholz.com. (Cotter)

Galleries: Chelsea

Elmer Bischoff: 'Figurative Paintings' (Tuesday through Sept. 12) During the heyday of Abstract Expressionism in the 1950s, a number of painters in San Francisco turned away from abstraction and back to representational painting, thereby founding what came to be known as Bay Area Figuration. Elmer Bischoff (1916-1991) was one of the leaders of the movement. This show reveals a visionary, unabashedly romantic painter working under the influences of Edward Hopper and Albert Pinkham Ryder. He created images of poetic nostalgia and spiritual yearning grounded in robustly applied, richly sensuous paint. George Adams Gallery, 525-531 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-564-8480, georgeadamsgallery.com. (Johnson)

Galleries: Other

Aaron Flint Jamison (through Sept. 20) For his current show, Mr. Jamison has emptied the Miguel Abreu Gallery of office furniture, imitating a tradition started decades ago by Yves Klein and Michael Asher. Inside, suspended from the ceiling, he's installed a single sculpture made of cedar and purple heartwood. In the basement is a bulky, Dada-type machine consisting of giant tubes, digital temperature controls and an ''exposure unit'' with two 1,000-watt ultraviolet lights inside a black case. Hacking art with wonky machines and craft, Mr. Jamison's work offers an update to Institutional Critique but also, perhaps, alternative models for living. 36 Orchard Street, between Canal and Hester Streets, Lower East Side, miguelabreugallery.com, 212-995-1774. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

Bruce Museum: 'Walls of Color: The Murals of Hans Hofmann' (through Sept. 6) This small but substantial and exuberantly colorful exhibition is the first to examine the four projects for mosaic murals that the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) tackled in the 1950s. Only two were executed, but the paintings and collages Hofmann produced in preparation for them sharpened his signature clash of contrasting abstract styles, expanded his scale and set the stage for his last, and best, paintings. 1 Museum Drive, Greenwich, Conn., 203-869-0376, brucemuseum.org. (Smith)

? Clark Art Institute: 'Van Gogh and Nature' (through Sept. 13) ''Nature is very, very beautiful here,'' van Gogh wrote to his younger brother Theo in the summer of 1890, a few weeks before he took his own life. He was referring to the vistas of forests and grain fields surrounding the town of Auvers-sur-Oise northwest of Paris. He had written almost identical words in other letters, from other places, over the years. Natural beauty was the first thing he noticed wherever he went, and this show of some 50 paintings and drawings, on loan from American and European museums, is filled with his images of it, from early, twilit Dutch landscapes, to sumptuous floral still lifes, to exquisite late drawings of insects and birds. They add up to one of this summer's choice art attractions; a low-key big deal. 225 South Street, Williamstown, Mass., 413-458-2303, clarkart.edu. (Cotter)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. If a filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Discovering the Impressionists: Paul Durand-Ruel and the New Painting' (through Sept. 13) This terrific exhibition presents more than 90 Impressionist paintings, including many that haven't been seen in the United States in decades or ever, all of which passed through the hands of Paul Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who put Impressionism on the international map. The paintings alone will make the show a popular draw. But it's the tale of Durand-Ruel's long and hugely influential career, richly detailed in the exhibition catalog, that makes this something more than just another crowd-pleaser. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Johnson)

Last Chance

'Empty House Casa Vazia' (closes on Friday) This complex, light-textured show places the work of 18 Brazilian artists spanning generations on a historical and stylistic continuum. The earliest -- Lygia Clark, Hélio Oiticica, Lygia Pape and Mira Schendel -- came of age in the 1950s and '60s. They experimented with certain early European modern styles of clean-lined utopianism from which they derived their own organic, interactive, often politically loaded Neo-Concrete variations. And they, in turn, have inspired younger artists, many based in São Paulo or Rio, and several represented here. Luhring Augustine, 531 West 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-206-9100, luhringaugustine.com. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: Zoe Leonard: 'Analogue' (closes on Sunday) Ms. Leonard's ''Analogue,'' a vast suite of photographs installed across three walls of the MoMA's atrium, is an affectingly plangent update of Social Realist photography. Produced between 1998 and 2009, its 412 images -- 342 color, 70 black and white -- catalog examples of low-end commerce from New York to Africa, indirectly but evocatively representing the human toll of corporate globalization. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

MoMA PS1: 'Samara Golden: The Flat Side of the Knife' (closes on Sunday) Standing at a railing where you look into the museum's two-story-tall Duplex Gallery, you behold a confoundingly complicated interior architecture with furniture, stairways, musical instruments, wheelchairs and many other domestic items rendered in silvery, foil-clad foam board. The gallery's floor is covered by a grid of large mirrors so that everything is doubled. What you think is up may really be down, and what you take to be real might be a virtual reflection of the real. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

? Robin Rhode: 'Drawing Waves' (closes on Sunday) Though now based in Berlin, the South African artist returned to Johannesburg to paint a mural of abstract waves on a rundown street. The suite of 16 photographs here documents the mural in progress, but instead of holding a brush, Mr. Rhode has a surfboard, and in a fine bit of urban slapstick he keeps trying to surf the breakers he's just painted. This small but potent exhibition continues the artist's engaging mixture of drawing and performance, notably via a wall-spanning work completed by local public school students, who wielded giant oil crayons to illustrate the waves that carried the ships of the Dutch East India Company to the Cape of Good Hope. As a video here shows, the children were more than game -- when a pair of them try to draw a dark blue wave near the bottom of the wall, they drop the crayon and collapse onto the floor. Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street, SoHo, 212-219-2166, drawingcenter.org. (Farago)

? Smithsonian American Art Museum: 'The Artistic Journey of Yasuo Kuniyoshi' (closes on Sunday) The first American survey in decades of the Japanese-American painter emphasizes his efforts of the 1920s, distinguished by their singular synthesis of American folk art, Asian art and European modernism. But throughout it reveals an artist open to influence yet always true to his own sensibility whose his life, art and times fuse with instructive clarity. Unfortunately, the show will not travel. Eighth and F Streets NW, Washington, 202-633-7970, americanart.si.edu. (Smith)

Tamuna Sirbiladze: 'Take It Easy' (closes on Thursday) A seductive debut by a Vienna-based artist does too little with what seems to be a fair amount of talent, evoking early modernist motifs (mostly still lifes) in loosely-scrawled oil-stick on large pieces of unstretched canvas. Smartly installed in the small, sweet rooms of a 19th-century townhouse, they conjure a forwarding-looking Paris salon around 1913 -- invaded by Abstract Expressionists. Half Gallery, 43 East 78th Street, at Madison Avenue, Upper East Side, 212-744-0151, halfgallery.com. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/28/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-28-sept-3.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/28/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-28-sept-3.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY MUSEO DE ARTE DE PONCE/LUIS A. FERRÉ FOUNDATION) (C11)

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[***Toil, Tears and Sweat in Brooklyn***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BMR-6SB0-01KN-24GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

After Jesus Colon immigrated to the United States from Puerto Rico in 1917, he worked days and his brother worked nights. The schedule was convenient for a family too poor to afford two pairs of pants. Mr. Colon, who died in 1974 after becoming a writer and political activist, recalled going off to his job every day in clothes that were still warm from his brother's body.

In the annals of historical moments, the story of Mr. Colon's trousers isn't quite the Battle of Gettysburg. But in the populist rendering of the past now on view at the Brooklyn Historical Society, it's the homely details that matter. The artifacts include a barber's chair from the 1930's and a help-wanted sign from 1915, posted on the side of a replica of a brick building: "Button sewer for overcoats wanted, one flight up."

"Brooklyn Works: 400 Years of Making a Living in Brooklyn," which will be on view for the next three to five years, marked the reopening last October of the Historical Society after a $23 million renovation that took four years.

The striking, 120-year-old building of red terra cotta and brick, at the corner of Clinton and Pierrepont Streets in Brooklyn Heights, has been restored to its original elegance. You can get some idea of why it cost so much in "A Building's Story," a separate exhibition about the renovation. ("Brooklyn Works" shouldn't be confused with the show opening in April at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, "Open House: Working in Brooklyn," an overview of art produced in the borough since the 1970's. The jobs depicted at the Historical Society tend to be grittier, taking place on farms, in sweatshops on the waterfront or in factories.)

The dichotomy between the down-to-earth appeal of "Brooklyn Works" and the exquisite elitism of the building that houses it vividly illustrates the evolution of history museums. This landmark treasure, designed by George B. Post, architect of the New York Stock Exchange building, reflects the aristocratic impulse of 19th-century museum builders.

But "Brooklyn Works" takes the modern, heterogeneous approach of charting history's course by finding significance in ordinary lives.

"We wanted personal stories because that's how people learn history best, by making a personal connection with somebody from the past," said Ann Meyerson, the museum's curator of exhibitions, interviewed in the building's grand library, still looking naked as it waits for some 155,000 volumes to be reshelved later this year, along with piles of manuscripts, maps, periodicals and newspapers. "We had 3,000 square feet and 400 years of history so we had to figure out a way to present it that wouldn't be overwhelming but would be deep."

The influence of television, especially the History Channel, is apparent in this shrewdly produced, viewer-friendly excursion through Brooklyn's labor history. No surprise to learn that Mike Wallace, the Pulitzer-Prize-winning historian, who has frequently worked with the cable television channel, was one of the advisers on the "Brooklyn Works" exhibition.

Sets that might appear on a soundstage recreate an 18th-century farmhouse and a city block from the early 20th century, with audio narrations taken from letters and diaries. The exhibition begins with a kind of reality television show. A cheerful video display of Brooklyn's workers, past and present, it assures visitors that while this may be history, it will not intimidate.

Younger visitors, raised on TV-style-irony, will feel right at home watching a film that Domino Sugar produced in 1920 about its Brooklyn refinery, which began operating in the 1880's, when about 60 percent of the nation's sugar was processed in New York. The film has been supplemented with peppy, yet caustic, commentary on what working conditions were really like (it was boiling hot; it could take three days to get the dust out of your lungs). This part of the exhibition has special resonance since the American Sugar Refining Company, which acquired the Domino plant on the Williamsburg waterfront in 2001, closed the refining operation last week.

Parents may also want to take their families to the temporary exhibition "Let Children Be Children," running through March 7, a poignant collection of 25 photographs taken in the early 20th century by Lewis Hine, a teacher-turned-photographer whose images documented the struggles of immigrant and ***working-class*** life. These sobering silver gelatin prints show very young people selling newspapers, shining shoes, toiling in factories. Hine's work led to federal child labor legislation signed into law by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1938.

"Brooklyn Works" manages to be accessible without glossing over the complexity of a particularly complicated piece of labor history, which turns out to be about immigration patterns as much as about work.

At the turn of the 20th century, for example, immigrants made up 40 percent of Brooklyn residents, almost the same as their percentage today. But while the borough's newcomers early on originated primarily from England, Ireland, the Netherlands and Africa (by way of slavery), later from Germany, and later still from Eastern and Southern Europe, the family guide to the exhibition indicates the provenance of subsequent waves; it is now available in Arabic, Russian, Spanish and Chinese -- as well as English.

The museum staff was careful to observe another aspect of Brooklyn's changing population, which now includes 850,000 people of African descent. Thirty-four percent of Brooklyn's work force comes from this large group, which had its own history of struggle in entering the universe of established wage earners. "We wanted to show that it was really hard to get work if you were a person of color," said Wendy Aibel-Weiss, vice president for exhibits and education.

The show stresses how the unglamorous field of civil service opened the door to job security and middle-class life for African-Americans. One such beneficiary of the system, a transit worker, explains it like this: "A man couldn't just come and look in your face and say, 'You're black and I don't like you.' "

While the exhibition focuses on the borough's largely uncelebrated laborers, it succumbs to traditional Brooklyn nostalgia for Coney Island and the Dodgers -- celebrating the latter with a blown-up excerpt from an article in The New York Times written by Gay Talese in 1960, about the demise of Ebbets Field. Describing the sledge hammers knocking down the dugout, Mr. Talese wrote: "After 44 years as the home of the Dodgers and a monument to daffiness, the park began to vanish in favor of a proposed 1,317-family middle-income housing project."

Dodger lore was easy. But finding out about the rest was difficult because Brooklyn is Brooklyn, hip in some quarters, perhaps, but still so overshadowed by Manhattan that in a recent episode of "Sex and the City," a move to the borough by one character is considered almost as calamitous as another's breast cancer. So when Ms. Meyerson, the curator, began collecting data five years ago, she discovered that very little research had been devoted to Brooklyn labor history.

She and other researchers met with neighborhood organizations and ethnic groups to take oral histories. They recorded 78 individual stories, which will become part of the museum's archive, and interviewed more than 100 people altogether. They advertised in local newspapers and on the museum's Web site, and were rewarded with an outpouring of artifacts.

A retired chemical engineer, a graduate of Princeton, got in touch to say that his great-grandfather, Archibald Wallace, had been a rope maker in Brooklyn in the 1830's, when rope making was a significant industry. (In a job survey taken in the Village of Brooklyn in 1796, rope maker was one of the most frequently mentioned occupations, along with tavern keeper.)

The great-grandson provided a silver snuffbox, a photograph and a directory with his forebear's name in it.

Along with kitschy Brooklyn products like bottles of Rheingold beer and Virginia Dare pure vanilla, the museum team uncovered commentary from Francis Woolsey, an Irish immigrant who drove a streetcar in Brooklyn in the 1870's, and Sadie Frowne, a 16-year-old Jewish garment worker from Poland. "The machines go like mad all day," Ms. Frowne said about the sweatshop where she worked in 1902. "Sometimes in my hurry, get mine finger caught and the needle goes right through it."

Though the rise and decline of the waterfront is chronicled in fine detail, the saga of the Brooklyn Bridge, itself a brutal tale of workers' woe, is absent.

This was a conscious decision by the curators, partly philosophical, partly logistical. "We originally wanted to include the bridge because it's so iconic and everyone wants that story told," Ms. Meyerson said. "If we had 10,000 square feet, we would have included it."

But ultimately she and the other curators decided to risk pulling in an audience without offering a star. They limited their focus to work that connected Brooklyn to the rest of the world, not the local economy -- and they considered construction too local, even construction of one of Brooklyn's most potent symbols. Instead, the protagonists of this story produced more mundane but far-reaching products like textiles, sugar, gum, beer, rope.

This engaging exhibition reminds us that while occupations may change, some aspects of human toil remain constant. The words of a native son, Alfred Kazin, spoken by an actor evoking the writer's Brownsville childhood in the 1920's, resonate today. Writing about his mother, Kazin observed:: "Work was her life. Work and anxiety."

The Way It Was

The Brooklyn Historical Society, at the corner of Pierrepont and Clinton Streets in Brooklyn Heights, is offering "Brooklyn Works: 400 Years of Making a Living in Brooklyn" as a major exhibition over the next three to five years. Another show, "A Building's Story," runs through August. The society is open Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Fridays from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. and Sundays from noon to 5 p.m. Admission: $6; $4 for students and 62+; free to members and children under 12. Information: (718) 222-4111. Programs, unless noted, are included in admission:

Events

"BRICKS AND BROWNSTONE." Charles Lockwood, author of "Bricks and Brownstone: The New York Row House 1783-1929," will speak about local architecture. Reception and book-signing with lecture, Sunday, 3 p.m.; fee, $10, $5 for members, which includes admission.

"AFRICAN-AMERICANS AT WORK." A tour of "Brooklyn Works" focusing on work of African-Americans and Caribbean-Americans in Brooklyn over centuries. Feb. 15 and Feb. 22, 2 p.m.

"THE CHANGING ROLE OF IMMIGRANTS IN THE WORKPLACE," a symposium, March 16, 7 p.m.

"THE ART OF WORK: SAVING CONEY ISLAND." Steve Zeitlin of City Lore moderates a discussion with organizers of the Mermaid Parade, Coney Island Side Show and historic rides, April 22, 7 p.m.

Getting There

BY SUBWAY: M, N, R, 4, 5, 2, 3 to Court Street/Borough Hall.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Partial installation views recall industries that have left Brooklyn, above left; replicas of houses, above right; and the waterfront, below. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E42); A display of products that were once made in Brooklyn, part of the exhibition "Brooklyn Works" at the Brooklyn Historical Society. (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E35)

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[***The World: Against the Tide;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XFB-0SN0-00RP-K1CS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Pause on the Way To Asia's Century***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XFB-0SN0-00RP-K1CS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By DAVID E. SANGER

By DAVID E. SANGER

**Dateline:** CHRISTCHURCH, New Zealand

**Body**

ASIA at the end of this decade was supposed to be all about microprocessors, not machetes.

Instead, the country that only four years ago was the hottest emerging market in Southeast Asia -- Indonesia -- now looks like a candidate for national disintegration. High-tech firms that were building next-generation power plants and wiring the country's 13,000 islands for cell phone networks fear that East Timor is just the beginning. Even Indonesians who are appalled at the military-sanctioned killings in East Timor wonder whether the arrival of international peacekeepers could inspire dreams of independence across the archipelago.

Head due north to China, which two years ago seemed to soaring as fast as Japan was falling, and you discover a lot of angst. Two years ago the country skillfully sidestepped the Asian economic crisis. But by the time President Jiang Zemin and President Clinton met here in New Zealand to patch up an acrimonious year, the corridor talk suggested that China's luck had run out.

After two decades of spectacular growth, China's leaders are beginning to admit that they cannot stop the deflation and mushrooming unemployment that are now drowning the country's economy. And military strategists are asking whether economic insecurity makes it more likely that China's leaders will be tempted to lash out against Taiwan.

The Asian Century wasn't supposed to start like this.

In scores of books with titles like "Asia Rising," and in the Clinton Administration's own optimistic imaginings of a "Pacific Community" a few years back, the Asia of the turn of the century was supposed to be a place where booming growth created a web of economic integration. That, in turn, was supposed to set loose an unparalleled era of political cooperation.

Now the theory is being put to its greatest test. Will Asia's finely-honed instincts for amassing greater prosperity -- especially after a bruising economic crisis -- ultimately restrain all these festering conflicts? Will they make Indonesia's military leaders think twice, or lead the pragmatic Chinese to ignore Taiwan's provocative rhetoric about virtual independence?

Or was the world fooling itself when it imagined, just a few years ago, that the cross-border teamwork that enabled Indonesians, Malays, Taiwanese and Chinese to build Toyotas together would eventually translate political stability?

Those Toyotas and the country that finances them -- Japan -- may hold the key to those questions. If Tokyo recovers from its own lost decade quickly enough to pump new money and dynamism into the region, it could speed an economic recovery -- and create a greater incentive for nations to resume the business of business.

Handled deftly, even the Timor crisis might contain an opportunity to tie the region together. "You sense everywhere that we're at a critical moment for the whole region, said John Howard, the Prime Minister of Australia, a country that spent years trying to integrate itself with Asia and now finds itself in the uncomfortable position of acting as the largely white, Anglo-Saxon nation leading the peacekeeping brigade into East Timor. "Ten years ago," he said, "it would have been unimaginable that the diverse nations of Asia would come together to stop a humanitarian disaster like this one."

Mr. Howard is right -- Asia has no equivalent of NATO, no institutions like the European Union, and until a few weeks ago its leaders always reflexively rejected the idea of getting involved in a neighbor's internal affairs. It was an inchoate sense that the entire region's future was at stake that led the Philippines, Malaysia, the United States, New Zealand and others last week to say they would contribute troops to restore order in East Timor, even at the risk of tangling with the powerful military of the world's fourth most populous nation.

But the Prime Minister's countrymen are also right when they fret about the emergence of a new "arc of instability," running from a collapsing North Korea through China, across Indonesia and into India and Pakistan, where nuclear calamity always seems a firefight or two away.

THIS image of two Asias -- one that has abandoned ideological conflict to build more clean-rooms and laptops, and one that brutally fights for advantage in Timor and Kashmir -- captures a vast region's dual realities.

Outside Jakarta, newly middle-class workers assemble personal digital assistants, even while the marauding militias in East Timor, some 1,400 miles away, sow terror and threaten an unpleasant welcome for international peacekeepers. Many Indonesians, in short, have a stake in stability and their own slice of the global economy. Many do not.

In their more candid moments during Mr. Clinton's Timor-obsessed travels Down Under last week, the President's foreign policy advisers conceded they have no idea how the experiment of nudging Asia to police its own will work out.

Perhaps, one of Mr. Clinton's top aides said, the effort to force Indonesia to respect the results of a United Nations-supervised referendum on independence will be seen in a few years as a critical victory for democracy in Asia, a logical extension of the movement that flowered in South Korea and Taiwan in the mid-1980's. Or it may be, he added, that it will be seen as "the moment when all of Asia's new instincts about stability and economic integration are overwhelmed" by the old ghosts of political disintegration.

Indonesia may be among the trickiest corners of Asia to conduct this experiment, and China may be among the safest.

Until two years ago, Indonesia was held together chiefly by rising prosperity. Indonesians overlooked the massive corruption and special deals cut for Mr. Suharto's family and friends. But the Asian economic crisis triggered Mr. Suharto's downfall. That left a desperately weak government and a divided military. Mr. Suharto's successor, B. J. Habibie, concluded that he had to get the Timor problem off his plate, and allowed a referendum in which East Timor chose independence.

Parts of the Indonesian military rebelled, unwilling to give up a territory they seized a quarter century ago, even if the resulting chaos threatened huge economic sanctions.

Paul Wolfowitz, the former American ambassador to Indonesia, believes that Mr. Habibie's sudden reversal last weekend, his decision to allow in the U.N. peacekeepers, reflected Indonesia's surprise at the foreign reaction to the East Timor killings and its "fear of being punished by the outside world." But that is balanced, he believes, by another fear -- "a legitimate one, that East Timor might lead to the breakup of the country," especially if people think Indonesia's next president, to be elected soon, did not win the post legitimately.

China's leaders, on the other hand, have been forced to live and breathe the logic of economic reality. A rising standard of living is the Communist Party's last claim to legitimacy. And that means convincing investors that the country has its economic and political act together.

Taiwan has always been an open sore, of course, and if it declared independence from the mainland China's leaders would have to respond, probably with force. Some in the Chinese leadership argue that such a moment is fast approaching. But so far, at least, the forces of economic rationality have won the day, arguing that China needs Taiwan's wealth and its huge investments on the mainland more than it needs Taiwan's real estate. And the only way to keep the cash flowing is to maintain the status quo, complete with the ambiguity about Taiwan's political status.

The Administration still clearly believes that the lure of economic prosperity can be used to keep weapons holstered. It turned off International Monetary Fund and World Bank aid to India and Pakistan when they tested nuclear weapons, then turned it back on at the first sign that the two sides would back away a bit.

And on Friday President Clinton announced the most extensive easing of sanctions on the ultimate rogue state -- North Korea -- in return for a temporary accord to stop shooting long-range missiles over Japan. It's a big risk: No one knows if the North is serious about the deal, or if the benefits Washington offers -- consumer goods and investment from America -- can cut through four decades of paranoia.

"It's probably not as powerful a tool as we'd like it to be," said former Secretary of Defense William Perry, architect of the strategy. "But it's worth a try."

Long Live the Writers of Banal Slogans!

BEIJING

AT a loss about what to chant for Communist China's 50th birthday Oct. 1?

The Communist Party provided 50 suggestions, among them:

\* Warmly hail the great successes in China's reform and opening up and socialist modernization drive!

\* Strive to build China into a prosperous, powerful, democratic and culturally advanced socialist country!

\* Hold high the great banner of Deng Xiaoping Theory and put forward the cause of building socialism with Chinese characteristics into the 21st century!

\* Seize the current opportunity, continue the reform, open China wider to the outside world, promote development and maintain stability!

\* Emancipate the mind, seek truth from facts and firmly promote reform and opening up!

\* Adhere to the basic economic system with public ownership dominant and diverse forms of ownership developing side by side, and "to each according to his work" as the main distribution form and with other forms as well!

\* Promote political restructuring, develop socialist democracy, and improve the socialist legal system!

\* Adhere to and improve the system of multi-party cooperation and political consultation under the leadership of the Communist Party of China!

\* Rely on the ***working class*** wholeheartedly!

\* Respect knowledge, value talented people, and carry out the strategy of invigorating the nation through science and education!

\* Implement family planning, protect natural resources and the environment, and carry out the strategy of sustainable development!

\* Adhere to the goal of serving the people and socialism, to the policy of letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend, and promote socialist science, literature and art!

\* Develop public health and physical culture and improve people's physique!

\* Uphold the policy of "peaceful reunification, and one country, two systems" and fulfill the great cause of reunification of the motherland!

\* Unite as one, fear no difficulties, struggle hard, be persistent, dare to win!

\* Long live the great Marxism, Leninism, Mao Zedong Thought and Deng Xiaoping Theory!

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

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[***TWIGGY, IN HER 'ONE AND ONLY' PHASE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KNT0-0008-Y09G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LESLIE BENNETTS

**Body**

She had the body of a starvation victim and the face of an angel, and she was world-famous by the time she was 16. She wore three sets of false eyela@shes, chewed her fingernails, slept with a bedful of stuffed animals and was accompanied everywhere by her managerbodyguard-boyfriend.

He had discovered her working in a beauty parlor, and after making up a memorable nickname for her and a highfalutin French one for himself, he transformed the ***working-class*** Cockney waif into an international sensation. She was called Twiggy, she weighed 91 pounds and her look set the standard of an era.

But that was 17 years ago, and by the time she was 20, Twiggy had retired from modeling. In the last decade, she has made several largely forgettable movies, recorded a couple of albums, got married, had a baby and taken some time off to be a mother. The name that once launched an avalanche of minidresses and dolls and imitators receded into the go-go past, and to the extent that most Americans remembered Twiggy, it was as a relic of the 1960's.

Discussion of Twiggy's involvement in "My One and Only"

But last week Twiggy - now 33 and all of 110 pounds - made her Broadway debut as the co-star of ''My One and Only,'' and to the surprise of many who thought of her only as a mannequin, her performance was greeted with enthusiasm. Pronounced ''adorable'' by the critics, she plays a young woman famous for swimming the English Channel who falls in love with Tommy Tune, playing a dashing aviator determined to become the first man to fly nonstop to Paris.

Looks Like a Star

The reviewers and audiences found that Twiggy's voice is sweet and true, and if her tap dancing doesn't match the virtuoso display put on by Mr. Tune, it is still stylish and graceful. Whether clad in slinky white satin or in top hat and tails, Twiggy is glamorous and lovely and looks just the way a Broadway star ought to look.

As with all the earlier phases of her rather eclectic career, Twiggy perceives this opportunity as having happened to her, rather than her having taken any action to make it happen.

''It's like everything else I've done,'' she observes. ''I didn't plan to do anything. I didn't plan to be a model, I didn't plan to be a singer, I didn't plan to be an actress. But one thing leads to another, and I learned as I went along.''

She still seems somewhat bemused by her success. ''But I must have something,'' she says with a shrug. ''If all the chances had happened and there was nothing there, I wouldn't be in a Broadway show.''

Friendship With Tommy Tune

Her present incarnation came about because of a friendship with Mr. Tune forged more than a decade ago. Cast in Ken Russell's film, ''The Boy Friend,'' Twiggy remembered having seen Mr. Tune on television and suggested him for a role in the musical. ''I had seen him dance, and I couldn't believe my eyes,'' she recalls. ''I'd never seen legs that long. Once you see Tommy, you don't really forget him.''

They became close friends, and have wanted to work together again ever since. ''He'd always talked about one day doing it, and when he rang and said, 'I think I've got something -are you ready?' I said, 'Great - as long as I don't have to cut my hair,' '' reports Twiggy, who sports a flapper-style bob in the show but in reality has a long blond mane. ''I was thrilled to death, of course,'' she added.

She had originally learned to dance in 1971, in preparation for ''The Boy Friend.'' ''I went to tap class and jazz class to get fit; shock to the system,'' she explains. ''I tend to be a bit lazy; I only do it when I have to do it. So when I knew this show was going to happen, I went back to class. I'm not really a dancer, but Tommy knows what I can do, and he built the routines around all the things I can do, as well as around our shapes and how we look together. I enjoy dancing, but I have to really concentrate every ounce of energy; it's much harder for me than singing, which I hardly think about. I love to sing.''

Twiggy began singing during the two years she did a weekly television variety show in Britain, and she has since recorded two albums she describes as ''kind of country pop.'' She has done very little stage acting, but is proud of her performance as Eliza Doolittle in a Yorkshire Television production of ''Pygmalion,'' which she hopes will eventually be broadcast in the United States.

'You Get Through It'

Given her limited theatrical experience, Twiggy confesses to a healthy case of stage fright. ''Initially I never thought I'd ever get on stage,'' she concedes. ''Cameras don't worry me, because I'm so used to them, but the thought of going out in front of people terrified me to death. But I'm learning. I've gone in at the deep end, so to speak; I've sort of done things back to front, so you have to learn quickly. The worst moment is before the curtain goes up, when you're just standing there thinking, 'Oh, my God, what am I doing?' But then you get out there, and you get through it. Once you hear the audience and know they're enjoying themselves, you enjoy yourself. It's like a circle; it comes back to you. We feel a great warmth from the audience in this show, and it's nice to make people feel good.''

As a saucer-eyed teen-ager, Twiggy was shy, and tended to answer almost every question with either ''I dunno'' or ''Ask him,'' indicating her boyfriend, who was born Nigel Davies but who had by that time become Justin de Villeneuve. Today she is articulate and - considering her history - remarkably down-to-earth. ''I had a very well-adjusted upbringing,'' says Twiggy, who was born Lesley Hornby but says no one but her parents calls her that any more. She remains ''very close'' to her family.

Despite the shock of a virtually overnight metamorphosis from high-school dropout to a famous model mobbed by crowds wherever she went, Twiggy says she has happy memories of her days as a teen-age sensation. ''I loved it,'' she says. ''It was like a dream come true, a fairy story. It was certainly better than going to school, which was the only other thing I'd ever done.''

Twiggy and Justin de Villeneuve eventually ''fell out,'' she says, and 10 years ago she met Michael Whitney, an American actor, when they co-starred in the movie called ''W.'' They were married in 1977, and their daughter was born the following year.

''The most important thing in my life is Carly,'' says Twiggy. ''I'm a very private person. I do my work and see my friends, and that's about it. I'm not a partygoer or a clubgoer.''

She doesn't consider herself terribly ambitious - ''not so I would go out and fight for something'' - but she adds, ''I'd like to do more films. Film is my great love.''

But in the meantime, Twiggy is contractually committed to ''My One and Only'' for the next year. ''If it runs,'' she adds with a smile. Such success, however, is of limited concern. ''For me, the process of doing it is the exciting part,'' she explains. ''Thank God people liked it, but even if they hadn't, I still would have retained the great joy in doing it.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Twiggy

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Theater***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5B9F-WVT1-DXY4-X23R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current productions, additional listings, showtimes and ticket information are at nytimes.com/theater. A searchable, critical guide to theater is at nytimes.com/events.

Previews and Openings

'Almost, Maine' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on Feb. 4) Move over, Shakespeare: Back in 2012, ''A Midsummer Night's Dream'' ceded its status as the play most frequently produced by American high schools. Its usurper? John Cariani's wistful look at various permutations of love on one fateful night, which opened and closed Off Broadway in the space of a month in 2006. The intervening years have been good for ''Almost, Maine,'' though, and the Transport Group is giving the play its first New York revival. This time Mr. Cariani will appear among the four-member cast, along with the Transport Group regular Donna Lynne Champlin. The Gym at Judson, 243 Thompson Street, at Washington Square South, Greenwich Village, (866) 811-4111, transportgroup.org. (Eric Grode)

'The Bridges of Madison County' (previews start on Friday; opens on Feb. 20) Robert James Waller's 1992 best seller and critical punching bag is treated to another somewhat unlikely cultural rehabilitation with this new Broadway musical. First came Clint Eastwood's sensitive 1995 film adaptation, aided in no small part by a savvy soundtrack of jazz chestnuts and originals (including one by Mr. Eastwood himself). Now it's Jason Robert Brown's turn to set music to the tale of an Iowa housewife who crosses paths with an itinerant National Geographic photographer for four fateful days. Marsha Norman ('' 'Night, Mother'') has written the book for Kelli O'Hara and Steven Pasquale, last seen playing a far less moony couple in ''Far From Heaven.'' Gerald Schoenfeld Theater, 236 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Grode)

'Bronx Bombers' (in previews; opens on Feb. 6) After tackling football in ''Lombardi'' and basketball in ''Magic/Bird,'' the playwright Eric Simonson and the producers Fran Kirmser and Tony Ponturo turn to baseball in their campaign to bring sports-themed entertainment to Broadway. The play, which ran Off Broadway run last fall, is centered on the volatile relationships of the Yankees team of 1977, and includes appearances by Babe Ruth, Mickey Mantle, Lou Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio and Derek Jeter. The real-life husband and wife Peter Scolari and Tracy Shayne star as Yogi and Carmen Berra. Mr. Simonson also directs. Circle in the Square, 235 West 50th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (David Rooney)

'Cry, Trojans! (Troilus & Cressida)' (in previews) The Wooster Group in 2012 collaborated with the Royal Shakespeare Company on an unconventional production of ''Troilus and Cressida,'' in which each company offered its own radically different approach to the opposing forces in the Trojan War. In this monthlong developmental run, the Wooster Group converts that venture into an independent piece focusing on the Trojan side of the clash, examined through the idiom of the Native American experience. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster Street, near Grand Street, SoHo, (212) 966-3651, thewoostergroup.org. (Rooney)

'Dinner With Friends' (previews start on Friday; opens on Feb. 13) In a season that has already seen an acclaimed revival of one of Donald Margulies's earlier and odder plays (''The Model Apartment''), it seems like a good time to check in on the far more naturalistic work that won him a Pulitzer Prize in 2000. This incisive drama looks at the frayed loyalties and assumptions that result within a pair of married couples when one of the two divorces. Pam MacKinnon directs one of her ''Clybourne Park'' stars, Jeremy Shamos, along with Marin Hinkle, Heather Burns and Darren Pettie. Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300, roundaboutunderground.org. (Grode)

'I Call My Brothers' (previews start on Wednesday; opens on Feb. 2) A lanky, hip-hop-loving Swedish playwright named Jonas Hassen Khemiri earned a lot of attention and an Obie Award in 2011 for his dark comedy ''Invasion!,'' which began with the audience turning on two of the performers and only got weirder from there. The Play Company, which produced that work, and the director Erica Schmidt, who directed it, team up again for Mr. Khemiri's new play, a darker but more straightforward piece about racial profiling that stems from a newspaper article he wrote after a suicide bombing in Stockholm. New Ohio Theater, 154 Christopher Street, West Village, (866) 811-4111, playco.org. (Grode)

'Intimacy' (in previews; opens on Jan. 29) Always a divisive figure whose work draws equal parts admiration and outrage, Thomas Bradshaw returns to the New Group after his gruesomely erotic 2011 drama, ''Burning.'' His provocative new comedy explores what goes on behind the closed doors of three families in a seemingly squeaky-clean multiracial American town. Scott Elliott directs the seven-member ensemble. Acorn Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, thenewgroup.org. (Rooney)

'The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner' (in previews; opens on Tuesday) Alan Sillitoe's 1959 short story explores the conflicted path of Colin Smith, a ***working-class*** teenager from Nottingham, England, who is convicted of petty crime and turns to running as a means of escape -- but finds his athletic prowess exploited by his reform-school gatekeepers. Leah C. Gardiner directs this stage adaptation by Roy Williams, which ushers one of the key literary figures of Britain's Angry Young Men movement into the 21st century. Atlantic Stage 2, 330 West 16th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200, atlantictheater.org. (Rooney)

'A Man's a Man' (in previews; opens on Jan. 30) Having presented ''Galileo'' and ''The Caucasian Chalk Circle'' in recent seasons, Classic Stage Company returns to Brecht with this early knockabout farce set in British colonial India, where a civilian is enlisted in the army to be dismantled and reassembled as the perfect fighting machine. The director Brian Kulick and the composer Duncan Sheik, who worked on the company's ''The Caucasian Chalk Circle,'' collaborate on the staging and score, with a cast that includes Justin Vivian Bond, Stephen Spinella and Gibson Frazier, who plays the hapless recruit. Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101, classicstage.org. (Rooney)

'My Daughter Keeps Our Hammer' (in previews; opens on Jan. 25) In this drama about the family secrets of two estranged sisters and their needy mother, the Brooklyn playwright Brian Watkins adopts as his setting the kind of desolate American prairie town that once might have been the terrain of Sam Shepard. Members of the Flea Theater's resident acting company, the Bats, star in this premiere directed by Danya Taymor, whose aunt Julie has a theater credit or two on her résumé. Flea Theater, 41 White Street, TriBeCa, (212) 352-3101, theflea.org. (Rooney)

'Outside Mullingar' (in previews; opens on Thursday) Brian F. O'Byrne and Debra Messing star as eccentric misfits living on neighboring properties in rural Ireland, whose hope of romance and happiness is tested by a land feud between their families. Described as ''an Irish 'Moonstruck,' '' this new work from John Patrick Shanley, the screenwriter of that movie, reunites him with Manhattan Theater Club and Doug Hughes, the company and director behind his Pulitzer- and Tony-winning hit, ''Doubt,'' which also starred Mr. O'Byrne. Samuel J. Friedman Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Rooney)

'Row After Row' (in previews; opens on Thursday) Jessica Dickey, whose inventive riff on father-daughter conflict, ''Charles Ives Take Me Home,'' had its premiere last season at Rattlestick, returns with a new play for Women's Project Theater. Directed by Daniella Topol, this dark comedy weighs the feasibility of peaceable union among any people, approaching the question via three Civil War re-enactors in rural Pennsylvania on the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. City Center Stage II, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Rooney)

'Stop Hitting Yourself' (in previews; opens on Jan. 27) Rude Mechs, a theater collective from Austin, Tex., purloins plots from 1930s Busby Berkley musicals to consider the contemporary clash between individualism and elite society. Written by Kirk Lynn and directed by Shawn Sides, this latest presentation from Lincoln Center Theater's LCT3 initiative for emerging artists is a ''Pygmalion''-type tale that revolves around a wild man found in the forest, whose behavior must be tamed in time for an annual charity ball. Claire Tow Theater, Lincoln Center, 150 West 65th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com, lct3.org. (Rooney)

'The Tribute Artist' (previews start on Tuesday; opens on Feb. 9) Charles Busch is playing a woman? What's new about that? Well, in his latest comedy, Mr. Busch portrays an unemployed female impersonator who assumes his deceased landlord's identity in an attempt to keep living in her Greenwich Village townhouse. It features a dependable roster of Busch veterans, including the priceless Julie Halston and his director of choice (Carl Andress). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200, primarystages.org. (Grode)

Broadway

&#x2605; 'After Midnight' The stars of this tribute to the Harlem jazz clubs of the 1920s and '30s are the 16 virtuosic musicians who perform -- with verve, style and a good splash of sheer joy -- about 25 songs from the period, with a special emphasis on Duke Ellington both as composer and arranger. The dancers and singers are terrific -- Fantasia Barrino sings with style, and Adriane Lenox all but steals the show with her two lowdown numbers. But it's really the Jazz at Lincoln Center All Stars on the bandstand at the back of the stage who shine brightest (1:30). Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 West 47th Street, (212) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com. (Charles Isherwood)

'Beautiful: The Carole King Musical' This friendly, formulaic jukebox show about the New York-born singer-songwriter might as well be called ''Brooklyn Girl,'' so closely does it adhere to the template of the mega-hit ''Jersey Boys'' (about the Four Seasons). Jessie Mueller, though, is extraordinary as Ms. King, making us feel the connection between a singer and her songs (2:25). Stephen Sondheim Theater, 124 West 43rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Ben Brantley)

&#x2605; 'A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder' Playing eight different victims of a sweet-faced killer (Bryce Pinkham) in Edwardian England, Jefferson Mays sings, dances, prances and generally makes infectious merriment in this daffy, ingenious new musical. Written with real wit by Robert L. Freedman and Steven Lutvak, the show has been stylishly directed by Darko Tresnjak (2:20). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Glass Menagerie' John Tiffany's stunning revival of Tennessee Williams's 1944 family drama promises to be the most revealing revival of a cornerstone classic for many a year. This poetic production paradoxically reveals the brute emotional force in a play often dismissed as wispy and elegiac. The entire cast -- Cherry Jones, Zachary Quinto, Celia Keenan-Bolger and Brian J. Smith -- is magnificent (2:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Kinky Boots' Cyndi Lauper has created a love-and-heat-seeking score that performs like a pop star on Ecstasy. This Harvey Fierstein-scripted tale of lost souls in the shoe business, in which a young factory owner (Stark Sands) teams up with a drag queen (Billy Porter), sometimes turns into a sermon. But it's hard to resist the audience-hugging charisma of the songs (2:20). Al Hirschfeld Theater, 302 West 45th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Matilda the Musical' The most satisfying and subversive musical ever to come out of Britain. Directed by Matthew Warchus, with a book by Dennis Kelly and addictive songs by Tim Minchin, this adaptation of Roald Dahl's novel is an exhilarating tale of empowerment, told from the perspective of that most powerless group, little children (2:35). Shubert Theater, 225 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Motown: The Musical' A dramatically slapdash but musically vibrant joy ride through the glory days of the Detroit music label founded by Berry Gordy. Mr. Gordy's book is sketchy and obvious -- you want to plug your ears whenever the music stops. But the music is, of course, some of the greatest R&B ever recorded, and the performers mostly electric (2:40). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, (877) 250-2929, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

'A Night With Janis Joplin' And friends, actually. The hard-living singer of the title, whose greatest hits are performed with impressive emotional ferocity by Mary Bridget Davies, is joined by a quartet of gifted singers giving their own impersonations of the singers who influenced her, from Bessie Smith to Odetta to Nina Simone to Aretha Franklin. But the talky Janis who gives us a docent tour of blues history in this amplified concert, written and directed by Randy Johnson, doesn't compel the way the ferocious singer does (2:15). Lyceum Theater, 149 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'No Man's Land'/'Waiting for Godot' With Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart playing a couple of swells and a couple of hobos, Sean Mathias's productions bring out the polish and shimmer in the language of these existential classics from Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. If these shows lack the requisite mortal chill, they allow us to savor fully some of the best dialogue ever written. (''Waiting for Godot'': 2:30; ''No Man's Land'': 2:00.) Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Pippin' Diane Paulus sends in the acrobats for her exhaustingly energetic revival of Stephen Schwartz and Roger O. Hirson's 1972 musical starring Patina Miller. As for the 99-pound story at the center of this muscle-bound spectacle -- the one about the starry-eyed son of Charlemagne (Matthew James Thomas) -- that's there too, if you look hard (2:35). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

'Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella' This ultimate and most enduring of makeover stories, via the team who gave us ''Oklahoma!,'' has been restyled by the director Mark Brokaw and the writer Douglas Carter Beane into a glittery patchwork of snark and sincerity, with a whole lot of fancy ball gowns. Laura Osnes and Santino Fontana are the appealing leading lovers (2:20). Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Twelfth Night'/'Richard III' In a word, bliss. Mark Rylance demonstrates that he can be just as brilliant in a skirt (as a love-stunned countess) as in trousers (as a psychopathic monarch) in these all-male productions from Shakespeare's Globe in London, directed by Tim Carroll. These are radiantly illuminating interpretations, and in the case of ''Twelfth Night,'' a source of pure, tickling joy. (''Twelfth Night'': 2:50; ''Richard III'': 2:45.) Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Brantley)

Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'Bayside! The Musical' Attending this bawdy, ridiculous, unauthorized parody of the harebrained sitcom ''Saved by the Bell'' is a bit like going to a midnight screening of ''The Rocky Horror Picture Show,'' given the many inside jokes and synchronized audience responses. Audience members know the material so well because half the humor comes from merely reproducing every ludicrous plot twist and trope from the TV show (including Zack's giant cellphone, Becky the Duck and other allusions that will be familiar to longtime fans). The other half of the humor is just good-old fashioned raunch, usually playing up the horrifying ways to reinterpret a squeaky-clean children's show (2:00). Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 388-0388, baysidethemusical.com. (Catherine Rampell)

'Bill W. and Dr. Bob' Making the story of the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous 99 percent preachiness-free is quite an accomplishment. Samuel Shem and Janet Surrey's purpose-driven script, which never forgets the humor of the human experience, goes a long way toward making this a satisfying revival (2:15). SoHo Playhouse, 15 Van Dam Street, South Village, (866) 811-4111, sohoplayhouse.com. (Anita Gates)

&#x2605; 'Breakfast With Mugabe' To his critics in the West, the Zimbabwean president Robert Mugabe is an election-rigger, a thug who uses past victimhood to justify further oppression. To Dr. Peric, a white psychiatrist, he is just another patient. That is the premise of Fraser Grace's trenchant, magnificently acted play, inspired by news reports that Mr. Mugabe did seek counsel from a white psychiatrist despite his lifelong image as one opposed to white authority figures. What follows is less a cooperative, therapeutic relationship than an unwinking power struggle (1:30). The Lion Theater at Theater Row, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, breakfastwithmugabe.com. (Rampell)

&#x2605; 'Buyer & Cellar' Jonathan Tolins has concocted an irresistible one-man play from the most peculiar of fictitious premises -- an underemployed Los Angeles actor goes to work in Barbra Streisand's Malibu, Calif., basement -- allowing the playwright to ruminate with delicious wit and perspicacity on the solitude of celebrity, the love-hate attraction between gay men and divas, and the melancholy that lurks beneath narcissism. In the capable hands of the director Stephen Brackett and the wickedly charming actor Michael Urie, this seriously funny slice of absurdist whimsy creates the illusion of a stage filled with multiple people, all of them with their own droll point of view (1:30). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, West Village, (212) 868-4444, smarttix.com. (Rooney)

'The Commons of Pensacola' The actress Amanda Peet makes a creditable writing debut with this sudsy family drama loosely inspired by the Bernard Madoff scandal. Blythe Danner gives a crisply funny performance as the disgraced wife, with Sarah Jessica Parker making a sure-footed return to stage work as her daughter, who begins to harbor doubts about her mother's innocence (1:20). City Center Stage I, 131 West 55th Street, (212) 581-1212, nycitycenter.org. (Isherwood)

'Cougar the Musical' Three older women find themselves attracted to younger men, two against their better judgment. The concept seems made for bus tours, but imagination, appealing numbers with original melodies and theme-transcending jokes lift this show well above the level of ''Menopause: The Musical'' and its ilk (1:30). Saturdays only. St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

'Cuff Me: The Fifty Shades of Grey Musical Parody' What can I possibly say that isn't said by the title of this production? Here's one thing: It's not exactly great theater, but I'd still rather see ''Cuff Me'' than read the novel upon which it's based (1:30). Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Claudia La Rocco)

'Disaster!' Seth Rudetsky and Jack Plotnick lampoon those cheesy 1970s movies in which fistfuls of C-list stars were clobbered by various unnatural acts of nature. Deathlessly awful songs from the same era -- ''Torn Between Two Lovers,'' ''Feelings,'' ''I Am Woman'' -- are thrown in for good measure (2:05). St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, disastermusical.com. (Isherwood)

'Hamlet' The Bedlam company presents a four-person, stripped-down production that is modest and sensitive to the sound of the poetry of the play (3:30). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Jason Zinoman)

'Handle With Care' Jason Odell Williams has written something special: a Jewish Christmas story. Carol Lawrence is the star attraction as an Israeli grandmother in this hilarious and heartwarming story about a lost corpse and a lost love. The other three cast members, however, are adorable -- and a couple of generations younger (1:45). Westside Theater Downstairs, 407 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, handlewithcaretheplay.com. (Gates)

'It's Just Sex' Jeff Gould's lightweight comedy, a long-running hit in Los Angeles, is about three married couples whose party turns into an evening of spouse-swapping and postcoital navel-gazing (metaphorically). The cast is personable, but the script's only deep thought is that if women were told they could talk only to one person for the rest of their lives, they would understand why sexual fidelity is so stifling for men (1:30). Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Gates)

&#x2605; 'Juno and the Paycock' J. Smith-Cameron gives a warm, moving performance as the wife of the ne'er-do-well ''Captain'' Jack Boyle (the fine Ciaran O'Reilly) in Charlotte Moore's assured revival of Sean O'Casey's play about the troubles faced by an impoverished family amid the civil unrest in Dublin of the 1920s (2:15). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737, irishrep.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Murder for Two' After a successful run at Second Stage Uptown, this show returns to another Off Broadway space, New World Stages. In this nifty mystery musical comedy by Joe Kinosian and Kellen Blair, a virtuosic Jeff Blumenkrantz plays all the suspects, and Brett Ryback the investigating officer. The actors also provide the music, taking turns at the piano, under Scott Schwartz's fleet direction (1:30). 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Natasha, Pierre and the Great Comet of 1812' Dave Malloy's transporting pop opera dramatizes an emotionally potent slice of Tolstoy's ''War and Peace.'' Rachel Chavkin directs a superb young cast who bring the loves and losses of 19th-century Russian aristocrats to vibrant, intimate life in a stylish cabaret setting. The production and its tent make the move from the meatpacking district to the theater district for a multiweek run (2:30). Kazino, West 45th Street, near Eighth Avenue, telecharge.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'The Night Alive' Something bright and beautiful pulses in the shadows of this extraordinary play, written and directed by Conor McPherson. A group portrait of five highly imperfect Dubliners groping in the dark, hoping for connection and possibly finding redemption. Ciaran Hinds and Jim Norton lead a memorably vivid cast (1:50). Linda Gross Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (866) 811-4111, atlantictheater.org. (Brantley)

&#x2605; 'Saint Joan' With just four actors playing 24 characters, Bedlam's wonderfully high-spirited production of Shaw's 1920 semi-tragedy leads its audience into, out of and all over the space. Eric Tucker's inventive direction and the four superb performers make it well worth the time. It returns to the stage after a previous run at the Access Theater this year to run in repertory with Bedlam's ''Hamlet'' (3:00). Lynn Redgrave Theater at the Culture Project, 45 Bleecker Street, at Lafayette Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111, theatrebedlam.org. (Grode)

'La Soirée' The side show meets the big top in this naughty hybrid of burlesque and circus, featuring performers like the comic chanteuse Meow Meow and a waterlogged hunk taking a very gymnastic bath (2:00). Union Square Theater, 100 East 17th Street, (800) 653-8000, ticketmaster.com. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'What's It All About? Bacharach Reimagined' The terrific Kyle Riabko leads a cast of equally fine singers and musicians in this refreshingly low-key revue of songs written by Burt Bacharach and his longtime lyricist partner, Hal David. Mr. Riabko's stripped-down, neo-folk arrangements drill into the yearning and melancholy that suffuse many of Mr. Bacharach and Mr. David's best-known hits, and the fluid direction of Steven Hoggett echoes and enhances the seamless flow of the music (1:30). New York Theater Workshop, 79 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 279-4200, nytw.org. (Isherwood)

&#x2605; 'Year of the Rooster' This startling dark comedy by a young playwright named Eric Dufault is about cockfighting, and it features a rooster marvelously played by Bobby Moreno. But it is also about much more: dominating, winning, dreaming, despairing. The cast is spot on, and the cockfight scene that ends Act I is memorable and a little scary. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (866) 811-4111, ensemblestudiotheatre.org. (Neil Genzlinger)

Off Off Broadway

&#x2605; 'The Norwegians' There is every chance that C. Denby Swanson wrote this odd, dark, profane comedy -- about really sweet Scandinavian hit men in Minnesota and the young women who hire them -- after falling asleep during ''Fargo.'' But this low-budget guilty pleasure, which was a hit this spring and returns with the original cast, delivers solid laughs while making fun (in mostly nice ways) of various ethnicities and American states. And one actress demonstrates how good Mary-Louise Parker might be as a stand-up comic (1:30). Drilling Company Theater, 236 West 78th Street, (212) 868-4444, smarttix.com. (Gates)

'Showgirls! The Musical!' If ever a movie were ripe for a sendup, it's Paul Verhoeven's 1995 turkey, ''Showgirls.'' The lurid story of a hitchhiker turned pole dancer turned Las Vegas star is catnip for any devotee of camp, and this frenetic production pushes it into the camp stratosphere, with X-rated songs, abundant toplessness and a much higher male quotient. Alas, the movie's misogyny lingers. The tireless and fearless April Kidwell, however, in the Elizabeth Berkley role, is a wonder: Her vibrant physicality and knowing humor inadvertently constitute a welcome riposte to the story's mockery of its protagonist (1:30). (Wednesdays only.) Theater 80, 80 St. Marks Place, East Village, (212) 388-0388, showgirlsthemusical.com. (Andy Webster)

Long-Running Shows

'Avenue Q' R-rated puppets give lively life lessons (2:15). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'The Berenstain Bears Live! In Family Matters, the Musical' This adaptation of three of Stan and Jan Berenstain's children's books is pleasant enough, but the cubs are showing their age. Saturdays and Sundays (:55). Marjorie S. Deane Little Theater, 5 West 63rd Street, (866) 811-4111, berenstainbearslive.com.

'Black Angels Over Tuskegee' The tear-jerker story of these trailblazing African-American pilots (2:30). (Saturdays only.) Actors Temple Theater, 339 West 47th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

Blue Man Group Conceptual art as entertainment (1:45). Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette Street, East Village, (800) 258-3626, ticketmaster.com.

'The Book of Mormon' Singing, dancing, R-rated missionaries proselytize for the American musical (2:15). Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 West 49th Street, (800) 432-7250, telecharge.com.

'Celebrity Autobiography' Celebrities read selections of the witless wisdom culled from the tell-all tomes of the rich and famous. The cast appearing in this Friday's performance includes Ralph Macchio, Tony Danza, Richard Kind, Jackie Hoffman, Rachel Dratch, Eugene Pack, Dayle Reyfel and Alan Zweibel (1:30). Stage 72, 158 West 72nd Street, (212) 868-4444, celebrityautobiography.com.

'Chicago' Jazz Age sex, murder and razzle-dazzle (2:25). Ambassador Theater, 219 West 49th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'The Fantasticks' Boy meets girl, forever (2:05). Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

'Jersey Boys' The biomusical that walks like a man (2:30). August Wilson Theater, 245 West 52nd Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'The Lion King' Disney's call of the wild (2:45). Minskoff Theater, 200 West 45th Street, (800) 870-2717, ticketmaster.com.

'Love in the Time of Cholera' Directed by José Zayas and performed by an efficient four-actor crew, Caridad Svich's adaptation of the Gabriel García Márquez novel is pleasing but lightweight. A production cannot live on romance alone. In Spanish with subtitles (2:00). Runs in repertory at Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 East 27th Street, Manhattan, (212) 889-2850, repertorio.org. (La Rocco)

'Mamma Mia!' The jukebox musical set to the disco throb of Abba (2:20). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (800) 432-7259, telecharge.com.

'Newsies' Extra! Extra! enthusiasm (2:20). Nederlander Theater, 208 West 41st Street, (866) 870-2717, newsiesthemusical.com.

'Once' Almost love, in a singing Dublin (2:15). Bernard B. Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Perfect Crime' The murder mystery that has been investigated since 1987 (1:30). Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

'The Phantom of the Opera' Who was that masked man anyway? (2:30). Majestic Theater, 247 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Rock of Ages' Big hair, thrashing guitars and inspired humor fuel this jukebox musical (2:25). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Sistas: The Musical' Black women reflect on their lives, with songs (1:30). (Saturdays and Sundays.) St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, telecharge.com.

'Sleep No More' A movable, murderous feast at Hotel Macbeth (2:00). The McKittrick Hotel, 530 West 27th Street, Chelsea, (866) 811-4111, sleepnomorenyc.com.

'Stomp' And the beat goes on (and on), with percussion unlimited (1:30). Orpheum Theater, 126 Second Avenue, at Eighth Street, East Village, (800) 982-2787, ticketmaster.com.

'Wicked' Oz revisited (2:45). Gershwin Theater, 222 West 51st Street, (800) 745-3000, ticketmaster.com.

Last Chance

&#x2605; 'Nothing to Hide' (closes on Saturday) The supremely skilled and affable sleight-of-hand specialists Derek DelGaudio and Helder Guimarães dazzle and mystify in an evening of card trickery that elicits delighted gasps from the audience for their intricately conceived stunts. Smoothly directed by self-professed magic nerd Neil Patrick Harris (1:10). Signature Center, 480 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200, ticketcentral.com. (Isherwood)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/17/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-17-23.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/17/theater/theater-listings-for-jan-17-23.html)

**Graphic**

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Charles McGrath, formerly the editor of the Book Review, is a writer at large for The Times.

**Body**

SCHULZ AND PEANUTS

A Biography.

By David Michaelis.

Illustrated. 655 pp. Harper/HarperCollins Publishers. $34.95.

Toward the end of his life Charles Schulz, the creator of ''Peanuts,'' wished he were Andrew Wyeth. What Wyeth did was fine art, he grumbled, while he was just a newspaper cartoonist, a draftsman, whose work would surely not last. In fact, ''Peanuts'' is still read, in anthologies and compilations, by many more people than ever looked at a Wyeth, and Schulz's was arguably the greater talent. He transformed the newspaper cartoon strip, busy and cluttered by the time he turned up in the late '40s, by flooding it with white space, and by reducing his childish characters to near abstraction -- huge circular heads balanced on tiny bodies -- he rendered them far more expressive than their cartoon peers. The strip was able to register grown-up emotions, like anxiety, depression, yearning, disillusionment, that had never been in cartoons before. Instead of the ''Slam!'' ''Bam!'' ''Pow!'' sound effects that were the lingua franca of the comics, it employed a quieter, more eloquent vocabulary: ''Aaugh!'' and ''Sigh.''

''Peanuts'' was beloved by everyone: by hipsters and college kids (in the '60s especially); by presidents (Ronald Reagan once wrote Schulz a fan note, saying he identified with Charlie Brown); by the Apollo 10 astronauts, who named their orbiter and landing vehicle after Charlie and Snoopy; by ministers and pastors, who read moral and theological lessons into the strip; by the suits in Detroit, who paid Charlie and the gang a small fortune to shill for the Ford Falcon. At its peak the strip reached 300 million readers in 75 countries; 2,600 papers and 21 languages every day. The various animated TV specials continue to top the Nielsen charts whenever they're broadcast, and the musical ''You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown,'' after selling out for four years off Broadway, is now a staple of high school and amateur theater productions -- the most-produced musical ever.

The success of the strip, together with its spinoffs and an almost unending flood of cheesy ''Peanuts'' ware -- calendars, bedsheets, wastebaskets, lunchboxes, ''Warm Puppy'' coffee mugs and the like -- made Schulz an immensely wealthy man, rich enough to build his own ice rink. In the '80s he was one of the 10 highest-paid entertainers in America, right up there with Oprah and Michael Jackson. In fact, if by artist we mean someone who paints or draws, it's no stretch at all to say that Charles Schulz was the most popular and most successful American artist who ever lived. He was also, to judge from David Michaelis's new biography, one of the loneliest and most unhappy.

We should have guessed, for as Michaelis points out, ''Peanuts'' was almost transparently autobiographical. There really was an unattainable Little Red-Haired Girl. Her name was Donna Mae Johnson, and she jilted Schulz in July 1950; he nursed the rejection, along with all the other slights he suffered from wished-for girlfriends, for the rest of his life. Charlie Brown, wishy-washy, disillusioned, but also secretly ambitious, was the artist himself, of course; and so were Linus, the oddball; Schroeder, meticulous and gifted; and, above all, Snoopy, with his daydreams, his fantasies, his sense of being undervalued and misunderstood. Violet, with her mean streak; and Lucy, bossy, impatient and sarcastic, were all the controlling, withholding women in Schulz's life, especially his mother and his first wife, Joyce. Michaelis also goes in for a certain amount of psychologizing, but once you have the key it hardly seems necessary.

Michaelis's last book was an exceptionally good biography of N. C. Wyeth (Andrew's father), and his task here is both easier and harder. Wyeth was the practitioner of a dying, minor art form -- he was the last of the great painterly illustrators -- and if that earlier book had a weakness, it was that Michaelis barely bothered to explain why he deserved a full-length treatment. In the case of his Schulz biography, the importance of the subject almost goes without saying (though the author is at frequent pains to remind us, even so). Schulz was what so many lesser figures are carelessly said to be: a genuine American icon, who in his unassuming way deeply imprinted our culture.

On the other hand, N. C. Wyeth lived a large, big-themed life, with a tragic, Dreiser-ish subplot for good measure. (In his 60s, he became obsessed with one of his daughters-in-law and died in a railroad-crossing collision -- probably by accident, but possibly by intention -- with her son, his grandson, at his side.) Schulz's much longer life (1922-2000) was, by comparison, bland and eventless -- or at least the part that wasn't lived inside his head, and except for the strip, he left few clues as to what was going on in there. Though he was one of the first to introduce psychological themes into cartooning, with Lucy and her sidewalk psychiatric-help booth, he was himself stubbornly unanalytical. His nature was as much a puzzle to him as it was to everyone else. ''It took me a long time to become a human being,'' he told a magazine interviewer in 1987.

People who knew Schulz always called him Sparky, the nickname given him at birth by an uncle, who shortened it from Spark Plug, the name of a woebegone race horse just recently introduced into the popular Barney Google comic strip. It was an almost comically inappropriate handle -- there was nothing in the least scintillating about the young Sparky, who was small, shy, geeky -- and also a fateful one, linking him to what from a very early age he determined to be his life work: to produce a syndicated daily comic strip.

Not that there were many signs he had a gift for it, or for anything else. Schulz was born and -- except for a weird and awful two-year stint the family endured in the California desert -- grew up in the ***working-class*** neighborhoods of the Twin Cities. His father, who was born in Germany and grew up with German-speaking parents, ran a barber shop (just like Charlie Brown's dad). His mother, who never got beyond third grade, came from a clannish, depressive, hard-drinking Norwegian farm family and was one of those people who feel inadequate and superior at the same time. According to Michaelis, she could be distant, cool, even mocking and scornful, and he blames her for most of Sparky's woes, especially his lifelong feeling of being insufficiently loved.

Schulz was raised in what sounds like a grim, even more isolated version of Garrison Keillor's Lake Wobegon -- a close-knit place ruled by church and family, where book learning was regarded with suspicion and where, far from being above average, children were discouraged from thinking too highly of themselves. Early in grammar school, Schulz was bumped ahead a grade, which guaranteed that for the rest of his school career he would always be the smallest, skinniest, most awkward kid in the class. Though a decent pickup hockey player, and a good enough golfer to play No. 2 on the school team, by the time he got to high school Schulz was so crippled with shyness he had become virtually invisible. ''I wasn't actually hated,'' he said later. ''Nobody cared that much.'' His one chance for distinction was lost when some cartoons he had drawn for the school yearbook were unaccountably turned down -- a rejection he never forgave, just as he never forgave all the girls who failed to notice that he had worshiped them from afar.

After graduation, Schulz's shyness and insecurity rendered art school out of the question, so instead he took a correspondence course from Art Instruction Inc., the kind of place that used to advertise on the back of matchbooks. (He found the instruction so helpful that he eventually joined the faculty himself and years later went on the board.) In 1942 Schulz was drafted and, heartsick and terrified, left for boot camp only days after his mother had died. But he actually thrived in the Army and came back newly confident. He even began to go out with girls -- though his idea of an appropriate dating present was a Bible. (All his life Schulz was the straightest of arrows: he didn't smoke, swear or drink, on the grounds that neither did Jesus. The wine at Cana, the young Sparky used to claim, was nonalcoholic.)

In 1951, Schulz married Joyce Halverson, a 22-year-old divorcee with a young daughter from an ill-advised and short-lived marriage to a cowboy. He arranged to adopt the daughter, Meredith, and afterward always insisted she was his, even when the teenage Meredith began to poke around and ask nosy questions. To some degree it was probably a marriage of convenience on both sides, but for a while it was happy enough, and the Schulzes went on to have four children of their own. Sparky was an indifferent and often inattentive father and husband, though, because, self-absorbed and secretly harboring immense ambition, he was really married to his work. After a lot of rejections and false starts, he finally landed a weekly strip, called ''Li'l Folks,'' with the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and it was syndicated in 1950 by United Feature, which insisted that the title be changed to ''Peanuts.'' Schulz hated the name but went along, adding this to his ever-growing list of grudges.

Schulz had initially dreamed of an action strip but began drawing children because that's what seemed to sell. The earliest strips hit what now seems the authentic Schulzian emotional tone -- ''Yes, sir! Good ol' Charlie Brown. ... How I hate him!'' -- but it took a while for the drawing to evolve, for the heads to enlarge, the limbs to shrink.

''Peanuts'' grew slowly at first; caught on hugely in the '60s, when almost by accident it seemed to speak to everyone who was experiencing the generation gap; and then almost drowned in a licensing binge and flood of tchotchkes. Schulz said yes to everything, no matter how kitschy -- toys, cards, books, sweatshirts -- until even his fans began to complain he was selling out.

What saved ''Peanuts,'' Michaelis suggests, was the elevation of Snoopy into a main character in the late '60s, and the way his boundless, almost surreal fantasy life frequently took over the strip, which at the same time was being pared down to a visual minimum: a scarf, a helmet, a doghouse indicated by just a few horizontal lines. Another thing that didn't hurt was the gradual souring of the Schulz marriage. The family was living in Southern California by now, on a sort of private Disneyland with its own stables and miniature golf course and the ice rink (where Schulz like to hold court in the Warm Puppy snack bar) nearby. Despite his success, Schulz was prickly, lonely, depressed and increasingly subject to panic attacks; Joyce felt overburdened and underappreciated. Their feuds, their long bouts of coldness, inspired some of the most Thurber-like stretches of ''Peanuts'' -- the strips where Charlie and Lucy seem to be locked in the eternal struggle of male and female, with the latter always wielding the upper hand.

As Schulz grew into middle age, he filled out, stopped wearing his hair in a buzz cut and discovered that he was actually attractive to women. He had one full-fledged affair, and in 1973, a year or so after divorcing Joyce, he married Elizabeth Jean Forsyth, 16 years his junior, whom he had met -- where else? -- at the ice rink. This second marriage was happier, in large part because Jeannie, as she was known, saw it her job to make it so. Schulz was often moody and withdrawn nevertheless, and was also compulsively flirty. The evidence suggests that his was essentially an arrested sensibility, locked in adolescent longing and self-absorption. But for a certain kind of artist this is not such a bad thing. Kipling and P. G. Wodehouse suffered, or benefited, from much the same condition: like Schulz, they were truly happy only when transported by their work. Schulz said once that if it weren't for cartooning he'd be dead, and indeed he died within days of resigning from the strip because of ill health.

In another way, though, Schulz's is a classic American story: the lonely, misunderstood genius who clings to his dream, finds riches and fame, and discovers that they don't make him happy after all. He was like Gatsby or Citizen Kane. That he chose the comic strip as his medium links him, on the one hand, to such gifted, pioneering and equally misunderstood figures as Winsor McCay, creator of Little Nemo, and Krazy Kat's George Herriman; and on the other, to current practitioners like R. Crumb, Chris Ware and the graphic novelist who goes by the name Seth, who is currently editing ''The Complete Peanuts'' for Fantagraphics (and who illustrated this review). These younger artists have a far warier relationship to popular success than Schulz did, but they share his themes of loneliness, of loss, of being unable to connect. Ware's Jimmy Corrigan is in many ways Charlie Brown grown, while still an adolescent, to a premature old age. And Crumb offers a window onto what Schulz might have been like if only he had let the anger out.

Michaelis, who had the cooperation of the Schulz family, tells this story brightly and engagingly, if not always succinctly and without repetition. There is rather less than one might expect about the rich tradition of newspaper comics that spawned Schulz, and more than some readers might prefer about, for example, the patterns of metastasis in cervical cancer (the disease that killed Schulz's mother). Throughout the book Michaelis maintains affection for his subject without losing sight of how exasperating and narcissistic he could be. And the smartest thing he has done is to pepper his pages with actual strips from ''Peanuts,'' dozens of them, usually without comment or footnote or even date: an appropriate strip just turns up in the middle of a paragraph that happens to be talking about something similar. Sometimes it's an illustration, sometimes a wry comment. The effect is to continually remind us of why Schulz matters in the first place, and of the potential not just for humor but for feeling and eloquence in the odd and oddly persistent art form where he made his home.

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**Correction**

A review on Oct. 14 about ''Schulz and Peanuts: A Biography,'' by David Michaelis, misstated the California location where the cartoonist Charles Schulz and his family lived in the 1960s. It was Sebastopol (in Sonoma County some 65 miles north of San Francisco), not ''Southern California.''

The review also misstated the role of the graphic novelist Seth in ''The Complete Peanuts,'' a series from Fantagraphics Books. He is the designer, not the editor; that is Gary Groth.

**Correction-Date:** October 28, 2007

**Graphic**

Photo: (Photograph By Associated Press (1966) ) Drawing: (Drawing by Seth)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***In City's New Schools Chief, A Knack for Quiet Conciliation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:52PF-MM31-JBG3-62FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID M. HALBFINGER, JAVIER C. HERNANDEZ and FERNANDA SANTOS; Sharon Otterman, Mosi Secret and Rebecca White contributed reporting.

**Body**

They called him ''Dirt'' -- and said it with affection. Playing in a recreational football league in the 1970s, his teammates recall, Dennis M. Walcott was a walking laundry-detergent commercial, constantly making tackles.

During one game, as he pulled himself to his feet after sacking the quarterback, an opponent sucker-punched him in the jaw. The benches cleared, and Mr. Walcott's buddies -- the only all-black team in a nearly all-white league on Staten Island -- looked to him for a signal. But he shook it off.

''We weren't there to fight,'' he said. ''It could have been a race war.''

After early work mentoring children in Queens and a searing stint in Harlem finding homes for crack babies -- he even adopted two children of an addict -- Mr. Walcott rose to the presidency of the New York Urban League, one of the city's premier civil rights groups. But in the racial turmoil of the Giuliani years, Mr. Walcott refrained from getting arrested alongside scores of politicians and other black leaders in demonstrations against police brutality. He chose to advise the embattled police commissioner behind the scenes, trusting that his subdued approach would be more likely to win results.

All along, his trademark has been forbearance, and in his new role as New York City's schools chancellor, Mr. Walcott will test whether the nation's full-tilt approach to urban education reform is ready for a different kind of leader. But for the past nine years as a deputy mayor whose main responsibility was to oversee the Department of Education, he has left only the faintest of fingerprints during a time of momentous changes to the schools.

In a lengthy interview, Mr. Walcott struggled to name any achievements for which he had been the driving force, finally citing the creation of an early-literacy program for children in public housing and a mayoral Office of Adult Education.

In a City Hall populated with visionary strategists, managerial wizards and publicity magnets, Mr. Walcott was none of these. Working between a strong-willed mayor, Michael R. Bloomberg, and a tenacious chancellor, Joel I. Klein, he seemed more comfortable in a role as deputy mayor for mollification: mediating disputes, calming tensions and endlessly listening.

That, of course, may be precisely what is needed at this moment: Mr. Walcott is taking over the nation's largest school system after a disastrous experiment with Cathleen P. Black, at a time of low mayoral approval ratings and with teacher layoffs and other retrenchments in the offing.

But Mr. Walcott, 59, concedes that despite his years in City Hall, there is little record on which to judge whether he is the right person to defend, advance and improve upon Mr. Bloomberg's education agenda of test-based accountability, welcoming charter schools and closing failing ones.

''People will question spine,'' Mr. Walcott said. ''I'm very confident about decision-making and toughness. It will be my actions they have to take a look at over the next two and a half years to determine whether there is spine or not.''

In Two Worlds

Backyard baseball with a tree stump for home plate. Trombone in the school orchestra. Biking down the street under the watchful eyes of friendly neighbors.

It was ''Leave It to Beaver,'' but black, to hear Mr. Walcott describe his childhood in the Addisleigh Park section of southeast Queens, a destination for ambitious emigres from Harlem and Brooklyn that was already dotted with celebrities like John Coltrane, Ella Fitzgerald, and W. E. B. Du Bois.

Dennis Malcolm Walcott was an only child, born in 1951 to Dennis C. and Eleanor Walcott. His father was an exterminator for the city's Housing Authority who never finished high school, even-tempered and affable; his mother, a city social worker, the tough-minded family ''enforcer.''

The couple wanted Dennis to succeed in a white world, so they sent him for three summers to Lincoln Farm Work Camp, in the Catskills, where teenagers labored on construction projects. The children of Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee were there, but nearly everyone else was white and wealthy, he said.

Mr. Walcott graduated from Francis Lewis High School and thought he might become a psychiatrist. He went to the University of Bridgeport, in Connecticut, a small seaside campus not too far from home. But neither of his parents saw him graduate. His father fell ill and died in 1971, at age 60. The next year, on spring break from his senior year, Mr. Walcott arrived home to find his mother, 48, dead on the living room floor. He did not want an autopsy, so the cause was never determined.

Her body was beneath a window looking out to the street. ''The theory was that she was sitting on the chair, waiting for me to come in,'' he said.

Mr. Walcott abruptly changed his diet, cutting out things he thought might bring on the diabetes that had stricken many of the men in his family. These days he avoids red meat and seldom eats anything but a salad for lunch. He once favored Old Grand-Dad and colas, but now rarely touches alcohol and does not smoke.

With a master's in education, he found a job teaching kindergarten at a new church-run school in Queens. He was unenthusiastic about the work, a friend recalled. But he was moved by the longings of boys who had no fathers at home, and he created his own ''Brother to Brother'' program.

Mr. Walcott persuaded a television station to broadcast a free advertisement during ''Soul Train,'' he said, and the flood of interest from single mothers and male volunteers was more than he could handle. He ended the program.

In 1977, he married Denise St. Hill -- they had met as young children and reconnected by chance at a party -- just as he started working at a foster-care agency in Manhattan as part of a master's program in social work. He later interned at the Greater New York Fund, the arm of the United Way that handed out grants to smaller nonprofits.

Friends and bosses marveled at his listening skills, calm and maturity. ''He could always talk himself out of sticky situations or stay above the fray,'' Nancy Gresham-Jones, a classmate and a co-worker, said.

The fund hired him full time, assigning him to work with recipient agencies to improve operations. One was Harlem-Dowling Children's Services, the first black-run adoption agency in New York, whose finances were a mess after management changes and a bookkeeper's conviction for embezzlement.

Mr. Walcott became its executive director in 1985, just in time for the crack epidemic. Staggering numbers of babies were being born with drug toxicity or H.I.V., or were being abandoned at birth. In one day alone, he found foster homes for 30 ''boarder babies'' left at Harlem Hospital.

He was a hands-on director: watching a child die of AIDS complications; helping a little girl born without a stomach; rushing to a woman's home to talk her out of suicide. When a wealthy woman offered to do something nice one Christmas, Mr. Walcott said, he sent to her home two children who had never had a hot bath.

''Things like that were emotionally draining,'' he said. ''It was a trying period in time, and you're right in the fulcrum of it.''

By the time he took over the New York Urban League in 1990, he had two daughters. But when he heard of a girl named Shatisha, 10, and her brother Timmy, 5, who needed a home, Mr. Walcott and his wife signed up to take them in as foster parents and soon adopted them.

A Challenging Decade

Mr. Walcott embraced the Urban League's mission, even tattooing its logo, an apple with an equal sign, on his right arm. He worked particularly hard to expand city-financed programs aimed at reducing infant mortality, training welfare recipients for work and coaching parents to get involved in schools.

''Dennis moved the league into government contracts it never had before,'' said Harvey Newman, then a board member. ''I don't know if it was a swimming success. But it changed the direction of the Urban League.'' From 1993 to 1999, state records show, the league's government financing grew by $2.2 million, or 54 percent.

In 1993, before he lost his re-election bid, Mayor David N. Dinkins appointed Mr. Walcott to the Board of Education, where he served for just over a year. Norman Steisel, a deputy mayor, recalled Mr. Walcott working on a model for mayoral control of the schools that would entail ''extensive parental involvement,'' but the plan went nowhere.

One of Mr. Walcott's greatest victories as an advocate was his most fleeting one: a federal court ruling that briefly blocked a subway fare increase in 1995. Represented by a lawyer named Eric T. Schneiderman, now the state's attorney general, the Urban League and the Straphangers Campaign argued that minorities were being hit harder than suburban whites, whose commuter fares were not rising as sharply.

The decision was overturned the next day. But Gene Russianoff, the Straphangers leader, said he believed it created a political problem for Gov. George E. Pataki that was solved a year later by the introduction of the unlimited-ride MetroCard.

As relations between Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's Police Department and minority communities deteriorated, Mr. Walcott retained his access to senior administration aides by rarely criticizing the mayor publicly, and never in harsh terms.

''That was a very activist period of time,'' he said. ''We had the Korean boycott; we had Crown Heights. My goal was to walk the line.''

Mr. Walcott helped Howard Safir, the police commissioner, come up with a strategy to push officers to use a kinder demeanor with the public, with sting operations intended to weed out surly officers. The slogan he helped devise -- ''Courtesy, Professionalism and Respect'' -- remains emblazoned on patrol cars, Mr. Walcott noted with some pride. ''Yeah, that was me,'' he said.

Yet his restraint earned Mr. Walcott catcalls from other civil rights leaders who said it was doing little good. ''The inside road is a hard row to hoe,'' said Michael Meyers, the president of the New York Civil Rights Coalition. ''But at the same time, you've got to show me that you're being effective.''

Mr. Walcott said his refusal to get arrested after the fatal shooting of Amadou Diallo was one of the toughest decisions he ever made. It also raised questions about whether the Urban League's reliance on government money for 75 percent of its budget had compromised his independence.

Mr. Walcott denied this. But he acknowledged trying to ''protect the league,'' and said that taking a more ''strident'' public stance could have caused ''unnecessary pressure or strain on the organization.'' Then again, he suggested, perhaps he was being held to an unfair standard.

''I provided services to communities and tried to deal with empowerment and equality, which was part of the mission of the Urban League,'' he said. ''But defining myself as a civil rights leader -- I wouldn't quite say that. I was in charge of a not-for-profit.''

The City Peacekeeper

In January 2002, Mr. Walcott arrived in City Hall as an odd man out: he was one of few minorities and barely knew Mr. Bloomberg. He wore his differences with pride, sometimes calling himself the ''***working-class*** deputy mayor.''

His chief responsibility was limited in part by Mr. Klein's hands-on style and close relationship with the mayor. So Mr. Walcott became something of a go-between: an ambassador to far-flung corners of the city, a pair of eyes in the department for Mr. Bloomberg and a guardian of Mr. Klein, whose pugnacious style he defended repeatedly in City Hall. Mr. Walcott described his role as being ''the glue between two very smart people who have very strong viewpoints.''

He popped in regularly at the department to eavesdrop on meetings or simply to chat. He saw his mission not as coming up with ideas or challenging Mr. Klein, but as working around the edges -- reminding officials to call a Harlem politician before proposing a new charter school or pushing for more town hall meetings.

''His style was never to say, 'No, we're not going to let you do this,' '' said Garth Harries, an education official from 2003 to 2009. ''It was more like probing and testing to make sure we had done the work and understood the implications of what we were doing.''

When the department was considering closing the Alfred E. Smith Career and Technical Education High School in the Bronx, Mr. Walcott expressed concerns about community opposition. As a result, the department preserved a popular automotive program at the school and phased out other programs.

But when the department faced one of its most contentious decisions, whether to release teacher performance data to the public, Mr. Walcott was conflicted, expressing concerns about denigrating teachers.

Some have interpreted his restraint as excessive deference, even cowardice. Jill Levy, a former president of the principals' union, grew frustrated with his reluctance to speak up in meetings and to weigh in on issues. ''He never disagreed,'' she said. ''I didn't see any overt leadership.''

But Dina Paul-Parks, a former aide, said Mr. Walcott was often misjudged. ''Dennis is so laid-back that sometimes people tend to think that he is a bit of a wallflower,'' she said. ''He actually has very, very strong opinions and feels passionately about these issues.''

Still, Mr. Walcott's knack for peacemaking and consensus-building in tense moments made him indispensable to Mr. Bloomberg and Mr. Klein, who each had a habit of alienating other political players.

It was Mr. Walcott, not the blunter Mr. Klein, who was called upon to explain -- gently but unapologetically -- to parents and community leaders why their schools were being closed for poor performance. So, too, when the fury reached City Hall without warning from the Education Department, it was Mr. Walcott who briefed the mayor, covering for Mr. Klein.

The mayor sent Mr. Walcott to soothe tensions after several crises, including the fatal police shooting of Sean Bell in 2006 -- the same year that Mr. Walcott's son, Timmy Craig-Walcott, was shot in the leg after getting off a bus one night in Queens.

Mr. Walcott's skills proved critical in 2002, when Mr. Bloomberg wanted the State Legislature to give him control of city schools, and in 2009, when some legislators were demurring over whether to renew that control. Steven Sanders, who was chairman of the Assembly's Education Committee in 2002, said Mr. Walcott approached the task with the discretion of an attorney guarding his client's interests.

While Mr. Walcott and Mr. Bloomberg get along, they have never been particularly close, City Hall colleagues say. Mr. Bloomberg has invited him to Yankee games and to the inauguration of Barack Obama. Mr. Walcott devoted his vacation time in 2005 to the mayor's re-election campaign.

But Mr. Walcott sometimes seemed to have trouble getting the mayor's ear, telling colleagues he was ''stalking'' Mr. Bloomberg to sound him out on an issue when other officials had no trouble engaging the mayor in conversation.

Always, he was mindful of being the highest ranking African-American in the administration -- even welling up with tears in an interview as he described how much he meant to younger minority staff members. At times, Mr. Walcott acted on that sensitivity, as when he cautioned against laying off cafeteria aides because it would disproportionately hit minority workers. But he disappointed some lower-level staff members who privately said they wished he had done more to help minorities land more senior jobs.

It was during the short tenure of Ms. Black that Mr. Walcott took a more commanding role. He was by her side, or behind a curtain, at tense public meetings, and rolled back her decision to take for the department half of any money saved by principals during the year. (The department is now taking back 30 percent.)

The appointment of Ms. Black was contentious, even inside City Hall. The mayor consulted with virtually no one in his administration before naming her, and Mr. Walcott declined to say whether his input had been sought.

But when Ms. Black seemed unable to grasp basic issues three months into her tenure, Mr. Walcott was part of a small circle of advisers who told Mr. Bloomberg that her chancellorship could not be salvaged, according to a person who spoke with the mayor.

True to form, Mr. Walcott refused to discuss what he told the mayor. ''That's between us,'' he said.

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**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Dennis M. Walcott (A1)

Dennis M. Walcott will bring a trademark forbearance to his role as New York City's schools chancellor, testing whether the nation's approach to urban education reform is ready for a different kind of leader. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEATRICE de GEA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Walcott at the State Capitol in Albany this month. He has been a defender of Bloomberg administration policies. (PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCUS YAM FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

A Homegrown Chancellor for New York's Schools: Dennis M. Walcott was shaped in middle-class Queens and in the city's social services world.: 1951: Born in Queens, the only child of an exterminator and a social worker. The family lived in Addisleigh Park, not far from his current home, in Cambria Heights. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ULI SEIT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

1957-69: Attended P.S. 36, J.H.S. 192 and Francis Lewis High School, where he played trombone.

1969: Left Queens to earn a bachelor's degree and a master's in education from the University of Bridgeport, then returned in 1975 to teach kindergarten in South Jamaica.

1977: Married Denise St. Hill, whom he met at a party and later discovered he had known when they were children. From 1979 to 1985, he dealt with nonprofits for the United Way, and his wife gave birth to two girls.

The Walcotts, left, in 1998, and as children in the 1950s, below. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL CUNNINGHAM/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

1985: Recruited to head Harlem Dowling children's center. In 1989, as the city dealt with a crack epidemic, it had 100 staff members and 625 children in its care. He and his wife later adopt two children from a drug-addicted mother.

1990: Appointed head of the New York Urban League, he worked to smooth race relations in the era of the Crown Heights riots and Amadou Diallo, and garnered a number of city contracts for the group.

2002: Became deputy mayor for policy under Michael R. Bloomberg and, in 2006, deputy mayor for education and community development. He is the mayor's main liaison to black leaders and has helped soothe anger over touchy subjects like school closings. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES ESTRIN/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A18)

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[***Bohemia By the Bay***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PV9-CX90-TW8F-G0GG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CARA BUCKLEY

**Body**

CHRISTOPH MAYER, 36, seems like the quintessential denizen of a hipster-rich locale.

His outfit is usually some variation of black nerd-chic glasses, skinny pants and an Army cap. He plays the harmonium. He owns Nina Hagen albums on vinyl. His collection of found objects retrieved from various curbsides includes a 1940s-era metal fan, a large rocking horse and a Rollfast bicycle. To top it off, he is from Berlin.

But soon after moving to Williamsburg in the summer of 2000, Mr. Mayer, a singer-songwriter and landscaper, developed a genuine fondness for the North Shore of Staten Island, where the Manhattan ferry docks.

Mr. Mayer also realized how much he stuck out on the island. There was hardly anyone else like him around.

''In the beginning,'' he said, ''people would ask me: 'Hey, you live here? Why?' People didn't understand what the hell I was doing here.''

Even as New York's hip young things invade and colonize neighborhoods near, far and out of state, Staten Island has stayed stubbornly uncool. It remains the forgotten borough; even the success of the hip-hop group Wu-Tang Clan did not remove the island's seemingly impenetrable veneer of hiplessness.

Blame the former landfill. Blame Melanie Griffith, she of the Aqua Net hair and adenoidal voice who immortalized the stereotypical island lass in the 1988 movie ''Working Girl,'' until she ousted her mean boss (Sigourney Weaver) and lost her frizzy mullet.

But slowly that is changing. Within the past few years, a small but growing number of hip young things have begun staring in the face of the island's lack of coolness and embracing it, to the delight of local boosters. A report released in the spring by the Center for an Urban Future, a public policy group, recommended denser development near the ferry to attract more young professionals and artists. But a good many are already there.

Some of the new hipsters were born and bred on the island, and after sampling life elsewhere decided they liked the place of their birth and their like-minded indie friends.

Others have packed up their guitars, their ironic T-shirts, their dark, square-rimmed glasses and their porkpie hats. They bade goodbye to the Village, Williamsburg or Long Island City, took a deep breath and crossed the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, drawn by beautiful Victorian houses, low rents, hills and trees. And they have never looked back; at least they have tried not to.

Creative types who move to Staten Island typically end up on the North Shore, home to the neighborhoods of St. George, Tompkinsville and Stapleton, and the place where much of the island's small but vibrant underground indie scene thrives.

Compared with other areas of Staten Island, the neighborhoods there are poorer, older and more diverse, home to graceful Victorian houses, thriving Sri Lankan and Mexican populations, much of the island's public housing and its greatest incidence of crime, though as is true citywide, the crime rate is a fraction of what it was in previous years.

Residents of the North Shore often speak of a dividing line between the island's northern and southern parts. The South Shore is generally whiter, wealthier and more conservative than the neighborhoods to the north. As Adam Ferretti, a local indie musician, said of the South Shore, ''It's where people put big cement lions on the front lawns.'' But the stereotyping runs both ways: many South Shore residents view the North Shore as a dangerous ghetto. And while artists and musicians have gravitated for years to the North Shore, a vibrant local scene never quite emerged.

Egg Creams, Modest Rents

Mr. Mayer was introduced to the North Shore seven summers ago by an artist friend. In visits to the island, he came to love the shopworn diners that still served egg creams, the dive bars filled with die-hard, and sometimes dying, drinkers, and, perhaps most of all, the rents. That November, he and a roommate moved into a two-bedroom apartment in a blue town house in Stapleton. His rent was $450 a month.

Mr. Mayer also took a rebel's delight in embracing a place many New Yorkers love to loathe.

''As a German, I see it from the outside, and it is very interesting,'' he said one day recently, sitting in his third-floor apartment. ''To me, it's very much what New York City was. Manhattan is not like it was pre-Giuliani. But in Staten Island, you can see the past through a lens. The old convenience stores. The hardware store run by an old man and his mother.''

Two years later, Mr. Mayer asked his girlfriend, a teacher named Trish Strombeck, to join him. She had been living in a rat-infested apartment in Williamsburg and needed little persuading. ''Whenever I visited him,'' Ms. Strombeck said, ''it felt like a mini-vacation.''

Shortly after she moved in, the couple began performing as Trish and Christoph, singing irreverent but tender anti-folk songs inspired by the island and especially their neighborhood, with its ugly duckling charm. They married in 2004 and finally settled in St. George.

Mr. Mayer plays the guitar and narrates a slide show that both celebrates and takes digs at the island. Ms. Strombeck plays a small drum kit and shakes a shaker. They sing about the loneliness of life on Staten Island, the prevalence of nail salons and the abundance of vinyl siding. They have released two CDs, called ''Songs From the North Shore (Volumes 1 and 2),'' that include titles like ''North Shore, Sweet North Shore'' and ''Please Move to Tompkinsville.''

''It is our muse,'' Mr. Mayer said.

The pair also began holding backyard parties with bonfires and music that have enticed their friends from Brooklyn and even Manhattan. They figured that friends who saw the island's beauty and possibilities would move there.

''But no one followed,'' Ms. Strombeck said.

''Nobody,'' Mr. Mayer added.

Williamsburg Without Irony

As it turned out, Mr. Mayer and Ms. Strombeck did have some like-minded neighbors, and more kindred spirits move to the island every year. Gradually, like refugees thrown together in distant lands, they found one another.

''Unfortunately, I guess we're considered hipsters,'' Mr. Mayer said. ''And we know the few other hipsters that are here, too. If you have a hipster in a deserted, Midwest-style borough, you stick together.''

Most of their friends are couples in their 30s who, like them, moved to the island for its affordability and space, often with procreation in mind. Among them are Wilder Selzer, a performance artist, and his wife, Ann Marie Selzer, who directs film festivals.

The Selzers moved to the island -- he from Long Island City, she from SoHo -- after getting a grant from the Neighborhood Housing Services of Staten Island that allows people with modest incomes to make down payments on homes. The couple, now parents of a toddler named Lucy, have developed a grudging affection for the area's ***working-class*** vibe, its tiny ethnic diners and its leafy open spaces.

''I still have resistance to being here; it comes in waves,'' Ms. Selzer said. ''It is the forgotten borough, the goth borough of loneliness. My husband says it's like Williamsburg without the irony.''

The couple's circle also includes Sara Valentine, a member of the Hungry March Band, who moved to the island in 2003. Ms. Valentine was a bartender at CBGB who lived in a Williamsburg loft once deemed the best place in the city to see an underground rock show. But she felt that she had burned out on hipster Brooklyn, and she developed a deep desire to live near trees.

Now Ms. Valentine and her husband, a musician and D.J. named Kris Anton, pay $375 to rent a cottage on a farm in Stapleton that belongs to a nudist. Last spring, Ms. Valentine represented Staten Island as part of the ''Best of the Boroughs'' festival at Performance Space 122 in the East Village. She is also project manager for the Staten Island Composers Project, an Oct. 27 concert that will feature the local musician David Johansen of the New York Dolls.

A Cutting Edge, Sort Of

Despite the enthusiasm of some North Shore expats, an enduring local issue is that not much is going on, and that on weekends people need to leave the island for fun. But there are a handful of places to hang out locally, among them the Cargo Cafe, which has vintage fixtures and artfully peeled wallpaper, and is the closest thing on the North Shore to bohemian chic.

Another attraction is the Every Thing Goes Book Cafe and Neighborhood Stage, a hippie magnet where Mr. Mayer and Ms. Strombeck often perform. The place is owned by the Ganas commune, a group that drew headlines in May 2006 after one of its former members shot, though did not kill, one of the organization's founders.

The restaurant Martini Red plays host to local bands, and Enoteca Maria, an Italian place, has been warmly reviewed. To much local delight, the gorgeous baroque St. George Theater reopened in 2004, albeit with often shopworn acts; recent performers have included the late-'70s group Air Supply.

Still, local offerings are scattershot and thin, a fact that has confounded some North Shore boosters. If SoHo, then Williamsburg, then Fort Greene have been colonized by the young, the hip and the artistic, why not Staten Island's North Shore?

One theory, paradoxically, is simply that the North Shore always been home to stable communities.

''The big difference between here and the ghetto warehouse area that turns into the funky art space that turns into the yuppie zone with arugula salads and wine bars,'' said Mr. Selzer, the performance artist, ''is we didn't start with the bombed-out zone.''

It is unclear how many newcomers or businesses have recently alighted on the North Shore. But some see momentum as more hip, or hippish, and young, or youngish, people move to the neighborhood.

Recent arrivals include the painter Cynthia von Buhler, who two years ago moved to the island from the meatpacking district with her then fiance, Russell Farhang, a jazz violinist and manager at a hedge fund from Park Slope. They bought a castlelike home on a hilltop in St. George and got married in its backyard. Ms. von Buhler is also relocating her studio from the meatpacking district -- and trying to persuade other artists to do the same.

''The idea is to get more cafes and galleries and more artists here and make this better,'' Ms. von Buhler said. ''I'd like to be the glue that brings people together.''

Others are skeptical that recent changes will ultimately make a difference. ''It is not where it wants to be,'' Mr. Mayer said. ''And people who have lived here for years doubt whether it's ever going to get there.''

Separation Anxiety

Perhaps the biggest hurdle between Staten Island and coolness is the most obvious and intractable one of all: the ferry. No other direct transit link with Manhattan exists, and the half-hour ferry ride cements the separateness.

''There is nothing worse than it being 4:29 a.m. and you're in Manhattan and drunk and running for the ferry,'' said Tim Duffy, a 25-year-old islander and lifelong ferry catcher. ''Because if you miss that, you're waiting till 5:30 a.m.''

Yet despite the ferry, or because of it, a thriving and tight-knit group of homegrown indie and hipster types has germinated on the North Shore. These born-and-bred Staten Islanders, largely filmmakers and musicians with a penchant for kitsch and vintage clothes, often hang out in a derelict warehouse on a dead-end street in Stapleton where they rent rehearsal studios.

Two of the group's anchors, both 27, are Mr. Ferretti, a singer and guitarist with the band Dead Rabbit, and Marisa Cerio, who wears cat's-eye glasses and plays experimental electronic music.

Mr. Ferretti and his boyfriend, Andrew Phillip Tipton, rent a top-floor, two-bedroom apartment in a Victorian house for $950 a month.

Ms. Cerio, a gallery assistant at the Brooklyn Arts Council, still lives with her parents, which, as it turns out, is a very Staten Island thing to do.

''A lot of people who live in the middle of nowhere are incredibly motivated to move to New York City and do whatever they have to do to live there, to work all hours to live in a closet,'' Ms. Cerio said. ''We've grown up here. The motivation to get out of the house is not as high as for someone who lives in the middle of Kansas.''

The other day, lounging in one of the cozy practice studios, Ms. Cerio and her friends listed the things they once hated but now cherish about their home. The quiet. The trees. The sense of community. Sometimes even the ferry.

''I know it sounds like a whole lot of justification,'' Ms. Cerio said. ''But if this didn't exist'' -- she gestured to her friends, sitting shoulder to shoulder, filling the studio with laughter and smoke -- ''we'd be trying to get out.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: SKINNY JEANS ON THE FERRY: Among the few places to hang out locally are the recording studios in Stapleton, middle right, and the Cargo Cafe, above, the closest thing on the North Shore to bohemian chic.(PHOTOGRAPH BY ABOVE LEFT, ROBERT STOLARIK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

TOP RIGHT, SHIHO FUKADA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

MIDDLE RIGHT AND ABOVE RIGHT, CHRISTIAN HANSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. CY1)

EXPAT ISLANDER Christoph Mayer, above, arrived in 2000. ''People would ask me: 'Hey, you live here? Why?'''

Trish Strombeck, of Trish and Christoph.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN HANSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. CY10)

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[***Florio Shifting Style to Let Legislators Set the Agenda***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-08V0-000D-G2K7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By PETER KERR, Special to The New York Times

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**Body**

Bloodied by last year's tax revolt, Gov. Jim Florio has adopted an oddly familiar style of governing. Mr. Florio, much like his predecessor, Thomas H. Kean, is crisscrossing the state as New Jersey's chief cheerleader while allowing legislators to set the public agenda.

When Mr. Kean was Governor, he kept his own distance from the Legislature while coming to personify the state in tourism commercials that promoted "New Jersey and You -- Perfect Together."

This year, Mr. Florio has a different theme: "New Jersey Works." And his supporters say he can now afford to concentrate on less controversial subjects because last year he achieved so many of his policy goals.

But as legislators continue to revise some of his ambitious programs, from taxes to gun control, many say the lasting effect of the tax protests has been to return Trenton to business as usual.

Mr. Florio not only underestimated the public's reaction to higher taxes, some legislators from his own party say, but also overestimated the ability of a small group of advisers to solve the state's most intractable problems.

"Their error was one of arrogance," said State Senator Daniel Dalton, a Democratic sponsor of Mr. Florio's school financing law last year and the sponsor of major revisions to it this year. "They thought they knew all the answers."

Handing out stickers saying "New Jersey Works," Mr. Florio and his aides talk about new programs to create jobs, build highways and help home buyers and parents of college students. When asked about last year's $2.8 billion in tax increases, he says they helped prepare the state for the future.

'The Tough Things'

He may be unpopular now, he says, but New Jersey's budget problems are nothing like those of New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. "The tough things that we did now allow us to move in a direction nobody else can," Mr. Florio said.

The new relationship of Mr. Florio to the Legislature is oddly reminiscent of Mr. Kean, who won popularity promoting the state while letting the Legislature take the lead in public on the state's biggest problems. Mr. Kean, who was also unpopular after raising taxes in his first year in office, preferred to be seen as the final arbiter of disputes.

But politicians say a recovery in popularity for Mr. Florio will be far more difficult. As Governor, Mr. Kean, a Republican, never sank to 20 percent ratings in polls, they say, and the hard-driving Mr. Florio, a Democrat, has never projected as warm an image.

Though the crowds at Mr. Florio's recent appearances often seem more friendly, or at least more courteous, it is still too early to tell how his new approach to governing is working.

'A More Open Process'

"Even when Kean raised taxes it was a more open process," said Hazel Gluck, a Transportation Commissioner under Mr. Kean. "During Florio's first year it was all very closed."

In his first weeks in office, facing a budget gap of at least $550 million and a pending court ruling expected to order the state to spend more on schools, Mr. Florio made a pivotal decision. He decided to raise $2.8 billion in new taxes to pay for both at the same time.

Mr. Florio promised that by raising $1.4 billion in new sales taxes, the state would put an end to recurrent budget crises. He pressed for an additional $1.4 billion in income taxes on more affluent residents to relieve the burden of rising property taxes and to give more aid to poorer school districts.

But after tax protests culminated in the near-defeat of Senator Bill Bradley on Nov. 6, Mr. Florio announced he would consider changes to his policies.

A Shift in Initiative

Since then, much of the initiative has shifted to the Legislature, and particularly to the Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Dalton and the Senate President, John A. Lynch. From November through this month, they pressured Mr. Florio and the Assembly to shift hundreds of millions of dollars from school aid to property tax relief.

Mr. Florio, influenced partly by a chief of staff who was not in the administration last spring, Joseph C. Salema, chose to distance himself from the revision of the school financing law, the Quality Education Act. Only at the end of negotiations between the Senate and the Assembly, when agreement to shift $360 million to property tax relief was reached, did he publicly commit himself.

Earlier this month the Senate voted to water down Mr. Florio's ban on assault weapons, the toughest such law in the nation. In the Assembly a majority of members have offered a similar bill.

And legislators, facing a new budget due on July 1, say they are going to seriously question the assumptions of Mr. Florio's treasurer, Douglas C. Berman, on making up a revenue shortfall of nearly $800 million. Mr. Lynch has also hinted that he will push for a repeal of one Mr. Florio's most unpopular measures among ***working-class*** voters, a sales tax on paper products.

The Legislature's independence comes in part from a desire of legislators to distance themselves from an unpopular governor before the November elections. But it also stems from bitterness among Mr. Florio's supporters who had high hopes for his original legislation.

The Quality Education Act was put together by fewer than a dozen aides, headed by Mr. Berman and Thomas Corcoran, a former education policy consultant. The policy was worked out behind closed doors, without the participation of most of the state's school groups, municipalities and top education experts.

Dolores Corona, director of government relations for the New Jersey Education Association, the teachers' union, said the union was cut off not only from development of the education act but also for the first time from school data that had flowed freely from the State Education Department.

The union, a potent supporter of Democratic candidates, reacted angrily when the legislation was announced. Ms. Corona said she felt betrayed because the plan shifted the cost of teachers' pensions to school districts, which the union vehemently opposed, and because the union seemed to have been treated like an enemy.

The Commissioner of Education appointed by Mr. Kean, Saul Cooperman, whose term by law extended into the Florio administration, recalls that the Florio administration barely communicated with most members of his department about the new policy, though Mr. Berman did borrow two technical specialists.

Legislators' Chief Concern

One day in the spring of last year, Mr. Cooperman said, he ran into one of the aides and asked him how work on the education act was going. The aide warned him off with the words: "Top secret. Top secret."

After studying the education act for months, the chief concern among legislators was that in most municipalities, where property taxes had risen at nearly 10 percent a year, taxes would not go down. Mr. Lynch, in particular, argued that the new money would be spent without lowering property taxes unless tighter curbs on school spending were imposed.

Dozens of Democratic legislators who had voted for the act also were concerned by a requirement that many districts, including half of the 30 poorest districts in the state, would have to raise property taxes for their schools to get their full share of new state aid.

Legislators also became concerned this year with the way funds were distributed to pay for vocational schools and remedial programs for disadvantaged students. And they questioned whether the poorest districts were prepared to spend the wave of new money that was supposed to arrive in the program's first year.

Never Again

Most of those concerns were addressed in the new revisions to the education act signed by Mr. Florio this month. But many legislators say that never again will they simply accept on faith policies presented by the Governor's aides.

"We assumed all the necessary work on the program was done and we had no reason not to believe them," Senator Dalton said. "That assumption will never be made again by the Legislature."

Mr. Florio, for his part, rather cheerfully suggests that he had always expected his policies of last year could be improved. Despite the revisions, he says, the state will increase aid to education by $860 million for the next school year, and in five years spending in poor districts should be equal to the levels for wealthy districts.

"Anytime you fundamentally change anything it is naive to think in one fell swoop you will arrive at the ultimate answer," Mr. Florio said in a recent interview.

Now, his aides note, the anger of the Education Association is more often directed at legislators, not the Governor. Newspaper headlines about budget problems more often refer to the multibillion-dollar woes of New York City, New York State, Philadelphia and Pennsylvania than New Jersey.

**Graphic**

Photo: Gov. Jim Florio (Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)

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**End of Document**



[***SCHEDULE: MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PSC-0JD0-TW8F-G0M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, show times and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'ACROSS THE UNIVERSE' (PG-13, 131 minutes) Julie Taymor's gorgeous musical fantasia uses 33 Beatles songs, along with a fantastic array of masks, puppets and special effects to evoke the 1960s. Evan Rachel Wood and Jim Sturgess are archetypal lovers, swept up by the counterculture, who ride the rough seas of radical politics and psychedelia.

(Stephen Holden)

'ANTONIA' (PG-13, 90 minutes, in Portuguese) The third feature in a trilogy by the Brazilian filmmaker Tata Amaral, this vibrant melodrama traces a year in the lives of four young women who form a rap group and fend off tragedy. Filmed in Vila Brasilandia, a Sao Paulo suburb, and using a nonprofessional cast, the movie explores cultural and sexual oppression with sensitivity and verve. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'THE ASSASSINATION OF JESSE JAMES BY THE COWARD ROBERT FORD' (R, 150 minutes) With his second feature, the gifted director Andrew Dominik (''Chopper'') adds another gauzy chapter to the overtaxed Jesse James myth, if not much rhyme or reason, heart or soul. Brad Pitt plays the celebrity thief, but it's Casey Affleck, as his killer, who steals the show. (Manohla Dargis)

'THE BRAVE ONE'Jodie Foster, playing a public-radio host turned vigilante gunslinger, prowls Manhattan in search of bad guys in this slick, dishonest attempt at a high-toned revenge picture. Directed, sorry to say, by Neil Jordan. (A. O. Scott)

'THE BUBBLE' (No rating, 117 minutes, in Hebrew and Arabic) Set in the fashionable Sheinkin Street district of Tel Aviv, Eytan Fox's follow-up to ''Walk on Water'' observes the doomed romance of an Israeli soldier (Ohad Knoller) and a closeted Palestinian (Yousef Sweid). Though veering somewhat uneasily between romantic comedy and political tragedy, the movie repels partisan sympathies, emphasizing a more universal calamity. (Catsoulis)

'GOOD LUCK CHUCK' (R, 96 minutes) Dane Cook plays a guy whom women sleep with because they think the next guy they meet will be The One. Superstition aside, the movie you see after this one cannot fail to be better. (Scott)

'EASTERN PROMISES' The humanism of Steve Knight's script clashes in interesting ways with the ruthless formal rigor of the director, David Cronenberg, in this clammy, unsettling underworld tale. Viggo Mortensen is magnetic and enigmatic as a Russian mobster who shows some signs of conscience. (Scott)

'THE GREAT WORLD OF SOUND' Hucksters prey on the dreams of would-be music stars in this smart, queasy film, in which the director, Craig Zobel, uses documentary techniques -- and some questionable trickery -- to expose the sad underside of our national obsession with fame. (Scott)

'HELVETICA' (No rating, 80 minutes) Overlong but fascinating, Gary Hustwit's documentary posits Helvetica -- a sans-serif typeface developed in 1957 at the Haas Foundry in Munchenstein, Switzerland -- as an emblem of the machine age, a harbinger of globalization and an ally of modern art's impulse toward innovation, simplicity and abstraction. In interviews graphic designers and theorists praise Helvetica as a conceptual breakthrough or blast it as a lowest-common-denominator typeface whose use both reflects and perpetuates conformity. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

'IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON' (PG, 100 minutes) This inspiring documentary history of the Apollo space program concentrates on the details of the July 1969 moon landing. Two of the three astronauts, Mike Collins and Buzz Aldrin, offer their first recollections of the journey. (Holden)

'IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH' The latest film from Paul Haggis (''Crash'') hides an anguished heart under its somber procedural surface. A retired military police officer (Tommy Lee Jones) investigates the death of his son with the help of a New Mexico detective (Charlize Theron). The film is clumsy in places, but it has a quiet, gnawing power, and Mr. Jones's performance is a tour de force. (Scott)

'INTO THE WILD' (R, 140 minutes) In his adaptation of Jon Krakauer's best seller, Sean Penn explores the life and death of Christopher McCandless, a young wanderer who perished in the Alaskan wilderness in 1992. The story is sad, but there is something almost exuberant in Mr. Penn's embrace of it -- and in Emile Hirsch's brilliant performance as McCandless. Rarely has the radical, romantic American attachment to the wilderness been explored with such sympathy and passion. (Scott)

'THE JANE AUSTEN BOOK CLUB' (PG-13, 105 minutes) You can question the movie's conceit that the novels of Jane Austen are an ideal guidebook to personal fulfillment for the modern American woman, but it is such a well-acted, literate adaptation of Karen Joy Fowler's 2004 bestseller that your impulse is to forgive it for being the formulaic, feel-good chick flick that it is. (Holden)

'KING OF CALIFORNIA' (PG-13, 93 minutes) In his strongest screen performance since ''Wonder Boys,''Michael Douglas plays a charming maniac recently discharged from a mental institution who leads his teenage daughter (Evan Rachel Wood) on a search for buried treasure in Southern California. (Holden)

'THE MAN OF MY LIFE' (No rating, 114 minutes, in French) This French movie examines male bonding from a feminine perspective. As it ponders father-son relationships and the quasi-erotic attraction of two middle-aged men, one straight, the other gay, this soft-hearted film portrays both men and women as coming from Venus; forget about Mars. (Holden)

'MR. BEAN'S HOLIDAY' (G, 87 minutes) Rowan Atkinson barely speaks in this simple, kid-friendly road comedy, but he doesn't have to. His googly eyes, gangly physique, elastic countenance and old-school slapstick are just fine for delivering the goods. The movie is set largely in France, and there are subtitles involved, but so what? At its heart it communicates in an international language. (Andy Webster)

'MR. WOODCOCK' (PG-13, 87 minutes) In this broad and gleefully crude slapstick comedy, a self-help author named John Farley (Seann William Scott) returns to his Nebraska hometown and learns that his long-widowed mother, Beverly (Susan Sarandon), is dating the title character, a coach who tormented John during his childhood. Billy Bob Thornton's terrifyingly precise performance as Woodcock -- a jock bully with a presidential air of confidence -- hints at depths that the movie isn't too interested in exploring. (Seitz)

'MY NAME IS ALAN AND I PAINT PICTURES' (No rating, 76 minutes) At first this feature about the British-born New York painter Alan Russell Cowan -- a k a Alan Streets -- seems merely an efficient portrait of a schizophrenic artist. The movie recounts Mr. Cowan's journey to New York in 1988, his obsession with graffiti and his struggle to sell his paintings and deal with his demons. But while Mr. Cowan's story is sympathetically told, it's ultimately a springboard for the movie's lucid explanation of how creativity and mental illness interact within the brain. (Seitz)

'QUIXOTIC/HONOR DE CAVALLERIA' (No rating, 110 minutes, in Catalan) In adapting Miguel de Cervantes's novel about the senile would-be knight Don Quixote (Lluis Carbo), and his sidekick, Sancho Panza (Lluis Serrat), this film's writer and director, Albert Serra, moves at a snail's pace. He favors landscape imagery and natural sounds over dialogue and music, the better to suggest the physical experience of such a quest. This film is a virtual definition of the phrase ''acquired taste.'' But if you invest yourself in Mr. Serra's vision, the film's emotional payoffs are devastating. (Seitz)

'THE RAPE OF EUROPA' (No rating, 117 minutes) Though it crams a lot in and can seem cursory, this documentary, about the Nazi pillaging of art and the Allied efforts to return it, covers endlessly interesting material and asks endlessly interesting questions: Should soldiers' lives be risked to save historic sites and artwork? Can a culture survive if its art is wiped out? (Rachel Saltz)

'RESIDENT EVIL: EXTINCTION' (R, 100 minutes) Not exactly dull but never interesting either, ''Resident Evil: Extinction'' is the third installment in the video-game-derived series of films starring Milla Jovovich as Alice, a superhuman warrior fighting zombie hordes. A few potentially intriguing notions are largely ignored in favor of endless scenes of Alice and other returning actors (including Oded Fehr and Mike Epps) moving toward and through a buried Las Vegas while mowing down zombies with blades, guns and a truck fitted with a cow-catcher. The director, Russell Mulcahy (''Highlander''), pulls off a few decent set pieces, including attacks by skinless dogs and Hitchcock-inspired clouds of glassy-eyed undead crows. But they have no weight because there's no characterization or emotion, just slick mayhem. (Seitz)

'ROMANCE AND CIGARETTES' (R, 115 minutes) There is more raw vitality pumping through John Turturro's song-and-dance ode to the sensual pulse of life in a Queens ***working-class*** neighborhood than in a dozen perky high school musicals. This is a movie in which a dirty mind is a good thing. Call it ''The Singing Id.''

(Holden)

'SYDNEY WHITE' (PG-13, 105 minutes) A peppy, unsophisticated variation on ''Snow White,'' with Amanda Bynes as a sorority house rejectee who finds refuge with the seven biggest geeks on campus. (Laura Kern)

'TOOTS' (No rating, 84 minutes) With this first-rate portrait, the documentarian Kristi Jacobson keeps alive the memory of her grandfather Toots Shor, restaurant owner and saloonkeeper extraordinaire, who played host and drinking buddy to many celebrities during New York night life's golden era. (Kern)

'TRADE' (R, 119 minutes) A prurient dip into the sex trafficking trough, this improbable movie follows the abduction of a young Mexican girl and the rescue efforts of her brother (a ferocious Cesar Ramos) and an uptight Texas cop (Kevin Kline). Teetering between earnest expose and salacious melodrama, ''Trade'' fails either to educate or tease. (Catsoulis)

'2 DAYS IN PARIS' (R, 96 minutes, in English and French) As Julie Delpy's romantic comedy pores over the troubled two-year relationship of a young couple visiting Paris, more specific information is revealed about their habits, tastes, personality traits and emotional and sexual chemistry than in almost any other film about a relationship. Playing the lovers, Ms. Delpy and Adam Goldberg suggest Woody Allen and Diane Keaton without shtick. (Holden)

'WAR' (R, 103 minutes) Forget Jackie Chan and Chris Tucker: it's Jet Li and Jason Statham who could have been the kung fu commandos of the summer. Unfortunately, ''War'' sells them short by skimping on martial arts in favor of warmed-over cop-movie gunplay. Mr. Li (''Hero'') plays an all-too-cool mystery assassin. As his antagonist, Mr. Statham (the ''Transporter'' movies) provides the emotional heat. (Webster)

Film Series

FRITZ LANG: KING OF NOIR (Tomorrow and Sunday) A series devoted to one of the great form-givers of the medium comes to an end this weekend at the Museum of the Moving Image with four hard-to-see titles from this German director's late Hollywood period. Tomorrow brings the curious ''Blue Gardenia'' (1953), with Anne Baxter as a working girl who can't remember if she killed a predatory Raymond Burr the night before. The museum also offers a 35-millimeter print of ''The Big Heat'' (1953), Lang's seminal revenge drama about a good cop (Glenn Ford) who goes bad while searching for his wife's killers. On Sunday there's a double bill of Lang's last American films (he returned to Germany to make three more before his death in 1976): ''While the City Sleeps'' (1956), a return to the serial-killer theme of ''M,'' with John Barrymore Jr. (Drew's dad) as a psycho preying on the women of New York, and an archival print from George Eastman House of the brilliant ''Beyond a Reasonable Doubt'' (1956), an eerily stripped-down late noir that was a major cause for the Cahiers du Cinema critics. Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Avenue at 36th Street, Astoria, Queens, (718) 784-0077, movingimage.us; $10. (Dave Kehr)

MICHAEL HANEKE (Wednesday and Thursday) This Austrian filmmaker, whose obsessive theme, bourgeois self-hatred, has been played out in films from ''Funny Games'' (coming soon in an English-language remake) to ''Cache'', is the subject of a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. The program beings with some early work, apparently unseen on this side of the Atlantic: Wednesday night brings the first two parts of ''Lemmings,'' Mr. Haneke's 1979 examination of hypocrisy and repression among the denizens of a provincial Austrian city in the late 1950s; on Thursday the adultery drama ''Variation'' (1983) is followed by ''Who Was Edgar Allan?'' (1984), an adaptation of Peter Rosei's novel of a young man persecuted by a mysterious German-American elder. The series continues through Oct. 15, when Mr. Haneke will be present to introduce his 1997 version of ''Funny Games.'' Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

'THEM!' (Sunday) One of the first science-fiction films to deal with the impact of the atomic age on the American imagination, Gordon Douglas's 1954 feature duly imagines an army of giant ants marching out of the Arizona desert and into Los Angeles. The optical effects may have been surpassed by digital technology, but the underlying anxieties register as acutely as ever, and Douglas, the author of perhaps the most brutal gangster film of the 1950s, ''Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye,'' doesn't shrink from the violence. The film is part of the series ''John Sayles's Personal Choice,'' and a nice tip of the hat from the man who wrote ''Piranha'' (1978) and ''Alligator'' (1980), as well as the brand new (and presumably thematically unrelated) ''Honeydipper.'' Thalia at Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th Street, (212) 864-5400, symphonyspace.org; $11. (Kehr)

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**Body**

CLASSICAL

Full reviews of recent music performances: nytimes.com/music.

Opera

'CARMEN' (Tonight, Sunday and Wednesday) If ever there was a promising Carmen, Beth Clayton is it: a powerful presence both dramatically and vocally, she takes the title role and should add considerable pizazz to the late-afternoon somnolence of Jonathan Eaton's production for New York City Opera. Her Don Jose is Scott Piper, who has a decent voice he can sometimes use well; Carlos Archuleta will make his company debut as Escamillo; and Jennifer Black, a fellow at the Metropolitan Opera's Lindemann program and a winner at this year's George London competition, is Micaela. Joseph Rescigno will conduct. This could be one to watch. Tonight at 8, Sunday at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 7:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Anne Midgette)

'CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA' AND 'PAGLIACCI' (Tomorrow, Tuesday and Thursday) New York City Opera's new production of ''Cav/Pag,'' by Stephen Lawless, moves rural Sicily to the ***working-class*** shabbiness of postwar Italian filmdom. Tomorrow and Thursday at 8 p.m., Tuesday at 7:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Bernard Holland)

'DON GIOVANNI' (Tomorrow) It's been called the greatest opera in the repertory, but Mozart's classic can also be an acquired taste, even for the young singers in City Opera's cast, who may need a little more guidance. Julianna DiGiacomo, as Elvira, has a definite vocal presence and a firm, vivid sound; Bruce Sledge, as Ottavio, is able but sounds underinvolved; JiYoung Li, as Zerlina, has a nice, colorful voice, though little sense of rhythm; and Daniel Borowski is a woofy Commendatore. The other singers are Mardi Byers (Anna), Daniel Mobbs (Leporello) and Aaron St. Clair Nicholson, making his company debut in the title role. At 1:30 p.m., New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500, nycopera.com; $16 to $130. (Midgette)

'LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR' (Tonight and Tuesday night) In the title role of Donizetti's ''Lucia di Lammermoor,'' Natalie Dessay, the petite French soprano with enormous charisma, justifies the extensive promotional campaign the Metropolitan Opera has built around her for this repertory staple. Ms. Dessay gives a haunting portrayal, singing with a wondrous mix of intimacy and brilliance, and poignantly conveying the fragile character's descent into murderous instability. The excellent cast is topped by the ardent tenor Marcello Giordani as Lucia's lover, Edgardo, and the dynamic baritone Mariusz Kwiecien as her bullying brother. James Levine conducts a gripping performance tonight; Jens Georg Bachmann conducts on Tuesday. Over all, the director Mary Zimmerman's production is alluring and powerful, though she shows a theater director's impatience with the supposed static quality of drama in opera by inventing a distracting bit of action for the famous sextet. At 8, Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $15 to $20 for standing room.

(Anthony Tommasini)

'MADAMA BUTTERFLY' (Monday) To make a mission statement at the start of his tenure as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, Peter Gelb opened last season with the Oscar-winning director Anthony Minghella's visually beautiful production of Puccini's ''Madama Butterfly,'' first presented at the English National Opera. The abstract staging deftly employs movable screens, billowing fabrics, stylized costumes and, most daringly, a life-size puppet manipulated by three puppeteers to portray Butterfly's 3-year-old son. This production returns with two intriguing casting choices in the lead roles: the excellent and sensitive soprano Patricia Racette as Butterfly, and the ardent tenor Roberto Alagna as Pinkerton. Mark Elder conducts. At 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; remaining tickets, $320 and $375. (Tommasini)

'LE NOZZE DI FIGARO' (Tomorrow and Wednesday) Jonathan Miller's spare 1998 production, now directed by Robin Guarino, has the virtue of letting Mozart's music and Da Ponte's libretto work their magic unhindered. But that can't happen if the casting and chemistry aren't right. For its first cast the company offers youthful exuberance to superb effect: Lisette Oropesa has a lovely, flexible voice and the comic instincts to shape Susanna perfectly, and Erwin Schrott, a Uruguayan bass, matches and at times surpasses those qualities in his portrayal of Figaro. Hei-Kyung Hong, as the Countess; Michele Pertusi, as the Count; and Anke Vondung, as Cherubino, also contribute beautifully. Philippe Jordan conducts with energy and style. Tomorrow at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $42 to $295. (Allan Kozinn)

'ROMEO ET JULIETTE' (Tomorrow and Thursday) You won't hear much better singing today than what the Met offers in this year's ''Romeo,'' a bright candy box of a production that this year opens to reveal one vocal delight after another. Anna Netrebko offers gorgeous sound as Juliette, and the quality goes beyond the leads: Stephane Degout is an agile Mercutio; Kristinn Sigmundsson, a strong Frere Laurent; and the young mezzo Isabel Leonard is a sparkling delight as Stephano, her debut role with the company. There is much buzz about the young tenor Joseph Kaiser, who is making his company debut as Romeo. Placido Domingo's conducting is so well intentioned that it is hard to take him to task for its muddiness. At 8 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center, (212) 362-6000, metopera.org; $15 to $20 for standing room. (Midgette)

Classical Music

EFE BALTACIGIL (Tuesday) This young Turkish cellist, who won the Young Concert Artist International Auditions in 2005, performs works by Beethoven, Shostakovich and Brahms. At 2 p.m., New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 West 64th Street, Manhattan, (212) 501-3330, merkinconcerthall.org; $14. (Kozinn)

BOSTON SYMPHONY (Monday) With James Levine conducting and Jean-Yves Thibaudet as pianist in the G major Concerto, the Boston Symphony with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus brings an all-Ravel program. At 8 p.m., Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $45 to $141. (Holland)

ENSEMBLE ACJW (Wednesday) Fellows of the Academy -- a two-year program of Carnegie Hall, the Juilliard School and the Weill Music Institute that offers postgraduate musicians education and performance opportunities -- unite as the Ensemble ACJW to play works by Bright Sheng, Poulenc, Bartok and David Bruce. At 7 p.m., Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $15.

(Vivien Schweitzer)

GOTHAM EARLY MUSIC SCENE (Sunday) This new organization, devoted to fostering early music in New York, winds up its series of sampler concerts with two quadruple bills. At the early show, Repast, Asteria, the New York Consort of Viols and Spiritus Collective perform; the later show includes Artek, Pomerium, My Lord Chamberlain's Consort and the Ivory Consort. At 3 and 8 p.m., Times Center, 242 West 41st Street, Manhattan, (212) 556-4300, gemsny.org; $10 to $40. (Kozinn)

PAUL JACOBS (Tuesday) This brilliant young organist and evangelist for the instrument plays Messiaen's majestic ''Livre du Saint Sacrement.'' Mr. Jacobs, a Messiaen champion who has played the composer's entire organ output in marathon concerts across the United States, describes the work as ''a terrifying display of color, birdsong, plainchant and a palpable joy.'' His performance will undoubtedly be a memorable experience. At 8 p.m., Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 West 46th Street, (212) 769-7406,juilliard.edu; free. (Schweitzer)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA (Thursday) Anne Manson is the conductor for a program featuring pieces by Zhou Long and Jennifer Higdon to go with music by Mozart and Bartok. Peter Jay Sharp Theater, 144 West 66th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 769-7406, juilliard.edu; free, but tickets are required. (Holland)

LUCERNE FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA & SOLOISTS (Tonight through Sunday) This orchestra and smaller ensembles drawn from it take over Carnegie Hall's three stages this weekend. Tonight at Weill Recital Hall a string ensemble from the orchestra plays Mendelssohn's Quartet No. 2 (Op. 87) and works by Rossini and Andre Caplet. Tomorrow in the main hall the full orchestra, led by Pierre Boulez, plays the Mahler Symphony No. 3, with Anna Larsson, a contralto; the American Boychoir; and the Women of the Westminster Symphonic Choir. On Sunday afternoon the superb pianist Pierre-Laurent Aimard joins a chamber group for a Zankel Hall program that includes Mozart's Piano Quartet in G minor (K. 478), Ravel's Piano Trio and Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony (Op. 9). A few hours later, in the same hall, a second assembly of Lucerne soloists offers Mozart's Flute Quartet in D (K. 285), Janacek's ''Mladi'' and Brahm's String Sextet No. 2 in G (Op. 36). Tonight at 7:30, Weill Recital Hall; $48. Tomorrow night at 8, Carnegie Hall; $25 to $84. Sunday at 4 and 7:30 p.m., Zankel Hall; $36 to $44. (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org. (Kozinn)

MAHLER CHAMBER ORCHESTRA (Tonight) The group takes a break from its core role with the visiting Lucerne Festival Orchestra to play Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven. Pierre Laurent-Aimard, a soloist in two piano concertos, conducts. At 8, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $25 to $84. (Holland)

ORCHESTRA OF ST LUKE'S (Tomorrow) The Orchestra of St. Luke's and Peak Performances@Montclair present the premiere of the multimedia collaboration ''In the Grace of the World,'' inspired by ''The Peace of Wild Things,'' a poem by Wendell Berry. The work, which will be conducted by Xian Zhang, the dynamic associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic, features music by the Latvian composer Peteris Vasks, as well as works by Part, Takemitsu, Hovhaness, Ives and Bach. At 8 p.m., Alexander Kasser Theater, Montclair State University, Montclair, N.J., (973) 655-5112, peakperfs.org; $15. A round-trip shuttle bus to the theater from the Maritime Hotel, 363 West 16th Street, at Ninth Avenue, Chelsea, is available for $5. (Schweitzer)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS (Thursday) The chamber ensemble arm of this venerable British orchestra plays Dvorak, Shostakovich and Mendelssohn at the Morgan Library's small, elegant new hall. At 7:30 p.m., Morgan Library & Museum, 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, (212) 685-0008, www.themorgan.org; $45; $35 for members. (Holland)

PACIFICA QUARTET (Monday through Wednesday) This excellent and youthful group is presenting a survey of the complete Beethoven string quartets in a series of free ''Lunchtime Concerts'' in a setting that could not be more ideal for chamber music: Philosophy Hall at Columbia University. With seats for about 130 people and places for another couple of dozen more (who stand or sit atop tables), this intimate room allows you to experience these works up close. Listeners are invited to eat their brown-bag lunches. The players discuss each work, with musical illustrations, before playing it. This week they perform an early quartet (Op. 18, No. 2) on Monday, and a middle period piece (Op. 59, No. 3) on Tuesday, and a profound late quartet (Op. 127) on Wednesday. Get there early, though. Word has gotten around, and the concerts are packed. At 12:30 p.m., Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th Street, Morningside Heights, (212) 854-7799, millertheater.com; free. (Tommasini)

ESA-PEKKA SALONEN (Tonight) Despite his enormous success as a conductor, most notably with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Esa-Pekka Salonen still thinks of himself as a composer who conducts. And well he should, for he is an adventurous and accomplished composer. Last season the New York Philharmonic presented the premiere of Mr. Salonen's rhapsodic, frenetic and stylistically eclectic piano concerto. Tonight the Miller Theater opens its series of Composer Portraits with a program devoted to Mr. Salonen's works, ranging over three decades, including two recent pieces in their New York premieres. Jeffrey Milarsky conducts an ensemble of top-notch performers. At 8, Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th Street, Morningside Heights, (212) 854-7799, millertheater.com; $25. (Tommasini)

SEQUITUR (Monday) This innovative new-music ensemble, one of many adventurous groups in New York's thriving contemporary music scene, plays Schoenberg's ''Pierrot Lunaire,'' Harold Meltzer's ''Sindbad'' for speaker and piano trio, and Stephen Dembski's ''Show'' for voice and four instruments. At 8 p.m., Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $20. (Schweitzer)

KIRI TE KANAWA (Thursday) She says this is not her ''farewell tour,'' but certainly Ms. Te Kanawa is of a certain age, and chances to hear her live have been few and far between. The program of her Carnegie recital this week is certainly an attractive lure: Leading with her strength (Strauss songs), she continues through France (Duparc and Poulenc), stops off in the English-speaking world (with an excerpt from Jake Heggie's opera-in-progress ''Master Class,'' as well as Britten and Copland) and ends in Italy with Wolf-Ferrari and Puccini. Warren Jones is the accompanist, and Frederica von Stade will make a guest appearance. At 8 p.m., Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800, carnegiehall.org; $31 to $102. (Midgette)

TEATRO LIRICO (Tonight) The Boston Early Music Festival has established a presence in New York with its series at the acoustically warm, visually striking new chamber music hall at the Morgan Library, and its first offering is this ensemble led by Stephen Stubbs, the lutenist and guitarist who directs the festival (with Paul O'Dette). On a recent ECM recording, Mr. Stubbs and company showed a flair for improvisation, and some of that is included here as well, amid works by Monteverdi, Farina, Hidalgo and Marini. At 7:30, Morgan Library & Museum, 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, (212) 685-0008, www.themorgan.org; $45. (Kozinn)

CEDRIC TIBERGHIEN (Sunday) This up-and-coming French pianist makes his New York recital debut in the Frick Collection's intimate concert hall with Beethoven's Sonata No. 27 in E minor and Sonata No. 32 in C minor; Chopin's Ballades Nos. 1 and 4; and Franck's Prelude, Choral et Fugue. At 5 p.m., Frick Collection, 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, (212) 547-0715, frick.org; $25. (Schweitzer)

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[***Home Is 18th-Century London, Without Lights, Plumbing Or Unwelcome Relatives***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-09W0-000D-G4PW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By TERRY TRUCCO

By TERRY TRUCCO

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

DENNIS SEVERS had a Southern California childhood straight out of a David Hockney painting, with blue skies, palm trees and sun. But when he closed his eyes, he would imagine himself in a room composed by Vermeer, rich in candlelight and sumptuous fabrics.

"I wanted a house with ghosts," he said. "But I'd look out the window, and all I'd see were swimming pools."

That explains why Mr. Severs lives in a narrow five-story Georgian house in the Spitalfields district of East London, one of the oldest parts of town. And that also explains, more or less, why the house he has lived in for more than 12 years looks almost exactly as it might have in the 18th or 19th century.

It even *feels* as if it belongs in that period; the house has no electric lights nor indoor plumbing. Each bedroom has a chamber pot. "It certainly keeps the relatives away," he said.

"I'm trying to create a house that the Georgians would come into and like," Mr. Severs said.

His house at 18 Folgate Street, not far from where Jack the Ripper went on his bloody rampage, has high ceilings and narrow staircases, with a receiving room, smoking room, two sitting rooms, four bedrooms and a kitchen. An old cat roams the lower floors, and a canary sings in a cage.

The interiors, which Mr. Severs has continuously designed and refined over the years, are all from bygone eras. The receiving room, with dark painted wood walls and floor, has a brass chandelier with candles, a big round wooden table and ancestral portraits, lighted by candles from below, as was the practice before electric lights. The main bedroom has a large four-poster bed draped with yards of heavy fabric and embellished with tassels and bows. And all over the house are little lived-in touches, like the flask filled with port and some half-filled glasses on the smoking-room table.

The kitchen, which is set in the basement, looks particularly lived in. Mr. Severs cooks over an open hearth in the kitchen, roasting chickens on a spit and boiling water in a big iron kettle. Heat comes from the roaring fire he builds each morning in his bedroom or in any other room he plans to use. And light comes through the windows by day and from big white candles at night.

London is full of historic houses, but Mr. Severs, who is 40 years old, may have the only house where life is lived largely as it was in the 18th and 19th centuries.

"There's hardly anything like it, so well presented theatrically and still with a breath of life in it," said Stephen Calloway, a curator of paintings at the Victoria & Albert Museum.

A few 20th-century intrusions are inevitable, of course. Mr. Severs has a portable telephone, and hidden behind a large brocade screen in the bedroom are a typewriter and office supplies. He also has a small refrigerator, hidden behind a kitchen cupboard, which runs on the house's one outmoded electrical current. Nor is he one of those history buffs who suits up each day in starched collars and Victorian waistcoats. "I'm quite happy in the 20th century," said Mr. Severs, dressed in jeans and a blue work shirt.

So why does he do it? For one thing, the house embodies Mr. Severs's definition of a home and the domestic pleasures that surround it. "You don't go home to two perfect puffed-up cushions," he said. "What's calling me home are the fire, the cat purring and the smell of food cooking."

Unlike the prim period rooms at many museums, 18 Folgate Street looks, feels and smells lived in. While the furniture all appears comfortable and correct, nearly everything came from flea markets and antique stalls. "The chairs were unbelievably cheap," Mr. Severs said. "It makes no sense that I could buy a table as old as the United States for the price of a jam donut." But he did.

Mr. Severs also has a strong fondness for the heady atmosphere his old rooms evoke. Though he is a rather extreme example, Mr. Severs is one of the so-called New Georgians, a small but enthusiastic group of preservationists here who want not only to save the best of the past but to live with it as well. During the postwar years, numerous old British buildings were systematically razed and replaced by modern creations. An unofficial campaign to preserve what was left started in the mid-1970's.

Since then, a number of the heritage-minded have moved into old houses, much like Mr. Severs's, often in seedy parts of London. Many of these houses are fine architectural examples from the 18th and early 19th centuries that were never updated, usually because of location. So the original moldings, plaster ceilings, floorboards and other architectural goodies remain.

Mr. Severs's house is a classic. Most of the tidy town houses on Folgate Street, built in the late 18th century for the Huguenot silk-weaving community, were empty by the 1970's, abandoned by ***working-class*** Londoners who had fled to the suburbs. Mr. Severs paid about $42,000 for the dilapidated house in 1979, and immediately moved in.

Each night he slept in a sleeping bag in a different room, trying to feel which years it most evoked. Eventually, he divided the rooms between the 18th and 19th centuries, the house's best years.

The Georgian drawing room, which Mr. Severs is still fine-tuning, is elegant and balanced, with wooden walls, a patterned plaster ceiling and big brocade wing chairs flanking the fireplace. He recently regilded the doorcase and hung red silk curtains, pinning them as the Georgians did. The Victorian parlor, in contrast, is fussy and cluttered, with lace curtains and a pressed paper ceiling. A potted palm and an early vacuum cleaner share a corner.

Living in a stubbornly unmodernized house is almost a full-time job for Mr. Severs. "There's nothing worse than easy living," he said as he brewed tea, placing the kettle over the fire in his bedroom. "By making life more complicated, you make it more interesting," he added, tossing a used tissue into the fire. The house has cold running water from a sink in the kitchen, but missing are obvious amenities, like a stove and, that staple of drafty old English houses, the space heater.

Mr. Severs can also lavish time on his house because it happens to be his livelihood. For more than 10 years, he has guided visitors through 18 Folgate Street. The visits, more like theater performances than tours, last three hours, cost $50 and require reservations. During a performance, the house comes alive, embellished by candlelight and sound effects like horses trotting in the street and children's voices. The visits, with Mr. Severs as narrator and guide, center around the Jarvis family, the imaginary residents he created. Describing the family's habits and idiosyncrasies, Mr. Severs tells why the rooms look as they do and explains how Londoners once lived.

Mr. Severs also occasionally conducts open house on the first Sunday afternoon of each month for $10. And he is writing a book about his house and its history. For information about the tours, the telephone number is 011-44-071-247-4013.

These theatrical tours are nothing new for Mr. Severs. For 10 years, he gave horse-and-carriage tours of London. But when he moved into 18 Folgate Street, he found a true home. "I plan to live here until I die," he said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Roughing it in London home of 1700's (Jonathan Player for The New York Times) (pg. C1); The main bedroom has sky-blue walls, flea-market china and a large four-poster bed with heavy fabric, tassels and bows. Inset, the side table where Mrs. Jarvis, the fictitious lady of the house, has her morning tea.; Dennis Severs is an extreme example of the New Georgians, preservationists devoted to saving London's past and living with it. He also lives without lights and indoor plumbing.; The fussy and cluttered Victorian parlor has lace curtains and a pressed paper ceiling. Its floral motif and plants are in keeping with the Victorian philosophy of bringing nature into the house.; In the receiving room, which has dark painted wood walls, Mr. Severs highlights portraits the old-fashioned way: with the warm glow of candles. The chandelier also has candles.; Mr. Severs cooks over an open hearth in the kitchen, which is in the basement of the five-story house. He also roasts chickens on a spit and boils water in a big iron kettle. (Photographs by Jonathan Player for The New York Times) (pg C6)

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[***POLITICS: PATRICK J. BUCHANAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-58G0-0005-G2CX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Roots of a Populist Who Would Be President***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-58G0-0005-G2CX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By RICHARD BERNSTEIN

**Body**

At Gonzaga High School, the Jesuit institution in Washington from which Patrick J. Buchanan graduated in 1956, the ideal of education was expressed in a Latin term, eloquentia perfecta, or perfect eloquence. It meant that students, instructed in written expression, in Ovid, Cicero, "The Gallic Wars" and in public speaking, were expected to attain rhetorical mastery as the fruit of their immersion in the liberal arts.

That training has served Mr. Buchanan well, as a columnist, broadcaster, Presidential speech writer and now, Presidential candidate.

His campaign, which once seemed as if it was ready to sweep all foes from the field, is fading before Bob Dole's march to the Republican nomination. But in the fervor with which Mr. Buchanan presses his crusade, the tenets of his Roman Catholic education can be seen.

Yet, in looking at where he stands and where he has come from, scholars of American politics say it is hard to categorize him historically or to find any one ideological taproot.

Mr. Buchanan is often called a populist. And in many of his positions, he embodies the populist trend in American history and the anti-elitism of Presidential candidates like William Jennings Bryan and George C. Wallace.

Even Mr. Buchanan's attacks on immigration reflect a dark strain of populism. Historians say, though, that no single American politician has ever worked all the variations that he has on that theme -- conservative Republicanism, protectionism and traditional Catholic stands like his denunciation of abortion.

"In a number of ways I think that Pat Buchanan is a unique figure," said William E. Leuchtenberg, a professor of American history at the University of North Carolina.

Still, Michael Novak, a friend of Mr. Buchanan's who holds the Jewett Chair in Religion and Public Policy at the American Enterprise Institute, a conservative research group in Washington, says Mr. Buchanan's ideology is rooted in his upbringing.

"Pat has the distinctively Irish-Catholic view of a certain generation and a certain wing of Irish Catholicism," Mr. Novak said. "It's a view where one is moved by a kind of resentment, the feeling of 'it's us against them.' "

That Catholicism and world view were imbued in Mr. Buchanan from childhood, he wrote in his 1988 autobiography, "Right From the Beginning" (Little, Brown). He wrote approvingly of his education at the Blessed Sacrament Elementary School and Gonzaga, which his six brothers also attended.

"For eight years, all my teachers were nuns, the sisters of the Holy Cross," Mr. Buchanan wrote. "No nonsense was tolerated," he added, recalling one incident in the cafeteria in which "Sister Sara Ann, a stout and explosive woman who had been my third-grade teacher, walloped one unruly seventh grader with her umbrella."

Mr. Buchanan described the Catholicism of his youth as militant, confident and uncompromising. "Why compromise when you have the true faith?" he wrote.

But it was from his father that he learned the combativeness with which he has confronted the world. William Baldwin Buchanan taught sons how to box, and he expected them never to shy from a fight. He was a man whose heroes were all people roundly condemned by liberals: Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Francisco Franco, the Spanish dictator, and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy.

Like his father, Mr. Buchanan seems to feel some affinity with anybody who is fierce in his defense of American interests or who is fervently anti-Communist.

For Buchanan, The Jewish Question

Mr. Buchanan's willingness to lend support to figures scorned by others has aroused criticism. He has opposed the prosecution of former Nazis and the ostracism of Kurt Waldheim, the former Austrian President and United Nations Secretary General who helped deport Jews in World War II.

To the fury of Jewish groups, Mr. Buchanan spoke against the deportations of several former Nazis or suspected former Nazis. These included John Demjanjuk of Cleveland, who was extradited to Israel, convicted and -- in a turn of events that caused Mr. Buchanan to claim vindication -- finally exonerated of charges that he was the guard known at the Treblinka concentration camp as "Ivan the Terrible." Mr. Buchanan has also spoken on behalf of suspected war criminals like Karl Linnas, accused of supervising the murder of children and women at a Nazi concentration camp in Estonia.

Some look at these stands and at statements like Mr. Buchanan's description of Holocaust survivors' memories as "group fantasies of martyrdom" and see anti-Semitism, plain and simple.

In the March 11 issue of The Weekly Standard, a new conservative publication, Norman Podhoretz, the former editor of Commentary magazine, called Mr. Buchanan "an unrepentant anti-Semite" and said conservatives should become aware of Mr. Buchanan's anti-Semitic record.

"What the honor of the conservative movement demands" Mr. Podhoretz added, "is that his anti-Semitism be taken seriously and that he be disqualified as a candidate because of it and because of it alone."

But in February, when the host of a radio show in New Hampshire asked Mr. Buchanan if he was anti-Semitic, he scoffed. "We have Jewish supporters," he said. "We've got rabbis on the board of our campaign. We've had Jewish friends our whole lives."

Several years ago, William F. Buckley Jr. examined Mr. Buchanan's public record and wrote in National Review magazine: "I find it impossible to defend Pat Buchanan against the charge that what he did and said during the period under examination amounted to anti-Semitism."

But Mr. Buckley has recently written that those who saw his article as a condemnation of Mr. Buchanan as an anti-Semite were wrong. "The anti-Semitic pulsations of what he was then saying were prompted not by anti-Semitism but by the allure of audience titillation/shock, the Lenny Bruce Syndrome," Mr. Buckley wrote.

Political Lowdown And a Higher Law

In his autobiography, Mr. Buchanan cited Mr. Buckley as one of several people who have had an important influence on his ideas and political identity. He said Mr. Buckley's creation of the conservative National Review in the 1950's came as a revelation at a time when, as a young man, Mr. Buchanan was in need of a model.

"For us," he wrote, "what National Review did was take the word 'conservatism,' then a synonym for stuffy orthodoxy, Republican stand-pat-ism and economic self-interest, and convert it into the snapping pennant of a fighting faith."

Mr. Buchanan also speaks reverentially of a less-well-known role model, his professor of ethics at Georgetown University, from which he graduated in 1961. This was the Rev. Stephen F. McNamee, whose lectures on a natural law of God higher than any government's laws "made us understand the natural code of morality that a beneficent God had left written on the human heart, even for those who disbelieved in the Christian faith."

The theory of natural law seems to be behind Mr. Buchanan's fierce opposition to abortion, even in cases of rape or incest. He has used that concept to justify a variety of things, from the illegal underground railroad for escaped slaves to Oliver North's defiance of a Federal ban on arming the Nicaraguan contras.

David Garrow, a professor of history at American University, finds a striking similarity, though, between Mr. Buchanan and another populist, Mr. Wallace. Both men have railed at "insiders" whom they considered morally bankrupt and whom they said controlled the United States without regard for ordinary, hard-working people. Mr. Buchanan's speeches drip with disgust at Washington bureaucrats and intellectuals, using phrases reminiscent of Mr. Wallace's famous line about "pointy-headed bureaucrats who can't park their bicycles straight."

In his recent biography of Mr. Wallace, the historian Dan Carter recounts that Mr. Buchanan was the adviser in the Nixon White House who first understood the political importance of Mr. Wallace's focus on social issues.

"What Buchanan has done," Mr. Carter said, "is wed the Wallace appeal, emphasizing fear of cultural and moral retrogression, with a kind of economic policy, mainly trashing trans-nationals, but it confronts the issue of insecurity in the way that other candidates haven't."

A Populist Twist To Protectionism

The populist tradition in American life spurred many reforms and represented a kind of grass-roots democracy, but it also contained some of the uglier elements in American political life -- paranoia, nativism and anti-Semitism. Mr. Buchanan's critics have accused him of exploiting these elements in coded messages aimed at appealing to the darker side of the electorate.

In urging protectionism, Mr. Buchanan has taken a theme that was once a Republican staple and given it a contemporary populist twist.

Mr. Buchanan's speeches about the ***working-class*** victims of capitalism include terms like "bloodsucking multinational banks" and "the moneylenders of the Fortune 500," sounding very much like a Republican William Jennings Bryan.

"On the one side stand the corporate interests of the United States, the moneyed interests, aggregated wealth and capital, imperious, arrogant, compassionless," Bryan said a century ago. "On the other side stand an unnumbered throng, those who gave the Democratic Party a name and for whom it has assumed to speak."

There was a "tincture of anti-Semitism," though, in the populist tradition, the historian Richard Hofstadter wrote -- an identification of Jews with money.

Seymour Martin Lipset, a professor of Public Policy at George Mason University, said Mr. Buchanan echoes this in his references to Jewish names, like those of Robert E. Rubin, the Treasury Secretary, Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, and the investment firm of Goldman-Sachs when criticizing Wall Street and big business.

"Whenever he picks on an institution that's doing badly," Mr. Lipset said, "he picks on a Jew, not on others."

**Graphic**

Photo: Patrick J. Buchanan was a senior in this 1956 file photo from Gonzaa High School in Washington. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** March 24, 1996

**End of Document**



[***POLITICS: PATRICK J. BUCHANAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FG0-0005-G2W8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Populist Candidate Has Sophisticated and Lucrative Political Apparatus***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FG0-0005-G2W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By DOUGLAS FRANTZ

By DOUGLAS FRANTZ

**Body**

Patrick J. Buchanan has cast himself as the ***working-class*** insurgent whose grass-roots Presidential campaign has been fighting well-financed, highly organized political powerhouses.

But in running what amounts to a nonstop campaign since 1991, Mr. Buchanan has assembled his own sophisticated political apparatus that has raised millions of dollars from special interests, including an extraordinary $1.8 million contribution from a wealthy industrialist.

As for his personal finances, Mr. Buchanan has become wealthy, partly by charging $15,000 for speaking to big businesses, and his stock portfolio has grown to include some of the same corporations he has derided.

The most visible arm of the Buchanan political operation has been his campaign committee, Buchanan for President. From his unsuccessful 1992 bid to the present, it has been run by the same group of advisers and has benefited from a nearly continual flow of Federal matching money.

The Buchanan campaign has raised about $10 million for the current race, less than half the amount raised by Senator Bob Dole and also less than that by former Gov. Lamar Alexander of Tennessee.

But also critical to Mr. Buchanan's campaign effort, though far less publicized, has been American Cause, a nonprofit organization that promoted Mr. Buchanan's views and employed key political staff members between election cycles.

Such nonprofit organizations are the latest wrinkle in campaign fund raising, enabling politicians to avoid fund-raising limits and still promote their political message.

In 1993, Mr. Dole created the Better America Foundation and used $1 million of its money for a nationally televised commercial featuring the Senator promoting a balanced budget. Mr. Alexander set up the Republican Exchange Satellite Network to promote his views within days of leaving office as Secretary of Education in January 1993.

Mr. Buchanan's organization, American Cause, was incorporated in early 1993, after Mr. Buchanan's failed Presidential bid. Angela Bay Buchanan, his sister and campaign manager, was installed as president and two other staff members were named officers. Mr. Buchanan was chairman when the organization was shut down last March when he entered the 1996 race.

By raising money for travel and an advertising campaign featuring Mr. Buchanan on television commercials discussing his opposition to the North American Free Trade Agreement, and other issues, American Cause helped broaden his political and financial base between elections.

Mr. Buchanan occasionally refers to the organization on the stump, talking about how he created it to study the motives that led America's founding fathers to take up arms and defy the British.

The organization has both a tax-exempt educational wing and a nonexempt political and lobbying component. Because contributions are not subject to disclosure or to Federal campaign limits, critics have complained that these groups could be used to evade campaign spending limits.

"These organizations have to be looked at very closely to be sure that they are being used for the stated purposes and not as a campaign vehicle for the candidate," said Ann McBride, president of Common Cause, the political watchdog group.

In a letter accompanying a $10,000 contribution to American Cause, a businessman said the money was the first installment of a $100,000 pledge that he had made to help Mr. Buchanan's campaign for the Presidency, according to a copy of the letter provided to The New York Times by a former employee of the businessman on the condition that names not be used.

Another big donor to Mr. Buchanan's American Cause was Roger Milliken, a South Carolina textile magnate. An official of Mr. Milliken's company said he had donated $1.8 million to the organization's political arm. Mr. Milliken also has been a host of fund-raising events for the Buchanan campaign.

"Mr. Milliken agrees with Pat's policies," said John F. Nash Jr., a lobbyist for the Milliken company.

Mr. Milliken, a frequent backer of conservative causes, opposes Nafta and his privately held empire would benefit from the sorts of tariffs and other restrictions on imports advocated by Mr. Buchanan.

In setting up American Cause, Mr. Buchanan ran afoul of Federal election laws. In a little-noticed filing, the Federal Election Commission said that the 1992 Buchanan campaign misused nearly $8,000 in Federal matching money to start up the organization. Some of the Federal campaign money was used to pay for computers and other equipment for American Cause, a violation of campaign laws.

Mr. Dole and Mr. Alexander released the names of contributors to their nonprofit organizations after public criticism. When asked Thursday by a reporter for The New York Times if he would release the list of American Cause contributors and expenditures, Mr. Buchanan, said: "I don't control it. Bay does. I'll ask her to release it. I would release my own tax returns if I ever get home."

But the Buchanan campaign did not respond to several subsequent telephone calls and a written request for the information.

In a more unusual arrangement that provides a financial benefit to Ms. Buchanan, the campaign's advertising is purchased through a company she set up in December 1994 along with Scott Mackenzie, the campaign treasurer. The company's name, WTS Inc., comes from the initials of Ms. Buchanan's three sons and the office listed in incorporation papers was the Maryland home of the campaign's office manager at the time, Carolyn Melby.

By purchasing media time and space, WTS collects a commission on every dollar the campaign spends on advertising. By early January, election records show, WTS had received $1.46 million from the campaign to buy advertising. Ms. Melby told The Wall Street Journal last week that WTS is charging an 8 percent commission and that she and Ms. Buchanan are splitting the profits.

Ms. Buchanan did not respond to telephone calls and written questions on WTS this week.

In addition to her payments from WTS, Bay Buchanan is paid $85,000 a year as chief of her brother's campaign. She received $112,000 from Buchanan for President between January 1993 and March 1995, when the new campaign started. Mr. Mackenzie, a longtime political consultant who has also worked for Jack Kemp, the former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was paid $222,000 in the same period.

Mr. Buchanan's 1992 campaign received $5.2 million in Federal matching money, which taxpayers provide to Presidential campaigns to match public contributions. After an audit, the Federal Election Commission ordered Mr. Buchanan's campaign to repay $293,000 of the money.

In determining that the campaign had received more money than warranted, the commission's auditors questioned some fund raising and spending, including $7,908 spent to start up American Cause, $385,000 in legal bills largely to defend the claim by the Federal Election Commission, and $120 for parking tickets.

Another item singled out by auditors was $50,000 that Mr. Buchanan provided to the campaign as seed money in late 1991. The money was first listed in official reports to the election commission as a contribution. On the first of two checks, Mr. Buchanan wrote the notation "First Contribution."

After the campaign ended, Ms. Buchanan reclassified the $50,000 as a loan and Mr. Buchanan was repaid the full amount. A contribution could not have been repaid.

Although the commission staff argued for months that the repayment constituted a misuse of campaign money because there was no evidence it was a loan, the commissioners voted to allow the expense.

It is not unusual for a Presidential campaign to be found in violation of the often arcane laws governing fund raising and expenditures. Mr. Dole's 1988 campaign paid $100,000 in civil penalties for violations, the largest settlement to date.

Mr. Buchanan has become a millionaire as a Washington political commentator and an astute investor in real estate and stocks.

According to the disclosure form that each Presidential candidate must file with the Government, from January 1994 to February 1995 Mr. Buchanan was paid $367,350 by CNN as co-host of the network's "Crossfire" show, $232,000 for radio commentary on the Mutual Broadcasting System, $105,760 for a column distributed by Tribune Media Services and $4,200 for appearing on the television show, "The McLaughlin Group." When the $258,750 he received for speeches is added, his income for the period was $968,060. He said he has an offer to return to CNN at the same terms.

Mr. Buchanan also owns a house valued at more than $1 million and five rental properties in the Washington area. His stock portfolio, valued at well over $1 million, includes companies like General Motors, AT&T, I.B.M. and Wal-Mart.

On the campaign trail, Mr. Buchanan has criticized G.M. and I.B.M. for "farming out jobs" to foreign countries and accused Wal-Mart of crushing small businesses. He has blasted AT&T executives as "corporate butchers" for laying off 40,000 workers.

On Sunday on the NBC News program "Meet the Press," Mr. Buchanan defended his investments in those companies, saying that the AT&T stock belonged to his wife, and adding that the other investments were made on the advice of his stock broker. "My broker calls me and says, 'Hey Pat, you're getting 2 percent on your money, why don't you put it in the stock market?"

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[***A TALE OF 2 SCHOOL DISTRICTS AND THE PROGRAMS MONEY CAN BUY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M600-0008-Y1K1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINERIP, A TALE OF 2 SCHOOL DISTRICTS AND THE PROGRAMS MONEY CAN BUY

**Dateline:** LAWRENCE, L.I.

**Body**

When Wayne Seyfert, a Lawrence High School science teacher, visits Lawrence elementary schools, he always takes along some fun things - like fossils or frogs' hearts - and he never forgets to bring his very kindest voice.

''This is hard, this is very hard,'' he will repeat. ''Don't feel too bad if it's too hard for you to do, girls and boys.'' And they never do feel too bad.

In Lawrence, a primarily upper-middle-class community, the school system has so many teachers that it can lend Mr. Seyfert and his kindly voice to its elementary schools for advanced experiments and still offer advanced-placement courses at the high school in biology, physics, chemistry, calculus, history and English.

LAWRENCE, L.I. - When Wayne Seyfert, a Lawrence High School science teacher, visits Lawrence elementary schools, he always takes along some fun things - like fossils or frogs' hearts - and he never forgets to bring his very kindest voice.

Ten miles northeast from Lawrence High, on the same road, Peninsula Boulevard, in the same town, Hempstead, sits another school, Hempstead High, which does not have enough teachers to offer a single advanced-placement course.

By the time Hempstead's top students reach senior high, they have fallen so far behind students from districts like Lawrence that they no longer show up for regional science fairs. ''We're lost,'' said Henry Lunde, chairman of Hempstead High's science department.

It is this gap that Governor Cuomo's proposal on state financing for education aims to narrow. The plan, which is being hotly debated in Albany, has been called the Robin Hood formula, for it would take state funds from the richer school districts and give them to the poorer. Similar proposals in the last five years were fiercely fought by wealthy districts and were not enacted.

Under the current proposal, 231 districts, including Hempstead, would receive an increase in state aid; 144, including Lawrence, would receive a decrease.

Lawrence and Hempstead provide a contrasting sample of the effects the Governor's plan could have. They are near each other on Long Island, they currently receive about the same amount of state aid (Lawrence $5.5 million, Hempstead $5.7 million) and they are close in size (Lawrence has seven schools and 4,800 students; Hempstead 10 schools, 5,800 students).

But the difference is that Lawrence has a far larger real-estate tax base and thus far more of its own money to spend on its schools. Lawrence would lose $2 million under the Cuomo proposal, a 37 percent cut, while Hempstead would gain $1 million, a 17 percent increase.

The Superintendent of Lawrence schools, Lawrence Roder, said the very programs for bright students that had made Lawrence special - like Mr. Seyfert's elementary science labs; an unusual computer programming class for fourth, fifth and sixth graders; an innovative systemwide writing program, and a new full-day kindergarten schedule - would suffer if the state cuts went through.

Money makes quality education possible, Mr. Roder said. If the aid cuts go through, he added, ''we would have to concentrate on providing a much more basic education.''

Lawrence, he acknowledged, has been lucky for years when it comes to state aid. Although enrollment in Lawrence has dropped 35 percent in the last decade because of population shifts, the district's state aid has remained the same thanks to the State Legislature, which has never been willing to reduce financing to a district.

'Don't Cut Us'

''We're not saying districts like Hempstead shouldn't receive more money,'' Mr. Roder said. ''We're just saying don't cut us.'' For their part, Hempstead officals say an extra $1 million under Mr. Cuomo's plan would mean only that they could hold the line against more cuts.

''It would save us from laying off some teachers and help us meet salary increases,'' said Paul V. Sequeira, assistant superintendent. ''That's about it.''

It would take a lot more, Hempstead officials say, to bring back Latin, advanced-placement courses, the literary magazine and the academic clubs that have disappeared since the late 1970's. That was when Hempstead, which has a 93 percent black enrollment, saw its Federal minority grant money dry up and the district began cutting.

Both suburban school systems are, in their own ways, symbols of upward mobility through education. And parents who care about such things seek out both, visiting schools before moving to the area, trying them out for solidness, comfort and balance the way others might shop for a stuffed sofa.

It is upper-middle-class executives moving to the New York area who seek out Lawrence. In Hempstead, the shoppers are ***working-class*** black and Hispanic people, moving from an apartment in Brooklyn or Queens to their first suburban home.

Although Hempstead is not Lawrence, the modern, airy building is hardly a deteriorating inner-city high school. Sixty percent of Hempstead's seniors go on to higher education.

Certainly Mayela Hernandez, a senior fluent in three foreign languages choosing between eight colleges, will have more opportunities than her father, a house painter, or her mother, a nurse's aide. The same is true for Vincent Price, a computer ace who hopes to go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or Angela Jenkins, who will study next year at the Manhattan College of Insurance.

A Significant Gap

But all of them and their teachers say Hempstead's good points are too few, that especially for the brightest students, the gap between a Hempstead and a Lawrence remains significant.

''Even if I got accepted, I don't know if I should go to a place like M.I.T.,'' Mr. Price said. ''I'm not sure if I could keep up. Those kids are going to have better educations than me. Some of my friends told me you wait until college to take calculus, it'll just about kill you.''

A limited budget meant he could not study calculus. And Miss Hernandez could not take Latin, which she had hoped would help her on the college board verbal test. When she took advanced French, she was crowded into the same classroom with first- , second- and third-year students, a ''nutty situation,'' she said.

Lawrence offers its students five years of five different foreign languages - including Latin - with no doubling up. They can take advanced placement in any academic discipline, which makes them eligible for college credit.

Differences in Local Revenue

Although Hempstead school district residents actually tax themselves at a higher rate than do Lawrence residents, Lawrence's wealth - its expensive homes - means that more local money is raised for its schools. Assessed property wealth for each pupil in Hempstead is $99,643; in Lawrence it is $169,088. Spending for each pupil is $3,400 in Hempstead and $4,000 in Lawrence.

The difference money makes shows up almost everywhere. Lawrence High has one teacher for every 15 children; Hempstead High has one for 23. There are 14,000 volumes in Hempstead High's library, 24,000 in Lawrence's. Kindergarteners go half a day in Hempstead, a whole day in Lawrence.

Every kind of academic club known to college admissions applications exists in Lawrence; no such clubs are available in Hempstead.

Such differences in preparation, educators say, are among the many factors reflected in test scores. The average total on the Scholastic Aptitude Test in Hempstead is 750 out of 1,600; in Lawrence it is 950.

The disparity widens at the top of the classes. A leading Lawrence student like Daniel Schwartz scored 1,470 on his college boards; Rayna Terry ranked fifth in the senior class at Hempstead High and had a 750 total. In all of Hempstead High, the top score was 1,100,

Last year 47 students, a tenth of Lawrence High's senior class, were accepted by Ivy League schools. In Hempstead, every couple of years a student cracks the Ivy League.

With weaker preparation and low college-board scores, said Charles Mills, Hempstead's principal, his students' best chance for getting into a good college is displaying a specialized talent. That may mean excelling in music, a foreign language or computers.

But usually, said the principal, at Hempstead High it still means being a varsity ballplayer.

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[***Once, Welfare Meant Someone Else, But Recession Brings Home Its Sting***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0C40-000D-G25F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEVEN A. HOLMES, Special to The New York Times

By STEVEN A. HOLMES, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** FRAMINGHAM, Mass.

**Body**

Last June, unmarried and six months pregnant, Beth Chiaet, 28 years old, sat stunned as a caseworker told her what it would take to get her application for welfare approved.

She had to produce her birth certificate, a letter from her former employer stating the reasons she lost her job, a Social Security card, a driver's license and certification from her doctor that she was pregnant.

"I looked like a cow," she recalled, sitting in the cluttered room she rents in the basement of a house here. "How could I not be pregnant?"

To Ms. Chiaet (pronounced shy-ETT) the question, with its implications of distrust, only underscored how much her life had changed since she left her $18,000-a-year job as a nurse's assistant at a Massachusetts geriatric hospital.

Ms. Chiaet was forced by complications with her pregnancy to request a medical leave, but she said the hospital did not want to hold her job open at a time when the state was reducing its work force. Since beneficiaries of unemployment insurance must be willing and able to work, Ms. Chiaet could not qualify for its benefits. Her only option was welfare.

A Word That Didn't Apply

Experts say more and more middle-class and ***working-class*** Americans are going through similar experiences as the recession deepens. Many of these new welfare clients have never received public assistance, and many never dreamed that the word "welfare" would ever apply to them.

There are many such families in this neatly tended Boston suburb, which has been hit particularly hard by the end of the high-technology boom that carried the area through the 1980's. But Framingham is hardly alone.

As the economy worsens, the nation's welfare caseload has exploded. A record 4.21 million families were receiving payments in December under Aid to Families With Dependent Children, the nation's largest welfare program, according to the American Public Welfare Association, a group representing state and local welfare agencies.

And many of the new clients were never on welfare before. There are no nationwide figures, but a survey of welfare offices in Maricopa County, Ariz., which includes Phoenix, indicated, for example, that 54 percent of new applicants had never received welfare. In Maryland, the Center for Business and Economic Studies of the University of Baltimore has estimated that 36 percent of all new cases in the state were receiving welfare for the first time.

"Many of these new cases are families that had been making it -- not comfortably, to be sure, but families with strong work histories," said Cesar A. Perales, Commissioner of the New York State Department of Social Services. "This recession, as one might expect, has brought new families into our offices in record numbers."

Documenting Lives

Once there, many of these newly impoverished families find themselves feeling lost in a labyrinth of regulations, intended to prevent fraud, that force them to document every aspect of their lives. At the same time, they are torn between their need for financial help and the perceived stain of being on the public dole.

"I felt like I was begging," said Shahidah Graham, 51, who was laid off from her job as a receptionist last June and who exhausted her unemployment benefits in January. "It was weird. It took me awhile just to get enough motivation to go down and apply."

A young Framingham couple with four children spent six months on welfare after the husband was laid off from his job as a manager with a computer company in November 1989 and exhausted his unemployment insurance. (He has since found a job selling computers, and the family is no longer on welfare.)

When the couple shopped for groceries, they would scout the aisles of the local supermarket to see if any friends or neighbors were inside. If they were, the couple, fearful of being seen using food stamps, would leave without buying anything.

They agreed to be interviewed only on the condition that their names would not be used. For several days, they agonized over that stipulation. On one hand, they said, they wanted to stand up as examples of middle-class people who, through no fault of their own, could end up on welfare. But in the end, they were overcome by the embarrassment such a disclosure would cause them and their families.

The Children Don't Know

A divorced 36-year-old woman from Lexington, Mass., who spoke only on condition that her name not be used, is also concerned about the effect on her family of being identified as a welfare recipient. She has not told her two children that the family has started collecting benefits.

Several of those interviewed complained about what they termed the distrust and paternalism of the welfare regulations.

After her daughter was born, Ms. Chiaet returned with her baby to the welfare office to apply for an increase in her monthly payment. Her case worker told her that she needed to provide documents proving that her daughter had been born.

"We live in a society where you are innocent until proven guilty," said Ms. Chiaet, who has been unable to find work since her daughter, Shaina, was born six months ago. "In the welfare office, they treat you like you are guilty until you prove otherwise."

For families who have long thought of themselves as hard-working, honest citizens, this apparent unwillingness to be taken at their word is jolting. "Why can't they sift through their applicants and figure out who are upstanding citizens who have worked hard and tried to do the right things?" the Lexington woman asked.

A Bewildering World

Running through many of their comments is an undercurrent of having crossed a divide, of having moved from what was familiar and respectable into a bewildering world they had thought of only in myths, misinformation and stereotypes -- when they thought about it at all.

Though his unemployment benefits ran out in July, the 38-year-old former telecommunications projects manager did not apply for welfare until September; he thought that only single women with children could qualify. At the same time, he and his wife were finding it increasingly difficult to buy enough food for their four children. The couple also fell four months behind on their mortgage payments and were $900 in arrears on utility bills.

It was only after a $3,000 hospital bill for their 13-month-old daughter and a friend's suggestion that the couple began to explore the possibility of getting public assistance.

Having made the decision to apply for welfare, all of those interviewed expressed shock at how little money the system provides. Ms. Chiaet, for example, gets $486 a month, plus $137 a month in food stamps, but her rent is $400 a month.

Before the woman in Lexington began receiving public assistance in February, her only income was the $500 she received monthly in child support payments from her former husband. Now, she gets $579 a month in public assistance, plus $190 a month in food stamps and Medicaid.

But the state confiscates her ex-husband's child support checks to offset its payments to her. The rent for her three-bedroom house is $1,100, and the woman says that if she does not find a job before the next rent payment is due she does not know how she will pay it.

Sucking on a pacifier, Shaina Chiaet fell asleep as her mother rocked her back and forth. As she cradled her sleeping child, Ms. Chiaet was asked about the lessons she would take away from being on welfare.

"I don't know," she said, "I really don't. Except, I know it's going to make me think twice about ever asking anyone for help again. I don't like the feeling. It's too degrading."

**Graphic**

Photos: As the recession deepens, welfare rolls are being swelled by many people who thought the word "welfare" would never apply to them. Beth Chiaet's first welfare experience came when she lost her job as a nurse's assistant at a Massachusetts geriatric hospital from which she was often absent because of complications with her pregnancy.; "I felt like I was begging," said Shahidah Graham, 51 years old, who was laid off from her job as a receptionist last June and exhausted her unemployment benefits in January. "It was weird. It took me a while just to get enough motivation to go down and apply." (Photographs by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)

Map of Massachusetts highlights Framingham.

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**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5GRB-S3T1-JBG3-60MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 2015 Friday

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Oct. 18) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grassroots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Oct. 17 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Frick Collection: 'Leighton's ''Flaming June''' (through Sept. 6) ''Flaming June,'' by Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), a masterpiece of Victorian painting, has come to New York for the first time in more than 35 years, for a solo turn at the Frick Collection. Anyone who's ever perused books of late-19th-century British art will instantly recognize the idyllic image of a young woman in a sheer, incandescent orange dress curled up in sleep on piles of drapery on a marble bench, with a sunstruck Mediterranean in the distance. She's particularly memorable for her disproportionately large right thigh. The painting is languorously beautiful and an exceptionally interesting artifact of Victorian consciousness. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Johnson)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Guggenheim's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'China: Through the Looking Glass' (through Sept. 7) Designed to illustrate the influence of Chinese culture on Western fashion, this visually extravagant exhibition fills both the basement-level Anna Wintour Costume Center and the Chinese galleries on the second floor, and claims a repurposed Egyptian space in between. In terms of real estate, it's one of the museum's largest shows ever. And it feels that way, exhaustingly so, with acres of objects, photographs, film clips and apparel punched up by sound-and-light special effects. In a way, it's all just fashion business as usual, the product of a culture that speaks a language of overkill. In this case, though, a smaller, better show is all but buried: a nuanced historical essay on cultural hybridity, the mixing of styles and ideas over space and time that leaves every culture equal to every other culture in its creative impurity. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (through Sept. 20) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best race-horse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and inter-species psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Warriors and Mothers: Epic Mbembe Art' (through Sept. 16) If a dozen masterpiece Renaissance sculptures, done in an unknown and wildly unorthodox style, suddenly turned up in the Italian countryside, the find would make the news. You'll encounter the equivalent of such a discovery in this show of spectacular weatherworn, wood-carved figures, some dating to before the 17th century, that were made by the Mbembe in southeastern Nigeria and taken to Paris by an African dealer in the early 1970s. They caused a sensation among collectors and scholars at the time, and you can see why. But the effort to find more of them proved fruitless. The examples at the Met, which include the original dozen, represent all the fully intact stand-alone Mbembe figures known to exist. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? MoMA PS1: 'Wael Shawky: Cabaret Crusades' (through Sept. 7) Some of the most vivid depictions of a war in the Middle East aren't on television news these days. They're in the local solo debut of the Egyptian artist Wael Shawky at MoMA PS1. Called ''Cabaret Crusades,'' it's made up of three sequential films set in the distant past, beginning in the 11th century when European armies marched eastward to claim the Holy Land. The story is one of almost unremitting violence, and the scenes of battle, torture and execution are appalling to see, which is a surprise, considering that all the actors are marionettes, some of which are on view in the gallery, and an extraordinary sight they are. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

MoMA PS1: 'Samara Golden: The Flat Side of the Knife' (through Aug. 30) Standing at a railing where you look into the museum's two-story-tall Duplex Gallery, you behold a confoundingly complicated interior architecture with furniture, stairways, musical instruments, wheelchairs and many other domestic items rendered in silvery, foil-clad foam board. The gallery's floor is covered by a grid of large mirrors so that everything is doubled. What you think is up may really be down, and what you take to be real might be a virtual reflection of the real. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

MoMA PS1: 'Im Heung-soon: Reincarnation' (through Sept. 7) The South Korean artist and director, who won the Silver Lion at this year's divisive Venice Biennale, presents his latest work: an exquisitely filmed, if somewhat jumbled, meditation on the enduring traumas of armed conflict. One video screen features Vietnamese women who suffered at the hands of the Korean army during the Vietnam war; the other follows women in Tehran who lost children during the Iran-Iraq war. Though the connections between the two conflicts finally remain somewhat obscure, ''Reincarnation'' hangs together thanks to Mr. Im's striking cinematography and inventive approach to documentary -- he intermingles historical footage with fictional reenactments and bold non-narrative sequences, such as a woman's long black hair swallowed up in a flowing sand dune. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Jason Farago)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (through Sept. 20) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (through Sept. 20) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'One-Way Ticket: Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series and Other Visions of the Great Movement North' (through Sept. 7) In the early 20th century, tens of thousands of African-Americans left the rural South for the industrial North in search of jobs, homes and respect. Officially, this MoMA show is meant to mark the centennial of that immense population shift, though it also marks another anniversary: the first time in two decades that all 60 paintings in Jacob Lawrence's great ''Migration Series,'' now divided between New York and Washington, have been shown together at the museum. Here they are surrounded by period photographs, books and fabulous music in a display as stimulating to the mind and the ear as it is to the eye. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: Zoe Leonard: 'Analogue' (through Aug. 30) Ms. Leonard's ''Analogue,'' a vast suite of photographs installed across three walls of the MoMA's atrium, is an affectingly plangent update of Social Realist photography. Produced between 1998 and 2009, its 412 images -- 342 color, 70 black and white -- catalog examples of low-end commerce from New York to Africa, indirectly but evocatively representing the human toll of corporate globalization. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971' (through Sept. 7) In 1971, Yoko Ono gave herself an imaginary solo show at MoMA by means of a few cut-and-paste photographs and some strategically placed newspaper advertisements. More than 40 years later, the real thing has come to pass and it was worth the wait. Enhanced by films and a soundtrack, the show is largely archival, with lots of works on paper, including the 151 hand-typed note cards that, in 1964, became ''Grapefruit: A Book of Instructions and Drawings,'' and demonstrate how radical this artist's early experiments with language and performance were. A 2015 sculpture rounds things out. Sure to put you off balance, it's a reminder of what a wake-up-to-life call that art can be, a message that this underestimated artist has been delivering for years. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Sept. 7) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-1996), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Nov. 29) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Neue Galerie: 'Gustav Klimt and Adele Bloch-Bauer: The Woman in Gold' (through Sept. 7) With the spring release of the movie ''Woman in Gold,'' which is about the restitution of some Nazi-looted paintings by Gustav Klimt to their rightful heir, the most celebrated of those works, the predominantly golden ''Adele Bloch-Bauer I'' (1907), was brought back into the media spotlight after its 2006 purchase by Ronald S. Lauder for $135 million, then the highest price paid for a painting. This small show features the portrait along with eight other Klimts and an assortment of jewelry and decorative objects typifying the luxurious lifestyle of Adele and Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer, the art collectors who commissioned it. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Johnson)

? New Museum: 'Albert Oehlen: Home and Garden' (through Sept. 13) This fantastic, overdue show skims too lightly over three decades of painting -- from 1983 to 2011 -- as the artists moved from Neo-Expressionist self-portraits to his latest abstractions, in which irony is replaced by a semblance of anguish. In between: some of the first (and best) forays into painting by computer, and a group of canvases whose sublime abandon obliterates elaborate computer-built images. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (through Sept. 20) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation -- who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: 'Art as Activism: Graphic Art from the Merrill C. Berman Collection' (through Sept. 13) This show offers a selection of 71 posters from the 1930s to the '70s that show the role visual art has played in political and protest movements in the United States. Drawn from the singular collection of Merrill C. Berman, an investor from Rye, N.Y., they offer a rich alternate history of the last century, one you probably didn't learn about in your American history textbooks. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Schwendener)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'After Midnight: Indian Modernism to Contemporary India, 1947/1997' (through Sept. 13) This large group exhibition of South Asian-born artists is really two shows, a focused one of modernist painting from roughly the time of Independence in 1947 through the 1970s, and a larger, somewhat haphazard selection of multimedia work from the past few years. The best way to approach the second part is one artist at a time, and there are some fine ones, from Atul Dodiya and Dayanita Singh of an older generation, to Prajakta Potnis and Sreshta Rit Premnath of a younger. The placement of films by Nikhil Chopra around the museum's grand New York City panorama makes for a win-win installation. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum of Art: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (through Sept. 27) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, queensmuseum.org, 718-592-9700. (Schwendener)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

? Raymond Roussel (through Aug. 29) The French writer Raymond Roussel (1877-1933), born into the Parisian beau monde, developed a literary mode in poetry, fiction and drama based on linguistic ingenuity and the turning of super-realism into fantasy. Although his work met with public scorn -- Roussel was crushed and died by suicide -- it has been hugely influential since. Marcel Duchamp and Michel Foucault claimed him as a liberating hero. Max Ernst and Joseph Cornell revered him. The poet John Ashbery has written brilliantly about him. This archival show tells his story through literary and art world ephemera and suggests his effect on contemporary culture. It also marks the New York debut of a well-known European gallery, which should feel strongly encouraged to enliven the city with comparable offerings in seasons ahead. Galerie Buchholz, 17 East 82nd Street, near Madison Avenue, Upper East Side, 646-964-4276, galeriebuchholz.com. (Cotter)

Galleries: SoHo

? Robin Rhode: 'Drawing Waves' (through Aug. 30) Though now based in Berlin, the South African artist returned to Johannesburg to paint a mural of abstract waves on a rundown street. The suite of 16 photographs here documents the mural in progress, but instead of holding a brush, Mr. Rhode has a surfboard, and in a fine bit of urban slapstick he keeps trying to surf the breakers he's just painted. This small but potent exhibition continues the artist's engaging mixture of drawing and performance, notably via a wall-spanning work completed by local public school students, who wielded giant oil crayons to illustrate the waves that carried the ships of the Dutch East India Company to the Cape of Good Hope. As a video here shows, the children were more than game -- when a pair of them try to draw a dark blue wave near the bottom of the wall, they drop the crayon and collapse onto the floor. Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street, SoHo, 212-219-2166, drawingcenter.org. (Jason Farago)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

Bruce Museum: 'Walls of Color: The Murals of Hans Hofmann' (through Sept. 6) This small but substantial and exuberantly colorful exhibition is the first to examine the four projects for mosaic murals that the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) tackled in the 1950s. Only two were executed, but the paintings and collages Hofmann produced in preparation for them sharpened his signature clash of contrasting abstract styles, expanded his scale and set the stage for his last, and best, paintings. 1 Museum Drive, Greenwich, Conn., 203-869-0376, brucemuseum.org. (Smith)

? Clark Art Institute: 'Van Gogh and Nature' (through Sept. 13) ''Nature is very, very beautiful here,'' van Gogh wrote to his younger brother Theo in the summer of 1890, a few weeks before he took his own life. He was referring to the vistas of forests and grain fields surrounding the town of Auvers-sur-Oise northwest of Paris. He had written almost identical words in other letters, from other places, over the years. Natural beauty was the first thing he noticed wherever he went, and this show of some 50 paintings and drawings, on loan from American and European museums, is filled with his images of it, from early, twilit Dutch landscapes, to sumptuous floral still lifes, to exquisite late drawings of insects and birds. They add up to one of this summer's choice art attractions; a low-key big deal. 225 South Street, Williamstown, Mass., 413-458-2303, clarkart.edu. (Cotter)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Discovering the Impressionists: Paul Durand-Ruel and the New Painting' (through Sept. 13) This terrific exhibition presents more than 90 Impressionist paintings, including many that haven't been seen in the United States in decades or ever, all of which passed through the hands of Paul Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who put Impressionism on the international map. The paintings alone will make the show a popular draw. But it's the tale of Durand-Ruel's long and hugely influential career, richly detailed in the exhibition catalog, that makes this something more than just another crowd-pleaser. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Smithsonian American Art Museum: 'The Artistic Journey of Yasuo Kuniyoshi' (through Aug. 30) The first American survey in decades of the Japanese-American painter emphasizes his efforts of the 1920s, distinguished by their singular synthesis of American folk art, Asian art and European modernism. But throughout it reveals an artist open to influence yet always true to his own sensibility whose his life, art and times fuse with instructive clarity. Unfortunately, the show will not travel. Eighth and F Streets NW, Washington, 202-633-7970, americanart.si.edu. (Smith)

Last Chance

? Brooklyn Museum: 'Jean-Michel Basquiat: The Unknown Notebooks' (closes on Sunday) In this sparkling if sometimes arcane exhibition, the contents of eight notebooks, supplemented by several paintings and large drawings, trace the evolution of Basquiat's loquacious pictorial style. Time spent with the catalog enhances the experience. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Smith)

Cy Gavin: 'Overture' (closes on Friday) It would be a bit misleading to call Cy Gavin a figurative painter. Most of the figures here are like cherubs, ghosts or ciphers recalling tar babies or racist figurines, as well as work by Kerry James Marshall, Ellen Gallagher and Kara Walker. Some of the canvases include pink Bermuda sand, diamonds, blood and his father's cremated remains, while others feature glittering mica and staples that puncture the canvas, surrounding the figures like jagged halos. Mr. Gavin is still a student. He hasn't even graduated from the master of fine arts program at Columbia. But he's got good instincts and an undeniable commitment to materials. Sargent's Daughters, 179 East Broadway, at Canal Street, Lower East Side, 917-463-3901, sargentsdaughters.com. (Schwendener)

'''The Last Party'': The Influence of New York's Club Culture: Mid 70s - Early '90s' (closes on Sunday) This lively, messy scrapbook of a show uses photographs, videos, paintings and a re-creation of the Mars Bar, the famous dive that became a tourist attraction, to look back on a downtown scene of gleeful debauchery. Art isn't well served, but it's fascinating to peruse the scores of photographs of Andy Warhol, Deborah Harry, David Byrne, Lou Reed, Mick Jagger, Elizabeth Taylor, the Ramones and many other luminaries hanging out in places like Studio 54, CBGB and Max's Kansas City. It's like flipping through back issues of People magazine. WhiteBox, 329 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-714-2347, whiteboxnyc.org. (Johnson)

MoMA PS1: Simon Denny: 'The Innovator's Dilemma' (closes on Monday) A hyperactive multimedia extravaganza by this Berlin-based artist takes down irrational exuberance about new technologies with sardonic verve. Along the way, it indirectly damns the high-end art market's own inflationary mania. If Mr. Denny doesn't get to the bottom of what's causing the sociopathology infecting both industries, his show is certainly a good conversation starter. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

? 'Margaret Morton: A Retrospective' (closes on Saturday) This photographer's primary subject since the late 1980s has been the homeless population of New York City -- men, women, children and animal companions who live in public parks, empty lots, train tunnels, doorways and on the street. In Ms. Morton's pictures their poverty is plain, but so is their ingenuity and resilience in creating conditions of survival and community. Her view isn't romantic in either direction of uplift or despair; it's an act of realistic witness, which is crucial as the city continues to grow criminally rich at the top, leaving more and more people stranded at the bottom. Leica Gallery New York, 670 Broadway, near Bond Street, NoHo, 212-777-3051, us.leica-camera.com/Leica-Galleries. (Cotter)

? Neue Galerie: 'Russian Modernism: Cross-Currents of German and Russian Art, 1907-1917' (closes on Monday) This lively, scattershot exhibition of about 70 paintings and works on paper forms an indispensable introduction to Russian modernism's figurative beginnings and its ties to German Expressionism. That many of the Russians are unknown compensates for the unevenness of their work and for a selection of abstract pieces that feel tacked on. The German works, while outnumbered, look great. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/21/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-21-27.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/21/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-21-27.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

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[***G.O.P. Fights More Housing Aided by U.S.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FY0-0005-G3BG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By IAN FISHER

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**Body**

As part of the Federal budget debate, Congressional Republicans are mounting a fierce assault on a fundamental assumption behind Federal housing policy for the last half century: that every year, the Federal Government should directly add to the stock of subsidized housing for the ever-growing ranks of the poor and ***working class***.

Last summer, the Republicans eliminated an expansion of more than 60,000 new housing units, nearly all in the form of rent subsidies, that had been approved when the Democrats controlled Congress. They called the new units a luxury the nation could no longer afford. And in the current deadlocked budget talks, they are proposing no new Federally financed units and are expected to do the same in their 1997 budget plans, due out in mid-March.

Now, President Clinton, bowing to a political and fiscal climate that is also throwing Federal guarantees for welfare and Medicaid into question, is expected to request a near-record low expansion -- housing assistance to about 30,000 new families.

Over the last 15 years, the Federal housing program has already shrunk drastically, from an average of about 290,000 new units or families assisted each year from 1977 to 1980, to an average of 74,000 each year since then.

In New York City and on Long Island, as well as in Hartford, there are nearly two poor people for every unit of low-income housing, according to a study released last year by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities in Washington. In northern New Jersey, the number is even higher, it said.

But no matter whether the President or the Republicans win the current debate, all sides agree that a sharp reversal in the Federal role in directly creating more affordable housing is under way. There will be little if any growth in the pool of 4.8 million Federally subsidized units in the next year -- and possibly much longer.

And now some advocates for the poor have begun to argue that the dwindling fortunes of Federally subsidized housing may serve as a cautionary tale for the Medicaid and welfare programs. Housing is a Federally financed social assistance program that never attained entitlement status, meaning that the Government never passed a law saying that anyone who met certain qualifications was "entitled" to guaranteed housing assistance.

As a result, only 20 to 30 percent of the people who qualify for Federal rental assistance actually receive it. The study by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities said the nation's shortage of affordable housing had reached 4.7 million units, the largest gap since the early 1970's.

Several proposals at the forefront of the Federal budget debate would take entitlement status away from the Medicaid and welfare programs, too, and allow the states to decide how, and if, needy people would get assistance. As that debate advances, advocates for the poor say they worry that poor people might be placed on waiting lists for food stamps, or medical assistance -- just as they are for housing now.

"When something isn't an entitlement, it becomes a matter of noblesse oblige, which can be arbitrarily denied or terminated," said Steven V. Banks, a lawyer who heads the Homeless Family Rights Project of the Legal Aid Society of New York.

Some Republicans argue that the poor are already so underserved by the housing program that to stop further expansion does not represent a major blow. Moreover, some of them also argue that the opposition is not philosophical, but budgetary: As the Federal budget declines, they say, it may be impossible to sustain the existing stock of housing, with its steadily rising costs -- much less take on more.

"Unless we change our policies," said Stephen H. Kohashi, chief analyst for the Senate Subcommittee on Veterans Affairs and Housing and Urban Development, "what we are going to do is drive this inventory into the ground -- which is the worst of all possible, and perhaps the most perverse, outcome that can come out of all of this."

In late 1994 Mr. Kohashi wrote a memo making the case for deep housing cuts that is still widely circulated among members of both parties. Of the Republicans' current efforts, he said in an interview: "I don't see it so much as a revolution as a revelation."

Mr. Kohashi's paper makes a strong case against what he calls "the myth of housing cuts." That is, even as the Government reduced year by year the number of new units that became available, the overall pool of housing still steadily increased over time. At the same time, the budget for the Department of Housing and Urban Development grew at near double-digit rates annually, from $5.5 billion in 1980 to about $26 billion in 1995.

"Our perception is we cannot sustain what we have on the street," Mr. Kohashi said. "It's ludicrious to build up an even larger inventory."

But Administration housing officials and some advocates for the poor argue that an end to expansion is a repudiation of the goals of the Federal housing program, begun in 1937 with the United States Housing Act and affirmed by several Congresses and Presidents, mostly Democratic, ever since.

"That's the heart of the matter," one senior housing official said, speaking on the condition of anonymity. "Are we continuing to add to the number of people who are getting housing assistance? The Republicans are saying we are not."

The Department of Housing and Urban Development, however, is expected to sweeten the request for the 30,000 additional units next year by tying it to a "welfare to work" program favored by Republicans.

And the Administration, in its broad effort to reform H.U.D., has parted company with many advocates for the poor by supporting various measures that the Republicans also like, including giving local housing authorities the ability to bring in more working families into public housing. The advocates say that that change would make the search for housing even harder for the poorest of the poor, though the plan's supporters say it would provide much-needed stability to housing projects.

The Republican budget proposal would center on three areas: It would freeze an expansion of new public housing development and rent vouchers, cut the overall H.U.D. budget from roughly $26 billion in 1995 to about $20 billion and give local public housing authorities more latitude to choose who qualifies for public housing.

Most of these measures are in effect now, as part of the temporary spending plan Congress and President Clinton agreed to late last year. The question now is: Will they become permanent and to what degree?

The Republicans did not touch two block grant programs that spur development of affordable housing through private companies and community groups. But Representative Bill Archer of Texas, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has raised questions about the long-term survival of the biggest engine for producing new affordable housing: the Federal tax credit that goes to companies investing in low-income housing.

In the budget talks, the proposal that has generated the most concern is the elimination of new housing units, most of which are currently subsidized in the form of rental vouchers for poor people that are paid directly to private landlords, under Section 8 of the Federal housing laws. Because construction of housing projects has dropped to almost nothing, these vouchers have become nearly the only way the Federal Government can directly increase the level of assistance.

Debra Chapman, a 32-year-old mother of four from Connecticut, says she has no doubts where this budget would have left her had she not been able to get one of the rent vouchers last August after waiting nearly six years. She had recently struggled off welfare -- she shoplifted baby formula and clothes to make ends meet then -- and had started to work as a clerk in an ink factory.

But her rent, about $500 a month, had been too high, often more than half her take-home pay. The economics of her life had been forcing her into making a hard choice that the rent voucher headed off. It pays 70 percent of her rent.

"I would be back on welfare and back in the system I never wanted to be in in the first place," she said.

Some advocates and builders of low-income housing worry about other results of eliminating new assistance under Section 8, a program begun in the Nixon Administration. Most prominently, the program often acts as a linchpin for private developers or community organizations building low-income housing, because it guarantees a certain number of tenants at a predetermined rent. Some builders also worry that a freeze would send a signal to private investors that the Government is hesitant about continuing its own investment in poor neighborhoods.

"What worries us about Section 8 is the stability of the neighborhoods we are working in," said Paul S. Grogan, president of the Local Initiatives Support Corporation, a national organization that has raised $2 billion in private investment, grants and low-interest loans for low-income housing. "Are these neighborhoods going to come apart even more than they have?"

Along with Republican budget cutters, some advocates for poor people and managers of public housing authorities also argue that Section 8 is far too expensive and now accounts for too little new housing to justify its continuation.

Representative Rick A. Lazio, a Republican of Long Island and author of a housing bill that would replace the 1937 housing act, also contends that Section 8 has run out of control. But he argues that there should be some growth through Section 8 that is tied to specific programs, like spurring private development in coordination with community groups and local governments.

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[***ART/ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Celebrating an Architect, Hailing an Artist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ALAN RIDING

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**Body**

ARCHITECTS who consider themselves artists are understandably delighted when their work is featured in museums, but Richard Meier, the designer of the Getty Center in Los Angeles, has special reason to feel honored. The Musee du Jeu de Paume in Paris has chosen Mr. Meier, an American, as the subject of its first-ever architectural exhibition. And in doing so, it has set out to reinforce the notion that architecture is art.

True, for Paris, this is not exactly a revolutionary idea. Parisians, and indeed foreigners, have long regarded this city as an exquisite urban sculpture. When the Government began a daring program of Grands Travaux, or Great Works, in the 1980's, it invited "artistic" architects to participate in design competitions. Parisians in turn judged the results primarily for their esthetic worth -- and they remembered the names of the architects responsible for both the good and the bad.

Yet even the French are not accustomed to studying buildings through photographs, drawings and models. So "Richard Meier Architect," which runs through Sept. 26, is something of an experiment. Until now, architectural shows held in the Georges Pompidou Center have drawn mainly specialists. But with a new Cite de l'Architecture being planned for Paris in 2002, the Jeu de Paume, on the Place de la Concorde, is a good place to gauge general interest in architecture.

The show opened on July 13, and the public response has been encouraging. Architects and architectural students were to be expected to stop by, but museum officials said many people were visiting out of sheer curiosity and then lingering as the show caught their attention.

"People like models," Mr. Meier had predicted with a mischievous smile.

The exhibition is certainly people friendly. Three naturally-lighted upper galleries display detailed models of 24 of Mr. Meier's buildings. The first room presents his corporate and public-sector projects, including a stunning representation of a proposal (ultimately rejected) for a Madison Square Garden site redevelopment. The plan envisioned three high-rise office blocks, which would have been Mr. Meier's first-ever skyscrapers. The second gallery is dedicated to the Getty Center, and the last is given over to the private houses that first won him recognition and to the museums that have absorbed much of his attention in the last two decades.

"I haven't seen many of these models for years," said Mr. Meier, a tall, 64-year-old white-haired New Yorker, showing a visitor around the exhibition, "and of course I have never seen them together like this. They have been scattered around. What I like is that it is work done over 35 years, but it holds together, as if it had been organized for an exhibition."

So, he was inevitably asked, is this an exhibition of art?

"Architects think that architecture is an art," he said, "but nothing here was meant to be a work to be shown in a museum. No one is saying any one drawing is a work of art. It is part of the making of a work of architecture. And understanding this can lead to understanding the art of architecture. Even better, it may lead people to see the buildings."

Paris has only one of Mr. Meier's works, the headquarters of Canal Plus, a French cable network. It's a dazzling white glass-fronted building on the Seine, and the channel has organized guided tours of it to coincide with the exhibition. To study his other works, visitors must travel to the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, Italy and, of course, the United States. On the other hand, this show, which has been organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, is itself going to travel, first around Europe and finally to Los Angeles, probably in 2001.

Still, whether or not it is art, the exhibition is a comprehensive retrospective, using photographs, drawings and models. And the fact that it is not arranged chronologically underlines the consistency of Mr. Meier's classically modernist vision of architecture. Born in New Jersey and educated at Cornell University, he found his early influences (apart from Bernini, Boromini and Bramante) in Le Corbusier, Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Khan, Alvar Aalto and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, and he has never turned away from them. For him, postmodernism was no temptation: he dismissed it as "meaningless pastiche."

Nonetheless, beginning with the Smith House built in Darien, Conn., in the late 1960's, Mr. Meier's work has had a distinct signature. He was soon known as "the white architect" for the whiteness of most of his buildings, and, while years later he was chosen as the architect of the Getty Center on condition that it should not be white, white remains his preferred color.

"Whiteness is for me the clearest way of expressing the difference between what is natural and what is man-made," he explains in an audio-tape commentary that visitors to the Jeu de Paume can carry while seeing the show, "and at the same time it reflects and refracts all the colors of nature which are changing around you through the day and through the seasons. Whiteness delineates most clearly the planer surfaces and linear surfaces, the difference between opacity and transparency."

But whiteness, he notes, is also an instrument through which to achieve his principal objectives of light and space. In his memoir, "Building the Getty," he wrote, "I have always been preoccupied with the filtration and reflection of natural light, with chiaroscuro effects and with the way in which a building becomes animated through the movement of the subject in space."

THIS preoccupation is amply illustrated by the models in the exhibition, not only in his early houses but notably in his museums, starting with the Museum of Decorative Arts in Frankfurt, Germany, where his main challenge was to build a large modern extension to a small 18th-century museum. The answer he found was transparency, which enabled the new to complement the old. With the High Museum in Atlanta, built almost simultaneously in the early 1980's, he paid tribute to Frank Lloyd Wright's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum by building a ramp around an atrium splashed with natural light.

"There can never be enough light," he likes to say.

In several cases, Mr. Meier has also used light to help his abstract modernist forms fit into neighborhoods with strong, established personalities. Thus, with the Museum of Contemporary Art in Barcelona, Spain, a huge glass facade enables the white rectangular building not to clash with the 16th-century convent it looks onto. In Ulm, Germany, where Mr. Meier was commissioned to build an Exhibition and Assembly Building beside the city's Gothic cathedral, he designed large windows and skylights so that the cathedral's tall spire is ever visible from inside the building.

One of his current projects has involved relating to an entirely different urban environment. Three years ago, Mr. Meier was chosen to build the Church of the Year 2000 for the Vatican. Rather than allowing him to come to terms with the Roman architecture that he so admires, however, the church -- his first church -- is being built in the ***working-class*** district of Tor Tre Teste on a small plot surrounded by characterless 17-story apartment blocs, as a symbol, he said, "of the Vatican's coming to the people."

"It seemed to me that this church had to create a sense of enclosure, a spiritual place," he explained, "but at the same time it had to be part of the neighborhood. And so the design is not only internalized but also looks up and out. The roof is glass and the sky is around you. It is a place of inward meditation, but also outward thought."

The foundations of the $8 million church have only just been laid, with plans for completion before the end of 2000, but a model reveals a striking design. On one side of the church are three precast concrete shells, between which natural light will pour into the atrium below during the day and artificial light will be cast upward toward the apartment blocks at night.

Still, the central exhibit in the Jeu de Paume is inevitably the 28-foot-long model of the $1 billion Getty Center, easily the largest of the 250 or so models built by Mr. Meier's own model shop during the 14 years of construction of the center (a dozen models of details are also in the show). Built of wood and still the color of wood (whiteness never ceased to be an issue in Mr. Meier's discussions with the Getty management), it offers a panoramic view that only a helicopter could provide, showing the relationship of the complex to the hillside and offering an insight into the variety of buildings that compose the center. But the model is also detailed enough to show the five-foot-wide peripheral gardens that were required to discourage visitors from peering into homes in nearby Brentwood.

Whether the Getty Center can be considered a vast art installation is, of course, a moot point. But Mr. Meier, who painted in an Abstract Expressionist style in the late 1950's until he felt that he had to choose between painting and architecture, can nonetheless now claim to have exhibited in the Jeu de Paume as a traditional artist. In a separate space in the museum, he is presenting a selection of his collages, which, he said, "have very little to do with architecture." They are, however, a product of his endless travels as an architect.

"When I fly, I carry a box of material with me, and this is the result," he said proudly. "They are personal notes of a visual nature."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: A model for the Church of the Year 2000, designed by Richard Meier and being built in Rome. (Jock Pottle/Esto Photographics); A model of a proposal for Madison Square Garden designed by the architect Richard Meier, right, who is the focus of a show at the Musee du Jeu de Paume in Paris. (Ezra Stoller/Esto Photographics)

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[***WAR IN THE GULF;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0NC0-000D-G1K9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Israel Says It Must Strike at Iraqis But Indicates Willingness to Wait***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0NC0-000D-G1K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Dateline:** TEL AVIV, Jan. 19

**Body**

Israeli officials insisted today that the second Iraqi missile strike in two days had left them no choice but to retaliate, but they indicated that they were willing to wait in deference to American requests and because of new missile defenses provided and manned by the United States, which are already in place.

The second attack provoked a new round of tough talk here. But behind the promise to strike back hard when the time is right lay the clear suggestion that Israel would do nothing for now in deference to the United States' concern that an Israeli response could shatter the anti-Iraq military coalition in the Persian Gulf war.

The Israelis said they would withhold retaliation for now in part because the United States had rushed several batteries of Patriot antimissile missiles to Israel today, and that one of them was already in operation.

Operated by American Crews

The Pentagon said a Patriot shot down an Iraqi missile in flight as it headed for an airfield in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on Friday morning, the same morning that eight Iraqi missiles hit in the Tel Aviv-Haifa area.

Four more Iraqi missiles slammed into heavily populated areas along Israel's coastal heartland early this morning. But once again, the 500-pound conventional warheads were reported to have killed no one, and they slightly injured about 15 civilians. Israeli officials put that down to remarkable luck, which they do not expect to hold should Iraq strike again.

The Patriot batteries in Israel are manned by American crews, the first time that Americans have been deployed in Israel in its defense. Israeli crews have been in the United States for weeks, training in the operation of the Patriots in a program that began late last year. But they are not ready to use them.

President Bush called Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir twice to express concern about the second Iraqi attack and to reiterate his hope that Israel would rely on the United States to retaliate. [Page 16]

The Americans "understand the distress we are in," David Ivri, director general of the Defense Ministry, said this evening, "and they try to make it possible for us not to respond."

Israel retains the right to respond, he and others stressed today. "But together with that," Mr. Ivri said, "everyone knows that our response can change the whole procedure of the war in the Middle East."

Speaking of the deployment of the Patriot missiles, a spokesman for the Israeli Army said: "The aim of this swift supply is for immediate operation of these batteries in Israel. They are already put into place."

In Washington, the Pentagon held a news conference to draw attention to the new aid program, and to the fact that Israel is now sharing information with the United States on Iraqi missile activity.

Israelis were roused three times during the early-morning hours and ordered into their safe rooms, where they strapped on gas masks. The three early alerts proved to be false alarms. But a fourth alert, at dawn, foretold an actual strike. Two minutes after the sirens' warbling wail, three Iraqi Scud-B missiles fell in Tel Aviv while a fourth fell farther south along the coast, the army said.

There were reports that another fell near Jerusalem at the same time, but they were never confirmed. One of those that hit Tel Aviv crashed through a three-story building in a city business district but did not explode.

Fired From Western Iraq

The army said the Iraqi missiles that fell here this morning had been fired from western Iraq, where American and allied warplanes have been conducting extensive search-and-destroy operations to remove the mobile launchers from operation.

"It's clear," a senior military official said this afternoon, "that the Americans will not be able to get them all, even within a matter of days." Military officials reported that at least 30 fixed and 20 mobile missile launchers remained intact and hidden in Iraq, despite the extensive allied effort to destroy them.

As a result, military officials warned Israelis -- a people already dragging from three days under siege -- that they should expect more missiles over the next several nights and possibly Iraqi fighter-bomber raids as well. As of 10 P.M. tonight, there had been two more false alarms.

Schools will be closed for the fourth day Sunday, and Israelis will once again be advised to stay at home, essentially shutting down the nation.

Brig. Gen. Nachman Shai, the chief army spokesman and the military's voice to the Israeli people throughout this crisis, warned: "I would say that, even though all the missiles launched so far have used conventional warheads, we should expect them to use chemical weapons as well. The fact that they haven't used them doesn't mean they don't have them."

The few Israelis who have dared leave their homes against the army's advice these last three days carry their gas masks as routinely as they might hold purses or briefcases in normal times.

Senior members of the Government today reiterated their threat that Israel would respond, and harshly.

Problems With Retaliation

But it became clear today that Israel's air force would not simply send fighter planes off in a quick retaliatory strike. With so many warplanes already in operation over Iraq, Israel's fighters might be lost among all the others in the sky, officials suggested, or worse, get into unintended combat with allied warplanes.

So Israeli officials said they would wait, watch, study and choose their target carefully, then act only when they see they can make a spectacular impact.

"We're not saying what we will do, when we will do it, where or how we will do it," Deputy Foreign Minister Benjamin Netanyahu said during a news briefing this afternoon.

And Eliahu Ben-Elissar, chairman of the Parliament's Defense and Foreign Affairs Committee, added: "We won't appear for a meeting with Saddam Hussein where Saddam Hussein wants to meet us. But one thing should be clear: When we choose our target, it will be very, very painful."

Today's strike, as Friday's, proved once again that Iraq's modified Scud-B missiles are more instruments of terror than weapons that can seriously threaten the security of the state.

Officials have released no details about the missile that fell south of Tel Aviv, except to say that it injured no one. And one of the three missiles hitting Tel Aviv landed in a city park and did little more than scatter dirt across an adjacent road.

Another missile blew open an underground concrete bomb shelter in a poor, ***working-class*** neighborhood of Tel Aviv, close to where one of the missiles fell during the first strike on Friday morning. But the shelter was empty.

The last missile fell three stories through an empty apartment building before crashing to the floor in a ground-level jewelry store. It did not explode, and through the morning residents of the surrounding area were confined to their homes while army sappers defused the device.

With the task completed just after noon, soldiers in a loudspeaker truck cruised the neighborhood broadcasting the message: "To all residents -- it is all right to go back to normal life. Good afternoon." Their voices had a sarcastic tone.

At the site, soldiers then began dragging the six-foot warhead out of the store as boisterous crowds laughed and jeered, pushing to get close enough so they could actually touch the dull gray cone, battered but largely intact despite its long journey.

"Look, look at Saddam's missile," several people chanted as the shell swung on its tether while a crane hoisted it onto an flatbed army truck.

The crowd laughed as the truck hauled the missile away.

**Graphic**

Photos: Photograph taken from television of smoke billowing in Tel Aviv after Iraqi missiles hit early yesterday (Associated Press); Two elderly residents of Tel Aviv were assisted by a friend, left, after a missile landed near their homes. (Associated Press) (pg. 17)

Map: Middle East, indicating Tel Aviv in Israel (pg. 17)

Chart: "The Patriot Missile System," with diagram detailing how the Patriot missile system would track and intercept an incoming missile. (pg. 17)

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[***ART / ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WVX-1XJ0-00RP-K2KM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Where Riots Raged, a Neighborhood Emerges***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WVX-1XJ0-00RP-K2KM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By TODD S. PURDUM;

Todd S. Purdum is chief of the Los Angeles bureau of The New York Times.

By TODD S. PURDUM;  Todd S. Purdum is chief of the Los Angeles bureau of The New York Times.

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

SEVEN years after the Los Angeles riots shook Southern California and the world, the words "South-Central" still evoke the open wounds of urban decay and social dislocation. But here on a wide swath of once-grand Vermont Avenue at 81st Street, seedlings of renewal are taking root this summer.

Against all odds, 36 mustard-colored, stucco town houses -- half of them built above storefronts facing the street and the rest around an interior court -- are filling up with first-time homeowners, most of them single mothers. In the process, Vermont Village Plaza is testing anew the possibilities of the New Urbanism of its award-winning architect, Daniel Solomon.

Mr. Solomon, a 30-year veteran of the architecture faculty at the University of California at Berkeley, has been a charter member of the New Urbanism, a school of architects, planners and theorists that has sought to rebuild, or replicate, the kind of pedestrian-oriented streetscapes and manageable-size neighborhoods that prevailed in American cities before World War II. The group has deplored the abandonment of traditional city cores and the rise of suburban sprawl, with its malls, office parks and isolated tract housing.

From his San Francisco-based firm, Solomon Inc., Mr. Solomon has designed projects ranging from re-interpreted San Francisco row houses to the Congregation Beth Israel Memorial Garden, a funerary chapel in Houston, and has done "a lot of urban infill in rough and dangerous places," as he put it in a recent inteview. The South-Central site posed special challenges, not nearly all of them architectural, but after more than five years, Mr. Solomon's vision of a low-rise 1930's-style stretch of shops and apartments has at last taken shape.

Where a weed-strewn, vacant lot once sat like a scar, a graceful three-story facade of pilasters and balconies now marches along the street front, broken by palm trees. Remote-controlled security gates protect interior courtyards and two-car garages. Each two- or three-bedroom unit has skylights and ample open space, creating a remarkably uncrowded feeling on the compact, 1.75-acre site. There is even an on-site automatic teller machine.

"We built it for $77 a square foot, and it doesn't look like that, I don't think," Mr. Solomon said of the project.

The two-tone facade in soft yellows is accented at periodic archways with inset black and white tile, with vertical red stripes painted in crevices. Windows stretch seamlessly up the second and third stories, and inside the units they run ceiling-high to capture as much daylight as possible. The effect is a sleeker, stripped down version of a mixed-use Art Deco apartment complex whose contours would have made Raymond Chandler feel at home 60 years ago.

"The idea was to create an environment that accommodates cars, private open space, light from two directions, making them have the amenity and security of private houses, but at considerably higher density," said Mr. Solomon. "The basic physical idea is that housing can sustain a little bit of scattered retail and services, when there is not that mass of parking that would support large retail outlets."

But even reaching consensus on that concept took time and hard work. The $8 million project is a direct outgrowth of the 1992 riots and of the decades of commercial abandonment of the Vermont corridor that preceded and helped prompt them. After the violence, local banks and financial institutions came under severe criticism for their reluctance to invest in the area and one of them, First Interstate Bank, sponsored a design contest for a residential-commercial development, with perhaps 130 low-income apartments.

"The riots were the immediate focus, and the media hook for this," Mr. Solomon said. "But the real underlying urban decay is not the riots. It's the abandonment of the commercial corridors of the city, which was the motivation for new mixed commercial space here."

The idea was to use the vacant Art Deco husk of the former Hattem's Store, a 1931 supermarket and shopping arcade that later became the administrative building of Pepperdine University, as an anchor to draw commercial storefronts and stable housing back to the area. Vermont Avenue is one of the city's longest streets, stretching from the port at San Pedro north to the Hollywood Hills. But beginning 40 years ago, as white residents fled to the suburbs and were replaced by ***working class*** blacks, retail businesses began abandoning the strip, leaving the neighborhood lacking services from dry cleaners to shoe repair. The situation was exacerbated by the burning and looting -- and eventually the permanent closing -- of scores of stores in the riots.

But First Interstate's proposed remedy immediately ran into intense opposition from black middle-class homeowners in Vermont Knolls, a stable neighborhood of tidy yards and well-tended single-family homes immediately to the west, who feared the project would draw undesirable tenants from the much poorer, largely Hispanic area that stretches in squalor from the east side of Vermont Avenue.

In 1994, Mr. Solomon's firm won the commission from a field of more than 60 contenders, in partnership with Caleb Development, a company owned by Rodney Shepard, an enterprising developer of single-family homes in nearby Watts whose first career, in the aerospace industry, was all but undone by cocaine addiction in the early 1980's. His life in tatters, Mr. Shepard, whose father was a carpenter and whose mother owned apartments in Watts, fell back on the business he knew: he began rehabilitating and, eventually, building single-family homes for sale there, in the process earning a "1-A" rating from Dun & Bradstreet and expanding his sights.

Mr. Solomon and Mr. Shepard sought to address neighborhood concerns by shrinking the project from 100 units to 60, to 40 and finally to 36 homes, with room for about a dozen retail outlets and more in the former Hattem's building.

"We all thought this was one time when not-in-my-backyard resistance to low-income housing was justified and agreed that it should be subsidized market-rate instead," Mr. Solomon said.

First Interstate, which was bought by Wells Fargo during the project, contributed $3 million of the initial construction cost and the City Council overrode Mayor Richard J. Riordan's veto to kick in the remaining $5 million. Units were priced from $89,000 to $118,000, and all but one have sold, half of them to members of the nearby Crenshaw Christian Center, a giant nondemoninational church complex on what had been the Pepperdine campus before the school moved to Malibu. But the project proved unable to draw enough market-rate buyers, and 21 of the purchasers received heavy subsidies in the form of second-mortgages backed by the city that allowed downpayments as low as 3 percent.

ONE of those who qualified was Sharon Johnson, a single mother of two and a customer relations manager for Viking Office Products who had lived in the south Los Angeles suburb of Gardena and drove past the project on her way to an event at the nearby Sports Arena. She now has a spanking new three-bedroom unit, and her 10-year old daughter even has her own bathroom.

"This is my dream home," she said recently as she stood surrounded by moving boxes and mattresses in a house whose nine-foot ceilings make it seem larger than the roughly 1,600 square feet it is.

Both Mr. Solomon and Mr. Shepard sigh at the long trail of complexities involved in getting the project built and laugh ruefully at the occasional cultural divide between the black inner-city developer and the white academic architect. When a visitor remarked on the flowering vines growing up galvanized chains in the inner courtyard, Mr. Shepard just shook his head.

"Don't even go there," Mr. Shepard said. "I said to Dan, 'Do you know what chains mean to a black man?' And he said, 'Look at it this way: you broke your chains and hung them on the wall.' "

At the moment, Mr. Shepard's biggest concern is leasing out the storefronts (tenants could range from a bakery to a private post office like Mail Boxes Etc.) and winning City Council approval for money to finance commercial-tenant improvements, plant trees on the median lining the street and rehabilitate the 26,000 square feet of commercial space in the former Hattem's Store. It now sits empty on the corner of the site, its distinctive faceted tower looming like those of the vintage movie palaces that still dot Los Angeles, its sea-foam paint peeling and at odds with the new project meant to echo it.

"It's a shame, because you've got these beautiful town houses and then you've got this big eyesore," Mr. Shepard said.

Indeed, the challenge is just beginning. Solomon Inc.'s official description of the project starts with these sobering words: "Isolated development initiatives and autonomous architectural works will not begin to redress the problems of South-Central Los Angeles. South-Central is confronted with the task of rebuilding whole streets and linking separated enclaves into a larger community."

But in the interview, Mr. Solomon said: "The lesson is that the housing demand is there in these neighborhoods, if the housing is priced right and designed properly for security and space, and quite high density housing can thrive on those corridors. It's easier to make the housing part of it work than the commercial part, but the commercial part is terribly important."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Vermont Village Plaza, a new development of 36 stucco town houses in South-Central, Los Angeles; at right, a 1994 photograph shows the vacant lot where the town houses now stand. (Grant Mudford and Daniel Solomon/Solomon Architecture and Urban Design)

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[***Violence Among Israelis Sets Off National Wave of Soul-Searching***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X44-Y780-00RP-K0S3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ETHAN BRONNER

By ETHAN BRONNER

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, Aug. 6

**Body**

His hair a shellacked, platinum blond, his face framed by a pair of hoop earrings, Miki Abutbul, 16, an Israeli from a ***working-class*** suburb, was sprawled with friends on plastic chairs in a crowded pedestrian walkway in central Jerusalem just after midnight this morning, talking about violence in Israel.

"Even my 10-year-old brother carries a knife," Miki was saying when shouts of a nearby fight suddenly pierced the cool air and sent him and the rest of the crowd scurrying in different directions.

Within minutes, army troops and policemen descended on Zion Square, broke up the trouble and arrested two Israeli youths.

"For every small thing someone seems to pull a knife these days," offered Miki's friend, Shai Hugi, 16.

Israel has always had a rough edge, always been a society where aggression and rudeness were accepted as byproducts of life under siege. But there has been an abrupt shift in this view in recent months.

After several exceptionally brutal crimes -- two men killed their wives and children and set their bodies on fire -- and new studies detailing the level of brutality in the schools, there has emerged an intense focus on violence among Israelis that has temporarily pushed aside the historic focus on conflict with the Arabs.

"We have to deal with this exactly as we have dealt with terrorism," said Zeev Friedman, director of health, welfare and social services for the city of Tel Aviv, "because this is nothing less than an internal form of terrorism."

While there are no firm data showing a rise in violence, what has changed, many experts suspect, is Israel's sense of itself, its attitude toward such behavior.

Since the fear of war is lower than it has ever been and Israel's links to the West, especially the United States, are closer than ever -- a result of cable television, computers, commerce and increased travel -- Israelis are less willing to excuse shortcomings in their society as byproducts of the need to survive.

Others say the assassination of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in 1995 was a watershed, when suddenly it seemed that life had become cheap in Israel.

Today's issue of the dominant daily newspaper, Yediot Ahronot, illustrates how widespread that view is. Although Israeli-Palestinian relations are tense over land-for-security arrangements, and the new Government of Prime Minister Ehud Barak seems to be getting ready to negotiate the return of the strategic Golan Heights to Syria, neither issue made the front page.

The main article concerned the latest attack of a feared figure known as the Tel Aviv Rapist. A second article told of a paroled convict who visited his girlfriend and threw her baby daughter out a window. The dealings with the Arabs were relegated to inside pages.

Since the focus on internal violent behavior is so recent, there are virtually no data to confirm the widely held view that violence in Israel, a nation of six million, is on the increase or that the increase is due partly to the arrival of so many people from the former Soviet Union in the last decade.

Data for many forms of violence have been collected only for the last five years and show mixed trends. Spousal and school violence, two areas of particular focus in the press, have shown no increase in that time. The number of homicides declined from 79 in the first half of 1998 to 61 in the first half of 1999.

"We are less involved today with security problems," noted Zemira Mevarech, chief scientist at the Education Ministry, who recently called for a comprehensive program, including rewards for teachers and staff, aimed at reducing school violence. "As concerns over security go down, the focus on quality of life goes up."

American influence is significant. When two Colorado students went on a shooting spree in their high school in April, killing 12 fellow students and a teacher, the story was big news for days here. Many commentators suggested that such a massacre could happen here, since a recent study showed that 7 percent of high school students carried weapons.

Moreover, the latest hero in the Israeli press is Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York, whose name is invoked frequently by those who think that policing of minor and major crimes in Israel has been lax.

Last month, an Israeli artist named Gil Mitchell was knifed to death after asking two men not to scrape his car with theirs. That prompted Haim Yavin, the state television's long-serving news anchor, to offer a rare Op-Ed article in the newspaper Haaretz and call on Israel's police to take a lesson from New York's.

"A metropolis of crime, drugs and dirt has become one of the most flourishing cities in the world," Mr. Yavin wrote of New York. "Mayor Giuliani's task has been to teach millions of New Yorkers to respect the rule of law."

Israelis should take a lesson, he added: "Today, Israel is more than a little similar to the New York of 20 years ago. Instead of the rule of law, we have the rule of the knife and the revolver."

The idea that Israel is following an American path or should learn from the United States is in marked contrast to how this country saw itself two or three decades ago. Then, when Americans faced decaying cities, drug addiction and violent youth, most Israelis happily noted that their country was different.

American problems were seen as a result of American societal conditions, including the lack of mutual concern and cohesion that characterized Israel in its early decades.

Today, American-style problems and American-style solutions are seen as almost inevitable, since this country has come to resemble the United States more than ever. The economy, for example, once one of the world's most egalitarian, is now characterized by a huge gap between richest and poorest.

The Police Ministry is trying to learn how police officers in the United States deal with domestic violence. It is widely suspected that since the Israeli police tended in the past to focus on external, meaning Arab, threats, they had little training and little interest in domestic crimes.

A new program trains detectives in such work, and there will soon be a doubling of the 170 detectives assigned to such tasks.

The Education Ministry is trying to devise an American-style curriculum that teaches pupils sensitivity toward one another and reduces violent confrontations. Tel Aviv is seeking help from Los Angeles on how to fight domestic abuse.

But more Israeli-style approaches are also being contemplated.

"Just like every Israeli has been trained over the years to report a suspicious package in the street in case it is a terrorist bomb, today Israelis need to learn to detect signs of domestic violence around them so that lives can be saved," suggested Mr. Friedman, the Tel Aviv director of social services.

Yossi Harel of Bar-Ilan University, outside Tel Aviv, spent 11 years at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, where he was in charge of the youth survey system and helped plan surveys for some 30 countries on youth health and violence.

The most recent study, for 1998, shows Israel eighth out of 28 countries on the question of what percentage of youths have been bullied at school. For Israel it was 50 percent. That was behind the United States, in 18th place with 34 percent.

When Professor Harel published the results of the first such study in 1995 with similar results for Israel, he said, no one took it seriously. But when he published the 1998 results this year -- including the finding that more than half of the students in grades 6 through 10 were involved either as perpetrators or victims of violence -- the ground was fertile and his study became major news.

"It took a long time to build awareness that we really have a problem on our hands in terms of the banality of violence as a part of daily life for Israeli youth," Professor Harel said. "Kids here use verbal and physical violence to cope. My interpretation is that as a society and system we have failed to provide the youth of this country with alternative resources for coping with frustration and anger."

He said violent attitudes were endemic throughout society -- on the roads, in Parliament, in public places, on television talk shows -- and the youth were drinking it all in.

The problem is also difficult in the home. Malka Soffer, head of the crime victims section in Israel's national police, said that until the early 1990's, spousal and child abuse were treated by the police as occasions to mediate between offender and victim rather than act as law enforcement agents.

Today there are special instructions, and domestic abuse is considered a crime of great urgency, she said. "Today we think that if a violent crime is committed within the family, it is more severe than if it is committed among strangers, because of the risk of repetition," she said.

Feminists have been raising concerns over spousal abuse here for several years. But many Israelis had trouble believing that Jewish husbands were really guilty of such activity. Accepting that such problems exist in Israel has been part of the country's maturation, some say.

"There was this big myth that Jewish husbands wouldn't do this sort of thing," said Ronit Lev-Ari, director of the department of family violence prevention for Naamat, a women's group. "But we are like everyone else. It may be very sad for some, but Israel is normal.

"Like elsewhere, most Israeli husbands who beat their wives were themselves beaten as children and, like other societies, we need to learn to stop them and to treat them."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Youths crowding a sidewalk in Jerusalem. More than before, some say, violence has broken out in such circumstances, as happened yesterday. (Rina Castelnuovo for The New York Times)(pg. A6)

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**End of Document**



[***Bertolucci's Uncut Epic Of Class and Clash***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BPV-TVV0-TW8F-G286-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

THE raggedy boy who catches frogs and turns them into a live, wriggling wreath on the brim of his hat is called Olmo. He will grow up to be a Communist hero played by Gerard Depardieu, dubbed into English but still a volatile presence. The boy in the elegant white suit who roughhouses with Olmo is Alfredo, the landowner's grandson. Forced to eat those frogs for dinner, to his immense credit he cannot keep them down. As an adult, Alfredo is Robert De Niro, whose American accent adds an unsettling whiff of modernism to his role as the last padrone that their northern Italian village will know.

From their birth on the same day in 1901 to the final image of them together -- hunched, white-haired men still wrestling under a tree -- these two embody the endless class struggle that is the subject of Bernardo Bertolucci's 1976 film "1900." Grand and flawed, polemical yet filled with brilliant images, it has Tolstoyan ambitions and many endearing quirks.

The uncut, 5-hour-and-11-minute version of "1900" opens today at Film Forum, where it will be shown in two parts. Fittingly for a film about history, and happily for its viewers, the years have absorbed its status as a cause celebre.

Mr. Bertolucci made "1900" right after the notorious psycho-sexual drama "Last Tango in Paris" (no longer as shocking as it was in 1973, but still one weird cookie of a movie) and a decade before his recent extravaganzas "The Last Emperor," which won the 1987 Academy Award for Best Picture, and "The Sheltering Sky," currently in theaters. "1900" was his first epic, and a peculiar paradox: a very expensive movie about the power of the ***working class***. And it arrived in this country in 1977 amid a flurry of lawsuits, mixed reviews and charges of artistic butchery.

Paramount, the film's American distributor, had rejected Mr. Bertolucci's original five-hour version; the producer, Alberto Grimaldi, then threatened to release his own three-hour version without the director's approval. The version finally shown in theaters was a compromise, a four-hour-and-five-minute cut that Mr. Bertolucci claimed to be happy with at the time.

Time, of course, changes everything. Mr. Bertolucci now stands by this restored version, which was recently edited and rerecorded for improved sound under the supervision of its cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro. Though the new-old "1900" includes an hour's worth of material never seen in American theaters before, these additions do not make for a radically different film. It does have more political speeches and more sex (the film proves the value of its NC-17 rating and proves that its stars did not use body doubles).

What matters more than the extra scenes is the way distance allows a new perspective on one of the more ambitious films ever made, and on the work of a director whose eloquent command of images and passion for film is beyond doubt. Today, with no need to be solemn about "1900" as endangered art, the film seems a delicious mix of idealism, beauty and sometimes laughable excess. It can be as exquisite as its opening view of misty sunlight shining through poplars, or as overwrought as Donald Sutherland, in one of the all-time bad screen performances, as a Fascist foreman named Attila. He batters a cat with his forehead early on and turns nasty after that. But however schematic its narrative and didactic its Marxist politics, "1900" remains absorbing. At every erratic turn, it demands that viewers grapple with it.

Part 1 is the more richly textured, the less polemical. With its affinity for nature and its lyrical scenes of Olmo and Alfredo as boys just beginning to absorb the lessons of their ancestors, it hints at idyllic possibilities.

But they are mere hints. Burt Lancaster, as Alfredo Berlinghieri, is a typically obtuse landowner who celebrates his grandson's birth by taking Champagne to the sharecroppers working his fields. "Destiny -- both born on the same day," he tells Sterling Hayden as Leo Dalco, the less joyous grandfather of the illegitimate Olmo. The best Dalco can do is give his grandson a strong name that means elm tree and to teach the boy that what he owns belongs to all the Dalcos. This proto-socialist message is not lost on Olmo, or on an audience who can do without such speeches.

At times the film resembles a pageant, its characters pulled along by a fate the film maker has decreed. Yet at its best it offers eloquent moments of individual choice. When old Berlinghieri hangs himself in the cowshed, defeated by the physical impotence that represents the failure of his class, it is a wrenching and troubling moment. Yet he has just taken a young peasant girl into the barn, and the ominous scene suggests that only his impotence saves her from being another victim of the padrones. Miraculously, Mr. Lancaster makes this unsavory old man seem pathetic and misguided.

Such complexities of character are rare in "1900." When Olmo and Alfredo turn into Mr. Depardieu and Mr. De Niro, as soldiers returning from World War I, the actors' conviction and energy make up for the characters' sparse personalities. In the script by Mr. Bertolucci, Franco Arcalli and Giuseppe Bertolucci, Olmo has virtually no inner life. Yet Mr. Depardieu conveys a sense of power that makes Olmo a convincing local hero.

Mr. De Niro's portrayal is the strongest because his ultramodern presence works against all expectations. Alfredo may be the watered-down last generation of feudalism, but the actor's vibrant presence suggests the tenacity of his class. Mr. Bertolucci sets up a workers' victory, but as Mr. De Niro says with chilling astuteness at the film's end, "The padrone lives."

The contrasts between the two men can be distractingly neat. Olmo falls in love with a plain schoolteacher named Anita, while Alfredo chooses a beautiful, decadent woman named Ada, played with surprising sympathy by Dominique Sanda. After Alfredo and Ada make love in a barn, carefree and slumming on the peasants' turf, Mr. Bertolucci cuts to Olmo and Anita angrily leading a funeral procession. The charred bodies of workers who died in a fire set by Fascists are carried in wagons through the streets. It is a jarring contrast, but like so many in "1900" not an especially trenchant one.

Part 1 ends with the rise of Fascism, and Part 2 is downhill for the characters as well as the film. "Send Attila away," Olmo tells Alfredo, who has become the new padrone. But Alfredo, who has inherited his ancestral weakness, lets the warning go by. It marks a turning point, for Fascism in the person of Attila comes to dominate the film crudely. He marries Alfredo's cousin Regina, played by Laura Betti in an overblown performance that at least matches Mr. Sutherland's in pitch.

Yet even in its weaker parts, "1900" contains startlingly original images, whose meanings surpass description. Mr. Bertolucci is, after all, more film maker than propagandist. Ada serenely places her wedding veil on the vituperous Regina in a graceful gesture of utter contempt. In one of the film's great cathartic moments, women with pitchforks leave their haywagons and run after Attila and Regina. And on Liberation Day in 1945, workers dance under a huge canopy made of stitched-together red flags, some bearing the hammer and sickle and others simply bright peasant fabrics. It is not necessary to share Mr. Bertolucci's politics to be engaged by film making so pure and expressive.

Large-scale political films, from D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" to Mr. Bertolucci's own "The Last Emperor," tend to lure viewers into an elegant fantasy land where the spectacle overwhelms the subject. "1900" does not seduce viewers to escape easefully into such a world. It remains a bracing anti-epic epic, feisty, challenging and all the more appealing for it.

Offered Whole Or in Parts

Bernardo Bertolucci's five-hour-and-11-minute "1900" begins screenings today at Film Forum 3, 209 West Houston Street, Manhattan. The film can be seen in two parts or in its entirety.

On Saturdays and Sundays and weekday evenings, the film will be shown in its entirety, with a 30-to-40-minute intermission. On weekday afternoons, the film will be shown in two parts, with Part 1 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays and Part 2 on Mondays and Wednesdays; admission is $7 to each screening of Parts 1 and 2, or $14 for the film shown in its entirety.

This weekend, the schedule is as follows: today at 2 P.M., Part 1; today at 5:45 P.M., Parts 1 and 2; tomorrow and Sunday at noon, Part 1; tomorrow and Sunday at 3 P.M., Part 2, and tomorrow and Sunday at 6 P.M., Parts 1 and 2. Information: (212) 727-8110.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Bernardo Bertolucci and Dominique Sanda during filming of "1900" --now at Film Forum. (Paramount Pictures/Film Forum)(pg. C1)

Robert De Niro, as Alfredo, and Gerard Depardieu, as Olmo, in "1900." (Movie Still Archives)(pg. C21)

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**End of Document**



[***City Of Aspiration***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PJV-F360-TW8F-G0D3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOEL KOTKIN; Gregory Beyer contributed additional reporting.

Joel Kotkin, a presidential fellow at Chapman University in Orange, Calif., is co-author of a forthcoming report on New York's middle class for the Center for an Urban Future.

**Body**

IN 1959 a lanky young man named Daniel Shea left his home in Birmingham, England, in search of a new life in America.

Having struggled in Britain, Mr. Shea saw in America a chance to improve his situation. He stayed with his aunt in Inwood for a month, then found a job at a Chase Bank branch in Brooklyn. He also drove a truck part time.

One day in 1964, at an Inwood social club, he met a delicate, small-boned young woman named Mary Sheehan, who had immigrated to New York around the same time from County Cork, Ireland. They married in 1965 and bought a small ''Archie Bunker'' colonial-style house on 20th Road near Murray Street in Whitestone, a fan-shaped neighborhood in northeastern Queens along the East River.

In this community, notable for its immaculately manicured lawns and hedges, the Sheas raised five children, sending them all to local Catholic schools -- St. Agnes, Mary Luce, Holy Cross -- and watching proudly as all five went on to pursue professions: nurse, accountant, chef, police officer and occupational therapist.

Mr. Shea worked as a dispatcher for a bus company during those years, but he spent virtually every weekend making improvements to the house that was the family's prized possession, adding a large bedroom to the third floor and otherwise enriching the rooms with additional closet space and new windows. By knocking down a few walls, he also enlarged the kitchen; new sliding glass doors led to a deck overlooking a vegetable garden overflowing with lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, parsley and basil.

''I was the plumber; I did anything we needed,'' Mr. Shea recalled. ''We made that a house to raise kids, but it was also our big investment.''

By the early 2000s, Whitestone was again filling up with young families eager to make homes for themselves on its quiet, leafy streets. But prices had soared. In October 2005, the Sheas sold the house, for which they had paid $28,000 nearly 40 years ago, for more than $600,000.

With the profit, the couple bought a larger, 2,850-square-foot, two-family house two blocks away, on 22nd Avenue, which they share with two of their daughters. And each winter, the Sheas escape to their small condo in West Palm Beach, Fla.

Housing prices are not the only thing that has changed in Whitestone since the Sheas arrived four decades ago. The neighborhood, once heavily Italian and almost entirely white, is now home to a growing number of immigrants from Asia and the Middle East, as well as to a more diverse group of restaurants and ever larger homes sitting on postage-stamp lots..

From 2004 to 2006, New York experienced a net exodus of 330,000 people. Many were blue-collar workers, but there was also a net loss of salesmen, middle managers, technicians, engineers and other members of the middle class, heading to places like Florida, North Carolina and the expanding outer exurbs in the metropolitan area. For all that, Whitestone continues to be a place where families come, settle and stay, sometimes two or three generations living under one roof.

One afternoon, sitting over a cup of tea in her immaculate kitchen, near an embroidered sampler that says ''Live Well, Love Much, Laugh Often,'' Mary Shea seemed like someone who did all three. Like many of her neighbors, she looks back with a sense of accomplishment on what her family has found in this corner of New York.

''The home we have here made our lives -- the kids, the Catholic schools, the friends, the community have all worked for us,'' she said. ''This place has really helped us live a good life.''

Shrinking Middle-Class Areas

The remarkable story of upward mobility experienced by families like the Sheas represents an important if often overlooked aspect of New York life. Although a neighborhood like Whitestone is only a half-hour trip by car or express bus from the glitter of Manhattan, the lives lived in places like Whitestone -- and in similar communities, especially in Queens and in the outer reaches of Brooklyn -- say a great deal about what it is like to be a middle-class New Yorker at this moment in the city's history.

''These are not tourists' areas,'' said Gregory Dembala, president of Delis Realty Group, the Flushing firm that handled the sale of the Sheas' house. ''This is a place people and families live in. This is a place that people need if they want to stay in the city.''

Mr. Dembala wonders about the prospects for the next generation of the city's middle class. Although home ownership in the city has inched up to 33 percent from 29 percent over the past 15 years, New York still has by far the lowest percentage of owner-occupied housing of any major region.

But the recent rise in prices -- and the uptick in previously rock-bottom interest rates -- does not augur well for continued gains in home ownership. Since 2001, the price of housing in New York has grown at five times the rate of income, a far higher pace than in virtually any major area in the country other than California and Miami. Now, according to a survey by the National Association of Homebuilders, with the New York area's median income at roughly $60,000, only 6 percent of families can afford a median-price house of roughly $510,000.

As a result, New York, like Los Angeles and other high-priced areas, has since 1970 seen its middle-income neighborhoods shrink while lower- and higher-income areas have expanded. Today, according to a recent study by the Brookings Institution, barely 16 percent of New York neighborhoods are described as middle class; that is, composed of families earning 80 to 120 percent of the median income -- the lowest percentage in any region of the country.

Leslie Scigliano, the Delis agent who handled the sale of the Sheas' house, has been seeing signs of stress over the past few years. Based on her personal experience, she said that 30 to 40 percent of new home buyers needed a parent to co-sign their loans.

''My own kids are successful,'' Ms. Scigliano added, ''but they can't even afford the old two-family-type home my parent bought in 1965. They can't find anything they can afford.''

Historically a Haven

American cities -- and none more than New York -- have prided themselves on being places where ordinary citizens could fulfill their aspirations. As early as the mid-17th century, opportunities in the isolated trading post of New Amsterdam lured an astounding mix among its 1,000 residents; 18 languages were spoken, and many religions practiced.

Even after the Dutch departed, the bustling island retained its character as a beacon for the ambitious; as one early-19th-century writer observed, even lowly factory workers in America, in sharp contrast to England, regarded their employment as ''a stepping-stone'' to a better future. But by the late 19th century, rising prices and overcrowding in Manhattan forced many middle-class families to seek other options.

Long a rural backwater, Queens had been ''discovered'' as early as the 1880s. A local historian named Jason Antos, author of ''Whitestone: Images of America,'' even suggests that the community briefly emerged as ''an idyllic spot for celebrities and upper-class citizens.''

But its moment as an urban glamour spot was brief. As mass transit improved, more middle- and ***working-class*** people migrated from Manhattan. In the 1920s alone, upward of a million people moved to Brooklyn and Queens. In Whitestone, this movement crested in the wake of the massive road-building projects developed by Robert Moses, notably the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, completed in 1939.

Manhattan-oriented critics often dismissed the tracts of Tudors, ranches and colonials that rose chockablock in neighborhoods like Whitestone, and other parts of the boroughs outside Manhattan, as tasteless affronts to their sensibilities. People came anyway, often for seemingly mundane reasons, such as the chance to live in an affordable ''middle landscape'' filled with flowers, parks and car-friendly boulevards.

Many of these neighborhoods even managed to survive the great urban decline that engulfed New York from the late 1960s to the early 1990s. One reason they endured had to do with the complex social network that held together multigenerational families bound by churches, baseball leagues and parents' groups, links that, in communities like Ridgewood, Middle Village and Flushing, also helped unite newcomers from Poland, China or Korea.

These family ties involve more than mere sentiment. To support a home in New York today, both parents often must hold jobs, a situation that can make having grandparents around not only nice but a necessity.

''A lot of our buyers have kids,'' said Judy Markowitz, an agent with the appropriately named Energized Realty Group in Bayside, a community southeast of Whitestone, ''and they need to have their moms and dads there. In Manhattan they have nannies. Here we have grandparents.''

Space and Safety

Such ties were a consideration for Jaime Bartolotta and her husband, Angelo, who in the summer of 2005 moved from an apartment in Whitestone to a new $735,000 home not far from the Sheas, a rambling colonial-style house filled with toys and knickknacks that has the neat but lived-in feel of many houses in this sort of neighborhood.

Ms. Bartolotta's job as an office manager at a construction company in Port Morris in the Bronx often requires her to leave the house before dawn, though it is only a 10-minute drive to work over the Whitestone Bridge. Assistance from grandparents in caring for the couple's two children, John, 2, and Alexis, 3, makes the two-earner family possible.

''With kids you need space and a safe place,'' Ms. Bartolotta explained one recent afternoon. For this reason, she and her husband installed a white picket fence to create a safe play space in their backyard.

''And you need a community where you have relatives, friends, people you can count on,'' she added. ''Here, everyone knows everyone. I was dating my husband, and his cousin was dating a friend of the family. Everyone seems connected to everyone else.''

Queens, or Another State

''Queens,'' the writer Ian Frazier once observed, ''specializes in communities nonresidents have heard of but could never place on a map.'' Yet for young families like Debra and Wilson Daniel, such places also offer the last hope for a middle-class life in New York.

In many ways, the Daniels are to 21st-century New York what the Sheas were to the 20th century. Ms. Daniel, 29, is of Italian-Spanish descent, and Mr. Daniel, 30, is a son of Catholics from India, where he was born. Both work for the city's Department of Education, she as a science teacher and he as an occupational therapist.

For the Daniels, an established community like Whitestone had already become too expensive, as had many sections of Brooklyn that have become refuges for people priced out of Manhattan. Since their marriage two years ago, they have watched with dismay as housing prices soared.

But Little Neck, a tiny community close to the Nassau border, provided an opportunity. Last summer the Daniels bought a two-story co-op garden apartment for $267,000, converting one of the three bedrooms into a dining room.

''Things kept inching up, and soon we felt it would have been out of reach,'' Ms. Daniel said shortly after the purchase, when the co-op was little more than bare white walls. ''Kids are in our future, and we felt we needed something nice.''

Even by the standards of Whitestone, Little Neck represents the kind of plain-vanilla community often ignored by journalists and chroniclers of New York. But for the Daniels, it provided their last hope to stay in the city.

''If we didn't find this place, we would have moved out of New York,'' Ms. Daniel said. ''We were already looking at homes in Pennsylvania, and we looked at North Carolina. But this is where we wanted to stay -- near family. And we like New York. What's the point of having a nice house somewhere other than where you want to be?''

The purchase of a small condo by a young couple like the Daniels may seem insignificant compared with the multimillion-dollar transactions reported routinely in parts of Manhattan. But brokers like Ms. Markowitz are encouraged by the fact that what is known as the middle market -- houses costing $500,000 or less -- remains strong.

In many neighborhoods in northern Queens, it is the quintessential aspirational New Yorker -- the immigrant -- who is buying these houses. Many of these newcomers can tap money from home and invest with relatives; many also run cash businesses that make it easier to raise large down payments.

Ms. Markowitz pointed to the white board in her office that listed recent sales, to families with names like Chung, Fung, Kasabian, Yin and Lee.

''The cultural diversity makes a big difference,'' Ms. Markowitz said. ''People from other countries pull together their money to make these down payments. That's why if you get something in northeast Queens at $500,000 or $600,000, you still get multiple offers.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: AMERICAN DREAM: Across the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, a lingering quest for middle-class life in the city. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE DECHILLO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. 1)

PRIZED POSSESSION: ''If we didn't find this place, we would have moved out of New York,'' said Debra Daniel, with her husband, Wilson, in Little Neck. Even Whitestone proved too expensive for them.

BREATHING ROOM: The housing styles change, but Whitestone still attracts New Yorkers who crave homes of their own.

HERE TO STAY: ''This place has really helped us live a good life,'' Mary Shea, above, said of Whitestone, shown below in an old postcard. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE DECHILLO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** September 2, 2007

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[***A Visceral Ad Campaign Highlights The Bitterness of a Strike at a Dairy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FY0-0005-G3C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Body**

After 12 weeks of getting nowhere in their strike against one of New Jersey's largest dairies, of picketing through blizzard and biting cold, the International Brotherhood of Teamsters rolled out a new weapon: pictures of 10-year-old Jamie MacDermid with bright red blood dripping from his nose.

At Grand Unions, Waldbaum's and other supermarkets in New York and North Jersey, the strikers are handing out fliers with Jamie's bloodied face -- a parody of milk industry ads that show stars like Pete Sampras with milk mustaches -- as their latest tactic in their war with Farmland Dairy. The flier discourages shoppers from buying milk from Farmland, based in Wallington, 10 miles west of the Lincoln Tunnel, saying the dairy is "bleeding our community" by "creating poverty-wage jobs," eliminating pensions and cutting health coverage.

Jamie's father, Jim MacDermid, a Farmland driver for 16 years, said he had no qualms about circulating fliers depicting his son as abused, even if the blood is fake.

"I'm all for using this picture, if it helps get our message out," Mr. MacDermid said. "This strike is hurting our kids. Future generations won't be able to support their kids on what Farmland is offering."

For new employees, Farmland has proposed either a wage of $11.25 an hour without health benefits or vacation or an $8 wage with health benefits and vacation. To many strikers, that offer is stingy compared with the wages of Farmland's experienced workers: $14.50 to $17.50 an hour -- plus $8 an hour in health, pension and other benefits.

Unionized dairy workers in both New York and New Jersey have a lot riding on the strike because if Farmland succeeds in lowering wages, dairies in both states can do likewise under a me-too clause in their contracts.

Several strikers said that when they give out the fliers at supermarkets, shoppers are stunned.

"The picture gets them to stop and read the flier or ask us about it," said Pat Erezuma, a striker whose 5-year-old daughter, Brittany, is one of several other children whose pictures appear on the fliers. "When we explain the situation, they say they'll support us."

The parody ads hit even closer to home for Farmland's president, Marc Goldman, because he was a major force behind the milk-mustache campaign, having lobbied Congress to enact a law requiring milk producers to contribute to a $50 million fund to promote milk sales.

For him, the pictures of bloody children are not a parody but a blow below the belt. And he is not pleased by the teamsters' plans to place the pictures on billboards and in newspaper advertisements.

"They're the ones who have bloodied these kids' noses," Mr. Goldman said. "They're the ones who agreed to near-poverty wages with some of my competitors. They're the ones who have drawn blood by their physical violence."

About 170 teamsters went out on Dec. 10, when they angrily rejected Farmland's pay proposal for new workers. Experienced workers were offered a raise of about 10 percent over three years, but they fear that if a far lower wage scale is created, management will force them out in favor of newer, cheaper workers.

While Mr. Goldman says he is trying to hold down labor costs to compete with nonunion dairies, the strikers say Farmland's actions typify the way highly profitable companies seek to raise profits further by cutting wages and eliminating benefits.

"What Farmland is doing speaks to a serious cancer in our society where wealthy corporations decide to create new jobs without the basic wages and benefits needed to support families," said Ron Carver, the teamster official who designed the bloody-nose fliers. "As a result, there are folks with full-time jobs straining social services and becoming wards of the state."

In an interview in his rundown, one-story headquarters, Mr. Goldman defended his offer: "We are competing with nonunion competitors who pay $7, $8 an hour, and if we stick our heads in the sand and pay two to three times that forever, that won't allow me to be competitive in the marketplace. And if we're not competitive, then the people here will not have a job at all."

The teamsters and Mr. Goldman make no effort to hide their animosity for each other. While workers speak glowingly about the paternalistic way his father, Jacob, ran the business -- for example, by putting up money to help workers finance first mortgages -- union officials call Mr. Goldman "the monster." They say that he sees workers as numbers, not people, and that his ultimate goal is to break the union.

Union officials might call him a monster, but Mr. Goldman comes across as modest and soft-spoken as he sits in an office cluttered with colorful milk cartons and pictures of him alongside Senator Bob Dole and other Republican lawmakers. Mr. Goldman, whose grandparents founded the dairy in 1917, speaks as bitterly about the strikers as they do about him, denouncing many teamsters as hooligans and criminals.

Three days after the strike began, more than 200 protesters, many from teamster locals in New York, showed up at the dairy at 5:30 A.M. and vandalized milk trucks, knocked down the corporate sign and shattered many windows when they showered rocks on the headquarters building. When the Wallington police could not handle the protesters, they asked Bergen County to rush in 75 riot officers as reinforcements. In nearby Lodi, the police arrested seven teamsters and charged them with carrying gasoline bombs and sledgehammers, while in Babylon, L.I., an unoccupied Farmland truck was riddled with bullet holes.

Len Meyers, a Farmland driver for 25 years and president of the striking local, maintained that his members have had nothing to do with the violence, and adds that replacement workers hired by Farmland have thrown bricks at the strikers. Mr. Goldman says that the teamsters have threatened and continuously provoked the replacement workers, who he said have brought production at Farmland to near normal.

Mr. Meyers's union, Teamsters' Local 680, represents a cross-section of New Jersey's ***working class***, including Poles, Albanians, Syrians, Egyptians, African-Americans, Irish-Americans, and German-Americans. Most Farmland workers -- the drivers, maintenance men, lab technicians and pasteurizers -- live in communities surrounding Wallington, a largely Polish-American town of 10,000 not far from Giants Stadium.

The strikers want Farmland to accept the same contract agreed to by its main New Jersey competitor, Tuscan Dairy Farms. But Mr. Goldman wants a contract like the one the teamsters signed with Elmhurst, Sunnydale and other New York dairies, an agreement that includes a lower tier of wages for new employees.

In 1992, the teamsters granted Mr. Goldman's demand to pay new workers $3.25 an hour less than experienced ones. Now, Mr. Meyers complained, Mr. Goldman wants to create a third tier, at a considerably lower level than what the New York dairies agreed to.

"I'm surprised that after we granted him a second tier last time, he is hoggy enough to come back for a third tier," Mr. Meyers said.

Bad blood has existed between Mr. Goldman and the teamsters since 1987, when he won a landmark lawsuit allowing out-of-state dairies like his to distribute milk throughout New York City. The city's politicians and consumers hailed him as a hero when milk prices plunged 40 cents a gallon as soon as Farmland entered the market.

But Teamsters Local 584, which represents New York's City's milk drivers, have viewed Mr. Goldman as Public Enemy No. 1 because Farmland's entry into the city meant that many New York milk drivers lost their jobs to Farmland drivers. Still bearing a grudge, New York's milk drivers are showing unusual solidarity with the Farmland strikers, so much so that 800 workers in Local 584 are each contributing $100 a week to a strike fund. That has enabled the teamsters to pay each Farmland worker $450 a week in strike benefits.

Paul Roberts, a pasteurizer whose father worked at Farmland from 1957 to 1982, said the strike had sundered whatever sense of family kinship remained at Farmland, which has been run by three generations of the Goldman family. Mr. Roberts said that like his father, he had earned a good living at Farmland, but with the company pushing for wages of $8 an hour, he said, he wants his 17-year-old daughter to work elsewhere.

"I'm pushing for her to go to college, and not go through this," he said. "Just try to support a family on $8 an hour."

**Graphic**

Photos: Jamie MacDermid's bloody nose parodies Pete Sampras's milk mustache in a series of familiar industry ads. (pg. 33); Teamsters union members have been on strike at Farmland Dairy, in Wallington, N.J., since Dec. 10, in a dispute over entry-level pay. The strike has had strong support from other locals, particularly in New York; Marc Goldman, Farmland Dairy's president, his office windows shattered by strike supporters, denounces many teamsters as hooligans. (Photographs by Librado Romero/The New York Times) (pg. 38)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Trustees Anoint CUNY Chief With a Pledge Not to Meddle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X0Y-G0W0-00RP-K4YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KAREN W. ARENSON

**Body**

The trustees of the City University of New York yesterday unanimously chose a new Chancellor who has intimate knowledge of the university and a reputation as a strong manager with high academic standards.

The new Chancellor, Matthew Goldstein, who is the president of Adelphi University on Long Island and previously led CUNY's Baruch College, has the strong support of Gov. George E. Pataki and Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani. The trustees pledged yesterday that they and the politicians would step back and let Dr. Goldstein grapple with the huge problems facing CUNY.

Those problems are many of the same ones faced by public universities across the United States -- from a bare-bones budget to the divisive issue of how to deal with students in need of remedial instruction.

The pledge by the CUNY trustees yesterday to avoid micromanaging was in stark contrast to their actions over the last two years, in which they, with the encouragement of the Governor and the Mayor, dictated policy changes in areas like remedial education and testing.

But the trustees said yesterday that they had confidence in Dr. Goldstein, that his views were largely in sync with theirs, and that they would look to his leadership even when they disagreed.

"The reason the board was intrusive is that it did not have a strong person as chancellor," said John J. Calandra, one of the trustees pressing most strongly for change. "I think people will be very deferential to Matt. He's our guy. We picked him. If he looks good, we look good."

Asked whether he would be willing to shift his position on remedial education, an area in which Dr. Goldstein has said he has some differences with the board, Mr. Calandra said yes. The trustees favor ending remedial classes at the senior colleges.

CUNY has always been seen as a bellwether institution, dating back to 1847 when, as the Free Academy, it decided to admit children of the ***working class***. In another pioneering move in 1970, it opened admissions to students who would not have otherwise qualified for the senior colleges, to increase the proportion of minority students. Its recent efforts to raise standards by restricting admissions have drawn national attention.

Whether the trustees, the Mayor and the Governor will make good on their assurances to give Dr. Goldstein the authority to manage the institution remains to be seen.

But Dr. Goldstein said yesterday that he had personally been given assurances by both officials that "they wanted to see effective leadership and that they thought that the board, with a new chancellor, was configured in a way that that could happen."

A mathematical statistician, Dr. Goldstein is known not just for his managerial skills but also for his insider's knowledge of a university that has been his home for much of his adult life: he was a student at City College, president of CUNY's research foundation, acting vice chancellor for academic affairs for the university and a dean and president at Baruch.

For the last year, he has been president of Adelphi, another institution in need of new leadership after the New York Regents removed most of its trustees for mismanagement.

But the system he takes over presents by far the greatest challenge of any of these assignments. It is the nation's largest urban university, a sprawling system of 17 undergraduate colleges, several graduate schools and 200,000 students.

He takes charge at a difficult time. CUNY's reputation is in tatters. Its budget has been slashed. Its full-time faculty has aged and been cut to less than half of what it was in the 1970's. Morale is in the basement. Mr. Giuliani's task force on CUNY, headed by Benno C. Schmidt Jr., recently pronounced it "a university adrift."

CUNY's board voted to raise the Chancellor's annual salary yesterday to $250,000 from $178,523, to match the salary Dr. Goldstein receives now and the salary of the Chancellor of the State University of New York. CUNY must file that plan with New York State officials. The trustees also voted to give Dr. Goldstein a $7,500 monthly housing allowance; they plan to sell the East 79th Street town house that currently serves as the chancellor's residence.

At a news conference yesterday evening, Dr. Goldstein expressed his agreement with many of the changes called for in the highly critical task force report, including the need to reorganize the university.

But he also made it clear that he is his own man. He said he had some differences -- though he did not specify them yesterday -- with the board's policy that students needing remediation will be barred from bachelor's degree programs beginning next January.

In an interview this week, Dr. Goldstein said, "CUNY should continue to remediate."

He added that he did not believe that the board's policy should be put in place until the replacement of tests that are now being used to determine who needs remedial education, since they are widely considered unreliable.

Dr. Goldstein, 57, who was raised on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and was the first in his family to attend college, also said he deplored some of the recent attacks on CUNY.

"The discussion has to move from the ill-preparedness of students and their dropout rates and all the other things that give the perception of CUNY as a third world university," he said in an interview. "You know it's not true and I know it's not true, but we need to shift the focus."

With immediate problems like these, and with enormous pressure to produce signs of a turnaround quickly, Dr. Goldstein's honeymoon -- if he has one -- could be short.

Dr. Goldstein, a tall, balding man who wears black tasseled loafers, muted silk ties and slim-cut suits, said what he likes doing most is rolling up his sleeves in a room full of smart people and solving problems.

He said that his mind was already bubbling with thoughts about what to do first, but he was also quick to say that they were only ideas, and that he wants to bounce them off others: faculty and staff members, students, trustees, perhaps even the Governor and the Mayor.

One of his first steps will be to re-examine CUNY's administrative structure. Dr. Goldstein said he might add a chief operating officer and elevate the post of vice chancellor for academic affairs. "That's the central function in the university," he said.

In the interview this week, he also talked of trying to make the system "more responsive to good business practices" and of "eliminating some of the regulatory burden the colleges complain about," including paperwork.

The quality of CUNY's incoming students was also on Dr. Goldstein's mind. He would like to continue CUNY's efforts to work more closely with high schools, and maybe establish a council of top people from his office and the office of Rudy Crew, the Chancellor of New York City's public schools.

"By the time students start high school, they should know that CUNY is out there and what is necessary to get in and to succeed," he said.

At the same time, he would like to see CUNY's senior colleges continue to raise their admissions standards, saying it is more honest to admit students who can succeed. He also wants to create special programs for top students, as he did with an honors M.B.A. program at Baruch.

Dr. Goldstein is cautious about whether the board's remedial policy will be ready to put in place in January. He is troubled by the fact that the placement examinations are widely seen as unreliable, and suggests that they should be changed before they are used as admissions tests.

"We need a whole different testing program," he said.

He also notes that the January timetable could also be derailed either by a legal challenge to the policy by some civil rights groups that is being heard in State Supreme Court or by the review that the New York Board of Regents has begun.

One way to shift the public focus from the long-running debate over the quality of students, he suggested, is to create a set of "truly distinguished programs" and to build on the ones that are already successful at CUNY, like physics at City College or business at Baruch.

Although the Giuliani task force on CUNY proposed creating flagship colleges, Dr. Goldstein said a better approach might be to create a network of distinguished programs throughout the university "that emulate a flagship institution," and pair them with an honors program of perhaps 2,000 to 2,500 students who would attend these top-flight programs on different campuses.

Students who cannot qualify for some of the more selective four-year colleges should still be able to enter other CUNY colleges, Dr. Goldstein said. "I strongly believe in open access," he said, adding that he believed that CUNY should continue to offer remedial classes on some campuses.

The trustees have long admired Dr. Goldstein for his performance as president of Baruch, which he helped transform into a showcase campus that was more selective in its admissions and had programs that ranked high in national ratings. Herman Badillo, the chairman of CUNY, often cites Baruch as a college that has removed its remedial courses, saying that if Baruch could do it, so can the other senior colleges.

But while Dr. Goldstein did remove remedial courses from Baruch, the college has continued to accept students who fail CUNY's placement tests if they meet Baruch's other admissions criteria.

"I removed remediation because I thought it was stigmatizing students and I thought it could be done in a better way," he said.

Using money Dr. Goldstein raised privately, Baruch added free, noncredit sessions linked to regular classes and tutorials to help students who needed to pass the placement exams.

Cecilia McCall, a Baruch English professor and vice chairwoman of the CUNY Faculty Senate, said yesterday that the approach, which is sometimes labeled "off-the-books remediation," worked.

"The students have done well," she said yesterday. "Those students passed after one semester."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Matthew Goldstein, left, talked yesterday about his role as the new Chancellor of the City University at a news conference. With him were his wife, Maggi Sedlis, and Herman Badillo, the chairman of CUNY. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** July 23, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Students Come to Class Less Healthy So School Clinics Try to Offer More***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0KF0-000D-G3KD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 30, 1991, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk;

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 6; Column 1; National Desk; Education Page; Column 1;; Education Page

**Length:** 1379 words

**Byline:** By MICHEL MARRIOTT

By MICHEL MARRIOTT

**Body**

The hammering had gone on for weeks, but few at Franklin K. Lane High School in Queens seemed to mind. In this castle of a school building that stands at the edge of a cemetery, there is a bubbling anticipation about what the room down the hall from the principal's office will become next month.

"It's going to be a student health center," Miriam Lassalle, a 17-year-old senior, said proudly. "It's going to be something positive, something needed around here."

For years, many of the students who attend Lane have suffered an alarming number of illnesses. At times, asthma and diabetes appear almost as common as a winter cough. Violent homes and neighborhoods dispatch scores of students to school with cuts, bruises and an occasional gunshot wound. And some Lane students wrestle with depression, substance abuse and sexual abuse.

On any given day, about 700 of the school's 4,000 students are absent and in need of medical care for "acute or chronic illnesses," school officials say.

'Something That Has to Be'

"I don't think you can go into a classroom and not find at least one kid who has asthma or sickle cell anemia," said Morton Damesek, the school's principal. "And I can't tell you how many kids don't go to doctors. This health center is something that has to be."

As joblessness and despair ripple through America, the ability of many families to pay for adequate health care diminishes, said David Kaplan, chief of adolescent medicine at the University of Colorado School of Medicine in Denver, where there are three school-based health clinics. And the medical needs of teen-agers are often overlooked, he said, because at their age they are expected to be healthy.

In addition to services like free breakfast and lunch programs, schools like Lane are increasingly being called on by educators and medical professionals to provide free treatment for adolescents with physical and emotional problems. Health care has now become part of the trend of schools performing many functions that were once provided by the family.

And health centers placed in public schools and coordinated with health curriculums can teach students the importance of preventive care.

"If you are going to reach kids at a time when intervention and prevention may have some impact, then you have to get to them early, and where they are," Dr. Kaplan said. "A school-based health center is just an easy way to reach kids and address some of their issues."

Filling a Need

Holly K. Shaw, a registered nurse at Schneider Children's Hospital, a division of Long Island Jewish Medical Center in New Hyde Park, is associate director of the Lane health center project. Ms. Shaw, who specializes in adolescent medicine, said the center was needed because many clinics and doctors' offices are either not in neighborhoods where poor teen-agers live or their office hours do not extend very long after school is out. And adolescents are often reluctant to discuss potentially embarrassing health or emotional problems with parents, she said.

The majority of school-based health centers provide services including physical examinations, weight and drug counseling, treatment of illness and minor injuries and testing for pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. The Lane school clinic, which will provide all of these services, is scheduled to open Friday.

The first full-service health clinic in an American school was established in Dallas in 1970. By 1984 there were 31; two years later the number had doubled. In early 1990, there were 162 such health centers in 33 states, according to the Center for Population Options, a Washington research and advocacy group that directs much of its work at preventing pregnancy and the spread of sexually transmitted diseases among adolescents.

An Idea That Spread Quickly

School health care dates from the 1890's when health programs were placed in schools to combat the outbreak of infectious diseases often carried by immigrant children living in unsanitary tenements. But not until the 1960's -- long after traveling doctors had been replaced by nurses stationed in schools -- did it become clear that many students were inadequately served. Among other cities to install school-based health clinics, in the 1970's, were Galveston, Tex., and Cambridge, Mass.

The first full-service clinic to also provide family planning counseling services, and the model for most modern school clinics, was established in 1973 in a high school in St. Paul, Minn. The idea spread quickly.

Nationally, about half of the students who use school clinics have no other primary source for health care, said Population Options officials, referring to a study the group concluded in 1988.

In many clinics, the proportion of adolescents without any other health care is almost 100 percent, they said.

Adolescents' Problems

Among the reasons are the menace of drug and alcohol abuse and the increasing incidents of violence in America's schools, health care and school administrators said.

"There has been a tremendous surge in the last 20 years of the number of these clinics because the need is so great," said John Santelli, Baltimore's director of school health.

Among adolescents, Dr. Santelli said, "incidents of homicides are up in the cities, suicides are up in the suburbs and fatal accidents are up across the board."

The job of the lone school nurse, whose post has already been ravaged by a decade of budget cuts in public education, is now challenged by a student body less healthy than it once was.

"The problem is so big that no one agency can really meet the need," said Ronald Shenker, chief of adolescent medicine at Schneider Children's Hospital. Dr. Shenker, who is project director of the Lane health center, said school-based clinics were sure to become more common.

Most school health centers are staffed by registered and practical nurses assisted by visiting doctors and dentists. The services are usually paid for by municipal governments and, when possible, by Medicaid and health insurance reimbursements. Local medical centers and hospitals also often provide services.

For instance, the Lane clinic, one of eight being built by the New York City Board of Education, will have an annual operating budget of $250,000 financed by the New York City Department of Health. Medical staff at the clinic will be provided by Schneider Children's Hospital, said a hospital spokesman, and the hospital itself will be available if necessary.

A 'Personal Contract'

The movement for school-based health care has not been without detractors. Some parents said they were skeptical of trusting the care of their children to institutions that often have difficulty teaching students to read. Others have been outright suspicious.

For example, dozens of parents in the poor and ***working-class*** neighborhoods where Lane High School students live feared the health center would become a source for contraceptives and abortions. They have been assured by school administrators that neither will be the case.

Adele De Maro, who lives in Woodhaven, the neighborhood in which Lane High School is situated, said that at first she was very critical of having a clinic in the school. "You couldn't believe how against it I was in the beginning," she said. "But now I see it's a great idea."

A crucial part of assuaging parental misgivings about the clinic was done through something that Ms. Shaw calls a "personal contract." That, she explained, was a promise that no student would receive non-emergency care at the health center without parental consent. And, she added, "there will be no abortions conducted at the health center."

Abortion counseling will be available at the clinic, Ms. Shaw said. At the same time, she said, students will be encouraged to involve their parents in exploring "any and all options and alternatives" to pregnancy.

"You have to establish trust right at the beginning by being absolutely trustworthy," Ms. Shaw said. "You have to be beyond reproach."

Maria Thomson, a member of the student health center's community advisory board, said she believed the clinic would be "fantastic."

"There are young people at Lane, who don't go to doctors, who've never been to a dentist in their lives," she said. "My God, the bottom line has to be giving them better health care."

**Graphic**

Photo: As more families have trouble affording health care, schools are being called on to provide it to students. Franklin K. Lane High School in Queens has built aclinic to offer treatment. Morton Damesek, the principal, and Holly K. Shaw, associate director of the project, examined the construction in December. (John Sotomayor/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 30, 1991

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living in: Congers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S6C0-003Y-K304-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 23, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Real Estate Desk

**Section:** Section 10;; Section 10; Page 5; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1455 words

**Byline:** By JERRY CHESLOW

By JERRY CHESLOW

**Body**

THE narrow, tree-lined streets named for Civil War generals like Sheridan, Grant and Burnside attest to the 19th-century past of Congers (pronounced with a hard "g," as in gong). The brick-faced Last Chance Saloon, built in 1867 on Lake Road, the main street of the tiny business district, looks like something from a western movie set.

"Congers has an identity," said Charles E. Holbrook, supervisor of Clarkstown, which includes the unincorporated hamlets of Congers, New City, Nanuet, Bardonia and Valley Cottage and the Village of Upper Nyack. "It has a special feeling of the blending of the old and the new."

Once known as a tough, neglected ***working-class*** area of otherwise affluent Clarkstown, the hamlet is now blossoming. It has one of the most active civic associations in New York State, with 300 members who pay annual dues of $4 each.

Volunteers attend almost all town meetings and residents are kept abreast of local issues through the Congers Civic Association's quarterly newsletter. Among the association's achievements was persuading Clarkstown to install sidewalks along several busy thoroughfares.

Despite the slow real estate market, Waters Edge, a subdivision of 46 large one-family houses, is being built along Lake DeForest, a reservoir that belongs to the Hackensack Water Company. The four- and five-bedroom houses range in price from $300,000 to more than $400,000, making it the most expensive area of the hamlet. Representatives of the builder, Bergstol Enterprises, say that 12 houses have been sold. They are offered in Victorian, contemporary, Tudor and farmhouse styles.

Among the first to move into Waters Edge were Ann and Robert Lum and their two children, 3-year-old Eric and Jessica, 1 1/2. "We moved here from Astoria, in Queens," Mrs. Lum said, "because Congers is peaceful and the schools have an excellent reputation. In Astoria, the kids had no place to play."

A profile from the Rockland County Planning Department indicates that 56 percent of the Congers work force are white-collar employees. Twenty-nine percent are classified as factory workers and the rest are in service industries.

More than half of the breadwinners work in Rockland County -- many at a 100-acre industrial park off Route 303 in Congers. Two large companies in the park are Hitachi and Materials Research Corporation.

Mr. Holbrook, the Clarkstown Supervisor, grew up and still lives in the oldest house in Congers, a five-bedroom sandstone farmhouse built by Johannes Snedeker in 1740 at what is now 74 Endicott Street. Its proximity to Kings Highway, along which George Washington traveled when he visited his troops in the area, leads local historians to believe that the general dined or rested at the house.

The area was first settled by German and Dutch traders in the late 17th century, as part of the Quaspeck Patent granted by King William III. Their primary source of income was beaver pelts, bought from the Munsee-Sanhican Indians.

OVER the years the area had many names, including Yellow Church, Waldberg, Clarksville and Pond Church. It adopted its current name in 1883, when Abraham B. Conger, a New Yorker who bought the Snedeker property in 1840, donated the land for the construction of the West Shore Railroad station on Burnside Avenue, near Lake Road. The station is now a feed store.

He also donated the land on which the first Congers public school was built in 1879. The current Congers Elementary School, at 57 Lake Road West, is built on part of the land Mr. Conger donated.

Congers Elementary is one of 10 grade schools serving the Clarkstown Central School District, which also includes Bardonia, New City and West Nyack. The other elementary school serving Congers is Lakewood Elementary at 77 Lakeland Avenue in Congers. The schools start with a full-day kindergarten program and continue through fifth grade. Computers are introduced in the first grade.

For sixth through eighth grades, students attend the Felix Festa Junior High School at 30 Parrot Road in West Nyack. They go on to the Clarkstown Senior High School North, in neighboring New City.

The high school, which has roughly 1,500 students, is one of two in the district. Last year, the two high schools graduated 734 students, of whom 91.5 percent went on to college. Of the graduates, 11 won Empire State Scholarships and 160 won New York State Regents Scholarships.

The housing stock consists mainly of single-family homes, although there are three town-house condominium communities off Route 303, which runs north-south through the hamlet.

The most expensive condominiums are those in the 30-unit Bridgewaters development, where two-bedroom apartments start at $225,000, said Anne Long, a real estate agent with Century 21 American Heritage Lynn Associates in Valley Cottage.

Nearby, Georgetown Manor offers three-bedroom units for about $200,000. One-bedrooms at the Stratford Arms development sell for $110,000 to $125,000, for units with an additional den.

Rental apartments are rare. One-bedroom units in condominium communities or in two-family houses rent for about $750 and two-bedrooms for about $900.

Congers owes its development to Rockland and Swarthout Lakes, the largest natural lakes within a 50-mile radius of New York City. Many of its early residents were employed by the Knickerbocker Ice Company, established in 1831 to provide ice for New York City.

In 1889, the Boston Improvement Company, a group of investors from Massachusetts, bought four square miles of land from Conger's estate and divided it into 10,000 lots. The company intended to create a resort for the wealthy of New York City.

Some bungalow colonies were developed along the lakes, but many of the lots were bought by ice company and railroad workers, who built small two- and three-bedroom houses on streets surrounding the old railroad station. Those houses now sell for $165,000 to $185,000.

Although Lake Road has specialty food stores, dry cleaners, banks and video shops, most residents do their major shopping at malls in nearby Nanuet, or in neighboring New City or Valley Cottage.

CONGERS is part of the extensive Clarkstown Recreation System and includes two large parks -- the 60-acre Kings Park off Kings Highway and the 180-acre Congers Lake Memorial Park off Gilchrest Road. Kings Park has two baseball diamonds, one softball field, two basketball courts and playground equipment. Congers Lake has two baseball diamonds, two basketball courts and two tennis courts. It also has a pool with a $195 annual family membership fee.

The only working farm left in Congers is the Davies Farm, owned by Niles Meriwether Davies, an 11th-generation descendant of Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Mr. Davies's grandparents, Arthur B. and Dr. Lucy V. Davies, were lured to the area from New York City in 1891 by the advertisements of the Boston Improvement Company. Instead of buying a Boston Improvement Company lot, the couple persuaded her father to buy them a farm as a wedding present.

The 110-acre farm on the eastern side of Lake DeForest produces corn, squash and 20 varieties of apples. Every summer, the Davies Farm draws thousands of New York City residents to its "Pick Your Own" apple sales. "It's a good money maker," Mr. Davies said. "But we also like to show city kids that apples don't grow in poly bags."

Congers has some of the finest restaurants in Clarkstown. They include The Bully Boy Chop House; Romolo's, which has a northern Italian menu; the Dynasty Inn, a Chinese restaurant; and Rick's Club America, a steak house and gathering place for the under-30 crowd.

GAZETTEER

Population: 8,000 (1990 estimate).

Median household income: $46,574 (1987 estimate).

Median price of one-family house: $220,000.

Property taxes on median house: $4,200.

Median price of two-bedroom condominium: $125,000.

Median rent on two-bedroom apartment: $900.

Public-school expenditure per pupil: $8,800.

Distance from midtown Manhattan: 30 miles.

Rush-hour commutation to midtown: 1 hour 30 minutes by Red & Tan Bus to George Washington Bridge, $4.05 (2-week ticket $70.20) and A train ($1.15) or Red & Tan bus from New City to Port Authority, $4.50 one-way (2-week ticket $78.80).

Government: Town of Clarkstown Supervisor (Charles E. Holbrook, Democrat), elected to a two-year term and four-member town board elected to four-year terms.

Doctor/Farmer: The last working farm in Congers was started in 1891 by the artist Arthur Bowen Davies and his wife, Dr. Lucy Virginia Meriwether Davies, a ninth generation descendant of Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. When Dr. Davies, who won her medical degree in 1886, died in 1949 at the age of 87 she was the oldest practicing woman physician in New York State.

**Graphic**

Photos: Rail station, Burnside Avenue, now feed store. Condominium apartments at Bridgewaters. (Eddie Hausner/The New York Times)

Map of Congers.

**Load-Date:** December 23, 1990

**End of Document**



[***CANDIDATES RELYING ON COSTLY AIR TIME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NP50-0009-24P0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 11; Connecticut; Page 1, Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1299 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. MADDEN

**Body**

HARTFORD THE brief television commercial shows Representative Toby Moffett, the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate, walking toward the camera and talking about his ***working-class*** background and his support for Social Security.

''You know how I'll vote, but with Lowell Weicker you just can't tell,'' Mr. Moffett says. Another Connecticut television station shows another commercial, this time with a casually dressed George C. Scott, the actor who is best known for portraying strong-willed individuals such as Gen. George S. Patton.

''If you want a Senator with guts, vote for Senator Lowell Weicker,'' Mr. Scott says of the two-term Republican incumbent. These are some of the conflicting messages of the media in Connecticut these days as the candidates for major state and Federal offices make their final - and costly - appeals to the voters in the home stretch of their election campaigns.

Discussion of Connecticut candidates' use of television commercials as major campaign tool

The candidates for the United States Senate, House of Representatives, Governor, other statewide offices, the General Assembly and some local offices are blanketing the state with campaign appearances. But it is the paid advertising of the betterheeled campaigns on Connecticut's radio and television stations and in the local newspapers that the candidates are counting on to reach far more voters than all the full days of handshaking.

''If I were to literally work 20 hours a day, and touch every hand I could, I wouldn't be in a position to reach the electorate,'' said Lewis B. Rome, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, recently.

Reaching the electorate by advertising is expensive, however, and accounts for the largest single expenditure in most of the campaign budgets.

For example, Governor O'Neill, the incumbent Democrat, has raised about $800,000 so far, compared with about $723,000 for Mr. Rome, according to campaign financial reports filed earlier this month with the Secretary of the State's office and estimates provided by their campaign aides.

Mr. O'Neill reported paying $350,000 to his media consultant, Raymond Strother of Washington D.C. Mr. Rome's aides estimate that they will spend about $375,000 for radio and television commercials, which are being produced by D.H. Sawyer and Associates of New York City. The estimates include the cost of producing the commercials as well as time to broadcast them.

In the Senate race, according to campaign spending reports through Sept. 30, Mr. Weicker had spent more than $1.4 million, compared with $1.1 million for Mr. Moffett.

Mr. Weicker is counting on spending about $400,000 for all advertising, according to his aides. Mr. Moffett's aides said they could not estimate the cost of their media campaign, but said it would be less than Mr. Weicker's.

Although Connecticut is a compact state, reaching all its voters, particularly by television, is difficult. Residents of Fairfield County, for example, tend to watch the New York City television stations, and the reception from the three major commercial television stations in the Hartford and New Haven areas is poor in some towns in the county.

Also, buying time on the New York City channels costs more than on the Connecticut stations. Because of the high cost of reaching only a limited viewing audience, most candidates are avoiding commercials on the New York City stations.

Mr. Rome, for instance, is spending several days a week campaigning in Fairfield County, because the area has a large proportion of Republican voters. Fairfield County, he has acknowledged, will be the key to whether he can overtake Mr. O'Neill's lead in most of the polls.

But Mr. Rome is relying on local radio stations rather than television to reach those voters with his commercials. ''We wish we would have had more money for New York television advertising,'' a Rome aide said. ''That would have helped tremendously.''

Television rates for political commercials vary, but an aide for one Connecticut candidate said that buying time for a spot on a toprated, prime-time program on a major network station in New York would cost about $26,000, or 10 times the cost of a similar spot on a comparable program in Connecticut.

The commercials compress into 30 seconds or one minute the major themes that the candidates have stressed for months. In the Senate race, for instance, Mr. Weicker has emphasized his independence and using Mr. Scott to depict the Senator as a fighter was no coincidence. Mr. Moffett, on the other hand, has sought to depict Mr. Weicker as being a loner in the Senate who has, in Mr. Moffett's words, ''flip-flopped'' on many issues.

Lucien P. DiFazio Jr., the Conservative Party candidate for the Senate, used a few television commercials shortly after he qualified to get on the ballot to lump together Mr. Weicker and Mr. Moffett as liberals and to picture himself as the only Senate candidate supporting President Reagan.

In the gubernatorial race, Mr. O'Neill's commercials have depicted him as the steady leader who took over the Governor's office from the ailing Ella T. Grasso during difficult times. ''Governor Bill O'Neill has earned a full term as Governor,'' says the announcer on one O'Neill spot.

Mr. Rome has sought to make mismanagement an issue against the Governor and one of his commercials, in black and white, stressed Mr. Rome's ''integrity'' while reports of the arrests of former officials of the state's Department of Transportation rolled up the screen.

While the commercials may appear as slick packages to most viewers, there has been spontaneity in some. Mr. Strother, who did Mr. O'Neill's commercials, showed up in Connecticut on June 7 with a full film crew to follow the Governor around.

By coincidence, that was the Monday Connecticut was struggling to recover from flooding that had devastated parts of the state over the weekend. The Governor was heavily involved in the flood recovery effort and wanted no part of the crew. His aides said Mr. O'Neill did not want to exploit the misery many state residents had suffered.

''It was really frustrating,'' Mr. Strother recalled. ''We got there that morning and no one showed up.'' Finally someone from the Governor's staff told Mr. Strother that the filming session was being called off because of the floods.

Mr. Strother said it cost $15,000 for the crew, which would be lost money, but the Governor's office rejected Mr. Strother's appeals to let the crew follow the Governor around or to simply take pictures of the flooding.

Finally, Mr. Strother said, he dismissed most of the crew and went out with the cameraman anyway to shoot some flood footage. That afternoon, looking around for something to do, Mr. Strother said he and the cameraman went to O'Neill's Taproom, the tavern that the Governor owns in East Hampton, and filmed some of the customers talking about Mr. O'Neill.

''We set up the lights and cameras and just talked,'' he said. ''It was great fun and it came across as very believable.'' That segment was used for a four-minute commercial.

Mr. Strother, who has done media work for Democrats such as Senators Lloyd Bentsen of Texas and John Stennis of Mississippi, said Mr. O'Neill was ''one of the nicest guys I've ever met. He comes from the political school of nonmedia orientation, so it's kind of hard to get him to focus on it,'' Mr. Strother said.

He said that Mr. O'Neill did not allow scripts for the commercials. ''He is incredibly demanding,'' Mr. Strother said of the Governor. ''He'll reject about 70 percent of what we shot. He has this mania about misspeaking and saying something he cannot substantiate.''

''He's the kind of guy I'd like to sit and have a drink with,'' Mr. Strother continued. ''I guess you'd call him a good ol' boy from the Northeast.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photos of television commericals

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[***John Sayles Finds His 'City of Hope' in Cincinnati***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S3M0-003Y-K0BK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

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**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** John Sayles

By LONNIE WHEELER; Lonnie Wheeler, who lives in Cincinnati, is co-writing "I Had a Hammer," an autobiography of Hank Aaron to be published next spring by HarperCollins.

By LONNIE WHEELER; Lonnie Wheeler, who lives in Cincinnati, is co-writing "I Had a Hammer," an autobiography of Hank Aaron to be published next spring by HarperCollins.

**Dateline:** CINCINNATI

**Body**

John Sayles looks at the punched-out brick buildings on the reeling edge of this city's downtown, and he sees New Jersey in 1990.

A couple of years ago, when he was directing "Eight Men Out," he looked at the same neighborhood and saw Chicago in 1919. Over-the-Rhine, a formerly German and currently crumbling neighborhood adjacent to downtown Cincinnati, offers the New Jersey film maker a compelling urban composite of solid European architecture and vintage American decay. To Mr. Sayles, it has come to represent Anycity, U.S.A.

At the moment, it is a hypothetical Hudson City, N.J., the gritty setting for Mr. Sayles's latest production, "City of Hope." Hudson City is meant to embody Mr. Sayles's observations of changing ethnic urban dynamics back home in Hoboken, but it could be any ***working-class*** town in the East.

"I think of it as Trenton, Camden, Newark -- any place that is in a period of change," says Mr. Sayles. "The story is wider than New Jersey. It could be Erie or Scranton or Wilmington. I grew up in Schenectady, and lived in Atlanta, and I've seen the same sort of changes taking place everywhere I've been."

"City of Hope" deals with the political and personal forces that drive a city, and the circular manner in which they affect everybody within it. The story revolves around a father (Joe, played by Tony LoBianco) and son (Nick, played by Vincent Spano) who clash over the way Joe has built up his prosperous construction company. Like all the successful people in Hudson City, Joe has joined the fraternity of back scratchers who keep each other comfortable while ignoring those with more pressing itches.

But even the power brokers realize that their cozy world will not survive in the shifting political climate. Minorities -- black and Hispanic residents -- are becoming increasingly visible in local affairs. Their activity is cautiously championed by Wynn (Joe Morton), a newly elected black councilman who is torn between changing the system and joining it. Wynn bumps into a new moral question around every corner, and the film derives its conscience from the dilemmas he faces, along with Joe and Nick.

The problems are exacerbated by a string of seemingly unrelated events that merge at the point where the old patronage system collides with the rising aspirations of the excluded ethnic groups.

"The movie is two stories that intersect," says Mr. Sayles. "There's one kid trying to get out of the patronage system and another one trying to get in. At the same time, the local officials can see the handwriting on the wall, and they're having a yard sale -- trying to get a last couple of things for themselves before they're voted out of office."

In an effort to underscore the random incidents that help propel the action, Mr. Sayles is making a film that requires swift scene shifts. The action frequently changes direction as characters pass each other on the street. Like Spike Lee's "Do the Right Thing," "City of Hope" uses the technique as a way of looking at the dynamics of urban life.

It is an ambitious approach -- particularly in light of Mr. Sayles's limited budget. He has often made films that cost less than $1 million. The film maker usually begins work on a project before he has a distributor. Given Mr. Sayles's reputation, that is a negligible concern, but it contributes to the financial pressure. At the same time, the limited budget gives Mr. Sayles considerable artistic freedom.

"When you make a movie for as little money as possible, you don't have to please everybody," says Maggie Renzi, who is co-producing "City of Hope" with Sarah Green. "But that makes it a lot tougher than it would be otherwise. It means we have to shoot from 6 at night to 6 in the morning, and we have to move the company at least once and sometimes twice a day.

"Tonight, for instance, after we're finished with this scene, we'll move outside to shoot a scene up the street. On most big-budget productions, they would spend all night on this one set."

Ms. Renzi was speaking from the second floor of the exclusive Cincinnati Club, where "City of Hope" had its headquarters during its summer shooting. The building also provided a location for a brief scene in which Wynn leads an angry group of black citizens into a private fund-raising dinner for the mayor. For this scene, there were elk heads on the walls -- courtesy of the production company -- and catered dinners set on round tables in front of dark-haired Cincinnatians.

"One of the hardest things about filming in Cincinnati was finding people who looked like they were from New Jersey," says Ms. Renzi. "With the German influence here, there were a lot more blond people than we needed." It was even harder to round up extras for a classroom scene that required a dozen Hispanic second-graders.

"Buying wardrobes was kind of tricky, too," she says. "It was interesting to use current clothes, for a change -- you could go to the store and buy Bart Simpson T-shirts -- but the styles in Cincinnati aren't the same as the styles in New Jersey. The exception is the black community. The blacks dress more Eastern."

However, few of Cincinnati's black residents had ever entered the Cincinnati Club before they crashed the mayor's party. The scene was a pivotal one in the film. For five hours, Mr. Sayles roamed the set in his tank top and basketball shorts, coaching the extras and polishing off a Diet Mountain Dew. Then, around midnight, he sent the cast and crew out for lunch.

The food trucks were parked in front of the Cincinnati Club on a quiet plaza that is halfway between the heart of downtown and Over-the-Rhine. The area is usually deserted at night, except for the few professionals who live in nearby apartments and the far less affluent residents who sleep in doorways or crumbling buildings a few blocks north. In their black shirts and styled hair, the movie people presented a vivid contrast to both groups as they sat under a statue and ate their roast beef sandwiches before piling into the vans to shoot at the next location until dawn.

For 30 nights, Mr. Sayles ran his people back and forth between 40 locations. The task would have been impossible in a city that was more crowded. "It's difficult to caravan production trucks and vans on streets where cars are triple-parked," he says. "Cincinnati has the urban look without the density of population that gives you too many logistical problems."

Because of its manageability and the diversity of nearby locations, Cincinnati has lately become an extremely popular place to make films, providing the setting for such recent movies as "Rain Man," "A Rage in Harlem" and "Fresh Horses." "The city makes it easy to shoot a movie here," says Mr. Sayles.

"If we had a bigger budget, we might shoot in a city with more skyline. But if we had a bigger budget, we might do a lot of things differently. The first thing would be to pay our people more. When we want an actor but we can only pay him scale, we sometimes have a hard time getting past the agent. They just won't tell the actor about the job." As a result, Mr. Sayles must bypass established box-office stars and instead develop ongoing relationships with lesser-known actors such as Mr. Spano and Mr. Morton.

"Eight Men Out" (1988) was the only film for which Mr. Sayles had a generous budget. It also lost more money than any of his others films, including "Matewan" and "Return of the Secaucus Seven," which received lavish critical acclaim.

Mr. Sayles makes it his business to study audience reactions when he goes to movies back home at the Secaucus Mall. "When one of my movies is playing, I like to stand in the lobby to see what the people look like who go in to see mine -- to know who we're attracting," he says. "When I watch a movie, I try to see who the people are rooting for, who they have empathy with."

His kind of research is done on the sidewalks and in the newspapers. "When I'm home, I read The Hudson Dispatch and The Jersey Journal," he says. "Every day, there are two or three articles right out of my screenplay."

**Graphic**

Photo: Vincent Spano, as the son of a construction company owner, with Mr. Sayles while making the film (Bob Marshak)

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1990

**End of Document**



[***The Trickle-Up Economy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5P00-0005-G52P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Poor Areas Fear a Disaster if Welfare Is Cut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5P00-0005-G52P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1471 words

**Byline:** By JOE SEXTON

By JOE SEXTON

**Body**

Shortly after 9 A.M., the security screens roll up at a handful of discount furniture stores at the intersection of Fulton Street and Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. At the Krusty Bakery, coffee is sold through a bulletproof glass partition, and elsewhere, mothers roam the aisles of cut-rate clothing stores. A closed bank building has become a big billboard for a 99-cent sale. Veteran street vendors hawk hats and perfume.

The engine that drives much of the energy of this intersection's fragile mini-economy is welfare money, for more than a third of the neighborhood's residents receive public assistance.

For that reason, the various proposals for cutting welfare benefits now under active discussion in New York City, Albany and Washington have sent a shiver of fear through the network of shops and businesses at Nostrand and Fulton. One recent study by advocates for the poor projected that Gov. George E. Pataki's plan to cut welfare benefits would remove $33 million from the neighborhood. Whether or not the estimate is accurate, the study illustrates a a little-discussed fact: changes in welfare policy can affect local economies independently of the debate about the morality or social wisdom of welfare.

"Ross Perot would miss $33 million," noted Robert Broadnax, an employee of S & S Discount Furniture on Nostrand Avenue.

Economists and other analysts say it is difficult to measure the full economic life of a neighborhood. And so no one can really say how big a part of that economic activity stands to be erased or compromised by Mr. Pataki's proposed rollback of welfare spending.

But in this section of Bedford-Stuyvesant, where more than 40,000 of the 115,000 residents receive public assistance, where pizza parlors advertise that they accept food stamps and nearly 10 percent of the members of a local credit union make deposits from their welfare checks, no one much disputes the notion that they will feel the impact.

"Almost all of our customers are from the neighborhood," said Barbara Smith, an employee at DLW Travel. "I would think the stores in the neighborhood would be leaving if that kind of money is taken out of it."

Thomas Diaz, the manager of the Bravo supermarket on Fulton Street, is not so sure the results will be all bad if benefits are cut.

"If people can't shop, it can't be good for me," Mr. Diaz conceded. "But maybe they will change the way they have led their lives. Maybe they will work."

Mr. Diaz, though, did concede the risk. Welfare recipients, after all, are almost exclusively local customers. They generally use their limited benefits to pay rent to landlords and to spend cash at clothing outlets and grocery stores.

"They are talking about taking millions of dollars out of an already underdeveloped neighborhood," said Margo Butts, an official with the Bedford-Stuyvesant Community Conference, a local economic planning organization. "I think you have to consider, then, that what they might be talking about is economic devastation."

The recent study by a nonprofit advocacy group for the poor offers what it says is a frank formula for figuring the potential economic challenge many neighborhoods would face as a result of the state's proposed welfare reductions. Basing its projections on Mr. Pataki's plan to cut the basic welfare grant by 26.5 percent, eliminate other emergency benefits and set limits on home relief, the study by the Community Food Resource Center Inc. estimates that tens of millions of dollars will be taken from individual neighborhood economies across the city.

"We decided to take a different route from what poverty advocates usually do," said Liz Krueger, executive director of the organization. "We decided to follow the money."

Examining the city by State Assembly districts -- roughly 120,000 people live in each one -- the study calculated how many people in each district received public assistance. Then it used the state's own figures for average welfare payments to estimate how much less would be paid out to people in those districts.

As an example, in Ridgewood, Queens, a mostly ***working-class*** neighborhood, the reductions would remove $15 million in disposable income; in Washington Heights and Inwood in Manhattan, where greater numbers of welfare recipients live, the total would be more than $28 million; in the South Bronx, where more people live on public assistance than anywhere else in the city, $47 million would be gone.

But Ms. Kreuger and other economists note that it is impossible to know how large the total community economies might be, and so understand how damaging the cuts would be over all.

It is easier to see the potential effects at street level. At the intersection of Nostrand and Fulton, in a district that receives nearly $110 million in public assistance payments a year, those on welfare spend their money at telephone calling centers and in a modest mall.

"This is an all-cash economy around here," said Mark Sing, a street vendor who has sold cosmetics and scarves on Fulton Street for years. "Take that much cash out, it is going to kill me. To be honest, it feels like revenge."

Pataki administration officials, while not disputing the raw numbers, reject any implication that the reductions mean permanently lost resources. The officials say they intend to increase the state's share of food stamp allotments next year. That, they contend, will offset the damage of welfare cuts. The officials also say the measures will force people into jobs, and that private money will take over.

Mr. Pataki's first set of proposed cuts in welfare last year, put forth with some of the same arguments, died in the face of Democratic opposition. And this year's cuts are contingent, in part, on changes in welfare policy now under discussion in Washington.

Still, contended Brian Wing, the acting Commissioner for the State Department of Social Services, "those dollars can be earned back."

"People can refill the gap with work," Mr. Wing said. "The money will be lost permanently only to those people who take no steps to take care of themselves."

But that argument is the subject of dispute.

The Pataki administration says job training and development programs will be enhanced as part of the welfare reform effort. It claims that 100,000 new private jobs were created across the state last year. Legislators and other labor analysts, though, say the job gains were in fact half that number, and note that unemployment in the state rose to 6.4 percent from 5.7 percent during 1995, the Governor's first year.

In the 56th Assembly District in Bedford-Stuyvesant, only 12.8 percent of the residents 25 years or older have more than a high school education. Albert Vann, the Democratic Assemblyman who represents the 56th, said the unemployment rate for black men ages 17 to 24 is 37 percent.

"People suddenly working in this neighborhood -- that's a farce," Mr. Vann said. "There is no such job creation."

Some economic analysts say counting the welfare reductions as lost income to communities is an important way of fully appreciating the economic fallout of a policy decision. Others call it nonsense.

"We can all have biases about certain parts of the debate on welfare, but the argument that there is going to be an economic ripple effect for certain neighborhoods is real," said Russell Sykes, an official with the State Communities Aid Association, a research organization that has advocated welfare reform. "You can count on one truth: welfare benefits are spent in the neighborhood. And you are not replacing those dollars instantly."

But Abe Lackman, the former budget director for Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani who is now secretary to the State Senate Finance Committee, disagreed.

"The argument that the money is drained and forever lost, by its nature, is specious," Mr. Lackman said. "The welfare money, in a sense, is coming from taxes in those neighborhoods. And so the key question people should be asking themselves is, Are they receiving proper return on their tax dollars that fund welfare and other programs?"

Still, the prospect of radical welfare reductions' damaging the city's struggling, discrete neighborhood economies has caused all sorts of people to ask questions.

At Nostrand and Fulton, most people seemed convinced of the potential peril. Joe Long, who has run Birdy's Record Shop since 1969, winced when he theorized about the loss of $33 million in his district.

"Where are we going without consumers?" he said. "It's going to be rough. If money isn't back in circulation quick, you can wrap it up here as a neighborhood by the year 2000."

Meyer Sakkal, staring out over the rows of bins of discount clothing at the Ray department store, which he manages, said the city's tightening of welfare benefits had already hurt his business.

"We've had days, he said, "where more is stolen from here than bought."

**Graphic**

Photos: "Where are we going without consumers?" asked Joe Long at Birdy's Record Shop in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn; Fulton Street and Nostrand Avenue, where more than a third of the residents receive public aid. (Photographs by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Chart lists how many people receive public assistance in each of the five boroughs of New York City. (pg. B1)

Map shows intersection of Fulton St. and Nostrand Ave. (pg. B9)

**Load-Date:** February 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***PATTI CATALANO STARTING BACK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-N890-0009-251D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 1, 1982, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1220 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** DEDHAM, Mass.

**Body**

This past year was one in which Patti Catalano set no records, broke no tapes at finish lines and won no races. But it was the year that Patti Catalano defeated the depression that had almost ended her running career.

She is training again, trying to regain the form that had made her one of the world's best distance runners, and on Thanksgiving Day she ran in a five-mile race in Boston. It was the first time she competed since the Honolulu Marathon last December.

''I didn't race, I just did a steady seven-minute pace,'' said Mrs. Catalano, who finished in 35 minutes 40 seconds. ''But it felt good to get out there. People were telling me they were glad to see me, and that they wished me well. It was a big day for me.''

Distance runner Patti Catalano is in training again after accident

After winning the 1981 event in Hawaii for the fourth consecutive year, Mrs. Catalano was hit by a wave while body surfing. She was thrown against a rock and cracked her coccyx, the small, triangular bone at the lower end of the vertebral column. Bedridden for three months, she became severely depressed, to the extent, she said, that she considered quitting running.

''The accident isn't what hurt me the most,'' she said. ''The aftereffects are what did me in. I was eating erratically. I couldn't sleep. I was extremely frustrated and I literally ate through my frustration.''

Refused to See People

Her weight went from from 102 pounds to 128. She said her self-esteem dissipated and she withdrew into a private world, locking herself in her house for days and refusing to see friends. Worse yet, she said, she withdrew herself from her husband of two years, Joe, who is also her coach.

''Joe and I really didn't know each other outside of running,'' said the 29-year-old Mrs. Catalano, who met her husband six years ago when he was a track and field coach at Quincy (Mass.) High School and offered to help her train. ''He never knew me as the tired person who just wanted someone to take care of her. But during this period we found that we really do want the same things out of life - to try as hard as we can to use our talents and to be at peace with ourselves.''

Mrs. Catalano is an adopted child of the running world. She didn't come up through the traditional ranks of high school and college competition. She grew up in Quincy, the oldest of nine children in a ***working-class*** family. Her father died when she was 18 and, because of tensions with her mother, she left home soon afterward. She began running at the age of 23 when, as a chain-smoking, overweight nurse's aide, she decided to get herself, and her life, into shape.

She became one of the top female marathoners in the world. She was the first American woman to run a marathon in less than two and a half hours, when she finished second to Grete Waitz, with a time of 2:29:33, in the 1980 New York City Marathon.

And until recently she held the American women's record, 2:27:51, which she set when she finished second to Allison Roe in the 1981 Boston Marathon. Last September, Joan Benoit lowered the American record to 2:26:11.

The depression that followed her accident in Hawaii marked the second time Mrs. Catalano had come to a crisis in her career. The previous autumn had been a period of self-doubt. She was active in the movement to legitimize above-the-table payments for amateur runners and was criticized for her efforts. She competed in some races that she felt politically obligated to support because they paid winners, but which were strategically bad for her running.

She and her husband were also in the process of buying a house and there was talk of a book or a movie about her.

'I Run With My Heart

''I was so tired I just couldn't push anymore,'' she said. ''I run deeply on emotion. I run with my heart. If it's not there, I can't perform.''

She said she could no longer discern between what she wanted and what she was told she should want. Weary of the commotion, she left home for a while to be alone, to a place she still prefers to keep private.

''I wanted to get off the merry-go-round,'' she said. ''I wanted to see what Patti Catalano wanted. Did she want to go from hotel to hotel? I felt I was living in a surreal world. Everybody is your friend. But no one is really your friend.''

She tried out new sides of herself. She discovered that she didn't like to dance but that she enjoyed decorating her home and sampling new restaurants. She grew comfortable with herself, and when it was time to run in Honolulu she floated through in a course-record 2:33.24.

''Before the accident, I was back in great shape,'' she said. ''Then all of a sudden, I couldn't run, so I couldn't make myself feel good. And I did a very bad thing. I didn't go to the doctor right away because I was afraid of what he would say.''

The injury was complicated by anemia and a severe case of hypoglycemia, which caused her to tire easily. ''All the physical ailments, for someone who depends on her body, lead to depression, lead to low self-esteem,'' she said. ''I would have these long crying spells. Here I was supposed to be this strong athlete, and I couldn't do anything.''

Then came the 1982 Boston Marathon. ''Missing Boston really shook me up,'' she said. ''I said to myself: 'That's why you started running in the first place.' I realized that I had been going through a test, and now it was up to me to do something with it.''

Began the Road Back

With the help of her husband, she went on a diet and slowly began exercising and conditioning. ''Patti really needed time to come out of it,'' her husband said. ''She had four years of intensive training and she still was preoccupied with the family problems that she grew up with. She realized that she had to put those problems and her injuries in the past and not bring them into the present.''

The Catalanos have set targets for 1983, and it is not surprising that the top priority is to win the Boston Marathon. ''I'm really getting ready for it,'' she said. ''I've won marathons in cities all over the world but never in my own hometown. It would mean a lot to me to win Boston.''

Then there are the 1983 World Games in Helsinki, Finland, and trials for the 1984 Olympics, which will include a women's marathon for the first time.

''Patti lost a lot of her base work when she was sick, so right now we're trying to get up her mileage before we work on her speed,'' said her husband, who has put her on a schedule that includes two runs a day, weight training three times a week, a visit to a chiropractor once a week and frequent rubdowns by a masseuse.

Now Patti Lyons Catalano is happy again. She and Joe spend hours in the house she has filled with antique oak furniture, teasing their cat, Tuff Stuff, and playing video games on their television set. They talk about marketing Patti's carrot cake, a confection that has earned a formidable reputation, and possibly opening a gourmet bake shop in Boston's Faneuil Hall.

She is easing back into a public life. In the streets near her home in Dedham, truckers and teen-agers, housewives and children wave and clap as she passes, happy to see her running once again.

''I look back now at what I went through, and I see that I was just growing and I wasn't sure I wanted to,'' said Mrs. Catalano. ''Now I want to run hard, be in control and feel powerful.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Patti Catalano

**End of Document**



[***TV VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NBW0-0009-236N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HOW AN UNKNOWN BECAME A BRITISH STAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NBW0-0009-236N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1259 words

**Byline:** By John J. O'Connor

**Body**

John Duttine. The name is hardly a household word in this country, or in his native Britain, for that matter. Yet, here he is, week after week, giving one of the season's most sensitive and touching performances in the BBC-Australian Television mini-series ''To Serve Them All My Days.'' The ''Masterpiece Theater'' presentation, which can be seen Sundays at 9 P.M. on WNET/13, reaches the seventh of its 13 episodes tonight. Mr. Duttine is providing still another stunning example of how British television seems to have a bottomless reservoir of extraordinary acting talent.

The phenomenon first became markedly apparent more than a decade ago with the international success of ''The Forsyte Saga,'' in which the performances were just about everything. But then, top British actors and actresses, unlike their more avaricious American cousins, have always been willing to work in television if, no matter what the pay, the material was right. Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Celia Johnson, Alec Guinness, Alan Bates and countless other stars have compiled noteworthy lists of television credits.

Profile of John Duttine, actor made famous by leading role in BBC-Australian Television mini-series, "To Serve Them All My Days"

On top of this, British television affords enviable working opportunities to ''unknown'' talent. Consider: the title role in the series ''Therese Raquin,'' adapted from the Zola novel, was played by a Canadian actress named Kate Nelligan, who is now being officially discovered here in the hit stage production of ''Plenty.'' Likewise, the cuckolded husband in the televised ''Madame Bovary'' was portrayed by Tom Conti, later lauded in London and New York for his performance in the play ''Whose Life Is It Anyway?''

Mr. Duttine's experience is revealing for the insights it provides about the uncovering of fresh talent. The actor was in New York recently on a brief trip and, over dinner, recounted the evolution of his career, from a schoolboy who didn't seem especially adept at anything academic to his being chosen Britain's Best Television Actor of 1981 for his incisive portrait of a brilliant teacher in ''To Serve Them All My Days,'' adapted by Andrew Davies from a novel by R.D. Delderfield.

The fictional teacher, David Powlett-Jones, is the son of a Welsh coal miner. His life is traced from 1917, when he was about 20, to 1939, when another World War was about to explode. Mr. Duttine, now 33 years old, comes from a ***working-class*** background in Yorkshire. When Mr. Duttine realized in his teens that ''acting was the only thing I did well,'' he switched to drama school and then went directly to acting with the Glasgow Repertory Company. There he began the never-ending quest of the serious actor: to explore and extend ability. He did most of the familiar repertory stints, some of them major: Antony in ''Antony and Cleopatra,'' Danton in ''Danton's Death,'' Danforth in ''The Crucible.'' In time, though, he began to shift more to film and television. Just about all of his work in the past nine years has been away from the stage and, for some odd reason, he has frequently been cast in the role of villain.

His record became solid, though not spectacular. He is obviously the type of actor who works steadily and without fuss. Then, in 1979-80, came the opportunity to play David Powlett-Jones, one of the more demanding roles to be found in the mini-series library. How did he get the part? The soft-spoken Mr. Duttine, for the moment sporting a beard that makes him look like the young D.H. Lawrence, searches for the answer. He recalls that he had earlier worked compatibly with Ronald Wilson, the director for the first several episodes of the series. Then he remembers that in the television production of ''The Devil's Crown,'' he carried the character of John from a 15-year-old prince to a 30-year-old king. Perhaps, he muses, the aging thing had something to do with his being thought of for the David role. Finally, it occurs to him that he had once appeared in a television adaptation of another Delderfield work, called ''People Like Us,'' and had played ''a rather villainous character'' who aged from 18 to 40.

His main fear about playing Powlett-Jones was the Welsh accent. He knew at least two young Welsh actors who could tackle the part, and ''I was rather worried that I wouldn't hit the right note - I would be angry as hell if I heard a Yorkshire accent that was wrong.'' Clearly, Mr. Duttine got the accent and just about everything else right.

''To Serve Them All My Days'' was produced over a period of 11 months in 1980 (its success now in this country constitutes a bit of a time-warp experience for most of the participants). In purely financial terms, Mr. Duttine earned about as much as a competent American secretary might command on the job market. He does not want the precise figure disclosed publicly, but he smilingly is willing to have it noted that he was ''grossly underpaid.'' That's one reason that the entire project was brought in for under $2 million. For contrast, CBS's recent production of ''The Blue and the Gray'' cost between $16 million and $18 million.

The shooting schedule for the British project included two six-week trips on outdoor locations, the logistics of which were formidable. For example, there was the sequence of scenes, brilliantly composed, that opened last Sunday's episode. David was seen learning that his wife and twin daughters had been killed in a car accident. He walked outside to an isolated part of the school grounds, was eventually joined by a sympathizing colleague and then walked off alone to the nearby moors. What seemed to be all of a very effective piece had been recorded over several months. The scene with the other teacher was shot in March, the scene on the moors in mid-May and the scene with David receiving news of the accident in June. Part of the problem was that the school used for the film was in Dorset, which doesn't have moors. They had to be found in Devon.

Stepping outside the role, Mr. Duttine is not particularly enthusiastic about Britain's system of public schools, seeing them as part of the Establishment that vigilantly protects a rigid social structure. ''All I know is,'' he says very quietly, ''that a lot of people are very successful when they go to the Cambridges and Oxfords and military schools.'' Perhaps for this reason, he identified to a large degree with David Powlett-Jones, who came and conquered a world of ''spoiled brats'' steeped in privilege.

He does bristle when the mini-series is compared with ''Goodbye, Mr. Chips,'' the classic story of British school life. While ''To Serve Them All My Days'' is gentle and sentimental, he says, ''Mr. Chips'' is total sentimentality. The world of Mr. Chips is never invaded from the outside, while David's world ''reflects the events of his times.'' The Delderfield dramatization offers a view of life in which problems are solved, in which there is a way through. In that sense, it is comforting at a time when world events, economic and otherwise, are unsteady.

Meanwhile, a more knowing Mr. Duttine waits patiently for his next acting job. He recently completed a film, ''The Outside World,'' for Yorkshire TV, and got paid twice as much for working half the time that was spent on ''To Serve Them All My Days.'' But, he admits, the BBC still manages to come up most often with the meatier roles and that, other considerations aside, will always remain the primary lure for the serious actor.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of John Duttine, Michael Turner and Frank Middlemass

**End of Document**



[***A Parent Representative Feels His Way***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SDM0-003Y-K4HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Series:** A New Course: P.S. 192 Tries Self-Management -- Second article of a periodic series.

**Body**

On most days, Richard W. Wong can be seen ambling through the waxed hallways of Public School 192 in Harlem with a Mets baseball cap on his head, greeting people in the easy manner of a ward politician, keeping his eyes open for glitches in the flow of the school.

This Cantonese immigrant has suddenly become something of a VIP at P.S. 192 even though he is neither its principal nor a teacher nor any other species of educator. Technically, he is not even a student's parent, just the godfather of a neighbor's three children who attend the school.

"In China," he explains, "your godson is your son."What makes Mr. Wong important at P.S. 192 is that he is part of an experiment in power-sharing known as school-based management that is the center of Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez's blueprint for overhauling New York City's lackluster schools. As the lone parent representative on a committee that is deciding how P.S. 192 should be run, Mr. Wong is the energetic symbol of an effort to chip away at a deep alienation many parents feel toward the schools. In his new role, the 56-year-old Mr. Wong illustrates both the opportunities awaiting parents in school-based management and the limits of what they may be able to do.

Mr. Wong, who is vice president of the largely Hispanic parents association, will be the first to tell inquirers that as someone who never finished high school he cannot help the professionals decide what gets taught, how it gets taught, or how the budget should be arranged to pay for it.

"I don't know much about curriculum because staff knows more about that," he said.

His contributions have been more basic, confined to things he knows something about as a man who raised a 28-year-old daughter, and as a godfather.

He knows that walking through a doorway used as a toilet by neighborhood vagrants is no way for children to start a school day. He knows that stones may dislodge from a buckling retaining wall and hurt passing children. He can tell when children might be endangered at dismissal time by teachers edging their cars out of the parking lot.

He has mostly been a quiet observer at the steering commiteee meetings, which are held every two weeks, though the other day he spoke up to express pleasure about a daylong conference 60 teachers and a few parents held at a Westchester hotel. But as a man who was a part owner of a Chinese restaurant in Queens for 25 years, he is storing up suggestions about how the school can better order its supplies and reduce its inventories.

Where Parents Count

Not only is Mr. Wong, who immigrated in 1950, growing more comfortable in talking to the professionals, but there are also glimmers that the very fact of his seat on the decision-making committee is prompting rank-and-file parents to take part in the life of the school.

Monica Tavarez, a parents leader, points out the November parents meeting was attended by 101 parents, 50 percent more than last year. There are 20 regular volunteers in the kindergarten library, where parents sign out books to read at home to their young children.

"Our opinion counts," she said. "I feel the school has been reborn."

Citywide parent advocates lament that the limited role Mr. Wong has taken so far is typical in the 94 schools that have volunteered to try school-based management in its start-up year. They continue to endorse the experiment in theory, sharing Mr. Fernandez's stated hope that parents immersed in their children's schooling will goad them toward improved achievement.

But the advocates complain that at most schools parent members have been relegated to token positions on governing committees dominated by teachers. The 13 members of P.S. 192's steering committee include the principal, 7 teachers, 4 other school workers and Mr. Wong.

"It's hard for parents to be taken seriously and to take this seriously when their role seems at the outset to be diminished," said Jan Atwell, president of United Parent Associations, a coalition of 300 parent groups.

Need for Training

She faults Mr. Fernandez for not giving parents the training they need in educational policy and in the assertiveness that would embolden them to take on the professionals.

"It's very intimidating to be in a room with professionals where they are talking in jargon and feel like a contributing member," she said. "It is incumbent on other members to stop and explain things. Anything can be explained if you take time."

But Vincent Gaglione, the school's delegate from the United Federation of Teachers, shrugs off some of this criticism. He points out that steering committee decisions are made not by majority vote, but by consensus and that one dissenting parent voice can be as strong as that of several educators.

"All they have to do is say, 'I can't live with this,' " he said.

Moreover, he points out, in the uncharted territory of school-based management, Mr. Wong is often no more perplexed than the teachers.

P.S. 192 is on West 138th Street near City College in a ***working-class*** neighborhood largely populated by immigrants from the Dominican Republic. Parents seem satisfied with their participation so far at P.S. 192 and feel they will grow into a larger role. The school's acting principal, Lydia Silva, says her biggest challenge is not guarding her authority against militant parents, but prodding timorous parents to take part in school life.

Beyond the Traditional Role

"The traditional role of parents here has been getting kids to school and picking them up," she said. "It has not been governance. Particularly in a Hispanic culture, they leave education to the teacher and the administrator."

Working parents cannot attend committee meetings held at 7:30 A.M.; others have infants to care for. When Ms. Tavarez and Bienvenida Di Paula, president of the parents association, run meetings or chat with the principal, their three toddlers tug for their attention and stir up a fair racket.

Ms. Silva believes that parents do not need graduate degrees to evaluate how good an education their children are getting. Ms. Tavarez, for example, complains that her 6-year-old son, Luis, is not receiving enough English in his bilingual classroom. She knows this is so because she picked up his textbook and saw that most of it was in Spanish.

To spur more parents to take part, Ms. Silva has organized monthly workshops. The first, attended by 180 parents, showed them how to use a Halloween pumpkin to teach children geometric shapes, weight and other mathematical concepts.

The professionals are finding they also need some retuning, particularly in stereotypes they hold about parent roles. Ms. Silva grew up in a home where, her mother has related to her, "I left you at the door and prayed you'd be educated."

Mr. Gaglione said his mother had two views on schooling: "No. 1: Did you have homework? No. 2: Did the teacher yell at you because if she did I'm going to hit you if she didn't."

Indeed, Linda Friedman, the fifth-grade teacher who is chairwoman of the steering committee, believes professionals are responsible for the distance many parents feel. "In the past, schools have said to parents, we know what's best," she said. "Bring in your children and we'll tell you what we'll do with them."

So far, a sense of good will prevails among the parents and the professionals. Mr. Wong, who has a strong affection for the school, has regaled Mr. Gaglione with tales about his days as a soldier in the United States Army and the time in 1958 when he ran into Pvt. Elvis Presley on maneuvers in Germany. He likes to talk about P.S. 192 with the same pride he shows toward his relatives, who now number doctors, dentists, engineers, accountants and at least two teachers.

"We are all one family," Mr. Wong likes to say of P.S. 192.

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard W. Wong, center, is participating in school-based management as a parent representative on a committee that is deciding how Public School 192 in Harlem should be run. He met with students this week in the gymnasium of the school at 500 West 138th Street. (Ed Keating for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 1, 1990

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2DY0-0005-G28H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Old Love Triangle Gets a Little Tweaking***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2DY0-0005-G28H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1430 words

**Byline:** Josiane Balasko

By ALAN RIDING

By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

JOSIANE BALASKO ENJOYS BEING subversive. In a long career on stage and in movies, she has repeatedly set out to entertain, to make people laugh, to pull the crowds. And to the guardians of French intellectual purity, this is tantamount to subversion.

"Success is frowned upon here," she said with a mixture of scorn and disbelief. "If you have a hit, you're meant to apologize. And if it's a comedy, even worse."

Which no doubt explains why the stockily built comedienne seems so pleased with herself. At the age of 45, she has just scored her most subversive coup to date with "French Twist," the fourth movie she has written, directed and acted in. Released as "Gazon Maudit," it has been a huge hit in France (selling four million tickets), has been chosen as France's candidate for the Oscar for the best foreign-language film, and it is a comedy. "French Twist" opens in New York on Friday.

In this case, though, Ms. Balasko has added an extra twist of subversion. She has taken the old French standby of the eternal triangle involving one man and two women and turned it into a lesbian love story. In a land where "feminism" is still a dirty word, she has used humor, sentimentality and a sprinkling of gay sex to show how an emotionally starved housewife might prefer another woman to her macho, womanizing husband.

In the film, which captures the bucolic mood of its Provencal setting, Ms. Balasko plays Marijo, a stocky cigar-puffing lesbian with a short haircut who seeks help at a nearby house when her dilapidated van breaks down. Inside, Loli, a pretty young mother of two played by Victoria Abril, is preparing dinner for her real estate agent husband, Laurent, played by Alain Chabat. But as always, it seems, Laurent has a date ("work"), so instead Marijo stays for dinner and things begin to happen.

Marijo is the seductress, but Loli, a former dancer from Spain, soon rediscovers warmth and affection long absent from her marriage and, surprised, she responds. She doesn't want to leave her husband or indeed to throw him out, but she also doesn't want to lose Marijo. In fact, thanks to Marijo, she gains the strength to stand up to her husband. And Laurent, who at first pours abuse on Marijo for being gay, soon realizes that he must now compete for Loli.

Ms. Balasko said she was drawn by the subject because, while male homosexuality is often portrayed in movies, "lesbianism for the most part has remained under a spell of silence." Rather than simply showing the physical passion between Marijo and Loli, she suggests the intimacy between them, as when they bathe and (literally) sleep together.

"I also wanted to avoid voyeurism," she explained over coffee in her home in the ***working-class*** Belleville district of Paris. "Under the pretext of showing a lesbian relationship, I didn't want to have two girls rolling around in bed. You can see that in any porno film."

As a happily married mother of a 13-year-old daughter and a 6-year-old adopted son, she laughed at the suggestion that she was somehow advocating lesbianism. "It is not a gay film for a particular audience," she said. "It isn't even an anti-male film. I like men too much to show them in a totally negative light. True, Laurent is a bit like a lot of men who refuse to grow up. But in the end, I show him as an adolescent turning into an adult."

In his first major movie role, then, Mr. Chabat, part of a well-known television comedy act called Les Nuls, goes from serial philanderer to indignant cuckold and, finally, to meek partner.

In contrast, Ms. Abril, who has starred in three recent movies by her Spanish compatriot, Pedro Almodovar, comes over as a highly strung "Stradivarius" (Ms. Balasko's word) of sensuality, wonderfully Latin in both her passion and fury. "I wrote the part for Victoria," the director said, adding that she and Ms. Abril are such good friends that they vacation together each summer with their families. Ms. Balasko added, "She had absolutely no inhibition about playing someone who falls in love with another woman."

Ms. Balasko herself had never before played a lesbian. "I have some friends like Marijo, but it took me a while to get inside the character," she said. "I liked playing a woman who is equal to a man, someone with the same power of seduction, someone who is not vulnerable to being seduced by a man and is therefore totally free."

She paused to light a cigarette. "Anyway, I noticed that men get all the best roles in movies, so," she added with a laugh, "I gave myself the role of a man."

Playing character roles is nothing new for Ms. Balasko. She is probably best remembered in the United States for her role as the frumpy mistress in Bertrand Blier's 1989 film "Too Beautiful for You" ("Trop Belle Pour Toi"), another love-triangle movie, in which Gerard Depardieu prefers her to his stunning wife, played by Carole Bouquet. "Miss Balasko is superb as the pliant but utterly direct Colette," Vincent Canby of The New York Times said of the film. In France, though, she has long been a household name.

Born of a Croatian immigrant father (she shortened her surname from Balaskovic) and a French mother, she attended drama school in Paris. Rather than opting for a career in television soap operas or mainstream theater, she became a founding member of a cafe-theatre comedy team called Le Splendid, along with Michel Blanc, Thierry Lhermitte, Dominique Lavanant and Gerard Jugnot. Beginning in 1975, they wrote and performed their own sketches and plays in "off-off" theaters, cafes and warehouses, gradually building up something of an underground following.

By 1980, they had been recruited into movies, starting with Patrice Leconte's "Bronzes" ("The Suntanned"), a spoof of the Club Mediterranee. They were later in several films directed by Jean-Marie Poire, among them a wacky Christmas tale called "Le Pere Noel Est une Ordure," which became a cult movie and is still widely viewed on video. (It was also the inspiration for Nora Ephron's dreadful comedy last year, "Mixed Nuts.")

"I have always believed in Josiane," Mr. Poire said. "She's very irreverent. I think she likes challenges, including the challenge of being a comedienne, which is not easy. She has an amusing aggressiveness. She's sort of funnily feminist without being militant. 'French Twist' is her best film to date. It's both a traditional situation comedy and provocative."

IN THE MID-1980'S, the Splendid players went their own ways. Ms. Balasko, who continued to appear in movies and on stage, also began writing screenplays and, in 1985, directed her first film, a black comedy about three misfits called "Sac de Noeuds" ("Can of Worms"), in which she stars with Isabelle Huppert and Farid Chopel.

"I didn't want to direct," she said. "I wanted to write and to act, to act what I had written. But it wasn't easy to find a director. In France, directors like to write their own movies and pick their stars. So that's how I finished up directing my first two films. I couldn't find a director. After that, I decided, well, I am a director."

In 1987, she made her second film, "Les Keufs" ("The Cops"), in which she plays a police inspector investigating a prostitution ring. That was followed, in 1991, by "Ma Vie Est un Enfer" ("My Life Is Hell"), a comedy fantasy in which she makes a Faustian bargain with the Devil. But while these films did respectably at the box office, they in no way anticipated the success of "French Twist." The only film that did better in France last year was Mr. Poire's "Guardian Angels," another comedy.

Yet, Ms. Balasko noted, France's movie elites continue to look down on comedy. "How many of these young directors leaving film school want to make comedies?" she asked. "It's not the royal avenue. They prefer to have their first film seen by 300 people in Paris because they think they'll be noticed. They want to make Art, but we're artisans. For me, art is painting, music, sculpture. There are very very few great directors like Fellini, Bergman and Kurosawa, who are true artists."

For her part, Ms. Balasko seems happy to be an entertainer. And a busy one at that. She is currently appearing in "A Loud Cry for Love," a play that she wrote last summer. (She also directed.) She is writing a screenplay with the director Claude Zidi. She is beginning to think about her next movie. And, as always, she is looking for a humorous role that suits her matronly physique.

"A journalist once said I was the housewife's revenge," she noted. "But it's not just that. I come over as the ordinary housewife who wins out in the end."

Yes, even as Marijo.

**Graphic**

Photos: Josiane Balasko, left, Victoria Abril and Alain Chabat in the new film "French Twist." (Miramax) (pg. 11); Josiane Balasko played Gerard Depardieu's mistress in Bertrand Blier's 1989 film "Too Beautiful for You" -- Another kind of love triangle. (Orion Pictures) (pg. 19)

**Load-Date:** January 7, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Standoff Over Red Hook Renewal;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-60Y0-0005-G51Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Businesses Fear a Plan to Remake a Neighborhood - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-60Y0-0005-G51Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1356 words

**Byline:** By JOE SEXTON

By JOE SEXTON

**Body**

Less than a year ago, Red Hook's ambitious plan to remake itself was hailed as a paradigm of late-20th-century urban renewal. City officials, residents and politicians spoke enthusiastically of the plan's scope and realism, its lack of ideology and its abundance of consensus.

The plan was a blueprint laid out by and for the people of that troubled section of Brooklyn. It envisioned hundreds of units of new housing, a new 500-student high school and a revitalized waterfront, an enterprise with the potential for returning Red Hook to the ***working-class*** maritime village it had been decades ago.

"The process behind the plan and the product itself should be a model for how neighborhoods plan for themselves in the future," Joseph Rose, chairman of the City Planning Commission, said of the plan last January.

But a year later, what had been widely trumpeted as the most sophisticated and practical effort at city planning since the 1989 revision of the City Charter gave community boards the authority to map their own futures is at the center of an angry standoff. Some of Red Hook's business leaders say the plan would stifle economic growth; others in the neighborhood have accused them of narrow self-interest. The plan has not even been approved by the Planning Commission.

As a result, the Red Hook plan might well have become an example of something else: just how hard it is to get anything done in the city, regardless of the quality of intentions or inspiration.

Mr. Rose said: "What this experience has demonstrated is what we have always known: planning is not easy. It's a process that can be controversial. There can be the kind of personal antagonisms we in the public sector experience all the time. The process requires patience. People across the city would do well to learn from this example."

Some representatives of businesses in Red Hook have asserted that they were excluded from the process and that the plan endangers the neighborhood's economic future. Other people have charged that avarice caused the opponents to retreat from their initial support. Residents of the public housing projects that dominate much of Red Hook have asserted that the Planning Commission does not want to see grass-roots urban renewal succeed.

"I think everyone assumed realistically that there would be problems implementing all of the aspects of the plan," said Edward Bautista, a lawyer who has advised the residents of the Red Hook Houses. "But never in my wildest imagination did I think the process itself would become so fragile."

The echoes of those words reverberate grimly for many in Red Hook, people with resignation and cynicism soaked into their consciousness by years of economic neglect, environmental abuse and epic failures at urban renewal.

"The hopes of the entire community were manifest in that plan," said John McGettrick, chairman of the Red Hook Civic Association, who remains adamant that the plan go forward.

The crux of the dispute is whether the 88-page proposal, full of charts and graphs, adequately reflects the concerns of industry.

Bette Stolz, the head of the South Brooklyn Local Development Corporation, has said that business people were repeatedly rebuffed in their attempts to help create the plan. Ms. Stolz, who made her complaints at a Planning Commission hearing last July, said business representatives were not allowed on the committee that devised the plan, and that their lack of influence is reflected in what she regards as dangerous aspects of the plan.

She said the plan's proposal to rezone parts of Red Hook from manufacturing to mixed-use zones for both residential and commercial use threatens to limit, and even drive out, industry. Ms. Stolz said Red Hook had gained 70 new businesses since 1993, to a total of 280. Greg O'Connell, a developer who has turned old Red Hook piers into vibrant locales for light manufacturing, has said the plan is "badly slanted" toward residents' concerns and is a "kick in the teeth" to business.

The supporters of the plan portray the detractors as "a tiny minority," who have reneged on their previous support in retaliation for the decision by Community Board 6 to delay acting on a proposal for a Business Improvement District in Red Hook.

To the proponents, the opposition is a power play by Mr. O'Connell, who they said profited enormously from the neighborhood's support of his early projects. They say there are signatures of 100 Red Hook business people who support the renewal project, known as a 197-A plan. They note that the committee that drafted the plan has already agreed to reconsider the siting of the proposed Education Plaza, the complex that would include a 500-student school for grades 7 to 12 as well as centers for teen-agers and job-training. And the committee agreed not to take any private property.

"People rightly feel shocked and betrayed," said Bruce Mesh, a member of the committee that produced the plan. "We worked on it for three years, held public meetings, welcomed all who wanted to participate. These same people offered letters of support. That a limited number of people could block this begs the question of what a 197-A plan is. The success of this plan is not only vital for Red Hook, but for the rest of the city."

That new legislation was drawn to let the residents of individual neighborhoods draw up their own ideas of how their communities could be revitalized. Red Hook took the proposition seriously.

Using the ideas of day-care workers and statisticians, public housing leaders and academics in civic engineering, the planners put together a package of designs that increase Red Hook's population (it had fallen to 11,000 in 1990 from 21,000 in 1950), and beautify the neighborhood of vast waterfront and physical charms of space and light.

They acknowledged that they faced a monumental bureaucracy (23 government agencies were cited in the plan), but they noted the plan's advantages. Its residential housing proposals would not require much new construction. The neighborhood's appeal to manufacturers is that a quarter of all of Red Hook's land stands vacant. And its ideas for economic development relied on private financing. The Community Board passed it 38-0; the Borough President agreed to it and formed a task force to begin putting it into effect; city planners from around the world wanted to study it.

"It was hailed as a model," said Edward Rogowsky, a member of the City Planning Commission. "All of a sudden, the model didn't work. Maybe they were too specific in their proposals. Maybe they hadn't done enough outreach."

The sides have dug in hard. Mr. O'Connell, a former New York City police detective, said, "Businessmen have realized what was happening with this plan, and they are afraid." Richard Barschow, who runs a scrap metal business in Red Hook, said the plan was essential to getting banks to lend money to people in the neighborhood, and added, "Red Hook will remain a ghost town if the plan dies."

Symbols for the dispute are the buildings at the base of Van Brunt Street, Red Hook's main commercial strip. The plan called for the city-owned buildings to be converted into a residential and commercial complex.

Mr. Mesh endorses the action as an economic stimulus. But Mr. O'Connell maintained that taking over the buildings would put the current tenant out of business in Red Hook.

Alan Schoenberg, a salt distributor in Red Hook and an admirer of much of the renewal plan, fears for its future: "If neither side moves, it won't be resolved, and in my opinion the plan will die. There is an emotional personality to what is going on, and it's eating up the people and the good energy that is here."

The Planning Commission last summer returned the plan to Community Board 6 for revisions to address the opposition's concerns. After the board submits that revised plan in the coming months, Mr. Rose said, the commission will decide whether to send the plan on to the City Council for approval.

"The essence of the plan is for a mixed-use neighborhood, and that is what I think will emerge," Mr. Rose said. "But even a plan that had as much merit as Red Hook's is not perfect."

**Correction**

A picture with the continuation of an article on Friday about a redevelopment plan for Red Hook, Brooklyn, carried an incorrect caption in some copies. The picture showed Greg O'Connell, a developer opposed to the plan, not three supporters of the plan.

**Correction-Date:** January 8, 1996, Monday

**Graphic**

Photos: In the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, city planning efforts once touted as sophisticated and practical have resulted in an angry standoff. Critics of the plan, Bette Stolz, Lisa Tennyson and Wally Shapiro, on the waterfront at Van Brunt Street. (pg. B1); From left, Bruce Mesh, Richard Barschow and John McGettrick, who are supporters of the Red Hook renewal plan. "Red Hook will remain a ghost town if the plan dies," Mr. Barschow said. (Edward Keating/The New York Times) (pg. B2)

Chart: "A Neighborhood Divided" lists several issues stifling the plans to revitalize Red Hook. (pg. B1)

Map of Brooklyn highlighting Red Hook. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** January 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Local Race, Statewide Ripples;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WGN-JB50-007F-G4YD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Parties Place High Value On Seat In New York Senate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WGN-JB50-007F-G4YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

By RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Dateline:** NEW CITY, N.Y., May 14

**Body**

Seats in the State Senate become vacant with all the frequency of snow in May, and incumbents usually depart for better jobs, retirement or the hereafter, not because they have lost an election. A real contest is rare. One with implications for control of the Senate is rarer still.

That state of affairs explains why New York's top political figures have lavished so much attention on the May 25 special election in Rockland and Orange Counties to replace Senator Joseph R. Holland, a Republican. In one of the state's few true swing districts, each party is heaping resources on the race.

"This is really the first contest of the 2000 elections," said Kenneth P. Zebrowski, the Democratic candidate and majority leader of the Rockland County Legislature. "It's the first step to the Democrats taking a majority in the Senate."

His Republican opponent, Thomas P. Morahan, minority leader of the County Legislature, rejected the notion of this contest as a harbinger, but said, "It's crucial because we've got to keep the Senate Republican."

Because of this campaign, a long-simmering issue -- the tax on suburban commuters who work in New York City -- has suddenly become the most compelling topic in state politics. Both candidates proclaimed plans to eliminate the tax, a common stance for suburban politicians that had long been dismissed. But within days, Republicans and Democrats, calling each other's bluff, had an apparent deal to repeal the tax, which brings in about $360 million annually for the city, including $210 million from commuters who live in the state.

That this turnabout could occur at such head-snapping speed, amid the general torpor of the Capitol, demonstrates how high the stakes are in the race for the 38th District seat. Each candidate has eagerly taken responsibility for the shift, trying to turn it to his advantage.

Democrats far outnumber Republicans statewide, but Republicans hold a 36-to-25 majority in the Senate, partly because they hold seven districts, including the 38th, where there are many more registered Democrats than registered Republicans. The last time one of those swing seats was up for grabs was in 1990, when Senator Holland was elected.

Although no one is predicting that the Democrats will gain control of the Senate any time soon, the Republican majority leader, Joseph L. Bruno, is worried about the 2000 elections because Presidential elections, with their high turnouts and New York's Democratic bent in national politics, have helped Democrats in legislative races. Republicans lost two seats in 1996, and a loss of two or three more would make it harder for Mr. Bruno to control legislation.

In recent years, Republican senators in swing districts who have wanted to retire have instead been persuaded by nervous party leaders to run for re-election. Last year, when Senator Holland decided to accept the job of Social Services Commissioner of Rockland County, he was pressured to run for re-election in November before leaving for his new job early this year. That way, his successor would be chosen in a special election, when turnout is low, a circumstance thought to favor Republicans.

Some Republican officials estimate that more than $1 million will be spent on Mr. Morahan's campaign, an extraordinary sum for a state legislative race, but Senator Bruno insists the figure is closer to $400,000. Several Senate Republicans are campaigning for Mr. Morahan, including Gov. George E. Pataki. Mr. Bruno even met with the editorial board of The Journal News, which covers Rockland County, to try to influence its endorsement.

"We're pulling out all the stops, and they're pulling out all the stops," Mr. Bruno said. "It's the kind of district that goes either way, so it really matters. We're not going to lose it."

Republicans are blunt about their candidate's primary appeal: the pork-barrel advantages of being in the Senate majority. "Being in the majority means more and better things for the district, and minority members aren't in a position to do much by way of bringing home the bacon," Mr. Bruno said.

The Senate recently approved $4 million in transportation aid for the East Ramapo school district, a decision that Senators conceded was neatly timed to benefit Mr. Morahan.

Democrats say they will spend $300,000 to $500,000 on Mr. Zebrowski's effort. His stumping companions have included a raft of state legislators, and are expected to include United States Senator Charles E. Schumer, State Comptroller H. Carl McCall and State Attorney General Eliot L. Spitzer.

Senator Eric T. Schneiderman of Manhattan and the Bronx, chairman of the Senate Democratic Campaign Committee, said, "We've got better issues and a better candidate, versus Joe Bruno's power."

In voter registration, Democrats hold a 42 percent to 28 percent advantage over Republicans in the district, which includes all of Rockland and part of Orange and begins about 25 miles northwest of New York City. But the parties have been closely matched here. Rockland's Legislature has changed party control twice in four years, the County Executive and State Senator are Republicans, and the county's two Assemblymen are Democrats. President Clinton and Mr. Pataki have carried the district twice, and Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato narrowly carried it in losing last year to Mr. Schumer.

As if any more intensity were needed in this race, the two candidates are not fond of each other. Both grew up in ***working-class*** families in New York City, live in New City and are members of the same Roman Catholic parish, and their children know each other. But they are also longtime antagonists on the County Legislature, and their debates in this campaign have been heated, at times barely short of shouting.

A lawyer in private practice, Mr. Zebrowski, 53, calls himself "an unquenchable legislator," and his often rapid-fire speech is a stream of proposals, which include allowing malpractice lawsuits against health maintenance organizations, using tobacco settlement money to lower taxes and legalizing casinos in the Catskills.

His steady supply of opinions extends even to his aides' driving, which he frequently critiques on short hops between appearances. Shaking hands and handing out pens bearing his name, even as he listens to people's concerns and responds, he seems in a hurry, eager to move on to the next subject, the next voter.

On a campaign stop at the West Haverstraw Senior Apartments, he told elderly residents that his mother has to spend $300 a month on medication beyond what her insurance will cover. "We've got to stop making seniors go bankrupt or depend on their relatives just so they can afford the medications they need," he said, to the knowing nods of his audience.

"You speak my language when you talk about H.M.O.'s," Christine Truglia said.

Mr. Zebrowski lashes out at Mr. Pataki for backing away from a program to pay for pre-kindergarten and kindergarten classes around the state and to reduce class sizes in the early grades. He boasts of a county budget he put together that cut taxes and increased aid to towns and villages. And he takes credit for many other initiatives, like preserving open space along the Hudson River, leveling unequal property valuations and establishing an arts program linked to public works projects.

Where his opponent offers an agenda, Mr. Morahan, 67, is more prone to offer himself, saying that his character, outlook and party would make him a better Senator. "I believe I have more experience," he said. "And it's no secret you have more power in the majority."

As he shook hands during an appearance outside the Shoprite in New City, it seemed as if Mr. Morahan was known -- and well liked -- by at least half the people he greeted. He talked with them not about issues, but about friends they had run into, meetings they had attended. "You going to be at the Italian-American dinner?" he asked. "Me, too."

Among county officials in both parties, Mr. Morahan is not known for bold plans, but as someone who tries to massage legislation to his ends. This reputation has Republicans praising his restraint, but it leaves him open to Democratic criticism that he is a "me, too" politician, with few ideas of his own. When asked to name his greatest achievement in county government, he cited the planned reduction of the County Legislature from 21 members to 17, as part of a lawsuit settlement.

He readily shows a prickly side, arguing that when people ask his age, "They're being discriminatory." When the commuter tax is mentioned, he suggests that the Democratic-controlled Assembly will not really pass it and says, "Let's see."

Each candidate claims credit for plans to repeal the commuter tax. Both argue for a variety of school safety measures, and both say they would increase state aid to schools. Mr. Morahan voted against Mr. Zebrowski's budget, but he takes credit for the property tax cuts in it, saying they were made possible by the surplus accumulated when he led the County Legislature.

A tight race, with turnout expected to be around 20 percent, will hinge on which party's voters go to the polls.

Mr. D'Amato and Mr. Pataki have won strong support from the district's sizable Orthodox Jewish population, which usually has a strong turnout, but Mr. Morahan dismissed that record of support as a vote of expedience, not a pro-Republican pattern. "It's go with who's in, the incumbent," he said.

Recent campaign stops showed that both candidates face a challenge in motivating voters, who seem largely unaware of the election, unsure of its date or unclear of its connection to the commuter tax.

"I haven't thought about it, to be honest," Frank Perricelli said, glancing at a Morahan brochure outside the Shoprite. "I can't say who I'd vote for. I'm not even sure I'll vote."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Thomas P. Morahan, center, a Republican candidate for the State Senate, received some campaign support yesterday from Gov. George E. Pataki and United States Representative Benjamin A. Gilman, right, at a party luncheon in Clarkstown. Kenneth Zebrowski, the Democratic candidate, visiting recently with residents of the West Haverstraw Senior Apartments. Democrats expect to spend up to $500,000 on the campaign. (Photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times)

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[***Review/ Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SGS0-003Y-K1P6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tiny Units Make Playful Wholes in Italian's Work***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SGS0-003Y-K1P6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 1990, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Body**

Despite hundreds of illuminating exhibitions, books and magazine articles, postwar European art still harbors many artists who deserve wider recognition in this country. One of them is the Italian Alighiero e Boetti, currently the subject of an exhibition at the Salvatore Ala Gallery in SoHo. Mr. Boetti is not entirely unknown in this country. His work has been included in one group exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art and another at P.S. 1 in Queens, and he has had four one-man gallery shows in New York City since 1975. But the Ala Gallery's charming if somewhat piecemeal exhibition, which includes 18 works dating from 1965 to 1989, is his largest and most impressive showing yet. It conveys much of the freshness of a new discovery.

Mr. Boetti has adopted the Italian word for "and" as his middle name, presenting himself as a one-man artist team (as in Gilbert and George), while also implying a pair of all-encompassing opposites (as in heaven and hell). Both suggestions have a bearing on his art, which involves frequent collaborators and has a global reach, as well as a playfulness that can be childlike, provocative and delighfully eccentric.

These qualities are perhaps best summed up in the lush-surfaced tapestries of embroidered silk that, beginning in the early 1970's, he has had woven by craftsmen in Afghanistan and Pakistan. Some of them are colorful maps of the world in which the shape of each country is occupied, as nearly as possible, by the motif of its national flag. This strategy translates the national differences that alternately enliven and plague the planet into the purely decorative terms of tapestry -- where they look extremely arbitrary and somewhat frivolous. One map is aptly titled "Life's Nonsensical Course."

Another embroidered work, "Order/Disorder," consists of 99 tiny tapestries, each spelling out the phrase "order and disorder" in bright toy-like blocks of woven color that change position from panel to panel as if illustrating the work's very title.

Although associated with the Italian Arte Povera artists in the late 60's and early 70's, Mr. Boetti's own art lacks their robust contrasts of unusual, frequently organic materials. His materials are far from usual but, as the stitches on his embroideries suggest, he seems to want his artworks to be composed of units that are as tiny and delicate as possible. The result is an art of surprising tenderness. (Characterisically, "Zig-Zag," a small sculpture that is the earliest work in the show, builds on the hard-headed tenets of Minimalism by way of colored ribbons.)

Some other tiny units that Mr. Boetti has drafted into service include the Afghan postage stamps on 720 airmail envelopes that the artist sent to a friend in Turin in 1973 and 74, paper doilies that he piled into four tall columns in 1968 and, perhaps most impressively, the humble marks of a ballpoint pen that he built into fields of blue deep as the night sky in "Bringing the World Into the World" in the late 70's. In all these works, artistic time and space are measured in a series of deceptively simple tasks that repeat and repeat until something quite extraordinary results.

The peripatetic nature of Mr. Boetti's art, which moves from one material to the next without yielding a traditionally coherent body of work, may make his achievement difficult to appreciate, accounting for his lack of recognition in this country. But in many ways, his best efforts seem ahead of their time, presaging the current fascination with craft, multi-culturality and unusual methods of fabrication. His art attempts to span several spheres -- East and West, art and craft, the poetic and the mundane -- by offering ample proof that these opposites are but two sides of the same coin.

Alighiero e Boetti's work remains at the Salvatore Ala Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street, through Dec. 15.

Rebecca Horn

Marian Goodman Gallery

24 West 57th Street

Through Dec. 8

Rebecca Horn's latest installation work, "Amerika," is, as usual, an amalgam of suggestive images on the move, of poetry literally in motion. Its several parts include a ticking metronome, a flying suitcase, an umbrella tapping out rhythms on the floor, and a pair of black shoes rotating atop a small pile of coal, first pointing toward a wall labeled "New York" and then toward its opposite, labeled "Vienna." The shoes turn beneath a pair of binoculars suspended from the ceiling, and above these, the snake-like copper rods that figure into many of Ms. Horn's works hiss regularly with sparks of electricity, like a mind thinking exciting thoughts.

In the spaces between these props there hovers the tale of a refugee fleeing Europe, which is, of course, one of the main themes of Franz Kafka's "Amerika." It helps that the gallery's windows have been roughly painted white, creating a timeless, placeless space -- a train depot, an insane asylum, a factory. High on the Vienna wall, a violin seems about to strike up a waltz, but its mechanical apparatus shrugs its shoulders ceaselessly in defeat. This and the tapping umbrella are the most affecting gestures in this forlorn and affecting work.

When Ms. Horn's efforts do not involve mechanized movement, as in a series of wall pieces exhibited in a second gallery at Goodman, powerful effect changes to mere affectation. Isolating endearing discarded objects like old spools of thread or binocular cases in (and on) handsome glass and steel cases, these pieces succumb to the sentimentality that plagues most assemblage. Unfortunately, they also somewhat dampen one's enthusiasm for "Amerika."

'New Photography 6'

The Museum of Modern Art

11 West 53d Street

Through Jan. 8

The notion of the new at work in the sixth "New Photography" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is cautious and restrictive, defined primarily in terms of the old. The three artists introduced in this show have been selected by John Szarkowski, the photography department's director. While their work is competent and sincere, it fills familiar esthethic slots in depressingly unadventurous ways.

Paul D'Amato's particular version of street photography takes him to the byways and back alleys of ***working-class*** America, where he concentrates on color images of children and adolescents. One photograph shows a little girl sitting in a shopping cart in a trash dump, her mouth open in a silent scream; in another, a little boy with stone-cold eyes fingers a popgun. The truth of the harsh life that Mr. D'Amato captures is undeniable, and he approaches it from many angles. But the style with which he depicts it vacillates too neatly between Diane Arbus's sense of freakishness and Helen Leavitt's sense of spontaneity, ritual and human dignity.

JoAnn Verburg's color photographs are sensitive meditations on domestic quiet. Their main subject is a man who appears to be the artist's lover or husband. Their colors are carefully cued to one another, as when the man is shown wearing a pink T-shirt and reclining on a bed with pink floral-print sheets. The same man, naked and sweaty, is photographed from the waist up in one color image, lying on a different bed in another, and up close in a work that consists of three nearly identical black-and-white portraits. Ms. Verburg's concentration on a passive male subject could be said to reverse the traditional formula of male photographer-female subject, but aside from that, her work offers little in the way of individuality.

Carl Pope's large gelatin-silver prints have the familiar, hands-on immediacy of much physically manipulated photography, from Barbara Ess to the Starn Twins. His images are large and unframed. In the patronizing "Best Picture of My Career" they are pasted together and include the sprockets at the film's edges, with a scrawled message at one edge relating the story of the work's genesis.

Most images show the faces of men, women and children in shadowy, distorted close-ups that lack distinguishing characteristics and emotions. The label announces they are from the artist's "Homeless Series," thus giving Mr. Pope's self-indulgent formal devices a semblance of social purpose. The best image, titled "Stairwell," simply depicts a naked lightbulb at the top and an exit sign at the bottom, implying a vertiginous plunge down unseen stairs.

According to the show's press release, Mr. Szarkowski initiated the "New Photography" series to present artists whose work "seems to represent the most interesting achievements of recent photography." The artists in this exhibition have a long way to go before the work meets that standard.

**Graphic**

Photo: Detail of "Life's Nonsensical Course," 1989, embroidery on canvas, by Alighiero e Boetti, at the Salvatore Ala Gallery. (Salvatore Ala Gallery, N.Y.)

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**End of Document**



[***VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WTF-XXY0-00RP-K4N4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blimey! New Yorkers To the Manners Born***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WTF-XXY0-00RP-K4N4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 27, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By JAMES COLLARD

By JAMES COLLARD

**Body**

IT was Robert Burns who noted what a remarkable gift it would be to see ourselves as others see us. As a Londoner who has just spent over a year living in New York but who is now safely back in England, I'm in a good position to bestow a gift of this nature on New Yorkers. With due warning, then, that something well meant but vaguely unpleasant is coming, I now have to deliver a huge blow to the pride New Yorkers take in being rude and feisty, and that is to tell you that in comparison to Londoners, you come across as exceptionally polite and extremely well behaved.

There, it's out. That wasn't too bad, was it?

But it's absolutely true.

Arriving in New York after 12 years of living in London, I was bowled over by the good will, pleasant manners and overall graciousness of Manhattanites. It was like finding oneself suddenly in the middle of a courtly but particularly good-natured Japanese tea ceremony, and I spent the first few weeks learning to replace my rude London ways with the cheerful, charming courtesies of New Yorkers: holding doors open, not cutting in line, saying "thank you" and generally trying not to behave like a savage at a cocktail party, throwing punches to get to the canapes.

Londoners, brought up on shows set in New York, from "Kojak" to "N.Y.P.D. Blue," arrive expecting the city to be stacked with buildings the height of the Twin Towers and peopled almost entirely by criminals and their sobbing victims. So, perhaps my surprise was understandable.

That said, the stereotypes that Americans hold of London are as equally topsy-turvy. Visiting New Yorkers seem to expect some kind of modern-dress rendition of a Jane Austen novel, thanks to years of "Masterpiece Theater," and they must be sorely disappointed. The Thatcher era taught us to elbow the weaker aside. If the clipped, phlegmatic Englishman of the American popular imagination ever existed, he was in a minority: the upper-class product of boarding schools designed to produce unflappable rulers of estates long since taken over by the National Trust, or to administer those areas of the globe once colored pink and now actually run by the locals.

In New York, I had to adjust rapidly to a world where people smile breezily on the street (although they laugh less), hold the elevator and say, "Have a nice day." And mean it. Some of this can be ascribed to the fact that Manhattan, unlike London, has a culture of tipping waiters and bartenders; very little in life is as sure to put a smile on someone's face as the prospect of money. But New Yorkers' good nature goes beyond that. And this wasn't just an impression formed during a dewy-eyed honeymoon period in my new home. A succession of visitors from the old country agreed with me: New Yorkers are, well, nicer.

It might be because of the topography. Manhattan is physically an easier place to live in than London, and one designed for modern life. For all the talk of gridlock, the traffic generally flows steadily, often swiftly, up, down and across the grid system, and pedestrians have the run of wide sidewalks. London, by contrast, is a teeming modern city squeezed into a centuries-old warren of narrow, often winding streets with tiny pavements. Driving is a nightmare, and for the pedestrian, life resembles one long, busy Saturday afternoon on Chinatown's Canal Street, turning a trip to buy a cappuccino into a Nietzschean struggle, smiles fading and manners dropped for the ruthless cut-and-thrust of the task at hand.

Along with being quite startlingly impolite these days, the English are remarkably unbuttoned and signally lacking in phlegm. The mourning of Diana, Princess of Wales, for example, demonstrated an almost Latin capacity for public emotion, with the streets of London lined with flowers and sobbing citizens, like the opening scenes of "Evita."

The English are supposed to be on the frosty side, but it was in New York that I learned not to be so quick to touch others, and particularly, not to be so kissy-kissy. New Yorkers may be friendlier, but they are less physical. The English novelist Evelyn Waugh bemoaned the inroads that the French business of kissing friends and acquaintances was making back in the 1950's, and he'd surely be horrified by today's goings-on. Even Prince Charles, who is portrayed (somewhat unfairly) as a cold fish, has been known to kiss not only his sons, but even his brothers in public, and in the London club scene of today, it's all kisses (on both cheeks), hugs and warm embraces, even between men -- straight or gay.

Clearly, a lot of that brand of bonhomie is substance-based. Ecstasy burst onto British night life back in the 1980's, unleashing a hedonism that seems to grow unchecked to this day. Londoners are far more likely to be boozed up, "loved up" on Ecstasy or, increasingly, coked up than their American cousins, abusing drugs with a candor that would get you fired in New York, where the days of the three-martini lunch are over.

While New York has been cleaning up its act since the demise of Studio 54, London has moved inexorably in the opposite direction. The British attitude toward drink (there has never been a stigma attached to being drunk in London) now extends to any substance that comes to hand. An English hostess once told me that for a dinner party, she provided "at least a bottle of wine each, with a couple or so left over for luck, in case there are some real drinkers there." In New York, such behavior would warrant an intervention by friends in Alcoholics Anonymous. But in London, who's to intervene?

Away from the backdrop of London's large-scale decadence, I soon realized in New York that I should have some early nights (in "the city that never sleeps"!), and sip my chardonnay, not slurp it; and I also learned not to look at colleagues as if they were stark, staring mad when they told me, "Sorry, we can't meet at 5 because I've got therapy."

Sadly, in London, that would most likely blight any career.

I also learned that, despite national stereotypes, New Yorkers are by far the bigger snobs. Yes, London has its "in" places and its "it" girls, but the idea of slumming is equally fashionable. London's intelligentsia have long enjoyed a love affair with low life and low -- well, let's call it popular -- culture. The quality newspapers often follow tabloids like The Sun in covering the news, to a degree that would be unthinkable in New York. Similarly, all the English television soap operas are about the gritty realities of ***working-class*** life, thereby encouraging a generation of privately educated youths to tone down their accents and affect the slang of their underprivileged peers as portrayed on "EastEnders."

Just as British television is more sexually explicit than its American counterpart -- scenes from shows like "The Lakes," in which a Catholic priest makes love to a married parishioner, are mainstream fare -- so everyday language is far more graphic, both on television and in life. I rapidly learned that the kind of four-letter words that pepper conversations in London are met with shocked silence in Manhattan.

I did encounter New Yorkers' famous feistiness on two notable occasions, both involving gay activists responding to my views as the editor in chief of Out magazine (the reason for my sojourn in New York).

The first time was at a seminar at the New School, at which, speaking without notes (not particularly well, I should add), and coming from a country where the idea of gay equality is largely endorsed by all major parties, my more nonchalant perspective must have seemed galling to an audience of activists. They punished me with a barrage of hostile questions, though the rudest thing anyone said was, "You're depoliticized!" It's the old leftist epithet for someone whose politics differ from one's own, but it seems to me to be lacking somewhat in offensiveness, as well as intellectual rigor.

More notably, over lunch with a journalist who at the time wrote for Out and whose views about journalism I disagreed with, I got a glass of water thrown in my face. This dramatic departure from civility occurred, appropriately enough, in the Blue Water Grill, and therefore made for an amusing little piece on Page Six of The New York Post. But it's the kind of thing journalists do, when crossed, and looking back, it's hard to bear ill will over H2 0. Besides, in London it would surely have been a glass of red wine.

And among Out's letters to the editor, I occasionally received ones along the lines of, "Shame on you -- resign!" To some extent, this was the price I paid for being what the New York press came to call a "controversial editor." But editors, controversial or otherwise, learn not to take such missives to heart. One of the enduring nightmares of publishing is the fact that, with a few honorable exceptions, only lunatics and very angry people take the time to write to a magazine. In the end, such diatribes played little or no part in my decision to resign last month.

The main reason, frankly, was that for all of New York's charms, there's no place like home. And so I've returned to England, condemning myself to a life spent at the mercy of sullen waiters, loutish youth and elevator doors that close in my face, just as I shout, "Hold the lift!" It is an ordeal I intend to take breaks from, by taking regular trips across the Atlantic -- to enjoy the New World courtesies of the Big Apple, if that's O.K. In the meantime, thank you very much, and have a nice day.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Drawing (Phil Marden)

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[***Violent Desires***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SHK0-003Y-K2PJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By Edward Hirsch; Edward Hirsch's most recent books of poetry are "Wild Gratitude" and "The Night Parade."

**Body**

NEAR CHANGES

By Mona Van Duyn.

69 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $18.95.

V.

And Other Poems.

By Tony Harrison.

86 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $14.95.

THE WANT BONE

By Robert Pinsky.

70 pp. New York: The Ecco Press. $17.95.

MONA VAN DUYN has a gift for making the ordinary appear strange and for turning a common situation into a metaphysical exploration. She is, as she says, a poet of "serious play" -- extravagant, large-spirited, querulous -- a John Donne of the postwar American suburbs who combines a breezy colloquial formalism with an underlying violence of feeling. Her most characteristic poems move on the wings of extended figuration, worrying metaphors into conceits and crackling with odd, humorous rhymes ("The world's perverse, / but it could be worse," she writes in "Sonnet for Minimalists") that belie their darker emotional depths. Inventiveness is both sword and shield; wit is her weapon and protection. She is a poet of "merciful disguises."

"Near Changes," Ms. Van Duyn's seventh book, is a major addition to the corpus of her work. As in her previous collection "Letters from a Father" (1982), she explores the metaphorical possibilities and implications that inhere in daily life. For example, in "Glad Heart at the Supermarket" (a reversal of "A Sad Heart at the Supermarket" by Randall Jarrell) a regular jaunt to market becomes an investigation into questions of familiarity, abundance, exoticism and otherness. "First Trip Through the Automatic Carwash" provides the opportunity for a speculative meditation about immersion and strangeness, clarity and selfhood. The world condenses and blurs, but "at the last moment it lifts toward design":

The heart makes its presence known, disheveled but whole,

by jogging in place, lithely, at light's surprise.

A hoot from behind makes her shift to self-control,

and the muddle of everywhere falls on her clearing eyes.

In "Near Changes" Ms. Van Duyn is pre-eminently a poet of "married love," in her words, of wild feelings "doused" by custom, of outer calm and inner turmoil, of solitude and reconnection. " 'Love' is finding the familiar dear," she declares in "Late Loving:" and " 'In love' is to be taken by surprise." She speaks of assessments and reassessments, of possibly using up "the whole human supply of warmth on you / before I could think of others and digress," of chafing from proximity by day but all night long lying "like crescents of Velcro, / turning together till we re-adhere." In poems such as "Falling in Love at Sixty-Five," "Late Loving" and "The Block" -- virtually an entire novel condensed into 62 lines -- she writes with poignant vibrancy about the aging of a childless couple. These poems place her new work in the emotional vicinity of Jarrell's "Lost World."

For Ms. Van Duyn poetry is "death's antonym," the means of transport from the inner to the outer realms, a bridge to the other. As she puts it in "Memoir": "Art fixes the world I-to-eye." In "Near Changes" she has "fixed" her world with pathos and wit.

Tony Harrison combines a powerful social passion with a cool, almost classical mastery over the techniques of verse. No other contemporary British poet writes so forcefully about the problems of class and class warfare, about the complex contradictions of social mobility. It's as if one of the Latin poets had been updated with a ***working-class*** English background and a librettist's canny skills. As American readers discovered when his "Selected Poems" appeared here in 1987, Mr. Harrison's poems are by turns brash and abrasive, witty and satirical, bawdy, enraged, tender. Part of their effect comes from the way that he brings together a radically slang diction with a stringent sense of poetic form. The fury of his engagements is balanced by the icy precision of his rhyme schemes. The results are unforgettable.

"V. and Other Poems" is divided into two sections: one British, one American. (Mr. Harrison splits his time between Newcastle-upon-Tyne and New York.) The title poem, 112 rhyming iambic pentameter quatrains, dominates the book. Published in England in 1985, "V." was turned into a documentary film for British television and stirred up an enormous political controversy. It crosses the ocean with a certain notoriety as what The Times of London called the "most publicized poem in modern history." One English newspaper called it "a torrent of four-letter filth" while another deemed it "the most outstanding social poem of the last twenty-five years."

"V." is set in a vandalized Leeds cemetery where the poet's parents are buried and where he, too, will someday rest, the family bard among "butcher, publican and baker." The graveyard, which stands above a worked-out mine, is littered with beer cans and graffitied with crude four-letter words. It has become a place where the disappointed fans of the Leeds United soccer team "reassert the glory of their team / by spraying words on tombstones." One rushed sprayer has filled every available space with a scrawl of V's. V then becomes the central metaphor of the poem.

These Vs are all the versuses of life

from LEEDS V DERBY , Black/White

and (as I've known to my cost) man v. wife,

Communist v. Fascist, Left v. Right,

class v. class as bitter as before,

the unending violence of US and THEM ,

personified in 1984

by Coal Board MacGregor and the N.U.M.,

Hindu/Sikh, soul/body, heart v. mind,

East/West, male/female, and the ground

these fixtures are fought out on's Man, resigned

to hope from his future what his past never found.

"V." gives flesh and blood to the conflicts and oppositions that are ripping the fabric of contemporary English society. It is an unflinching, profoundly useful poem about the divisions of language and class, race and gender, religion and politics. This poem demonstrates that the single letter *V* can also stand for a hard-earned artistic victory.

The tutelary spirit of Robert Pinsky's fourth book of poems, "The Want Bone," is a shark's gaping jawbone mysteriously washed ashore. It arrives from the depths intact, uncrushed, an unstrung harp tasting and smelling of nothing. The beach has wiped it clean, but it nonetheless sounds the primal voice of longing:

But O I love you it sings, my little my country

My food my parent my child I want you my own

My flower my fin my life my lightness my O.

What Saul Bellow's character Henderson the Rain King identifies as a disturbance in his heart, a voice inside him crying "I want! I want!," is developed by Mr. Pinsky into an almost metaphysical principle of the universe that determines being, a fundamental song of appetite and need with large, complex and ramifying consequences. Filling the emptiness with images from the heart ("the legendary muscle that wants and grieves") is a way of not letting the void swallow us. "The Want Bone" is especially keyed to our "immortal" longings, both to what separates and what connects us, to "the circle of desire, that aches to play / Or sings to hear the song passing."

Mr. Pinsky is a poet of jazzlike improvisations and brooding civility, a tough reasonableness that jostles against the strangeness at the heart of social experience. Stylistically, he is like the diamond cutter, in his poem "Lament for the Makers," who listens to the Talmud on headphones while working under Palladian windows in a storm; he is like the catbird, in "At Pleasure Bay," that fills the night "with borrowed music that he melds and changes." His new book is more varied, and less autobiographical and essayistic, than his previous work. It consists of compressed portraits ("Exile," "An Old Man") and religious parables ("Visions of Daniel" and "From the Childhood of Jesus," based on apocrypha), rhyming lyrics ("Sonnet," "Icicles") and stately associative meditations in three-line stanzas ("The Hearts," "The Uncreation"). At the center is a weird, inventive prose piece, "Jesus and Isolt." Jesus comes down to earth in the form of a fantastic griffin and tells the Irish heroine Isolt about the political and religious factions of Judea; she tells him about the sensations of romantic love. Later, Tristram converts the griffin's tales of intrigue into poems of "lofty and stylized combat." Thus Jesus' pragmatic, ethical Jewish soul encounters the "passionate and self-defeating codes of romantic love and knightly combat."

"The Want Bone" is about the conflicting and overlapping metaphysics of Judaism and Christianity, about history as an invisible presence, about the creative and destructive potential of the imagination, about the drives and powers that shape us and that we in turn transfigure into the emblems and artifacts of culture, into, say, weapons and songs, the strife and music of desire itself. It is Robert Pinsky's riskiest and most imaginative book of poems.

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[***Developer Has Pursued a Brooklyn Dream for 20 Years***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WSY-SCB0-00RP-K3JM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

Samuel J. LeFrak owns more buildings, Mortimer B. Zuckerman wields more political clout and Donald J. Trump boasts a higher profile. But no New York developer is more persistent than David C. Walentas.

For 20 years Mr. Walentas has pursued a singular vision: the rebuilding of a tiny neighborhood of turn-of-the-century industrial buildings and Civil War-era warehouses tucked unobtrusively between the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges on the Brooklyn waterfront.

Many developers, Mr. Walentas among them, have converted old factories into loft residences and trendy shops in areas like SoHo, NoHo and TriBeCa in the last two decades. But no one has taken control of almost a whole neighborhood of dilapidated factory buildings and tried to transform it into a contemporary carnival of riverfront condominiums, offices, cafes, galleries, artists' studios and stores.

The first time Mr. Walentas dared to think so big, in the early 1980's, his plan was derailed by city officials who grew skeptical of his ability to realize his dream. They said he lacked sufficient financing, but he contended that he had been undone by a deputy mayor with a personal vendetta. The neighborhood was then known as Fulton Landing.

Now, 15 years later, Mr. Walentas is back. This time the neighborhood is called Dumbo -- for Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass -- and his plans are even more ambitious. He wants to build a luxury hotel, a 16-screen multiplex, a shopping mall, a marina, parking garages and an expanded waterfront park, almost all on government-owned land. For a while, the chances for success seemed brighter, in part because of New York's vibrant economy. But senior city officials have recently made ominous noises about potential problems with the plan.

Mr. Walentas is not easily deterred. He is described, by friend and foe alike, as tenacious. To admirers, that means smart and relentless; to critics, that means stubborn, if not intransigent.

An old friend, Pierson G. Mapes, who ran the NBC network's sales and marketing division for more than a decade, called him "a great visionary."

"He's got a passion for real estate, he understands the marketing very well, he understands balance sheets and he's very focused," Mr. Mapes said. "He's got the patience of Job."

But some former city and state officials who worked with Mr. Walentas on his first plan say his tenacity does not always serve him well when dealing with government. William J. Stern, who ran the state's economic development agency for much of the 1980's and who supported Mr. Walentas's first proposal, said he could be uncompromising.

"Walentas is very determined, and in his line of work that is very important," Mr. Stern said. "But I don't think he has the flexibility necessary when dealing with government. Just a little bit of c'est la guerre. He just did not have that. He's a man on a mission."

Mr. Walentas, an informal man who wears jeans and open-necked shirts in the office, does not hide his self-confident sense of mission.

"They're always calling me tenacious," he said. "But the problem with development is that the process is long term and the benefits are long term. And politics is a short-term process. Politicians can't take long-term views. None of them are going to be around when I'm finished."

Mr. Walentas, 60, is a wiry, energetic man with a thick shock of gray hair. He is direct, open and focused, many of his friends said, perhaps to a fault. "He is, to put it mildly, direct about everything," said Donald A. Pels, a retired broadcasting executive who has known Mr. Walentas for 25 years. "He's more likely to twist the tiger's tail than to duck questions."

Mr. Walentas and his wife, Jane, have an apartment with panoramic views in one of his waterfront buildings and a house on a horse farm in Bridgehampton, where he spends weekends riding and playing polo. He has amassed a considerable fortune in real estate -- like most big-time developers, he will not say exactly how large -- but his roots are in a very different world.

And his life history has repeatedly taught him the virtues of perseverance and risk-taking. (In case he should forget, the lesson is emblazoned in bold letters on the left cuff of each of his custom-made, button-down shirts: "No guts, no glory.")

Mr. Walentas grew up in a ***working-class*** family in Rochester. When he was 5, his father, a postal worker, suffered a stroke that left him paralyzed. His mother, overwhelmed, sent Mr. Walentas and his older brother, Peter, to live for the next six years with families on farms outside Rochester, under circumstances he described as "somewhere between foster homes and indentured servitude."

When he returned home, at a time his mother was working nights at the post office, bright and ambitious young David earned money nights and weekends assembling boxes at local department stores. He won a scholarship to the University of Virginia, where he earned a bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering and a graduate degree in business administration.

In 1966, after stints working in Greenland, Australia and Japan to pay off student loans, he came to New York City to fulfill a longstanding dream.

"I always wanted to be in the real estate business," he said. "I don't know why. Some people have musical talent, some people have dance talent. Real estate was something that I just always understood."

He worked days as a management consultant and spent nights and weekends scouting properties. With two young partners, he bought his first building in 1967, an apartment house on Manhattan Avenue on the Upper West Side. "I made a classic mistake," he said. "I bought the best building in a bad neighborhood."

Then he and his partners got smarter. It was not long before they turned their attention to SoHo, where they bought old factory buildings and converted them to residential lofts. Some of Mr. Walentas's other ventures included co-op conversions on lower Fifth Avenue and West 58th Street, renovations of low-income apartment buildings in the Bronx and the purchase of apartment complexes in Queens, Baltimore and Atlanta.

Mr. Walentas knew nothing about Brooklyn until a day two decades ago when he ventured there to check out a listing for a vacant factory near the East River. He lunched at the River Cafe, just south of the Brooklyn Bridge, and then meandered through the faded industrial neighborhood to the north.

He took in the Empire Stores, a vacant warehouse built just after the Civil War, the scruffy state-owned riverfront park and the dozen or so large factory buildings sandwiched between the two bridges, the river and the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. Transfixed by the spectacular views of Manhattan and contemplating the lessons of SoHo, he had a brainstorm.

"I thought, 'Wow, what a neighborhood!' " he recalled. "I thought I shouldn't buy just one building; I should buy as many as I could."

Within short order, he had done just that. By 1982, Mr. Walentas owned almost all of the neighborhood's major buildings, 10 in all, and he began pushing to redevelop the government-owned waterfront.

The project bogged down in 1984, when Kenneth Lipper, then a deputy mayor, blocked the plan, saying that Mr. Walentas had failed to obtain adequate financing. Mr. Walentas contended that Mr. Lipper was motivated by a personal agenda, that he wrongly held Mr. Walentas responsible for the suicide a few years earlier of Mr. Walentas's real estate partner, J. Frederic Byers 3d, who had also been a friend of Mr. Lipper.

Mr. Lipper declined to comment on the matter, but many former city and state officials said his decision had been made on the merits.

"I did not see substance to Walentas's accusations," said Mr. Stern, who supported the plan at the time as chairman of the State's Urban Development Corporation. "Every issue Ken raised, in my judgment, was a solid, substantive issue."

Mr. Walentas held onto his buildings -- and his dream. After getting permission two years ago to convert some of his factory buildings, he rebuilt the tallest one, with a dramatic clock tower, into large condominium loft apartments with proverbial million-dollar views and price tags to match. He is renovating two smaller vacant factory buildings into rental apartments.

He remains dedicated to the idea of a major entertainment, shopping and cultural complex along the river, which, of course, would enhance the value of his property. "It's just such a great waterfront that it has to get developed," Mr. Walentas said.

While the architecture of the proposed hotel has won praise, many community groups have criticized the overall plan as too commercial, too large and a potential traffic nightmare. Mr. Walentas dismisses such concerns as misguided. "People are afraid of change," he said.

City and state officials have selected him to develop the waterfront, but his plan has not yet received a formal nod from the City Planning Department to begin the long, arduous land-use review and approval process.

It may have already hit a snag. A mayoral adviser said last week that there were "some serious problems" with the proposal, which the adviser declined to specify. "It just might not pass muster," the aide said.

Mr. Walentas, however, remains confident that a version of what he is proposing will be built, perhaps soon or perhaps later. Mr. Walentas continues to think long term: If he cannot complete the project, his son Jed, who is 24 and works for his father, will.

"Frankly, this is my last shot," he said. "Jed will take the next one. He was 4 when we started this."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: David C. Walentas, in a model apartment, says development is a long-term process while politics is short term. Factory buildings along the Brooklyn waterfront are involved in prolonged development discussions. (Photographs by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

? Asia Society and Museum: 'Philippine Gold: Treasures of Forgotten Kingdoms' (through Jan. 3) More than half a millennium before Ferdinand Magellan reached the archipelago now called the Philippines in 1521, a number of related societies thrived there. One of the few things known about them today is that they were astoundingly skillful goldsmiths. This gorgeous and historically intriguing exhibition presents nearly 120 pieces dating from the 10th through the 13th centuries, including bracelets, necklaces, pendants, collars, finger rings, bowls and a balance scale made entirely of gold. The star of the show is a gleaming, nine-pound sash made of gold beads that could be mistaken for a futuristic ammunition belt. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Dec. 12) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Dec. 1 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Dec. 12 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (through Dec. 13) The Noguchi Museum and the Brooklyn Botanic Garden are to be commended for installing such a show, in which sculpture is exposed to the elements (and the wandering visitors). But this exhibition of 18 of the Japanese-American artist's sculptures parceled throughout the garden can be frustrating, as you attempt to locate his works on a specially provided map. The showcase of the exhibition is an installation of several Noguchi sculptures inside the Japanese Hill-and-Pond Garden, a marriage of modern and traditional forms, and there are works just below the Native Flora Garden that offer moments of successful communion with art and curated nature. 990 Washington Avenue, at Eastern Parkway, Prospect Heights, 718-623-7200, bbg.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Impressionism and the Caribbean: Francisco Oller and His Transatlantic World' (through Jan. 3) Francisco Oller (1833-1917) was the most celebrated Puerto Rican artist of the 19th century. For most of his career he was a facile imitator sojourning in Madrid and in Paris, where he hung out with Impressionist painters like Pissarro, Monet and Cézanne. But it wasn't until after settling down in San Juan around age 60 that he came into his own, producing haunting landscapes and some mysteriously powerful still-life paintings that can plausibly be called great. This show presents 40 paintings by Oller and 45 works by other artists, including his European and American contemporaries and his Puerto Rican predecessors. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 8) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

Guggenheim Museum: 'Alberto Burri: The Trauma of Painting' (through Jan. 6) This Italian artist's prescient paintings from the 1950s and early '60s -- in patched, burned and otherwise abused burlap, plastic or wood -- form a lavish, beautiful and admirable, if sometimes monotonous retrospective at the Guggenheim. Unfortunately, he may also inaugurate a bane of current art: the use of found materials so inherently affecting -- burlap is one -- that they require little of the artist. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Jewish Museum: 'The Power of Pictures: Early Soviet Photography, Early Soviet Film' (through Feb. 7) Revolutions sell utopias; that's their job. Art, if it behaves itself and sticks to the right script, can be an important part of the promotional package. That's the basic tale told by this exhibition of photographs and vintage films of the 1920s and '30s, but with a question added: What happens to art when the script is drastically revised? Russia was an experiment in progress in the heady years following the 1917 revolution, and avant-garde art, free-spirited by definition, was officially embraced. When Joseph Stalin came to power art became government-dictated propaganda and its makers, often under threat, towed the line. Remarkably, the show presents a dozen films -- some familiar, some not -- full-length, on a rotating schedule of four a day, in a small viewing theater built into one of the Jewish Museum's galleries. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom' (through Jan. 24) Ancient Egypt is box office gold: Do a show, and people will come. Why? Mummies, Hollywood and Queen Nefertiti contribute to its allure. Also, we tend to identify with Egyptians of thousands of years ago. In art, they look exotic, but not out of reach. They drank beer, collected cats and wore flip-flops. They yearned to stay young and to live forever, with loved ones nearby and snack food piled high. Who can't relate to that? Few institutions have done a better job at illuminating Egyptian art than the Met. And it returns to the subject in an exhibition low on King Tut bling and high on complicated beauty, about a broad swath of history (circa 2030 to 1650 B.C.) that has never had a comprehensive museum showcase till now. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Kongo: Power and Majesty' (through Jan. 3) For centuries the West assumed that African art had no history, because none had been found written down. But this tight, intense show, beautifully designed, with a stirring catalog, demonstrates otherwise. It begins in the 15th century when the rulers of Kongo peoples in Central Africa were sending luxury textiles to European courts and receiving gifts in return. It continues through the devastations of the slave trade, shifting from art made for pleasure and profit to art made to save lives and souls. It concludes with 15 sensational, just under life-size sculptures that were last-ditch responses to the slow-motion emergency of colonialism. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Ernest Hemingway: Between Two Wars' (through Jan. 31) Mounted on walls that have been painted tropical blue to suggest Hemingway's years in Key West and in Cuba, this show takes him all the way from high school to roughly 1950 with photographs, handwritten first-drafts and personal correspondence. But the largest and most interesting section focuses on the '20s, Hemingway's Paris years, and reveals a writer we might have been in danger of forgetting: Hemingway before he became Hemingway. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Charles McGrath)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Picasso Sculpture' (through Feb. 7) Nearly a work of art in its own right, this magnificent show redefines Picasso's achievement with the first full view here in 50 years of his astoundingly varied forays into sculpture. His materials, not his female loves, become the muses, and are different each time out. The basic plotline: After introducing sculptural abstraction and space, he spent about 50 years counting the ways that the figure was far from finished. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Transmissions: Art in Eastern Europe and Latin America, 1960-1980' (through Jan. 3) Visiting this big, spirited group show is like walking into a party of intriguing strangers. For every person you recognize, there are 10 you don't know. One topic everyone's talking about, at different intensities, is the anti-institutional politics that swept Europe and the Americas in the 1960s, and almost everyone speaks the language of Conceptualism. A product of an in-house research initiative called Contemporary and Modern Art Perspectives, or C-MAP, intended to expand MoMA's narrow Paris-New York view of modernism, the show is very much the beginning rather than the end of a learning curve. But with curators exploring material new to them -- just steps ahead of their audience -- the show has a refreshing buzz of surprise as it takes the museum in a realistic new directions. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Jan. 10) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

? Neue Galerie: 'Berlin Metropolis: 1918-1933' (through Jan. 4) Another outstanding museum exhibition joins New York's autumn roster with this ambitious, expertly designed and organized account of the rich cultural ferment of the fragile Weimar Republic. With many loans from Germany, it musters an egalitarian array of mediums into a poignant, detailed view of the tragic cost -- less in human life than in immeasurable human potential land achievement -- of Hitler's devastating rise and rule and the shattering of a great city. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15' (through Oct. 25) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'Archibald Motley: Jazz Age Modernist' (through Jan. 17) Let's take it as a good omen that the first solo show to appear in the Whitney's new home is a career retrospective of a still understudied artist. Motley (1891-1981) was born in New Orleans and lived in Chicago, where he painted the cultural life of the city's African-American neighborhood known as Bronzeville, portraying it with an eye for calibrations of class and race, and with a sense of his own conflicted position within its context. The show is modest in size but has features that many larger, sexier exhibitions lack: an affecting narrative, a distinctive atmosphere, and a complex and troubling political and moral tenor. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

Lee Friedlander and Pierre Bonnard: 'Photographs & Drawings' (through Oct. 24) Pairing these great artists may work better as an idea -- or in the terrific catalog -- than on the walls: the photographs tend to overwhelm the smaller, quieter works on paper. But their landscape views of respectively the American Southwest and the South of France share an interest in linearity and convey the lines of nature with special effectiveness. Pace/MacGill Gallery, 32 East 57th Street, ninth floor, Manhattan, 212-759-7999, pacemacgill.com. (Smith)

? 'Gego: Autobiography of a Line'; Senga Nengudi (through on Oct. 24) This entrancing exhibition immerses you in the magic, technical genius and impeccable sensitivity conveyed by Gego's sculptures and wall pieces, constructed from thin wire and other bits of found hardware. The show features her 1970-71 ''Chorros'' (or, ''Jet Stream'') series, not seen in New York since 1971. Her works are complemented by a display of new sculptures in nylon, mesh and sand by Senga Nengudi that are attenuated recyclers of the everyday in their own right. Dominique Lévy, 909 Madison Avenue, at 73rd Street, 212-772-2004, dominique-levy.com. (Smith)

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Jan. 17) This presentation of more than 300 playthings from the late 16th to the early 21st centuries will be catnip for anyone into antique toys. The show features diminutive vehicles of all kinds from old-time wagons, trains and fully-rigged sailboats, to futuristic cars and a rocket ship. There are naturalistic and anthropomorphic animals, weapons, puzzles, games, dollhouses and architectural construction kits. While many of these items were produced by big manufacturers like BRIO and Playsam, many others are one-of-a-kind wonders like a miniature baking set from around 1900 that includes rolling pins, spatulas and other implements all lovingly carved from wood and fitting into a tray just eight inches long. Bard Graduate Center Gallery, 18 West 86th Street, Manhattan, 212-501-3011, bgc.bard.edu. (Johnson)

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Mark Grotjahn: 'Painted Sculpture' (through Oct. 29) This talented painter's pitting of modernist abstraction and Expressionism against the crucial influences of African art is best when he pits oil paint against bronze, in this case casts of cardboard boxes for flat-screen TVs. The conceptual and inspirational stratagems are several (see the titles). The results are preposterously gorgeous and not a little perverse. Anton Kern Gallery, 532 West 20th Street, 212-367-9663, antonkerngallery.com. (Smith)

? 'Japanese Propaganda Kimonos, 1905-1941' (through Oct. 24) Celebrating Japanese military might, the garments in this fascinating show bear lively compositions reflecting international styles like Art Deco and Depression Moderne. In patchwork patterns and suavely muted colors, they depict fighter planes, battleships, antiaircraft artillery, aerial landscapes, maps and cute child soldiers. Edward Thorp, 210 11th Avenue, at 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-691-6565, edwardthorpgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley (through Oct. 24) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunkerlike construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

? Ron Nagle: 'Five O'Clock Shadow' (through Oct. 24) This large and stunning exhibition of the bonsai-size sculptures of Mr. Nagle -- whose chief medium is glazed clay -- shows off his inventive way of contrasting colors, forms and textures in ways both seductive and slightly that evoke food, furniture, body parts, spindly succulents and oozing drips of blood, chocolate, motor oil or just glaze. It should challenge some museum to do the full retrospective he deserves. Matthew Marks Gallery, 522 West 22nd Street, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Smith)

Trevor Paglen (through Oct. 24) Mr. Paglen's work might be described as making covert phenomena visible. A cinematographer on the Oscar-winning documentary ''Citizenfour'' (2014), here Mr. Paglen focuses on the underwater communications cables that the National Security Agency has been accused of tapping. Along with photographs of cables in the Bahamas and the Caribbean Sea are nautical charts displaying the layout of cables off the coasts of New York and California, as well as a plexiglass ''Autonomy Cube,'' which is connected to a Tor network that allows anonymous communication. Metro Pictures, 519 West 24th Street, metropicturesgallery.com, 212-206-7100. (Schwendener)

? Wolfgang Tillmans: 'PCR' (through Oct. 24) With a title taken from DNA technology that suggests photography as an endlessly multiplying, mutable form, the German photographer mounts an unusually ambitious, vulnerable show, aiming for a new degree of full disclosure. His display of around 175 carefully cross-referenced images in all sizes, and including abstraction, turns two large side-by-side spaces into an open book about his life and his art's unlimited possibilities. Don't miss the short video at the end. David Zwirner, 525 and 533 West 19th Street, Chelsea, 212-727-2070, davidzwirner.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

? Samara Golden: 'A Fall of Corners' (through Oct. 25) An elevated walkway takes viewers into the midst of Ms. Golden's spectacular, topsy-turvy fun house of an installation. It seems the floors of four different rooms have rotated 90 degrees and converged to form the four walls of the gallery's big, boxy main exhibition space. Mirrors covering the gallery's actual floor, rolling clouds video-projected above and below and a thunderous soundtrack add to the sensory overload. It's as if you've entered a scene from Christopher Nolan's movie ''Inception.'' Canada, 333 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-925-4631, canadanewyork.com. (Johnson)

? David Nelson (through Oct. 24) The New York artist David Nelson (1960-2013) was primarily a painter until 1993, when his longtime partner David Knudsvig, also an artist, died of AIDS. In the years that followed Mr. Nelson began to work in distinctive forms of sculpture and photography before moving back to painting again. This survey, organized by Joseph Berger, director of 80WSE, and Nancy Brooks Brody, is a loving tribute and a very beautiful thing. 80WSE, New York University, 80 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-5747, steinhardt.nyu.edu/80wse. (Cotter)

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations' (through Nov. 1) In the best Pop Art tradition -- that is, blurring the boundary between art and life -- the three Eduardo Paolozzi sculptures from the 1960s and '70s here actually did time as playground equipment, before being stripped of paint and becoming sculpture again. Accompanying the sculptures are screen prints from two series: the bright, hallucinogenic ''Z.E.E.P. (Zero Energy Experimental Pile)'' series, made from Paolozzi collages from 1969 to 1970, which include images that illustrate Cold War fears and manias; and the muted and pastel ''Calcium Light Night'' (1974-6) series, which responds to musical compositions by Charles Ives, but also mirrors the repeating curves and mechanical patterns of the sculptures. Clearing, 396 Johnson Avenue, at Morgan Avenue, Bushwick, Brooklyn, 718-456-0396, c-l-e-a-r-i-n-g.com. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

'Donald Blumberg Photographs: Selections From the Master Sets' (through Nov. 22) In his early days shooting on the streets of New York, Mr. Blumberg discovered that parishioners walking out of the gaping door of St. Patrick's Cathedral appeared to be emerging from deep, empty space. His resulting photographs, shot from 1965 to 1967, reduce St. Pat's to a sea of black, and turn the worshipers into highly detailed, if physically awkward, specimens in the void. Soon after, Mr. Blumberg's gaze shifted from the street to his television screen, arranging images of Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon into conceptually sophisticated mosaics. Now 80, he is still shooting his TV, and though he continues to keep one eye on politics, the other is gazing at the inanities of home shopping and televangelism. Yale University Art Gallery, 1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, 203-432-0600, artgallery.yale.edu. (Jason Farago)

Dia: Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art (ongoing) The skilled refurbishing of the Atheneum's storied Morgan Memorial Building reveals as never before the museum's splendors. The Great Hall is triple-hung with European paintings encircled by a spirited art-historical Cliff Notes from Egypt to Florence. On the second floor the fabulous Cabinet of Art and Curiosities leads to even more often outstanding paintings -- Baroque to Modernism -- accompanied by an array of decorative objects, especially porcelains. 600 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., 860-278-2670, thewadsworth.org. (Smith)

Last Chance

? 'The Avant-Garde Won't Give Up: Cobra and Its Legacy' (closes on Saturday) One of the least-known of postwar Europe's avant-garde movements hereabout formed in Denmark in 1948 and disbanded in 1951, but its influence has continued to ripple through art. Its colorful paintings, inspired by non-western and children's art, are the subject of its first in-depth show in New York in decades. It's a rainbow knock-out full of wonderful stuff. Blum & Poe, 19 East 66th Street, near Madison Avenue, 212-249-2249, blumandpoe.com. (Smith)

? Barton Lidice Benes: 'Museology,' and Eric Rhein: 'Ordained' (closes on Saturday) Barton Lidice-Benes (1942-2012) was an extravagant but highly selective pack rat of an artist who collected everything from saint's relics to celebrity cigarette butts and fingernail pairings, all of which he sorted, labeled and mounted into witty, macabre cabinet-like ''museums,'' several of which are on view here. His memorializing temperament had particular pertinence during the most devastating years of the New York AIDS crisis, to which Eric Rhein, a younger artist, also responded, and continues to, with collages made from dried leaves, wire sculptures in the form of body armor and, more recently, shadowbox assemblages of found pins, leather straps and jewels. Mr. Rhein's work in this absorbing show also includes a beautiful short film. Pavel Zoubok Gallery, 531 West 26th Street, Chelsea, pavelzoubok.com. (Cotter)

Markus Brunetti: 'Facades' (closes on Saturday) This German photographer is making his American debut with large astonishing images of 18 of Europe's great cathedrals -- Romanesque through Baroque and including Moorish. Photographed a few square feet at a time, assembled digitally and measuring up to 10 feet tall, they convey both the wholes and the details of these wondrous structures with an accuracy far surpassing the human eye. Yossi Milo Gallery, 245 10th Avenue, near 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-414-0370, yossimilo.com. (Smith)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (closes on Sunday) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (closes on Monday) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn., The show is included in tours of the house, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

? 'Double Standard: Ed Ruscha & Mason Williams 1956-1971' (closes on Sunday) A life-size, photographic silkscreen depicting a Greyhound bus graces a wall in this new gallery. It was created in 1967 by Mason Williams, who, the following year, would win three Grammy Awards for his guitar instrumental ''Classical Gas.'' Mr. Williams and the Pop-Conceptualist Ed Ruscha, close friends since they were fourth-grade classmates in Oklahoma City, collaborated on numerous zany projects during the '60s. Along with copious archival materials, the photographs, books, prints and drawings in this exhibition reveal a mutually inciting relationship comparable in some ways to that between Picasso and Braque. Alden Projects, 34 Orchard Street, Lower East Side, 212-229-2453, aldenprojects.com. (Johnson)

Keltie Ferris: 'Paintings and Body Prints' (closes on Saturday) Ms. Ferris's new paintings are aggressive and emphatic but also spectral and expansive, remaking the digital in supremely analog form. What read from afar (or in photographs) as pixels are, close up, thick rectangles of paint applied with a flat-ended brush that recall the pointillism of Seurat and Signac. Ms. Ferris also melds the geometry of digital media with Native American patterns, Bauhaus weaving and the ethereality of visionary painters like Lee Mullican and Chris Martin. Body prints, in which she pressed her torso, thighs, hands, feet and face against the surface have historical echoes, too. Titles are simple but vivid, underscoring the precision and force of these paintings, but the aggression here is more utopian than destructive, a record of what it takes to make great and vital painting. Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-744-7400, miandn.com. (Schwendener)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (closes on Sunday) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, Gowanus, Brooklyn, morbidanatomymuseum.org, 347-799-1017. (Johnson)

John O'Reilly: 'Montages 1968-2015'; Susan Jane Walp: 'Paintings on Paper' (closes on Saturday) One solo reviews the career of one of our greatest living artist of mysterious, erudite, confounding photomontages and shows him, at 85, moving into new territory. The other presents the latest oil-on-paper still lifes -- a tangerine, a tea bowl, three zinnias -- of a miniaturist exploring light and infinite ways to render edges without lines. Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street, 212-262-5050, tibordenagy.com. (Smith)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (closes on Sunday) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (closes on Saturday) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

Martin Roth: 'untitled (debris)' (closes on Sunday) Mr. Roth's current show is ambitious, forcing visitors to walk among the detritus of war rather than viewing it in pictures. He's covered the gallery floor with gray concrete rubble, some of it brought to New York from a combat zone on the border of Syria and Turkey. Perched above the rubble are bright green-gray parakeets. In the basement, bullfrogs raised for restaurant food sit in shallow water. When the show closes, the birds will be transferred to an avian sanctuary and the frogs to a pond belonging to a friend of the artist. Louis B. James, 143B Orchard Street, at Rivington Street, Lower East Side, 212-533-4670, louisbjames.com. (Schwendener)

Jackie Saccoccio: 'Degree of Tilt' (closes Sunday and next Friday) With sharp, inventive color combinations and a technique that involves more than you initially realize, this artist belongs to a generation that is finding new ways to explore the convention of allover abstract painting. Alternately diaphanous and concrete, parts of her intricate compositions involve weaving together thin pours of paint while tilting the canvas at different angles. Hence the title of this show, which has an uptown component. Through Sunday at Eleven Rivington, 11 Rivington Street, Lower East Side, 212-982-1930, elevenrivington.com. Through next Friday at Van Doren Waxter, 23 East 73rd Street, Manhattan, 212-445-0444, vandorenwaxter.com. (Smith)

? Sagren: 'Clement Siatous' (closes on Sunday) The painterly is ultimately political in 13 beautiful sunlit beach scenes that revisit an ugly episode of postwar military imperialism. With both accuracy and unusual spatial verve, this talented self-taught painter chronicles life on a small archipelago in the Indian Ocean -- where he was born and spent his early childhood -- before Britain expelled its residents to make way for an American naval base. Simon Preston Gallery, 301 Broome Street, Lower East Side, 212-431-1105, simonprestongallery.com. (Smith)

? Elias Sime (closes on Saturday) Elias Sime, who is based in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, makes complex monumental art from tiny found and scavenged parts. The highlight of his New York solo is an enormous piece in the back gallery called ''Tightrope 7.'' Stretching almost floor to ceiling over two walls, it's a collage of thousands of metal compute boards lined up edge to edge and adorned with buttons, screws, batteries, bundled wires and sections of keyboards, along with bottle caps and scraps of cigarette packs. On the one hand, it's a chaos of castoffs; on the other, it's a miracle of labor-intensive precision. Its image could be of a grand and stress-ridden urban plan, or of a celestial chart. James Cohan Gallery, 533 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-714-9500, jamescohan.com. (Cotter)

'War Games' (closes on Saturday) This group show featuring nine artists is well-chosen, imaginative and coherent, with impressive new works by Joanna Malinowska, Anna Betbeze and Alexandra Bircken. Its centerpiece and inspiration is a phallic battering ram from 1989 by Magdalena Abakanowicz, and it functions as a hinge between her solo shows at the gallery's 57th Street and Lower East Side emporiums. Marlborough Chelsea, 545 West 25th Street, 212-463-8634, marlboroughchelsea.com. (Smith)

Rachel Perry Welty (closes on Saturday) A photographer tackles nonmechanical reproduction -- one hand's ability to copy the other -- in a series of large diptych drawings whose bilateral arrangements cascading multicolor lines suggest attenuated Morris Louis pours or cross sections of agate stones. Other obsessive delights await in this strange and beautiful show, including flight-of-the-bumblebee motifs rendered in sliced-up fruit stickers. Yancey Richardson Gallery, 525 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, yanceyrichardson.com, 646-230-9610. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/16/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-16-23.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/16/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-16-23.html)

**Graphic**

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[***LITTLE ROCK A SYMBOL AGAIN: THE RESEGREGATION OF SCHOOLS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BRF0-0007-J3RW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Just as integration here has become respectable, the public schools are threatened with becoming racially segregated again.

Years of movement by whites to the suburbs, encouraged by shrewd real estate speculators and some political leaders, ship, has left the Little Rock school district with a 4-to-1 black majority in the elementary grades. School enrollment is 70 percent black over all, even though a majority of the city's population is white, and school officials predict the public schools will be all black in a few years.

''In my view, public education in this community has reached a crisis stage,'' Federal District Judge Henry Woods wrote last April as he signed an order that he and school officials hoped would stop the resegregation. His order, a result of a lawsuit by the Little Rock school district, would merge that district with two adjoining ones where many of the city's whites have settled in recent years.

Race Relations: The Changing South, second article of series to appear periodically focuses on issue of resegregation of schools in Little Rock, Ark, and other Southern towns; years of movement by whites to suburbs has left Little Rock school district with 4-to-1 black majority in elementary grades; Judge Henry Woods signed order last April that would merge Little Rock school district with two adjoining ones where many of city's whites have settled in recent years; Woods photo (L)

The question of segregation was the issue that made Little Rock a symbol of the school integration fight in the late 1950's. It involved Federal judges in desegregation, the use of Federal marshals and troops, white resistance, violence and news pictures of black children facing white mobs.

The city typified what was to occur in scores of communities around the South, and eventually in the North, as desegregation led to many changes. And today this city, like many others, has once again reached a critical point in the nation's attempt to deal with the problems of race. One of the issues now is resegregation.

Judge Woods's order is being appealed to the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit. The United States Justice Department has joined the judge's many critics here and asked the appeals court to let it intervene against consolidation.

The Justice Department under the Reagan Administration generally favors incentives such as schools with enriched curriculums to serve as a magnet for students, rather than busing, to achieve desegregation. It says that consolidation in Little Rock, which would rely to some extent on busing, would be ''disastrous.''

Little Rock, which has been through the historical wringer - once considered racially progressive, later a symbol of segregationist resistance, then painfully overcoming that problem - is not the only place in the South facing school resegregation. The phenomenon is widespread.

Reluctant Rural Areas

Steve Suitts, director of the Southern Regional Council, the Atlanta-based private research organization, attributes the new trend partly to the growing urbanization of the South and the segregated housing patterns that go with it.

He also cites continuing recalcitrance in the rural sections of the Deep South. Recent studies by his organization show that many rural areas with heavy black populations have virtually abandoned efforts to desegregate their schools. White students there are growing up in private schools, leaving the public schools virtually all black, and with diminishing tax revenue to support them.

Mr. Suitts points out that surveys show the public schools of every other region of the United States to be less integrated than those of the South. He takes no comfort from that, though, because the schools of the Southern cities are daily becoming more like those of the urban Northeast. Atlanta public schools, for example, are 90 percent black and face tougher problems every year in attracting the support of the affluent white community.

Judge Woods predicted in a recent interview that, without consolidation, the Little Rock district would be all black in five years. Noting that many white parents were already sending their children to private schools, he predicted a decline in financial support for public education if the trend continued. Recently the Little Rock voters decisively rejected a school tax increase.

Magnet School Drew Whites

In Pulaski County, where Little Rock is, about 13 percent of the elementary and secondary students are in private schools.

The Little Rock school board tried to come to grips with white flight in the late 1970's. It opened a magnet school with an enriched curriculum in a black neighborhood, and white parents eagerly put their children into it. It transferred large numbers of black students out of six virtually all-black elementary schools to keep those schools well integrated, and thus more acceptable to whites.

Everyone understood those were stopgap measures. Eventual consolidation with the adjoining districts, converting all of Pulaski County into one district, seemed to Little Rock officials to be the only long-term answer.

Even though some had anticipated it, Judge Woods's order that Little Rock consolidate with the districts of North Little Rock and rural Pulaski County was a political bombshell. Angry white parents in the two districts outside the city have been meeting for nearly a year to try to block it. A number of politicians have vowed to fight it. Little Rock's competing daily newspapers are split; The Arkansas Gazette supports it and The Arkansas Democrat opposes it.

Judge Cites Racism

Thirty years ago school integration was widely believed in this conservative state to be a Communist plot. Sentiment has swung so far the other way that virtually no one now will admit publicly to being a segregationist. The typical angry white parent addressing an anticonsolidation meeting begins by saying, ''I'm all for integration, but . . . ''

The main reason people give publicly for opposing consolidation is that it may require busing children long distances. Many parents, black and white, object to that.

Judge Woods said in the interview that he thought there would be less busing than was commonly believed. He attributed much of the resistance to unacknowledged racism.

''Down deep, many whites don't want their kids sitting next to blacks,'' he said. ''That's what it comes down to.''

John Robert Starr, managing editor and chief columnist of The Arkansas Democrat, has called Judge Woods a dictator and a liar. He says white opponents of consolidation object to wide- scale busing for racial balance but favor nondiscriminatory treatment of both races.

''There is no opposition to blacks' attending a neighborhood school, even an all-white one,'' he wrote in one column.

More Flight Predicted

Mr. Starr and many others believe it was the Little Rock district's ''heavy- handed desegregation policies'' of earlier years that chased whites into the suburbs. They say consolidation will chase them into even more distant suburbs of neighboring counties.

Mr. Starr recently quoted an admittedly unscientific poll conducted by his newspaper showing that 76 percent of the respondents would put their children into private schools or move elsewhere if the three districts were consolidated.

Consolidation is not popular among blacks, either, although some of the more prominent black leaders see it as necessary. Perlesta A. Hollingsworth, a former member of the State Supreme Court who is one of the black lawyers working for consolidation, estimates that as many as 60 percent of both blacks and whites in the area oppose consolidation.

He said blacks resented the notion that they had to go to a white-majority school to be successful. Many also resent having their children bused into white suburbs to school, he said, and some believe blacks have already borne the main burden of busing to achieve desegregation.

Mr. Hollingsworth takes the view that integration is necessary for black success, no matter how much trouble it is, because black children need to learn how to operate in a system with a white majority.

Role of Real Estate Speculators

''They're going to always be a minority,'' he said. ''They are going to have to learn how to survive in that sort of environment.''

The consolidation controversy became so heated last year that it washed over into political contests. Some people say the election of Tommy Robinson, a former Pulaski County sheriff who is a hard-liner on law enforcement, to the United States House of Representatives is a result of his highly vocal stand against consolidation. He has vowed to stop it in Congress, somehow.

There is wide agreement that much of Little Rock's school problem can be attributed to two things: real estate speculators who enriched themselves by encouraging white flight and short- sighted political and civic leadership over much of the last 30 years.

In the 1950's, Little Rock's whites and blacks often lived close together, as they still do in many small Southern towns. For example, in the little town of Alexander, in southwestern Pulaski County, the main political feud in recent years has been between a white leader and a black one. They lived as close neighbors until one night not long ago when a tornado picked up the white leader's house trailer and slammed it against the black leader's house.

Worries in the 1950's

In Little Rock today not even an act of God could guarantee hitting a black man's house with a white man's unless the tornado picked it up and carried it for miles to find its target. Almost no one has neighbors of the other race here anymore. Most of the whites live in the western suburbs, and most of the blacks live in the older eastern parts of town. Where the two sections join, they are often divided by major thoroughfares or railroads.

In the 1950's the white leaders of Southern cities worried about conflict if people of the two races lived near one another. In the consolidation lawsuit that led to Judge Woods's order, there was testimony that Little Rock officials had deliberately encouraged segregated public housing and racially separated neighborhoods to keep down trouble.

There was also testimony that large real estate companies used their influence to help make neighborhoods all white and all black.

Mr. Hollingsworth tells of one favorite device of the developers. They would persuade the Little Rock School Board to build a new elementary school west of the established city, sometimes in a forest or an open field. Then the real estate companies would subdivide the land around it and sell lots and houses, basing their sales pitch on the proximity of the new all-white school.

Knocking on Doors

Daisy Bates, who led the black fight for desegregated schools in the 1950's as state president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, recalls how the real estate agents emptied whites from her neighborhood in southern Little Rock.

''The real estate people came and knocked on doors,'' she said recently. ''They would ask the white people, 'Do you want your children to go to school with black children?' This neighborhood was mostly white when I moved here. Now it's all black.''

A black real estate agent who once worked for a large white-owned company testified in Judge Woods's court that the big companies commonly ''steered'' white buyers to white neighborhoods and black ones to black neighborhoods. He also testified that mortgage loans were difficult to obtain for blacks trying to buy in white neighborhoods, and vice versa. His company dismissed him for selling a house in a white neighborhood to a black buyers.

The residents were recently reminded of the real estate speculators and their part in turning Little Rock into two racially separate cities. A leading real estate man died, and in his will he left $4 million to his church, provided it would abandon its old neighborhood, once integrated but now predominantly black, and move to the white suburbs that he had helped create.

Eisenhower Called Timid

A new book has just been published reviewing the events of 1957 that made Little Rock a symbol of racism. It is ''The Little Rock Crisis: A Constitutional Interpretation,'' by Tony Freyer of the University of Alabama. Mr. Freyer apportions blame generously among political and civic leaders, from the White House to the executive suites of Little Rock.

President Eisenhower, he says, might have stopped the school crisis before it happened but was too timid, too uninterested and too fearful of offending the Southern white conservatives the Republican Party was trying to lure from the Democrats.

Orval E. Faubus, who was Governor of Arkansas in 1957 and who won four more terms in office largely on the strength of his resistance to integration, is portrayed by Mr. Freyer as much more complex than the racist demagogue many Americans remember him to be.

Mr. Faubus had an impressive record of improvements before 1957. He was considered a liberal on race. Then, as Mr. Freyer sees it, the Governor became politically boxed in by the Eisenhower Administration on one side and angry white segregationists on the other.

Faubus's Last-Hour Hopes

Mr. Freyer is able to document that Governor Faubus apparently hoped until the last hour that the Federal Government would step in and enforce the school integration orders of the Federal courts. When it did not, Mr. Freyer says, Mr. Faubus reluctantly but quite completely went over to the segregationists.

Mr. Freyer is particularly hard on the Eisenhower Justice Department. At one point, he writes, the Federal Bureau of Investigation made an exhaustive investigation of Mr. Faubus's questionable assertion that he had had to call out National Guard troops to stop integration at Central High School here because angry whites were feverishly buying guns and preparing for violence. The F.B.I. found no substance to the contention.

He says the Justice Department failed to use the F.B.I. report in a crucial court hearing that might have dampened the school crisis before it got out of control. Later the Justice Department refused to prosecute segregationist agitators who caused mob violence at Central High School.

Mr. Freyer says the Little Rock School Board of 1957, while intent on following the Supreme Court's 1954 desegregation decision, was often confused and indecisive.

Federal Troops Called Out

He says the board members and the superintendent, Virgil T. Blossom, made numerous speeches promoting their desegregation plan, but aimed their campaign at business leaders and civic clubs instead of the ***working-class*** whites who would be most affected.

Perhaps worst of all, they chose to start desegregation with Central High, which was in the older, racially mixed, ***working-class*** part of town. The children of the affluent white leaders were transferred to a new all-white high school in the western suburbs, and the whites at Central were furious.

The disastrous consequences are well known. Eisenhower finally called out Federal troops and placed the Arkansas National Guard under Federal control to patrol Central High for a year and protect nine black students from harassment and assault. The next year, 1958-59, Little Rock's four high schools were closed on an order signed by Governor Faubus and endorsed by a majority of the city's voters. The city's 3,400 high school students went to private schools or to public schools in other towns, or stayed home.

A group of moderate white women led an arduous campaign to reopen the schools in 1959, and the city began the painful process of desegregating its entire school system and repairing the economic damage caused by the crisis and the worldwide publicity it brought.

Central High School Today

One of the brighter spots in the Little Rock school system today is Central High. The school is 57 percent black. Its racial mix has remained stable for the last 10 years, thanks to heroic efforts and perhaps some quiet manipulation of enrollment by the school authorities. Central's faculty, equipment, students and overall reputation are said to be the best of any high school in the city. Many white parents are willing to have their children bused or sent many miles by car pool to attend.

Everett Hawks, the white principal, calls Central ''a model for the whole nation.'' Two of his predecessors have been black. About 37 percent of the faculty are black. Four assistant principals are black. Black and white graduates are regularly admitted to Ivy League colleges, although whites still dominate the academic life of Central and account for most of the enrollment in honors classes.

Johnny Bailey, who is black, and Heath Howe, who is white, illustrate the state of integration at the school that once symbolized segregation. Both are 10th-graders and members of the student council. Both are clearly marked for leadership in their last years at Central.

'One of My Best Friends'

They talked recently of the easy relationship between most black and white students. A few ''country boys'' hang back, but most students work together. A few blacks and whites date. The big dances are thoroughly integrated; whites learn black dances and vice versa. Extracurricular activities are almost all integrated. There is enormous school pride.

This year's student president is a black senior. Next year's officers will be elected soon. Blacks and whites do not vote as blocs, the two said; people vote on the basis of friendship and personality.

''One of my best friends is a black girl,'' said Miss Howe. She left no room to infer irony. Her black friend, she said, is running for second vice president, and Miss Howe will support her against white candidates ''because she's my friend.''

They were asked a couple of questions about history. They knew very well that Central was once famous, but neither was familiar with the name Faubus.

What did they think of the 1950's idea that integrationists were Communists? The two glanced at each other, then at the questioner to see whether they were being kidded. They broke into laughter and Miss Howe said, ''That's baloney.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Judge Henry Woods; Photo of Central High School, Little Rock, and current principal, Everett Hawks

**End of Document**



[***G.M. STUNS A VILLAGE BY LAYOFFS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PB40-0009-21HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1982, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Page 25, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1250 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y., Aug. 20

**Body**

In most Augusts, the new models began rolling off the assembly line at the General Motors assembly plant here, and this town celebrated. Spectators gawked and loudspeakers squawked as the latest line, like a newly blessed fishing fleet, paraded up Beekman Avenue from the plant to Village Hall.

This August, half the plant's 4,000 employees learned they will be laid off on Sept. 13 when the entire night-shift operation is halted. This August, the only parade will be to the unemployment insurance office in nearby Greenburgh.

This Westchester County village of 8,254 is plainly frightened, for North Tarrytown has lived off the auto industry since the plant, by the Hudson River, was making Stanley Steamers.

Discussion of effects of layoffs at General Motors assembly plant in North Tarrytown (NY) on local people

General Motors pays half the $2.8 million in property taxes for the entire town. It purchases $40 million in goods from industries within 50 miles. It dispenses a $138 million annual payroll. As many as half of the plant's employees live in or near North Tarrytown. Some families have sent four generations to work there.

Layoffs to Be 'Indefinite'

''Right now,'' said Mayor Philip Zegarelli, ''I'm whistling in the dusk. Not the dark, but the dusk. Don't say I'm scared, but I'm more than just concerned.''

''Indefinite'' was the word General Motors used in announcing the layoffs last Monday, citing a 29 percent decline in sales of new cars from last August. The last time the corporation ordered similar measures at North Tarrytown, in 1973, ''indefinite'' lasted 22 months.

What everyone wonders this time is not how long it will be until the callback, but whether there will be one at all. ''People couldn't pay the rent,'' recalls Raymond Calore, the president of Local 664 of the United Auto Workers. ''They moved in with parents and in-laws. They went on welfare.''

Merchants Already Affected

The merchants along Beekman Avenue closed their shops early. Some just closed. Some never reopened. It does not take long. The auto plant has been closed for the last two weeks for alterations to the assembly line, and, already, a dry cleaner and liquor store have closed temporarily, several groceries have shortened their hours, and last call at the Towne Tavern has been moved up to midnight from 4 A.M.

''Everyone in town knows, or knows of, someone who works there,'' Mayor Zegarelli said. ''There are people across the street from me, and relatives, who will be laid off. When something like this happens, it's an assault on the whole town - psychologically and economically.''

Yesterday, Susan Kopek, three months pregnant, of the plant's paint shop, stood on the unemployment line. Behind her was Diana Curi, a ''floater'' in the plant, with a new car that is not paid for and a 12-year-old son in parochial school.

Was Earning $39,000 a Year

Mark Capaldo, an assembler, joined the line later, his 13-monthold daughter in his arms and the next rent check on his mind. Steven Nadasi, an electrician who had been supporting a family of four nicely on $39,000 a year, cursed his timing. He started working at the plant in 1970; the seniority cutoff for the layoffs was 1969.

''I can't see in the future what we'll be able to buy,'' he said. ''You cannot buy what you cannot afford.'' ''I haven't even made the first payment on my car,'' Mrs. Curi said. ''I'll have to sell it back. How can I buy my son's clothes? How can I pay his tuition? How can I put food on the table?''

''Maybe I'll catch on with my dad, he's a florist,'' Mr. Capaldo said. ''I'm lucky to have people to help me out. I feel sorry for the people who don't. I know a guy who's been at G.M. 10 years. He's 35 and now he's got to sell his house and move back with his mother-inlaw.''

Mrs. Kopek sighed. Like many employees at the plant, she had considered her job safe only days before. The plant, after all, built small and medium-sized cars. The union had approved a new contract earlier this year, trading concessions in wages and benefits, supposedly for job security.

Recalls Plentiful Overtime

She had heard rumors that layoffs would begin on a two-week rotation. But all summer, there had been overtime - nine-hour days, six-day weeks.

''That was for us fools,'' she said, her voice hardening. ''They put blinders on us. Now we won't work for God knows how long.'' ''If they can get away with all this,'' said August Castonguay, a spot welder for 19 years who survived the layoff, ''they'll get away with the next one - closing the whole plant.''

Comfort and immunity, in the form of $200,000 homes, do cover the hills ringing North Tarrytown. But downtown is ***working class***, ethnic and vulnerable.

On Beekman Avenue stand a social club for Slavs and Poles, an Irish bar, Hispanic groceries and restaurants, a parochial school named for an Italian patron saint.

Stores Depend on Plant's Workers

In the hardware stores, goods are crammed from sidewalk to back door, parted only by crooked and narrow aisles for customers. Shop windows carry advertisements scrawled on index cards, trophies won by the local drum and bugle corps, fliers for the annual policemen's softball game.

The owners of these stores said they survived on business from the night shift: snacks on the way in at 3 P.M., dinner at 8 P.M., a beer or a gallon of milk to go at 2 A.M. Workers will cash their checks at one of the two favored depositories - the First National Bank or the Towne Tavern, known by everyone as ''Pete the Greek's.''

''The plant keeps the whole town going,'' said Sam Elhamshri, the owner of the two Off Broadway groceries on Beekman Avenue. ''When it's busy, the town is alive; when it's off, the town is dead.''

''What's the layoff going to do?'' said Pete Callas, the owner of the Towne Tavern. ''I'll lose half my business. Same thing that happened last time.''

Mr. Elhamshri's cashiers have asked whether he will dismiss them when business drops. He says he does not know the answer, but he does know he will lose $1,000 to $1,500 a day in sales at a time he just bought the building that includes one of his stores.

Short Grace Period for Workers

''The immediate effect will be on the small businesses,'' said Susan Glickman, the director of economic development in Westchester County, ''and the longer the duration, the deeper those effects will be.''

The workers, Mrs. Glickman said, will enjoy a short grace period. They will work three more weeks before the layoff and then receive union severance pay - the amount and length vary according to seniority - on top of the $125 in unemployment benefits. But when the union checks run out, Mrs. Glickman said, life looks bleak.

Unemployment in North Tarrytown has been low - 5.1 percent in June -but the region's jobs lie in communications, in high techology, in the offices and hotels rising nearby. The nearest auto plant, in Mahwah, N.J., was closed by Ford two years ago.

It leaves plenty of time to talk and plenty to talk about. Some, like Mr. Calore, blame the Japanese. Mr. Capaldo, blames the union. Mr. Castonguay blames President Reagan. But if a conversation in the Towne Tavern is any indication, the feelings are often more complex.

''Will things get better?'' Mr. Callas was asked. ''When they build a better car,'' he said. ''Don't start that,'' put in an auto worker, scheduled to be laid off, who identified himself only as Doc. ''That's a good car we make down there.''

''Would you buy one?'' Mr. Callas shot back. ''How could I afford one now?'' Doc said.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: map of North Tarrytown photo of General Motors assembly plant in North Tarrytown photo of Raymond Calore photo of group of workers among those laid off outside pub

**End of Document**



[***Weekender Hawley, Pa.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G9R-K5R0-TW8F-G27M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 3, 2005 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 6; HAVENS

**Length:** 1934 words

**Byline:** By LOUISE TUTELIAN

**Body**

BINGO is played at the Ambulance Building, and Bingham Park is home to the local Little League. Comic books and cap guns are for sale at the Trading Post on Main Avenue, and Paul Finan clips haircuts in the same barber shop his father opened in 1920, while his son Ron works by his side. That's life in Hawley, a small town in the Poconos, just north of Lake Wallenpaupack and about 20 miles west of the New York border.

There's nothing pretentious about this town and its ***working-class*** roots, and that's part of the appeal to an increasing number of New Yorkers who are choosing it as a weekend retreat. From their location on the Delaware & Hudson Canal and gravity railroad, Hawley's original residents helped to transport anthracite coal as it made its way from Pennsylvania mines to New York markets in the mid-1800's. The town was named for Irad Hawley, the first president of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. These days, Hawley, a borough in Wayne County, is better known for its old-fashioned charm and for having Pennsylvania's third-largest artificial lake in its backyard.

''It's a great escape up here,'' said Jonathan Cohen, a freelance cartoonist from Manhattan. ''There's so much greenery and oxygen. It just fills up your lungs when you're here.'' Mr. Cohen and his wife, Regina, who works in product development for Kate Spade, bought a three-bedroom, two-bathroom A-frame on one and a half acres for $110,000 in May 2004. ''One of the things we loved about it was that it came with a boccie-ball court in the backyard,'' said Mr. Cohen, who spends every weekend at the house.

The borough of Hawley itself is small, but people who live in adjacent Palmyra or Paupack Townships usually have a Hawley mailing address. Real estate agents show potential buyers a variety of ''Hawley'' properties, from multimillion-dollar lakefront homes to rustic houses on gravel roads in the hills to quaint Victorians in the center of town.

As Route 6 curves down a hill into town, a billboard for Church's Hardware (''Since 1857'') a church steeple and a patchwork of roof colors appear. Hawley's business district is modest: Main Avenue runs for only about four blocks. Beneath the roofs are a mix of sandwich shops, auto parts stores, beauty salons and antiques and gift shops. Toward the end of Church Street, the Victorian gables and fretwork of the beautifully painted First Presbyterian Church and restored 100-year-old homes grace one end of town. Spacious Bingham Park, with its quaint band shell, anchors the other end, with hills rising up beyond. In between, some less tended homes and stores peel paint.

Certain storefronts stand out as evidence of change to come. Sheelah Kaye-Stepkin is the proprietor of Torte Knox, a cooking school and restaurant in the imposing former First National Bank of Hawley. She bought the building, along with a parking lot and another building on Main Avenue, for $168,000 in 1997. Last week, she was offering demonstrations in creating wedding-cakes, serving five-course ''Theater on a Plate'' dinners for $100 each and planning Extreme Martini Makeover events on Thursdays in the summer. ''We get many visitors from New York here,'' said Ms. Kaye-Stepkin. ''No one can believe we're in Hawley.'' Andrea Hartenfels opened the East Coast Herb & Spice Company three months ago, dispensing blends from chipotle to chamomile. And across the street, the Corner Tea Shop offers a traditional English afternoon tea, topped off with a selection of decorated hats to don while sipping.

To be sure, 18-wheel flatbed trucks rumble through town on a regular basis, and plenty of the sidewalks are cracked. But even that may be remedied soon. The Pennsylvania Department of Transportation recently awarded Hawley a $525,000 grant to finance new sidewalks, plantings and period lamps in the downtown. ''This will make one of our dreams come true,'' Mayor Ann R. Morgan said.

The Scene

''It's quirky here, but that's what I like about it,'' said Mark Roszko, who bought his 1,500-square-foot modernist house in 2001 for $300,000. Mr. Roszko, who lives in the Flatiron district of Manhattan and works in trading support for Credit Suisse First Boston, uses his house eight months a year. ''I've had colorful contractors who show up and tell me exactly what's on their minds,'' he said. Friends drive up for his dinner parties about once a month. They call his home a cabin, but he calls his three-bedroom, two-bathroom home with a wraparound deck something else: a bargain. ''The lake is 40 feet away,'' he said. ''I was very lucky.''

''Quirky'' also aptly describes a landscape in which million-dollar homes are a half-mile up wooded hills from bait shops.

Lake Wallenpaupack is a huge draw for visitors who fish, swim, boat and drive snowmobiles on it as the seasons change. Pennsylvania Power & Light, owner of the lake, maintains four public-access launching areas, and there is a public swimming beach in Palmyra Township.

Want to do more than cruise around on an Aqua Patio pontoon boat? Mary Rivardo, who works at the front desk at the Settlers Inn in Hawley, moved to the area from Queens. Now, she sometimes commutes to work by canoe on nice days, paddling down the Lackawaxen River, which flows behind the inn. Outdoor enthusiasts can also keep busy with hiking, horseback riding, fly-fishing, tennis on lighted public courts or teeing off at the Cricket Hills Golf Club 15 minutes away. For nonathletes, hunting for antiques at emporiums like the Castle, hitting the local flea markets, checking out fairs like the Audubon Art & Craft Festival (July 23 and 24) and visiting neighboring towns are typically the order of the day.

Pros

The short drive from New York is appealing to prospective buyers. So are the property taxes, which tend to be 20 to 25 percent lower than those in New York towns a half-hour drive away. Because Pennsylvania doesn't tax pensions, many retired police officers and firefighters buy vacation homes in the area, said George Irish of Re/Max Lake Wallenpaupack-North.

Family-style restaurants and casual spots are standard. The Hawley Diner's jumbo Belgian waffles are a local institution. More upscale choices are the blue-and-white Boat House, with a view of the lake; and Cora's 1850 Bistro, a former hotel now run by Cora Jones and Patrick Shelton, two Culinary Institute of America graduates. The Settlers Inn was planning an evening of wines from the Pacific Northwest one recent weekend.

Evening entertainment includes bar bands at the Boat House and a 500-seat nightclub-theater at the Woodloch Pines Resort. The Ritz Company Playhouse, a 1930's movie house now a nonprofit community theater, stages five shows each summer, including one that is featuring its junior performers, the Ritz Bitz Players.

The crime rate is extremely low. Mr. Irish doesn't lock his door and even if he did, he said, ''Everyone knows where I hide the key.''

Cons

''To spend time here in the winter, you have to like winter activities or be very, very friendly with your spouse,'' said Mark Korman, a produce buyer who completed a house in town last year. Snow is heavy and roads are hard to navigate in the pitch black. For winter weekenders, three ski areas are less than an hour from Hawley: Tanglewood is eight miles away; Ski Big Bear is 15 minutes away; and Shawnee Mountain is 35 minutes away.

In the summer, even real estate agents acknowledge, traffic is becoming worse. And lake traffic is heavy too. ''There can be 5,000 boats on the water on a Saturday,'' said Mr. Irish. Noise from motorized water scooters is irksome to some lakefront weekenders, and littering is becoming a problem.

The nearest movie theater is in Honesdale, 20 minutes away. That's also where you'll find Kmart and Wal-Mart stores. The closest major shopping mall is in Scranton, a 45-minute drive.

The Real Estate Market

Twelve properties were listed for sale this week in the immediate Hawley area. ''There is a very thin market up here,'' said Milt Roegner, owner of the Roegner Appraisal Group in Honesdale, who has been appraising properties in Hawley for 30 years. ''No one wants to sell. Before the ink is dry on the appraisal, the price has gone up, so everyone is holding on to them. We've had 60 home sales in the entire borough in the past two years.''

He estimates that prices have doubled in the last five years, with a huge leap after the World Trade Center attacks. ''You should have been here in 1981,'' he said. ''People walked into my office and offered to give me lots.''

Those days are over. That said, the properties for sale at any given time can fall into a wide price range: from a small one- or two-story fixer-upper for $70,000 to an older home in good shape for $145,000 to a restored Victorian at the $350,000 mark. Many weekenders choose to buy or build homes in private developments like Hidden Lake Estates that feature amenities like small private artificial lakes and clubhouses.

On the market this week from Re/Max of Lake Wallenpaupack-North were a three-bedroom, two-bathroom 1840 house in need of work, with 16-foot ceilings, hardwood floors and a brick fireplace, for $139,900 and with taxes of $1,400 and a 19-acre property with a 4,000-square-foot contemporary house with three bedrooms and two and a half bathrooms, for $949,000 and with taxes of $2.943.

Davis R. Chant Realty in Honesdale was offering a 2,600-square-foot four-bedroom, two-and-a-half bathroom contemporary house on six acres in Hidden Lake Estates for $480,000, with taxes of $3,946 and association dues of $600.

A three-bedroom, one-and-a-half bath ranch with an attached garage on 1.2 acres with a view of the Lackawaxen River was available from Coldwell Banker Lakeview Realtors of Hawley for $239,000 with taxes of $2,256. A seven-acre ooded parcel in the Milestone Estates development was for sale by Century 21 Select Group-Hamlin for $57,900, with taxes of $400.

LAY OF THE LAND

Small-Town Life With Benefits

POPULATION -- 1,303.

SIZE -- 0.6 square mile.

MEDIAN HOUSE PRICE -- $129,000.

RECENT SALES -- A two-bedroom, one-bathroom frame house on just under a half-acre sold for $75,000, down from an asking price of $79,900. A three-bedroom, one-and-a-half-bathroom stone cottage with a fireplace and original woodwork on more than two acres sold for $190,000, down from $198,000. A 150-year-old center-hall colonial-style house with three bedrooms, one bathroom and three fireplaces, within walking distance to the Lackawaxen River, sold for $135,000, down from an asking price of $149,000. A five-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bathroom property on Lake Wallenpaupack with a fireplace and a two-car garage sold for $1,225,000 from an asking price of $1.5 million.

DISTANCE FROM NEW YORK -- 99 miles.

TRAVEL TIME -- About two hours.

GETTING THERE -- Cross the George Washington Bridge to Interstate 80. Continue west on Interstate 80 to Exit 34B (Sparta). Take Routes 15-206 north to Milford, Pa. After the toll bridge, follow Route 6 west 25 miles into the town of Hawley.

WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING -- The Settlers Inn (4 Main Avenue, 800-833-8527) is a charming 22-room hotel with Mission-style furniture and Arts and Crafts touches. Rates are $120 to $200 a night on weekends, including breakfast. A farm-to-table restaurant, it serves lunch and dinner as well. Closer to the water, East Shore Lodging (Route 6, 877-226-8226) overlooks Lake Wallenpaupack from Gresham's Landing, a shopping and activity hub. It has 12 rooms and suites, 3 with log-style decor. Rates start at $75 a night in the cooler months and $115 a night from mid-June through early September.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: KEEPING IT SIMPLE -- Belgian waffles, above, are a favorite with customers at the Hawley Diner. Main Avenue, right, is the center of the modest business district in Hawley, Pa. (Photographs by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)Map of Pennsylvania highlighting Hawley.

**Load-Date:** June 3, 2005

**End of Document**



[***SUNY Campus in Cornfields Cultivates an Ivy Reputation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SKD0-003Y-K4MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By LISA W. FODERARO, Special to The New York Times

By LISA W. FODERARO, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GENESEO, N.Y.

**Body**

In the Genesee River Valley, the ivy-covered buildings of the State University of New York's College of Arts and Sciences at Geneseo soar startlingly out of the surrounding cornfields.

So, in recent years, has SUNY Geneseo itself, becoming one of the nation's most selective, highly regarded public colleges.

How the school accomplished this says much about the course of higher education in the 1980's, particularly the power of marketing and national publicity, and the growing appeal of the relatively low tuition at public colleges. But its setbacks also suggest the problems ahead for public colleges.

Lobbying for a Tuition Increase

Geneseo succeeded by becoming more exclusive, educating the middle class rather than the ***working class***, in part by offering these students a tuition bargain. Yet its success has not protected it from the budget problems facing public universities across the Northeast. Facing cuts in academic departments and programs, its students andfaculty members are trying something rarely done in higher education, public or private. They are lobbying for a tuition increase.

"Our tuition is too low -- it's terrible -- and the whole system could collapse," said Ron Herzman, a professor of English. "We have a chance to really be good, to be as good as some people say we are, and it could go either way."

School officials set out in the late 1970's to reverse declines in applications and standards by shoring up marketing, making academic programs more rigorous and becoming choosier about admissions.

"We hypothesized that there was a niche in the market for a small selective liberal arts college that might represent a reasonable alternative for the best and brightest kids whose parents didn't want to spend $20,000 a year," said William L. Caren, a former dean of admissions.

Tuition is now $1,350 a year, and room and board bring costs to about $6,500. SUNY officials said last week that Chancellor D. Bruce Johnstone is considering asking the Legislature for a tuition increase of between $50 and $100 for the spring semester to head off the effects of a new round of budget cuts.

SUNY Geneseo has strengths, starting with a Gothic-style campus bordered on one side by a Main Street listed on the National Register of Historic Places. In the 1970's, it had some solid departments, and one of the system's least-tenured faculties, leaving room for new talent.

The administration began emphasizing teaching over research, and stressed the humanities, rich in required readings from Plato to Shakespeare to Freud.

The admissions office wrote to high-school guidance counselors, sent recruiters across the state, urged students to visit the campus and added an essay requirement to the generic SUNY application. A new poster showed two students under a Gothic arch and read: "A Touch of New England in Western New York."

Ranked 2d After New College

Then in 1986 Money magazine included Geneseo in an article on state colleges titled "Ten Colleges With an Ivy Twist." National publicity continued, and this fall the "Money Guide: America's Best College Buys," ranked Geneseo second among public colleges nationwide, behind only New College, which is part of the University of South Florida, in Tampa.

As applications grew, admission became tougher. The college accepted less than a third of the 9,296 applicants in 1988, compared with 78 percent of the 4,378 in 1979. The high-school grade average of incoming freshmen rose to 92 this year from 84 in 1979, while the average score on the Scholastic Aptitude Test rose to 1160 from 990.

"The whole thing has just gone off the charts," said Geneseo's president, Dr. Carol Harter.

David Truax, the university's associate vice chancellor for access services in Albany, said, "People in SUNY's central administration marvel at what Geneseo has been able to accomplish."

Allan W. Ostar, president of the American Association of State Colleges and Universities in Washington, said: "It's not just the cost. Even more to the point is the growing recognition of the increasing quality of an institution like Geneseo."

Not Worth $16,000 More

Cost, however, is a major factor for both students and the ratings, which are unpopular among many educators who believe they serve mainly to focus attention on a narrow range of schools.

"The rankings reflects the new mentality of students and parents, which is that they are looking for the best education for their dollar," said Christine R. Paulson, a research policy analyst for the Education Commission of the States in Denver.

Jeff Fenton of Webster, N.Y., transferred from a community college to Geneseo in September, turning down Cornell and Brown.

"What those schools held over Geneseo was that they had better buildings on campus and more diversity in the student body, and that didn't seem worth the extra $16,000 a year," said Mr. Fenton, who expects to spend about $6,500 this year on tuition, room and board, fees and expenses.

The change in Geneseo's mission has also transformed the student body. While 10 years ago most students were the first in their families to attend college, now most are the second or third generation. While most have grants, loans or jobs, a majority come from families with incomes over $50,000.

New York's university system does not recruit out of state, and so Geneseo's students are overwhelmingly from New York. But the college draws students from 59 of the state's 62 counties, a broad reach for a SUNY campus. While Monroe and Erie Counties, to the immediate north and west, account for 25 percent of the freshman class, Suffolk County on the east end of Long Island sends 11 percent.

'I Miss Steelworkers' Kids'

Changes in the demographics are cause for some misgivings.

"The downside for me is that the people who come here are a little too suburban and homogenized," said Prof. Ron Herzman of the English department. "What I miss are the kids of Buffalo steelworkers who didn't know they were smart till they got here."

Dr. James H. Willey, a music professor, said: "Today's students are very bright and interesting. But sometimes, when I see a student driving a BMW, I say, 'Ah-hah!' They can have the expensive car because their parents are saving money on college."

Officials defend both their product and their consumers. "The fact is most of our students couldn't afford a Cornell or a Brown," the provost, Donald S. Spencer, said. "And a liberal arts education should not be limited to the most affluent in our society."

9 Percent Are Minorities

Administrators say a priority is attracting a better racial, ethnic and socio-economic mix without lowering standards. The student body is still overwhelmingly white and Protestant or Catholic. Nine percent of this year's 1,135 freshmen were minorities.

"Those improvements have to be redoubled," Dr. Spencer said.

Despite SUNY's guiding principle of accessibility to all high school students, officials in the central administration say there is room within the system for a University Center, like Binghamton, which has long been highly competitive, and now a college like Geneseo. Many campuses, especially the community colleges, have open admissions.

Money, the Grim Reaper

The entire state university system in New York has benefited from the growing cost-consciousness of families as the state has held tuition steady since 1983. The share of all New York high school graduates who applied to at least one of 49 of the system's campuses including Geneseo rose to 41 percent last year from 29 percent in 1979.

The lack of money looms as a sort of grim reaper. In the 1980's, as Governor Cuomo kept tuition flat, Geneseo cut maintenance workers, raised the student-faculty ratio and, to save on fuel, turned down the heat, even bursting the pipes in one dormitory.

A tuition increase alone would not solve SUNY's budget crisis, administrators say, since a $100 hike generates only about $10 million. SUNY's budget gap for next year is estimated to be between $300 million and $400 million.

So far, Geneseo has spared its academic program. But officials expect large cuts that could mean the loss of departments and faculty members. "There isn't any fat left," Dr. Spencer said. "The students at Geneseo would welcome a tuition increase if they knew the money would go into the instructional program instead of a black hole in state government."

**Graphic**

Photo: David Tamarin teaching his humanities class outdoors at State University of New York's College of Arts and Sciences at Geneseo. The school has become one of the country's most highly regarded public colleges. (Phil Matt for The New York Times) (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** November 12, 1990

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[***MOFFETT SEEKS SOFTER CAMPAIGN IMAGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PMK0-0009-239H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RICHARD L. MADDEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** HARTFORD, July 19

**Body**

Sipping a cup of coffee on his front porch the other morning, Representative Toby Moffett of Connecticut talked of how he would like to project a softer image as the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate.

His reputation as an advocate on environmental issues and other matters is a campaign plus, he said. ''But sometimes,'' he added, ''advocates get hurt because they come off as too intense -angry young men. Almost everywhere I go people come up and say: 'I didn't know you were so young. I didn't know you were so low-key. I didn't know you liked sports.' ''

Mr. Moffett said he would like the voters to see that side of him, and he acknowledged that there was some debate within his campaign organization about how to do so without obscuring his views on issues.

HARTFORD, July 19 - Sipping a cup of coffee on his front porch the other morning, Representative Toby Moffett of Connecticut talked of how he would like to project a softer image as the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate.

Up to now, no one has accused the 37-year-old Mr. Moffett of being soft. He has built a political reputation as a brash grass-roots organizer, liberal activist, environmental advocate and former Nader Raider.

Uncontested Nominee

But last Saturday, as he received his party's uncontested nomination for the Senate at the state convention here, Mr. Moffett, once a political outsider, was clearly seeking to be an insider.

He posed arm in arm with the party's gubernatorial nominee, Gov. William A. O'Neill, who symbolizes the more conservative wing of the party. And in his acceptance speech, Mr. Moffett appealed for election of the Democratic ticket to keep control of the State Capitol and to win the Senate seat now held by Lowell P. Weicker Jr., a two-term Republican.

Today, Mr. Moffett appeared at a news conference at the State Capitol to display his support among another traditional supporter of Democratic candidates - organized labor - and to announce the formation of a 53-member labor steering committee for his campaign.

The Moffett-O'Neill team has struck some Connecticut politicians as an odd match, although there are some clear political advantages for both candidates.

State's 'Best Organizer'

''Whatever you may think of Toby -he's too liberal, or he's too something else - he is the best organizer in this state,'' one of the Governor's aides said recently.

That organizing skill may help attract liberal support for Mr. O'Neill, and, in return, Mr. O'Neill's backing may make some party regulars more comfortable about supporting Mr. Moffett.

''We're running for different offices with clearly different functions,'' Mr. Moffett said. ''This is not a Governor-Lieutenant Governor problem.''

The rise to the nomination for the United States Senate has been rapid for Anthony Toby Moffett, the son of ***working-class*** Lebanese immigrants. He was born on Aug. 18, 1944, and grew up on an estate in Suffield, Conn., where his father was a caretaker and where any polticial talk was conservative Republican.

Joined '68 Kennedy Campaign

He attended Syracuse University and received a master's degree in urban affairs from Boston College, but it was Robert F. Kennedy's 1968 Presidential campaign that drew him to politics and to Washington.

After directing the United States Office of Students and Youth in 1969 and serving on the staff of Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota, Mr. Moffett returned to Connecticut in 1971 at the urging of Ralph Nader, the consumer advocate, to become the first director of the Connecticut Citizen Action Group. In 1974, when Ella T. Grasso left Congress to run for Governor, Mr. Moffett entered a wide-open contest for the House seat and won his first of four terms. He had not planned to run for Congress, he said, and was lucky to be in the position to get elected.

Mr. Moffett was one of the young Democrats in the House's post-Watergate ''class of 1974'' that overturned the seniority system and ousted four veteran Democratic committee chairmen. He beat out two colleagues with more seniority to win the chairmanship of a subcommittee on energy and environmental issues, which propelled him into Congressional prominence on those matters.

Now, however, Mr. Moffett, a resident of Litchfield, must be elected statewide instead of in the safe northwestern Connecticut district where he has built a reputation for zealous constituent service and where Republicans have usually had trouble finding a candidate to run against him.

Bush Challenging Weicker

Most of the early polls indicate that a Moffett-Weicker race on Nov. 2 would be extremely close, but that Mr. Moffett would have a strong lead over Prescott Bush Jr., the brother of the Vice President, who is challenging Mr. Weicker for the Republican nomination.

So far, however, the two Republican contenders have raised more than $1 million each for their campaigns, while Mr. Moffett has raised just over $500,000. To dramatize the perception that Mr. Moffett is running against what he calls ''two millionaires from Greenwich,'' a paid crew of college students is going door-to-door in the state raising small contributions. By the end of last month, that drive had brought in $44,000.

Another concern has been Mr. Moffett's standing in the Jewish community, which tends to contribute heavily to liberal Democratic candidates. Mr. Moffett has been conducting special mailings to Jewish voters asserting his support for Israel.

As a Lebanese-American, Mr. Moffett has been put in an uncomfortable position by the recent Israeli invasion of Lebanon. At a joint appearance with Mr. Weicker at a forum at Wesleyan University last Wednesday night, for example, Mr. Weicker said Israel ''had every right'' to go into Lebanon to, as he put it, ''kick the hell out of'' the Palestine Liberation Organization. Mr. Moffett put the emphasis on the need to restore stability to Lebanon.

A Possible November Preview

As the incumbent, Mr. Weicker has drawn most of the criticism from the Congressman. The Wesleyan forum, to which Mr. Bush was not invited, offered a preview of the campaign if Mr. Weicker is Mr.Moffett's Republican opponent. There was nothing soft about it.

Standing at separate lecterns in front of the sweltering auditorium, Mr. Moffett kept his suit jacket on and buttoned as he jabbed a finger at Mr. Weicker and accused the Senator of ''one flip-flop after another'' on votes and issues. ''The Senator, for whom I have respect, has changed his clothes just about once a day,'' Mr. Moffett said.

Mr. Weicker, who had hung his suit jacket on the back of a chair and rolled up his shirt sleeves, criticized Mr. Moffett for voting against most military appropriations bills, many of which benefit Connecticut industry.

Strategy Questioned

Speaking to a reporter recently about Mr. Bush's strong challenge to the Senator, Mr. Moffett said: ''One thing I'm not going to do is to let him get away with his trying to convince you guys that his problems are ideological only. They're behavioral as well as ideological.''

Some Democrats questioned Mr. Moffett's preconvention strategy of numerous campaign appearances and fund-raisers with celebrities, such as Robert Redford and Paul Newman, the actors, and Carly Simon, the rock singer. Mr. Moffett said that he had been concentrating on building a grass-roots campaign organization financed by small contributions, and that the celebrity appearances helped to ''fire the troops up.''

Not having a primary election, Mr. Moffett said, will enable him to build his organization and concentrate on November. Mr. Moffett runs four miles a day and plays a little basketball and a little tennis. ''I'm in the best shape of my life,'' he said. ''Come the end of this campaign in October, I'm going to be moving out.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Toby Moffett and William O'Neill

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[***It's All in How The Dog Is Served***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G7V-05X0-TW8F-G1XW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1971 words

**Byline:** By ED LEVINE

**Body**

YOU know those hot dogs that you know and love, and can't wait to eat this time of year? The ones served at Katz's Delicatessen, Gray's Papaya, Papaya King, the legendary Dominick's truck in Queens and the best ''dirty water dog'' carts?

They're all the same dog, manufactured by Marathon Enterprises, of East Rutherford, N.J., the parent company of Sabrett. They may vary in size, preparation and condiment selection (and Papaya King has Marathon add a secret spice to its mixture), but they're the same ol' dog. In fact, until a few years ago, Marathon made Nathan's hot dogs.

So, you may think you would have to work to find a truly special hot dog, one that stands out because of the frank itself, its trimmings, the bun or the surroundings. But New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are full of standouts, as I discovered in a nitrite-filled hot dog blitz.

Let's define our terms. A kosher hot dog is all beef and made under rabbinical supervision. It is skinless or stuffed into collagen casings, because natural casings are not permitted. Hebrew National and Empire National are the kosher hot dogs most often found in delis and supermarkets. Hebrew National is better known, but Empire National is the best kosher hot dog I've found. It is meaty, garlicky and just salty enough. You can find it in New York at the Second Avenue Deli and at Ben's Best in Rego Park, Queens.

What I call kosher-style franks are also all beef with a lot of the same spices, but they have a natural casing, these days made from sheep's intestines. It is the natural casing that gives the best hot dogs their wondrous snap and bite.

Many hot dog lovers around the country love franks made with beef and pork, either stuffed into natural casings or skinless. I think they are mushy, soft and underseasoned, but Walter's, a beloved pagoda-shaped hot dog emporium in Mamaroneck in Westchester County, splits and grills a hot dog made from beef, pork and veal.

So what constitutes a great hot dog? To me, it's a grilled, kosher-style frank served on a lightly toasted bun with slightly spicy mustard and a homemade onion or pickle relish that is neither too sweet nor too hot. The Old Town Bar on East 18th Street not only toasts the bun that encases its grilled natural-casing all-beef Sabrett dog, it butters it as well. Sublime! Sauerkraut is also fine atop my dogs, though every once in a while I crave one prepared Southern style, with cole slaw. My ideal dog should fit neatly into its bun, sticking out by at most an inch on each end.

The New York-style hot dog I love has been around for well over a hundred years. According to Arthur Schwartz, author of ''New York City Food'' (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 2004), in the 1870's a German immigrant named Charles Feltman opened his octagonal Ocean Pavilion beer garden on West 10th Street and Surf Avenue in Coney Island and sold frankfurters on buns by the thousands. Feltman had an employee, Nathan Handwerker, who, egged on by his famous friends Jimmy Durante and Eddie Cantor, opened a cheaper hot dog stand in 1916 that catered to the many poor and ***working-class*** people frequenting Coney Island.

Nathan's Famous hot dogs are still in Coney Island, but also in fast-food kiosks all over the country. The Nathan's in Coney Island still serves an excellent natural-casing all-beef hot dog. But it also makes a skinless all-beef dog that is a pale imitation of the real thing. These not-so-hot dogs are available in supermarkets, at many ballparks in the region and -- gasp! -- at some Nathan's franchises in the tristate area.

Papaya King has been serving its inexpensive yet exemplary natural-casing hot dogs since 1939, seven years after Gus Poulos, a Greek immigrant, opened Hawaiian Tropical Drinks at 86th Street and Third Avenue. The Gray's Papaya minichain was started by a former Papaya King partner in 1973. They each serve the Sabrett dog grilled, on a bun that isn't quite as toasted as I would like. I can't taste the extra spice in the Papaya King hot dog, but its mustard is spicier. Many other hot dog emporiums have opened with papaya in their name, and many of them, including Papaya Dog, serve the ubiquitous natural-casing Sabrett.

On the other end of the price scale, New York has hot dogs that approach the $20 barrier. The Old Homestead serves an 11-ounce footlong made from American-raised kobe beef for $19. I found it mushy and bland, and not redeemed by the white truffle mustard, the kobe beef chili, the Vidalia onions, the Dutch bell peppers and the Cheshire Cheddar sauce that accompanied it. For the same price you can have a Gray's Papaya special of two stupendous hot dogs and a papaya drink ($2.45) for a week and still have change in your pocket. If you insist on a haute dog, share the 15-bite hot dog ($13.50) at the Brooklyn Diner USA. It is an excellent, snappy all-beef hot dog from a secret source (not Marathon, I'm told), weighs almost a pound, and comes with excellent onion rings and sauerkraut studded with juniper berries.

Upscale grocery stores sell Fearless Franks by Niman Ranch, the purveyor known for its ''humanely'' raised cattle, but the all-beef and the beef-and-pork versions are skinless and therefore not as flavorful. On the other hand, Sparky's, a hipster eatery in a former trucking garage in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, serves Niman's Old Fashioned Franks with a natural casing.

For wurst purists, Rolf Babiel serves a German-style beef-and-pork wiener made by Karl Ehmer on a crusty oblong roll with very fine German mustard at his Hallo Berlin cart at 54th Street and Fifth Avenue as well as at his Hell's Kitchen storefront on 10th Avenue. And The Patio, in Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, near the United Nations, serves a fine natural-casing all-beef footlong in an excellent toasted bun. It makes for a classy alfresco eating experience. Skip the canned chili offered as a topping.

Classic New York delis have a long and proud hot-dog-serving tradition. Sure, Katz's, on East Houston Street, serves that same old dog, but its 100-year-old trick is to leave the franks on the grill long enough so that the exterior is nice and crisp and the interior stays juicy. Artie's, on the Upper West Side, has been around for only six years, but savvy eaters know its dogs, made by Golden D, are slightly spicier than the competition's, and just chewy enough.

New Jersey has no one style of hot dog: the best establishments serve skinless pork-and-beef franks as well as kosher-style natural-casing beef ones. But many stands in the state deep-fry their dogs, with Rutt's Hut in Clifton varying its frying time depending on customer preference. New Jersey hot dog mavens speak of Rutt's dogs in hushed, reverent tones. I find them mushy and bland, though I do like the zesty relish. New Jerseyans looking for a snappy, garlicky all-beef hot dog should head to Syd's in Union.

Perhaps the most idiosyncratic version is the Italian hot dog served in and around Newark. At three places I visited, a quarter of a round, slightly crusty Italian bread was filled with Best brand skinless beef hot dogs and grilled or sauteed peppers and onions, then improbably topped by rounds of fried potatoes. When they are made right, as they are at Tommy's Italian Sausage and Hot Dogs in Elizabeth, they are an irresistible version of meat and potatoes.

My favorite Connecticut places are Top Dog in Cos Cob, which makes a fine grilled natural-casing Sabrett dog with a lovely, surprisingly complex chili topping, and Chez Lenard, a cart that sits in front of a dress shop on Main Street in Ridgefield. There, Chad Cohen uses Hebrew National hot dogs and serves them with unusual toppings. For example, one Mr. Cohen calls Le Hot Dog Epicie et Garniture Suisse is made with cheese fondue, horseradish sauce and chopped onions.

For those homesick for deep-fried beef-and-pork hot dogs, Crif Dogs sells them on St. Marks Place in the East Village.

Though the kosher-style all-beef hot dog is ubiquitous in Gotham, many other styles have been imported. Colombian immigrants eat lucky dogs topped with cheese, pineapple, mustard, crumbled potato chips and Thousand Island dressing at Los Chuzos y Algo Mas on Roosevelt Avenue in Jackson Heights, Queens. Enthusiasts for Chicago-style hot dogs can now sate their hunger at Shake Shack in Madison Square Park in Manhattan. It serves a classic Windy City dog, a steamed Vienna all-beef dog topped with diced tomatoes, mustard, onions, lettuce, green peppers, neon relish, cucumber, pickles, sport peppers and celery salt.

Context means a lot when it comes to hot dog eating in New York. A Nathan's hot dog does taste better in the salt air at Coney Island or the location in Oceanside on Long Island. The silly signs about all the tropical drinks and about the health benefits of drinking papaya contribute mightily to the hot dog eating experience at Papaya King. So do the conversations with the cops and the local businesspeople across from St. John's Cemetery in Rego Park, Queens, waiting in line at Dominick's hot dog truck, where Angelina D'Angelo serves a terrific steamed natural-casing Sabrett with sauteed onions. (Her husband, Gary, makes an estimable grilled skinless Sabrett dog with great grilled onions and peppers at another truck, D'Angelo's, about 100 yards south on Woodhaven Boulevard.)

But for hot dogs, there's no place like home plate.

The National Hot Dog and Sausage Council says baseball fans will eat 27.5 million hot dogs at major-league parks this year. Yankees fans have a choice of Hebrew National or Nathan's skinless all-beef franks. The same is offered at Shea Stadium, with the addition of glatt kosher Abeles & Heymann hot dogs, sold only in the food court down the right-field line.

The sauerkraut situation at both stadiums is dire. At Yankee Stadium there is nary a pickled cabbage shard to be found. At Shea I found sauerkraut available in one concession stand, the Nathan's booth halfway down the first-base line on the field box level. Shockingly, the sauerkraut is a dollar extra.

But when you are surrounded by screaming Mets fans at Shea or Cyclones fans at KeySpan Park in Coney Island, and the score is tied, and you bite into one of those less than exemplary franks slathered with mustard, you just might be having the peak hot dog experience of all.

Best in Show

OUTSTANDING hot dog places in the New York metropolitan area:

ARTIE'S DELICATESSEN -- 2290 Broadway (83rd Street); (212)579-5959.

BEN'S BEST -- 96-40 Queens Boulevard (63rd Drive), Rego Park, Queens; (718)897-1700.

BROOKLYN DINER USA -- 212 West 57th Street; (212)977-2280.

CHEZ LENARD -- By 454-458 Main Street, Ridgefield, Conn.; (203)431-6324.

DOMINICK'S -- Woodhaven Boulevard and 65th Road, Rego Park, Queens. Another truck, D'ANGELO'S, is at Woodhaven Boulevard and 63rd Road.

GRAY'S PAPAYA -- 2090 Broadway (72nd Street); (212)799-0243. Other locations: 539 Eighth Avenue (37th Street), (212)904-1588; 402 Sixth Avenue (Eighth Street), (212)260-3532.

HALLO BERLIN -- Stand at 54th Street and Fifth Avenue, (212)947-9008; restaurant at 626 10th Avenue (44th Street), (212)977-1944.

KATZ'S DELICATESSEN -- 205 East Houston Street (Ludlow); (212)254-2246.

NATHAN'S FAMOUS -- (Coney Island) 1310 Surf Avenue; (718)946-2202.

OLD TOWN BAR -- 45 East 18th Street; (212)529-6732.

PAPAYA KING -- 179 East 86th Street, (212)369-0648; 121 West 125th Street, (212)665-5732.

SECOND AVENUE DELI -- 156 Second Avenue (10th Street); (212)677-0606.

SHAKE SHACK -- Madison Square Park (Madison Avenue and 23rd Street); (212)889-6600.

SYD'S -- 2933 Vauxhall Road, Union, N.J.; (908)686-2233.

THE PATIO -- First Avenue and 47th Street; (917)446-0018.

TOMMY'S ITALIAN SAUSAGE AND HOT DOGS -- 900 Second Avenue, Elizabeth, N.J.; (908)351-9831.

TOP DOG -- 118 River Road Extension, Cos Cob, Conn.; (203)661-0573. ED LEVINE

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: OR 30 ITTY-BITTY BITES -- The 15-bite hot dog at Brooklyn Diner USA, on West 57th Street, is $13.50 with onion rings and sauerkraut. (Photo by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F1)

A LUNCH WORTH LIVING FOR -- The regulars line up at Dominick's hot dog truck parked along Woodhaven Boulevard in Rego Park, Queens. Jim Corbett, front, has been a customer for five years. (Photo by Stephanie Keith for The New York Times)

ON A TOASTED BUN -- A grilled dog with fries, above, at the Old Town Bar on East 18th Street. At right, ''The Works'' (sauerkraut, mustard, chili and relish) atop a skinless frankfurter at Tommy's Italian Sausage and Hot Dogs in Elizabeth, N.J. (Photographs by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F6)

**Load-Date:** May 25, 2005

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[***ART / ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WPF-DW40-00RP-K3CP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Arts Colony Turns Up the Esthetics for Its 100th***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WPF-DW40-00RP-K3CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Ann Wilson Lloyd's most recent article for Arts and Leisure was about Tony Oursler's installations at the new Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art.

By ANN WILSON LLOYD;  Ann Wilson Lloyd's most recent article for Arts and Leisure was about Tony Oursler's installations at the new Massachusetts Museum of Contemporary Art.

**Dateline:** PROVINCETOWN, Mass.

**Body**

THERE is something about Provincetown that makes you want to buy a purple smock, rent a studio and give mad parties on battered wharves," wrote Eleanor Early in her 1936 travel guide, "And This Is Cape Cod!"

Henry Geldzahler, a former curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, saw it differently. "There's something called genius loci that New York and Berlin have as places of energy," he said during a visit here in 1991. "But Provincetown has it in a different way. Provincetown is where you calm down, and your feelings and thoughts become conducive to making poetry and painting."

Whether they come to party or to produce, diverse artistic types still succumb to Provincetown's natural beauty and mystique. This summer, Provincetown marks its centennial year as an art colony. The American Impressionist Charles W. Hawthorne arrived here in 1899 to set up the town's first summer art school. Soon after, plein-air classes of students clad in Victorian summer white mingled with the town's Portuguese fishermen. Nearly half a century later, Hans Hofmann's overflowing indoor classes brought modernism to this outpost, where, despite Hofmann's nearly indecipherable German accent, his formal dictate of "push and pull" found its way into art history's lexicon. While charismatic teachers no longer attract artists here, something does. The town's artistic-magnetic pull is reaching a kind of harmonic convergence this summer, with special exhibitions and events ranging from the purple-smock historic to madcap cutting edge.

Perhaps falling in with Geldzahler's more contemplative take on Provincetown, the filmmaker John Waters says he does much of his scriptwriting while here. For the last 35 summers, Provincetown has been a kind of antidote to Baltimore, where Mr. Waters lives. His film settings may never leave Baltimore, his hometown, he said in a recent telephone interview from there, "but somebody in them might run away to Provincetown." It was, after all, Provincetown's bohemian streak that helped begin Mr. Waters's career. "In the beginning, I used to show my films in church basements there," he said. "It's the first place they caught on, outside New York."

Mr. Waters will be honored for his long involvement in the summer arts colony next weekend, when the First Provincetown International Film Festival presents him with its Filmmaker on the Edge Award. On Saturday, the festival presents the first screening of a re-released, director's cut of his 1974 film "Female Trouble," starring Divine, his prima femme protege. "This is my favorite film," Mr. Waters said. "I always thought it was the best vehicle for Divine's extreme beauty and my mental illness. Real fans like that one the best, and it's been unavailable for quite some time."

In conjunction with the film festival, a show of Mr. Waters's photographs at the Albert Merola Gallery will be on view through July 1. These often lined, blurry works are assemblages of borrowed cinematic images that Mr. Waters photographs right off the screen: frames of movies or television shows, bits and pieces of his own work and that of others. He then re-edits them as stills, often arranged into configurations aiming for fantasy filmic moments. "This work isn't really about photography," he explained. "It's about writing and editing." In "Shocked Divine," for instance, three juxtaposed close-up images of Divine's graphically emotive face display the short range of her expressive repertory. A row of color images titled "Sophia Loren Decapitated," shows only the actress's upper torso, with fill-in-the-blank space where Ms. Loren's iconic head should be.

Like Mr. Waters, the artist Jack Pierson often searches for beauty in the banal, though his two separate forthcoming Provincetown shows may take a somewhat different approach. In one, Mr. Pierson plans to show head shots, intact ones, of a handsome adolescent boy. Multiples of these tight close-ups of the boy's face, rendered in various color tones, will be installed in a grid format at the Merola gallery from Aug. 27 through Sept. 9.

In the second show, at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum (also opening on Aug. 27), Mr. Pierson will present an installation of overscale figurative wall paintings from projected drawings. "It's something I just started trying out in Europe," he said. "The paintings will come from recent drawings I made in life-drawing sessions at the Provincetown Art Association. I go to them once a week when I'm here." He has been coming to Provincetown regularly since he was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center here in the early 90's.

Mr. Pierson's contemporary twist on figure studies will make nice bookends to the Art Association and Museum's two consecutive surveys of early-20th-century Impressionist figurative paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne, the art colony founder. "Part I: Masterpieces in Oil and Watercolor" opens on Aug. 20, "Part II: Local Hawthornes" on Sept. 24. Hawthorne's large genre scenes of Provincetown's early seafaring Portuguese families are particularly appealing. As sensitively rendered as John Singer Sargent's portraits of the era's gentry, Hawthorne's ***working-class*** subjects exude stoicism and intrepid spirit.

Compared with Hawthorne, the 76-year-old photographer Paula Horn Kotis is a new discovery in Provincetown. Like him, she captured the timeless human condition in her work, striking photographs taken in the midcentury decades. Working as a freelance photographer from New York, Ms. Kotis traveled throughout postwar Europe and Israel, documenting street life and refugees as normalcy slowly returned.

In the winter of 1948, she accompanied thousands of Holocaust survivors from British internment camps in Cyprus to the port of Haifa in northern Israel, to their new lives. The series of poignant silver-gelatin prints from this journey was shown for the first time last season in Provincetown at the Schoolhouse Center Gallery and has since been purchased by a foundation. Ms. Kotis's style is reminiscent of that of Henri Cartier Bresson, who, she says, was a major influence. "I was making studio portraits in the 1940's and saw his show at the Met," she said from her winter home in New York. "I left it saying, 'That's what I want to do.' "

From July 16 through 29, Ms. Kotis will show other vintage prints from the 40's, 50's and 60's at same gallery. These include portraits of artist friends like Charlie Parker and James Baldwin; images of Lower East Side cold-water flats and studios of painters and sculptors whom she hung around with at the time; street scenes of Greenwich Village, East Harlem and Spanish Harlem, and similar shots in Rome, London, Spain and the Canary Islands. Though she was published early in her career in Mademoiselle, Vogue and photography journals, Ms. Kotis laid down her camera in the mid-1960's to raise a family. Her photographs have been stored in her basement ever since.

While there's plenty of good, serious, historically related art to see in Provincetown this summer, Susan Baker offers the flip side in her new book, "The History of Provincetown." This colorful cartoon book is an irreverent compilation of notably absurd happenings, past and present. Ms. Baker, a former Fine Arts Work Center fellow cum year-round artist, dedicates the book to "those who came, couldn't park, and left" and illustrates legendary moments like: "Jackson Pollock hurls an easel at Hans Hofmann and screams 'I am nature!' " and "Edmund Wilson sunbathes in a suit." She also captures the town's street theater, in which suburban tourists meet up with alternative-life-style types in high carnival mode.

In the same vein is Septic Space, the town's only true underground art scene, run by Provincetown performance artist Jay Critchley. Mr. Critchley programs his former backyard septic tank with exhibitions in collaboration with DNA Gallery; this year, the site adds "Theater in the Ground," five evenings of multimedia performances that will be documented by video on the Internet. Mr. Critchley's work will also appear in the 14th edition of the annual journal Provincetown Arts. As a special centennial gift, the journal has inserted pullout centerfold art designed by Mr. Critchley, a placemat-map spoofing those found in Cape Cod's ubiquitous lobster shacks.

As for the more literary content of Provincetown Arts, its editor, Jennifer Liese, says the focus this year is on the art colony at midcentury, with articles on Weldon Kees, Mary McCarthy and Forum 49, a legendary series of panels and exhibitions that was organized by Kees and held at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum in 1949. One portentous show in the series presented the works of 50 abstract painters who were little known at the time, among them Hofmann, Pollock, Mark Rothko and Adolph Gottlieb. Ms. Liese is organizing a repeat of the exhibition (opening July 2 at the Art Association and Museum) featuring 25 works selected from the same roster of artists, with a few paintings from the original 1949 show. On July 9, a panel will reconsider the weighty topic originally discussed by Hofmann, Gottlieb, George Biddle and Serge Chermayeff in 1949: "What Is an Artist?" In Provincetown today, it's anyone's call.

"Provincetown on the Web"

Following are Web sites offering further information about summer art programs in Provincetown:

First Provincetown Internationa Fim Festival:

[*www.beaconcinema.com/ptownfilmfest*](http://www.beaconcinema.com/ptownfilmfest)

Albert Merola Gallery:

[*www.universalfineobjects.com*](http://www.universalfineobjects.com)

Provincetown Art Association and Museum:

[*www.apecodaccess.com/gallery/paam.html*](http://www.apecodaccess.com/gallery/paam.html)

The Schoolhouse Center:

[*www.schoolhousecenter.com*](http://www.schoolhousecenter.com)

DNA Gallery:

[*www.dnagallery.com*](http://www.dnagallery.com)

Theater in the Ground/Septic Space:

[*www.tiac.net/users/reroot/ptowninc.html*](http://www.tiac.net/users/reroot/ptowninc.html)

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: "The Fishwife" (1925), an oil by the American Impressionist Charles W. Hawthorne. (Provincetown Art Association and Museum); A photograph by Paula Horn Kotis entitled "Couple at Greenwich Village Art Exhibition, 1946." (Paula Horn Kotis/Courtesy of Schoolhouse Center); Photographs John Waters took directly from the movie screen, on display in Provincetown, Mass.; the three images above show the short expressive range of the actress Divine in "Shocked Divine." (John Waters)

**Load-Date:** June 13, 1999

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-KY10-0038-D029-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Two in Tune in 'Tune in Tomorrow'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-KY10-0038-D029-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 15, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1270 words

**Byline:** By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN; Samuel G. Freedman is the author of ''Small Victories: The Real World of a Teacher, Her Students, and Their High School'' (Harper Collins).By SAMUEL G. FREEDMAN

**Body**

''Tune in Tomorrow'' is a dervish of a film, its maddest doings designed by a radio writer who baits Albanians, impersonates a Hasid and stirs soap operas within soap operas with his roman a clef brand of audio theater.

But at the core of the movie, which opens Friday, resides the eternal topic of illogical love. Martin Loader, an aspiring author with a summer job on the aforementioned radio station, falls for a woman named Julia. He is 21 and defensive on the subject of virginity. She is 35, twice divorced and his aunt by marriage. They court, clash and finally consummate to the luxurious tones of a Wynton Marsalis ballad.

In its broad outline, the story may sound familiar to readers of Mario Vargas Llosa, for ''Tune In Tomorrow'' is based on his 1977 novel, ''Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter.'' And the novel, in turn, essentially mirrored Mr. Vargas Llosa's own youthful marriage to his aunt-in-law, Julia Urquidi.

It fell to the screenwriter William Boyd and the director Jon Amiel to transport Mr. Vargas Llosa's work from the author's native Peru to New Orleans. Peter Falk captured the plum role of Pedro Carmichael, the soap opera author and eccentric-in-residence. That left Barbara Hershey and Keanu Reeves, as Julia and Martin, to generate a magnetism strong enough, artistically speaking, to make cosmos out of chaos.

''As the matchmaker of a screen relationship, one is always very nervous about the chemistry,'' said Mr. Amiel, who is best known for the BBC series ''The Singing Detective,'' first seen in the United States in 1988. ''And I have never been so nervous as in this case. Because if the relationship between Julia and Martin fails, you have no film.

''The tricky thing about the romance between a 21-year-old man and a 36-year-old woman is that it must be extremely unlikely but not inappropriate. If you cast them too close in age, it seems like standard boy meets girl. You must look for the mature man in the young boy and the young girl in the mature woman.''

That search led Mr. Amiel to a pairing almost as curious as that of Martin and Julia. During the 1980's, Ms. Hershey had established herself as a character actress of surpassing range, equally capable of conveying the bullied, ***working-class*** wife of ''Tin Men'' as the astringent activist of ''A World Apart.'' Mr. Reeves, in contrast, had built his young career essaying the sundry burnouts of ''River's Edge,'' ''Parenthood'' and ''Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure.''

Yet it took Mr. Amiel only one brief interview to cast Mr. Reeves as an articulate and well-groomed suitor. The moment he won the role was the moment he answered the director's question about his family life. Talking about his sister, Mr. Reeves dropped his distracted manner and began, Mr. Amiel recalled, ''to express an intensity of feeling and a warmth of feeling I hadn't seen anywhere else in his work.

''It was my sense,'' he went on, ''that there was in Keanu a vulnerability, a kind of earnestness, what I would call an awkward grace that reminded me of a young Jimmy Stewart.''

Mr. Amiel needed even less convincing in the case of Ms. Hershey. Whoever would play Julia would need to bury the character's romantic nature beneath a coarser surface, and the director had long regarded Ms. Hershey as that rare actress not consumed with the need on screen to be liked. As if to underscore his judgment, she recently won an Emmy for her performance as a murderess in the television movie ''Killing in a Small Town.''

From his background in theater, Mr. Amiel retains a belief in the importance of rehearsal. For two weeks before filming began, the cast practiced in a former church in Wilmington, N.C., where most of the interiors were shot. And for the central couple, the discovery of character started even earlier.

Ms. Hershey, for instance, developed an entire biography for Julia - fleeing New Orleans at 16, waiting tables in Greenwich Village, marrying first a politician and then a poet before returning home in divorced disgrace. That none of this history appears in the film and little of it even is mentioned, did not trouble the actress.

''Hemingway once said, 'If you know something very well, you can leave it out and it'll still be there, and if you don't know something well you'll probably overdescribe it,' '' Ms. Hershey said. ''So you use details as the fuel for your instincts. There's a life that begins to live through you in rehearsing a role. You start speaking differently, sitting differently, having ideas in the middle of the night.

''Julia fools herself a lot. She someone who thinks she's a New York sophisticate but who's actually a deep romantic trying to protect herself. Her gum chewing, her smoking, her dark glasses are ways to cover up her failings. She hasn't admitted it, but she's coming back home with her tail between her legs.''

Mr. Reeves's routes into the character of Martin included the Vargas Llosa novel itself, a week of intensive work with a dialogue coach and the study of an oral history tape made by a lifelong resident of New Orleans. On most nights during the rehearsal period, Mr. Reeves said, he fell asleep listening to the tape on his Walkman. Yet for all that, when he tried out his accent on a New Orleans taxi driver while exteriors were being shot there, the man asked, ''Where you from, New Hampshire?''

''The main element working with Keanu,'' Mr. Amiel said, ''was to give him the confidence to play a kid who was articulate and was himself emotionally and sexually quite confident. I think Keanu found that process quite daunting. Most young actors are accustomed to using only the aggressive part of their nature. They're cast as rebels. I constantly encouraged Keanu to work with the outgoing, almost breezy elements of his personality, to trust those elements in himself that were appropriate for Martin.''

Perhaps the most significant process for both Mr. Reeves and Ms. Hershey was learning to dance together. For an hour or more each day of rehearsal, the choreographer Quinny Sacks instructed the pair in the intricacies of the jitterbug. Gradually they progressed from stumbling neophytes to an undeniably erotic twosome.

''It's an intimate thing, and you have to trust,'' Mr. Reeves said of the dance lessons. ''That was how we started to meet each other, being thrust together - 'O.K., one-two-three, one-two-three.' Barbara helped me a lot because of her strength, her concentration. When I was having trouble, she just threw me a line to save me.''

''I don't know what Jon whispered to Keanu,'' Ms. Hershey said, ''but we just got on personally. I had thought of him as a natural talent with a beautiful, Arabian prince kind of face, but I didn't know much about his range. And it takes a certain bravery for a modern young man to play someone so innocent, so naive. Martin does have a worldliness, but it comes from ingenuousness.''

When the night arrived to shoot the jitterbug scene, which leads without break into Martin and Julia's first kiss, Mr. Amiel rewarded the couple with a bottle of Cristal Champagne. Then he got his own gift; the sequence was perfected in one take.

And for the director, that incident amounted to confirmation of two casting decisions made on instinct if not outright impulse. ''It was clear right from the first time we read through the script,'' Mr. Amiel recalled, ''that we had something between Barbara and Keanu. There's a moment in a read-through when, if the actors feel good, they'll take their eyes off the script and play lines at each other. And when Barbara and Keanu did, I felt I was watching the beginning of a very fine sword fight.''

**Graphic**

Photos: Keanu Reeves and Barbara Hershey as the lovers in the film, adapted from a Mario Vargas Llosa novel (Cinecom) (pg. 15); In the film, Barbara Hershey and Keanu Reeves are guests at a dinner given by a disguised Peter Falk. (Cinecom) (pg. 20

**End of Document**



[***Chinese Intellectuals in U.S. Say Spying Case Unfairly Casts Doubt on Their Loyalties***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WGG-6KF0-007F-G4KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1728 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD and JOSEPH KAHN

By FOX BUTTERFIELD and JOSEPH KAHN

**Body**

Many Chinese and Chinese-American scientists and engineers in the United States fear they are being tarnished and their careers threatened by accusations that another scientist, Wen Ho Lee, stole the design of America's most advanced nuclear warhead and gave it to China.

The accusations against Mr. Lee, a computer scientist at Los Alamos National Laboratory, may prove to be true. But Chinese intellectuals in the United States point out that Mr. Lee has not been arrested despite a three-year investigation by the F.B.I., and many are troubled by what they call the circumstantial nature of the accusations, especially the suggestion that Mr. Lee had the opportunity to divulge classified information because he traveled to scientific conferences in China.

That puts Chinese scientists and engineers in an awkward position, because many of them, like Mr. Lee, hold significant jobs in government, corporate or university laboratories, have relatives and friends in China, and travel there regularly to maintain contacts and participate in academic conferences.

Until recently, little of this would have provoked suspicion. But news reports of Chinese spying and attempts to buy political influence have changed the political climate, and NATO's bombing of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade and subsequent protests in Beijing have also charged the atmosphere.

"In this climate, many Chinese feel they are being watched all the time, as if they are not full citizens," said Chang-Lin Tien, the former chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley.

They have not forgotten the case of Qian Xuesen, a brilliant immigrant scientist who was accused without proof during the McCarthy era of being a Communist and held under house arrest for five years, said Dr. Tien, the first Chinese-American to head a major research university, and now a professor of mechanical engineering at Berkeley. Mr. Qian, who had helped develop the American rocket program, was finally deported to China. There, he led Beijing's missile program and became an icon in the country's quest to build a modern military.

The changed climate, Dr. Tien said, "makes many people think twice about working for the Department of Defense, the Department of Energy or national labs."

"We can't tolerate spies. But we need to be sensitive and careful. Mistakenly blaming the whole community for one person's action cannot be tolerated."

Xenophobia was the topic this month at a meeting of prominent Chinese-Americans and Energy Secretary Bill Richardson, whose department supervises America's nuclear research laboratories. The meeting, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, drew a mixed crowd of Asian-Americans, including natives of the Chinese mainland, people who were born in Taiwan and Hong Kong and even Japanese-Americans.

Raymond Ng, a Chinese-American engineer at the Sandia National Laboratories in Livermore, Calif., told Mr. Richardson that Americans who trace their roots to any part of Asia, from India to Japan, were under suspicion in their workplaces.

"Because of the incident at Los Alamos," Mr. Ng said, "promotions are being held back, we are concerned about discrimination in hiring and a cloud of suspicion appears to hang over all Asian Pacific Americans as a group."

Mr. Richardson told the group that he would not allow racial discrimination at the nuclear laboratories, but he acknowledged an atmosphere of distrust.

"I understand that Asian Pacific Americans are concerned that their loyalty and patriotism are being challenged," he said, adding, "I want to assure you that racial profiling will not be permitted."

To some extent, the suspicions of spying and political influence-buying by Chinese "are a hangover from history," said Stanley Karnow, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author who is writing a book on the Asian experience in America. The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, barring Chinese immigration, was the only law in American history that singled out a nationality, Mr. Karnow said. "We've always had this lingering suspicion of sinister Chinese skulking about," he said.

But the accusations of espionage at Los Alamos also raise uncomfortable questions about divided loyalty for some Chinese in the United States.

"Frankly, when I bring it up in class, I can see my Chinese students squirm, especially those from the mainland," said Merle Goldman, a professor of history at Boston University and an expert on Chinese intellectuals.

"Loyalty is a big dilemma for Chinese intellectuals," Professor Goldman said. "They want to do everything to help their country regain its greatness, and part of that involves making China a great economic and military power."

Other experts caution that the overwhelming majority of the 2.5 million Chinese in the United States are patriotic Americans.

"One always has divided loyalties in a way, because you want your native country to thrive, but I don't sense that I have divided loyalties at all, because my loyalties are for the people, the language and the art, things that don't come in conflict with my new home in America," said Betty Bao Lord, the author of the best seller, "Spring Moon," and wife of the former ambassador to China, Winston Lord.

This division of loyalties fits a traditional distinction made by Chinese scholars in past centuries, a difference between loyalty to China, a kind of cultural loyalty, and loyalty to the dynasty, or political loyalty, said Weiming Tu, a professor of Chinese history and philosophy at Harvard University and director of the Harvard-Yenching Institute.

The complex emotions of many Chinese-Americans were on display at a banquet in Los Angeles for China's Prime Minister, Zhu Rongji, during his April visit to the United States. Many of the 1,500 Chinese-Americans there wore Chinese outfits like silk gowns or the slit dress known as a qipao. Most speeches were in Mandarin, with little translation. Musicians played the Chinese national anthem. The two masters of ceremonies referred to Mr. Zhu as "our premier."

Such expressions of support for China do not strike Chinese-Americans as disloyal. Many at the banquet complained about the accusations of spying against Mr. Lee, saying that news reports tended to tar Chinese scientists in sensitive positions with the same brush.

Collin L. Lai, a retired aerospace engineer who was among the guests, said he was furious about news reports on the Lee case.

In some aerospace companies, "the unofficial language is Mandarin," Mr. Lai said, adding, "What are you going to do, throw us all out?"

In fact, many university physics departments are dependent on graduate students from China. Over all, students from mainland China account for 21 percent of foreign graduate students in physics departments, and this year foreign students make up half of all physics graduate students, said Roman Czujko of the American Institute of Physics.

A scientist from mainland China who works for the Xerox Corporation in Syracuse said that the espionage accusations had made him and his wife rethink their view of America.

"When we came here 10 years ago," he said, "we thought about staying here forever. After this incident, you really think that maybe this is not your homeland. If people don't like you here, why stay?"

The scientist said he was particularly outraged at the way some news reports described the Los Alamos accusations as "Chinese espionage," lumping together the Communist Government in Beijing and all Chinese everywhere, whatever their background, with little hard evidence.

Mr. Lee, the computer expert at Los Alamos, was born on Taiwan, where most residents are opposed to the Communist Government of mainland China.

To further complicate the situation, China does spy on the United States, just as the United States spies on China, and some spies for China have been caught and convicted.

In 1997, Peter H. Lee, a naturalized citizen from Taiwan who worked at Los Alamos, pleaded guilty to orally passing classified nuclear weapons information to Chinese scientists during a conference in Beijing, a set of facts much like the current accusations against Wen Ho Lee.

And China painstakingly trains spies for missions in the United States, according to a book to be published this year by Larry Engelman and his wife, Meihong Xu, a former lieutenant in intelligence in the Chinese Army. In the book, "Daughter of China: A True Story of Love and Betrayal," (John Wiley & Sons), Ms. Xu describes how she and other attractive young women were selected to be sent abroad, adopt new identities, get jobs, marry and then years later surface as spies for China.

Another factor that contributes to misunderstanding, Chinese say, is the inability of the American public, politicians and the news media to distinguish among different groups of Chinese in the United States.

The first immigrants from China were poor peasants who came in the 1850's to work in the gold mines or build the transcontinental railroads. Better-educated Chinese came as students in the 1930's, or as refugees from the Communists in the 1940's.

Until President Lyndon B. Johnson changed the immigration law in 1965, the total number of Chinese in the United States remained small, about a quarter of a million, according to the Census Bureau. But since then there has been an explosion of immigration -- graduate students from Taiwan, intellectuals from the mainland and ***working-class*** people from southern China, near Hong Kong -- so that the total is now about 2.5 million, the Population Reference Bureau says.

Professor Tien and others are concerned that Washington and the news media have been too quick to conclude that all of these people are subject to pressure from the Communist Government in Beijing, just because they are ethnically Chinese.

In both the campaign finance scandal, involving John Huang and Johnny Chung, and the Wen Ho Lee spy case, Professor Tien said, Americans have made the assumption that these individual Chinese were part of a plot orchestrated by top authorities in Beijing, despite a lack of hard evidence.

But Professor Tien also sees some progress.

"I came to the United States as a poor, penniless student, and I made it to become chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley," he said. "There has been tremendous improvement in civil rights in America. So we should be careful not to draw too sweeping a conclusion from those incidents."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Prime Minister Zhu Rongji of China with Vera Cai, 7, whose school group danced at a recent dinner for him in Los Angeles, where the divided loyalties of some Chinese-Americans were on display. (Reuters)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 1999

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living in: Manhattan Beach***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MJ40-0038-D17R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 10; Page 7, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1386 words

**Byline:** By ROSALIE R. RADOMSKY

**Body**

May link recalls her first trolley rides to Manhattan Beach with her mother in 1912. For five cents, they took hour-long trips from ***working-class*** Williamsburg to the Brooklyn enclave of millionaires' mansions.

''We were poor visitors who walked over a bridge from Sheepshead Bay to the waterfront where guards stood on the esplanade,'' said Mrs. Link, who finally moved there in 1935. ''To the east was the Blackstone Hotel and its private beach and lagoon. To the west was Brighton, where we walked along a wooden boardwalk full of honeysuckle.''

The mansions and hotels are gone, but the pedestrian-only Ocean Avenue Bridge, built in 1880, remains, as does the sense of quiet and clean sea air that sets the mile-long peninsula fronting the Atlantic Ocean apart from its neighbors to the west and north, Brighton Beach and Sheepshead Bay.

Manhattan Beach has about 2,400 homes that range in price from $200,000 to over $1 million, said Jon Sobel a local broker. Most are sited on streets bearing mostly British names - Dover, Exeter and Falmouth - that run alphabetically west (Amherst) to east (Quentin).

Some homes have private wells and pools, most have lawns and garages and all are within eight blocks of the beach. Renovated bungalows - some with driftwood exteriors, others resembling chalets - appear on east end streets and Tudors, center hall colonials and contemporaries on ocean blocks. There are several 100- by 100-foot lots, and one house on Falmouth Street even has an elevator.

Three six-story apartment houses were built before zoning was tightened after World War II. There is a 38-unit rental on Falmouth Street, a 49-unit rental on Oriental Boulevard at Coleridge Street and a 66-unit co-op on Shore Boulevard. Some summer rentals are available.

Today, the well-to-do, predominantly Jewish community includes a recent influx of Syrian and Russian Jews. Most residents have one or two cars and depend on nearby Sheepshead Bay and Brighton Beach for shopping, libraries, movie theaters and restaurants.

Among its residents over the years have been the Modells, who own the sporting goods chain; the Streits, who make kosher food products, and the late New York State Supreme Court Justice Samuel Leibowitz, who as a lawyer in the 1930's defended the Scottsboro Boys and as a judge presided at the Murder Inc. trial. Among politicians now living there are Representative Stephen J. Solarz and State Senator Donald M. Halperin.

On West End Avenue are three synagogues, the Conservative Temple Beth El, the Orthodox Manhattan Beach Jewish Center, which also runs a yeshiva, and Shaarei Torah. St. Margaret Mary Roman Catholic Church, which serves a mainly Italian congregation of 200 families, is on Exeter Street.

The two-story Public School 195, at Irwin Street and Hampton Avenue, is undergoing a $15 million, 20,000-square-foot expansion that will include a new library, a 350-seat auditorium, two classrooms, a dining area and a gym. With over 80 percent of its students scoring at or above average in reading, said Robert J. Radday, deputy district superintendent, it ranks third in District 22 and second in math, with over 90 percent of the students scoring at or above average. Citywide, it ranked 36th in reading out of 619 schools last year.

A private school founded in 1938, Coleridge School-Byron Campus, has been housed since 1970 in a former mansion on Shore Boulevard between Ocean Avenue and Falmouth Street. Its front porch, adorned with gargoyles and lions, overlooks Sheepshead Bay. It has about 90 children in nursery school through fourth grade; . Happyland Manhattan Beach Day School for pre-schoolers, is on Exeter Street.

Nearby public schools include Reynolds Junior High School in Sheepshead Bay and Mark Twain for the Gifted and Talented in Coney Island. Residents say the most popular public high schools, both in Midwood, are Edward R. Murrow, which specializes in communications, and Midwood, which offers an enriched program in humanities and the Medical Science Institute.

In 1956, Robert Moses, as New York City Commissioner of Parks, made the 1,300-foot-long, 450-foot-wide private Manhattan Beach public. But he was unable to turn the 67-acre easterly end of the neighborhood into a park, and in 1964 what was formerly Oriental Point became Kingsborough Community College. (The point had been squared-off with landfill from the Empire State Building in 1931.) The college offers My Turn, whose director, Barbara Ginsberg, says it is the largest college program for the elderly in the country. Its performing arts center presents films and indoor concerts and, in the summer, outdoor band concerts.

''The air is beautiful,'' said Bernice Greene-Fleischer, who grew up in the neighborhood and is now president of the Manhattan Beach Community Group, a 49-year-old civic association. ''When you come off the Belt Parkway you can smell the difference. In the spring, winter and fall there's nobody here. It's you and Ishmael. It's your beach.''

Manhattan Beach is also one of the safest areas in the borough. ''It's a gem in the rough,'' said Capt. Anthony Ottomano of the 61st Precinct. Burglaries and car thefts are the chief complaints and, to help prevent them, there are community-financed private patrols.

Perhaps the area's biggest problem is its popularity with outsiders in the summer. To ease congestion, streets are off-limits to parking on weekends during summer months. Instead, about 950 cars squeeze into a parking lot, which charges $4.25 a day. About eight extra patrolmen and some mounted officers, go on duty during peak season.

Prof. John B. Manbeck, founder of the Kingsborough Historical Society, who teaches journalism at the college, said Austin Corbin, a banker and president of the Long Island Rail Road, put the neighborhood on the map when he bought 500 acres of marsh land, called Sedge Bank, in 1877 for about $16,500 from descendants of its original British patentees. He named it Manhattan Beach and built a railroad spur to connect it with the rest of Brooklyn.

In 1878, he opened the 353-room Manhattan Beach Hotel with former President Ulysses S. Grant in attendance; two years later, President Rutherford B. Hayes attended the opening of Corbin's 480-room Oriental Hotel on the peninsula.

Among hotel regulars were Diamond Jim Brady, August Belmont, William Vanderbilt and Winston Churchill's grandfather, Leonard Jerome.

Racetracks were nearby in Sheepshead Bay, Brighton and Gravesend. Other attractions eventually included a bathing pavilion with caged canaries; concerts at an amphitheater by John Philip Sousa, who composed the ''Manhattan Beach March,'' and elaborate fireworks re-enacting events such as the Battles of Moscow and Trafalgar.

In 1910, laws against betting shut down the racetracks and the Manhattan Beach Hotel was torn down a year later. The Oriental, whose wood was used for the boardwalk and bungalows of Rockaway Point, came down in 1916. By 1924, the rail service ended.

Falling on hard times, Corbin's son, Austin Jr., sold his holdings in 1904 to Joseph P. Day, a developer who in 1907 began building year-round housing, installed sewers and ran electric wires underground. He also kept the area going as a resort.

Day sold the Manhattan Beach and Oriental Point Baths to the Government as World War II began, and 10,000 members of the merchant marine and Coast Guard were stationed there until 1945.

Gazeteer

Population: 8,000 (1990 estimate).

Median household income: $75,000 (1990 estimate).

Median house price: $400,000.

Median two-bedroom rental: $600.

Distance to midtown Manhattan: 12.5 miles

Rush-hour commutation to midtown: 10 minutes by bus to Sheepshead Bay or Brighton Beach station, then one hour by D or Q subway train.

Government: City Councilman, Samuel Horwitz, Democrat.

World War II Compound: Fenced-off military housing for 72 families on Quentin Street remains as a reminder of World War II, when members of the Merchant Marine and Coast Guard were stationed in Manhattan Beach. Maj. Richard A. Vargas, the informal ''mayor'' of the Department of Army compound, said it had been scheduled to close this year. But on Oct. 1 it will be transferred to the Department of Transportation's Coast Guard exclusively, whose personnel will move in gradually as the 48 multiservice families now living there leave.

**Graphic**

Photo: A home on Ocean Avenue. All homes in Manhattan Beach are within eight blocks of the beach. Shore Boulevard looks out on Sheepshead Bay. (Barton Silverman/The New York Times); Map of Manhattan Beach

**End of Document**



[***ALUMNI HONOR BOSTON COLLEGE PRESIDENT IN CONVOCATION OF ROMAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NTF0-0009-248F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CATHOLIC ELITE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NTF0-0009-248F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1284 words

**Byline:** By DUDLEY CLENDINEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Oct. 11

**Body**

When 1,000 of Boston College's alumni and friends came home to the school's Great Hall for a banquet Sunday night, it looked like a convocation of power brokers: a demonstration of the Irish and Italian Roman Catholic communities' ascension to the heights of Massachusetts and Washington.

There, at the table of honor, was the great silver head of Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, class of '36. There, in the audience, was his son, Lieut. Gov. Thomas P. O'Neill 3d, graduate of the law school, '68. Others were Representative Edward J. Markey, class of '68, law school '72; the president of the Massachusetts Senate, William M. Bulger, class of '58, law school '61; the Jesuit and former Congressman Robert F. Drinan, class of '42; and John Kerry, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, law school class of '76.

There, also at the head table, were Federal District Judge David S. Nelson, class of '57, law school '60, and John P. Giuggio, president of The Boston Globe, class of '51.

BOSTON, Oct. 11 - When 1,000 of Boston College's alumni and friends came home to the school's Great Hall for a banquet Sunday night, it looked like a convocation of power brokers: a demonstration of the Irish and Italian Roman Catholic communities' ascension to the heights of Massachusetts and Washington.Many Powerful Alumni

The list of powerful alumni is long. Gov. Edward J. King is class of '48. Mayor Kevin H. White is a graduate of the law school, class of '55. John McElwee, president of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, is law school class of '50, and Thomas J. Galligan Jr. is chairman of the Boston Edison Company.

''We who were the college-bound Irish and Italian Catholics, we were the feeders for this school,'' Mr. Markey said, as the crowd moved into the $100-a-plate dinner to honor the 10th anniversary of the school's president, the Rev. J. Donald Monan. ''We were encouraged and coerced in very subtle ways to go to Boston College to build a Catholic intelligentsia to serve its community.''

The children of that community, and their children, came back Sunday night to a 119-year-old Jesuit college that has matured and broadened through the decades. ''It was originally founded for the education of Irish boys from Boston who had no other opportunity of education open to them,'' Father Monan said Thursday, as he discussed the school's history and his decade at its head.

''We have students here who are fourth generation Boston College graduates,'' he noted. ''We have families who have 25 Boston College graduates in them.'' That allegiance has earned Boston College a place with Dartmouth and Notre Dame, as having the most fiercely loyal alumni of the nation's private schools. But the college today has grown far beyond its Irish-Italian core, a fact for which Father Monan is given considerable credit.

A Top Catholic University

By last June, Harvard awarded Father Monan an honorary doctorate of laws, Boston College had almost 10,000 full-time students, the largest number of any Roman Catholic university in the nation. More than half of them are women, and the college's departments of philosophy and religion, and its schools of law and social work, have reputations for academic excellence.

That is a long way from the turn of the century, when there was strong class animosity here between Yankees and the Irish, and Harvard refused Boston College graduates admission to its law school.

Originally established in the city's South End, the college was moved in 1913 to a Gothic campus in Chestnut Hill, just west of Boston. For generations, until after World War II, it drew day students from Boston's ***working class***. They came to class by street car, and went home by street car at night.

But since the war, as Irish and Italian families gained affluence and moved afield from Boston, and the college's good name spread among the nation's Roman Catholic community, applications have increasingly come from almost every state and dozens of foreign countries, but principally from a belt along the northeastern Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Washington, and inward through New York.

''We have kind of a standing joke here,'' says Thomas O'Connor, history professor and class of '49. ''If anything catastrophic happens to New Jersey, we're going to go bankrupt.''

Father Monan's Appointment

Ten years ago, when Father Monan was appointed president, the college was in danger of that very thing. It stood at a sort of cultural and economic crossroads.

The endowment, Father Monan remembers, was tiny: ''only $5 million or $6 million.'' Annual contributions amounted to about $800,000. Adele Dalsimer, one of the few woman professors then, remembers that crucifixes were still hung in the classrooms. But agitation of the period was evident among students on the campus, particularly among its tiny proportion of blacks, and the conservative Roman Catholic alumni were put off.

''The school was millions of dollars in debt, literally at the brink of foreclosure, and the Irish alumni saw raised fists,'' said Judge Nelson, a college trustee, ''and they just stopped giving money to the school.''

Judge Nelson, who is black himself, and perhaps the first of his color to be appointed to the Federal bench in New England when he was named to it in 1979, had been reared in Boston as a Roman Catholic. Encouraged to go to Boston College by an order of Josephite priests, he was graduated from the college and law school at a time when he was virtually the sole black there.

New Goals and Directions

Already a trustee when Father Monan came to the president's office in 1972, Mr. Nelson was named to head a committee to set the college's goals on minorities, while Father Monan went about the other tasks of reassuring the alumni, ending the deficits, bringing more laity onto the board and bring women into the administration.

The college established a goal of increasing the black student population to 10 percent of the undergraduates, Judge Nelson said, and threw considerable resources into the effort. It climbed to that mark, he said, then slipped back to by two or three points.

But as the school gained new direction, streamlined fiscal management, broadened programs and increased applications from 6,000 a year in 1972 to the present level of 13,000, some of its faculty thought it was avoiding its Irish minority, immigrant roots.

''When I started agitating for an Irish studies program,'' said Professor Dalsimer, who finds it amusing to be a New York Jew at a Jesuit college, ''there was resistence, a feeling that 'We don't want to be so blatently Irish.'''

But she and others persisted, and under her co-chairmanship, the Irish studies program in history and literaure is now the largest of its kind in the country, she said. One of the changes of the last decade, says Professor O'Connor, is ''that Boston College has been willing to go back and accept its roots without a feeling of apology or inferiority.''

While college officials estimate that 80 to 85 percent of the undergraduates are still Roman Catholic, they think it is now only about 40 percent Irish. The diminishment did not dull the dinner Sunday night. As the audience was reminded of the acheivements of various male Irish and Italian surnames, there was a feeling of pride and consolidation, and of friends in power. But the shortest speech was by the student government president, a woman, Lois Marr.

She is from Long Island, and it stuns the alumni, she says, that she has no plans for a political career. ''Years ago, they were all poly sci majors and they all wanted to go to law schools and be state senators,'' she said. ''That's not true anymore.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Thomas O'Neill Jr. and Judge David Nelson photo of Edward Markey photo of Thomas O'Neill 3d photo of Rev. Donald Monan

**End of Document**



[***Love and Cartagena***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YCB-TC60-Y8TC-S2MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2769 words

**Byline:** By ANAND GIRIDHARADAS

Anand Giridharadas writes the column ''Currents,'' on ideas, for The International Herald Tribune and nytimes.com.

**Body**

IN the deep recesses of the Basurto market, a man is shaving the face of a pig. A razor in his hand, he glides across its face to remove the fuzz. The pig will soon be dinner. Not far away, cow hearts are on sale, and beside them cow eyes, staring out ominously, bound for a hearty potage. A shopping cart full of limes whizzes past. Alcatraz birds loom on the corrugated-tin roofs. ''My Sweet Lord'' is playing in one corner; in another, Caribbean songs pour from a bar lined with drinkers. It is not yet noon.

Truth can be stranger than fiction in Cartagena, the Colombian city whose real-life blend of seediness and charm has been an important inspiration for one of the most imaginative writers of the modern era, Gabriel Garcia Garcia Marquez. It is a city so pregnant with the near magical that, when Mr. Garcia Marquez took a visiting Spaniard on a tour one day that included a Creole lunch and a stroll through the old city, it lowered his opinion of Mr. Garcia Marquez's talents. The Spaniard told Mr. Garcia Marquez, as he would later record in an essay, ''You're just a notary without imagination.''

Imagine a city that could make Mr. Garcia Marquez, the Nobel Prize-winning giant of magical realism, seem like a notary.

The world speaks of Dickens's London, Balzac's Paris and Rushdie's Bombay, but the association between Mr. Garcia Marquez and Cartagena is less well known. And yet Cartagena has been an important if brief chapter in Mr. Garcia Marquez's own story. It is the city -- throbbing with the varied cultures whose mixing he chronicled -- that propelled his writing career; the city of the surreal, where toucans land on a table at its finest hotel; the city where Mr. Garcia Marquez arrived with nothing and learned to spin local tales into literature; the city awash in myths; the city that, in furnishing the reality for his magic, made him a writer.

''I would say that I completed my education as a writer in Cartagena,'' he once told an interviewer for a local documentary about Cartagena by the actor and filmmaker Salvatore Basile.

But for all of Mr. Garcia Marquez's popularity, Cartagena has drawn few Garcia Marquez-seeking pilgrims, because it has never assertively claimed the writer who cut his teeth here but who has since been only a fleeting presence. Mr. Garcia Marquez arrived in Cartagena in 1948 as a penniless student from Bogota and left the next year, never to live in the city full time again. But his parents and siblings moved to Cartagena two years after he left, so he continued to visit after settling down in Mexico City.

Now 83, he still maintains a house in Cartagena, where he often stays for a time in winter. But despite that connection and despite his fame, there is no Garcia Marquez museum in the city and no straightforward way to retrace the path of his youth.

In the last several years, a group of historians and scholars has sought to change that, laboring to document the city's Garcia Marquez connection. Seeking to identify the places and people behind his works, they have interviewed the author's friends and relatives, examined his public statements over the years and cross-referenced passages in his books with real estate records and other documents. They are working the findings into a Garcia Marquez-themed audio tour, to be released later this year. Meanwhile, one of the scholars, Iliana Restrepo Hernandez, of the local Universidad Tecnologica de Bolivar, generously shared some of their research with me.

These findings come at a moment when Cartagena is waking from a long slumber, recovering some of the vitality that Mr. Garcia Marquez's novels richly depict.

Situated on the Caribbean, on Colombia's northern coast, once among the most important trading ports in the colonized Americas, the walled old city of Cartagena fell into shambles in more recent decades. The wealthy old families that Mr. Garcia Marquez wrote about began to move out to the Miami-like suburb of Bocagrande, while the poor moved in. A result was that many of the centuries-old colonial houses that define the old city were reduced to empty shells, with proud doors and high, pastel-hued walls masking the ruins and tall grass within. It would have been a dispiriting time to arrive with Mr. Garcia Marquez's books, only to discover a city with few traces of its former grandeur -- though with less of the drug-tinged violence that prevailed in other parts of the country.

But in the last many years, as part of a broader Colombian reawakening, the city is resurfacing with boutique hotels, fusion-seeking restaurants and new fashion labels that turn sleepy towns into global destinations. Tourists are descending on its galleries, strolling idly down its byways, reveling with locals at New Year's Eve parties in public plazas. Travelers now call it Latin America's hippest secret.

It is a renaissance of which Mr. Garcia Marquez might be skeptical, having shown some hostility to the city's modernization campaigns, like the time when the sprawling downtown market was removed from the walled city and planted a short drive away. Yet it is a renaissance that, combined with the recent scholarly work, makes a Garcia Marquez pilgrimage accessible for the first time.

A hypothetical tour for such a pilgrimage might begin at Plaza Fernandez de Madrid. Cartagena, dangling into the Caribbean, its lanes lined with flower-filled balconies, is a city for lovers; and it was the setting for Mr. Garcia Marquez's novel ''Love in the Time of Cholera,'' regarded by critics as one of the 20th century's great love stories in literature.

It is the story of a young man of humble means, Florentino Ariza, who falls instantly in love with a girl named Fermina Daza, the daughter of a merchant. He courts her by letter, only to be rejected. Aspiring to move up in society, she marries and enters the elite Cartagena of her husband, Dr. Juvenal Urbino. For 50 years, Florentino pines for her, consoling himself with meaningless, frantic copulation -- until, upon Dr. Urbino's death, he gets a chance to assert his undying love once again.

What may come as a surprise even to the novel's most ardent fans is that Mr. Garcia Marquez, famous for his wild imagination, drew heavily on the reality of Cartagena for ''Cholera'' and other works.

In the Plaza Fernandez de Madrid, which Mr. Garcia Marquez recast in his love story as the Park of the Evangels, a traveler can sit precisely where the hopeless young man would have sat, ''on the most hidden bench in the little park, pretending to read a book of verse in the shade of the almond trees.'' A horse-drawn carriage today may clip-clop past, in which case you can imagine Fermina passing by.

AND even the house where Fermina grew up was not wholly fictional. According to scholars, you can see it on the plaza today -- the white house with a second-floor balcony on the eastern side of the square, covered with vines, garnished by a parrot-shaped door knocker.

Another spot where Mr. Garcia Marquez found inspiration was the Plaza Bolivar, which is situated within the old city. On one side of the square is a colonnaded arcade, known in ''Cholera'' as the Arcade of Scribes: ''an arcaded gallery across from a little plaza where carriages and freight carts drawn by donkeys were for hire, where popular commerce became noisier and more dense.''

Under the arcade, Florentino, rejected by Fermina and tormented within, found a way to redeploy the surplus love that he could not use: ''he offered it to unlettered lovers free of charge, writing their love missives for them in the Arcade of Scribes.'' On one occasion, he realized that he was writing letters for both parties in a budding courtship, his words slowly coaxing them together.

The passage of time cannot change fiction, but it can play fast and loose with reality. Today the arcade has been turned over to a new obsession: the Colombian devotion to beauty pageants. The national beauty pageant organization has its headquarters there, and the ground on which Florentino would have written his letters is now embossed, Hollywood style, with images of recent beauty queens.

According to the scholars, Mr. Garcia Marquez feels an especially strong connection to the square because Simon Bolivar, the Latin American revolutionary, is one of his heroes. The writer is said to have come to Plaza Bolivar from time to time simply to sit and think.

One afternoon last January, the plaza's benches were full of people: chatting with friends, taking breaks from work, sneaking in romance, writing letters over the free Wi-Fi. A small contingent of soldiers, mission unknown, stood to one side, guarding something or someone. Sellers of food and trinkets mingled with potential patrons.

A Garcia Marquez tour must go beyond his writings to seek hints of the real-life Garcia Marquez. For that, one might start with the author's home in the city.

It stands on the edge of the old city, in the San Diego quarter, facing the sea; with its outward gaze and high walls, it has an aloofness suggestive of Mr. Garcia Marquez's relationship to the city. It is a rare act of architectural subversion in a city of architectural conformity: not a colonial house in the Spanish style, but a modernist dwelling that Mr. Garcia Marquez ordered built. It looks like a straight-edged castle, with orange-red walls, a ring of holes running around the property, a swimming pool and a sprawling lawn. Mr. Garcia Marquez is said to live in the house for only several weeks each year, although he has spent a much longer time there this year, said Ms. Restrepo, the scholar.

Opposite the Garcia Marquez house is the venerable Sofitel Santa Clara hotel, where the writer is said to stop sometimes for a drink. The hotel was a hospital before it was a hotel, and a convent before it was a hospital, and it shares the city's mildly haunted air.

Working as a reporter in the late 1940s, before he owned a home nearby, Mr. Garcia Marquez was reputedly sent to the hospital to investigate a tip that a skeleton had been found, belonging to a girl with 22 meters, or 72 feet, of hair. That real life episode induced the Garcia Marquez novel ''Of Love and Other Demons,'' and became yet another illustration of the strange dance of myth and reality, fiction and truth, in Cartagena.

Today, what remains of that era is a small crypt below El Coro, the hotel bar, that any guest can enter by descending a few stairs. But the atmosphere is incongruous: on many nights, a live Afro-Cuban band is playing, with Colombian couples shuffling gracefully on the dance floor, the men in untucked short-sleeved shirts and white shoes, the women in elegant dresses.

The Cuban connection offers yet another way into Mr. Garcia Marquez's life. The writer has long raised eyebrows for his friendship with Fidel Castro, and is even said to maintain a home in Havana not far from Mr. Castro's. Whenever he is in Cartagena, Mr. Garcia Marquez has been known to dine at La Vitrola, among the finest restaurants in town, which evokes Old World Havana with its gently swirling ceiling fans, dishes like spiced shredded beef over fried plantains and live Cuban son music, with its guitar-and-percussion-driven songs. And while Colombia has lately turned rightward in its politics, Cuba is in many ways a patron saint of Cartagena's after-dark culture. Among the city's most authentic and coolest nightspots is Cafe Havana in the Getsemani district, where photos of legendary Cuban singers line the walls and the raw rhythms fill the room and spill out the open grated windows into the dim streets.

Indeed, it is in Getsemani, a vaguely seedy, ***working-class*** neighborhood just beyond the walls of the walled city, where the gritty, rum-soaked Cartagena that Mr. Garcia Marquez first fell in love with can most easily be seen. It has resisted thus far the gentrification that has come to the walled city. And in these parts it is not hard to imagine the roadside restaurants and bars where the young Mr. Garcia Marquez made friends, chased rumors and began to find his voice.

He arrived in the city in 1948 from Bogota, after political riots started a fire that burned down his hostel. It took with it all of his possessions, including his typewriter. He went to Cartagena and began again, finding work within days at El Universal, a newspaper that became a kind of journalism school for him. He has written of having submitted articles and then watching as the editor crossed out virtually every word, writing a new article between the lines of the old. It was the journalism of an earlier age, when writers and editors sat along the pier relishing steak with onion rings and green banana at dives, mingling with poets and prostitutes, telling tales and, in turn, converting anecdotes heard into articles for the next day's paper.

''All of my books have loose threads of Cartagena in them,'' Mr. Garcia Marquez said in the documentary. ''And, with time, when I have to call up memories, I always bring back an incident from Cartagena, a place in Cartagena, a character in Cartagena.''

IF YOU GO

HOW TO GET THERE

Several airlines fly to Cartegena from New York, usually with at least one stop. A recent Web search found a Copa Airlines flight from Kennedy Airport, with a layover in Panama City, from about $500 round trip, for travel in May. For additional flights, see nytimes.com/travel/cartagena.

WHERE TO STAY

The Sofitel Santa Clara(Calle Del Torno No. 39-29; 57-5-664-6070; hotelsantaclara.com) feels like the offspring of a luxurious hotel and a haunted house. The bar, El Coro, has Cuban music on many nights. Mr. Garcia Marquez lives across the street and has been known to sip a drink at El Coro. A recent search found rooms starting at about 475,751 pesos, or $250 at 1,900 pesos to the dollar.

For a less rarefied experience, the Hotel Monterrey (Carrera 8B, No. 25-103; 57-5-664-8560; hotelmonterrey.com.co), just

beyond the old city walls at the edge of Getsemani, has well-appointed rooms starting at 247,390 pesos. It is not far from where the old market stood and where Mr. Garcia Marquez, as a young man, made his start as a journalist. Ask for a room in the back, away from the loud salsa club next door.

MARQUEZ SPOTS

The Basurto market is a short taxi ride from the walled city. It has a reputation for housing thieves and pickpockets, as such markets invariably do, but cautious and prudent travelers should have no troubles.

In the Plaza Fernandez de Madrid, Florentino Ariza longed for Fermina Daza while sitting on a park bench under almond trees. The white house with the large overhanging balcony, near the corner where Calle de la Tablada meets the eastern side of the plaza, is the one on which Fermina's house is said to be modeled.

In the Plaza Bolivar, Portal de los Escribanos (Arcade of Scribes) is where real and fictional characters once wrote letters for the unlettered and where Florentino found a use for his irrepressible love. Today, the street vending that Mr. Garcia Marquez described persists, but Galeria Cano, a stylish boutique on the square, has mined Colombian culture to offer a selection of artifacts of interest to travelers (Plaza Bolivar No. 33-20; 57-5-664-7078; galeriacano.com.co). The plaza is also a good place to start a tour of the city by horse carriage.

Mr. Garcia Marquez's home stands at the corner of Calle Zerrezuela and Calle del Curato in the San Diego district, overlooking the sea. The Santa Clara hotel is across the street.

La Vitrola (Calle de Baloco No. 2-01; 57-5-660-0711) serves Cuban-inspired fare, washed down with Cuban music and dancing between the tables. The seafood is fresh, the meats are tender, and everything comes with plantains. Dinner is about 190,300 pesos for two, with wine.

Cafe Havana (at the corner of Calle Media Luna and Calle del Guerrero, in Getsemani; 57-310-610-2324; cafehavanacartagena.com) is a direct flight to another world. Beyond the walled city, far from the fancy new restaurants, the bar throbs with drinkers, dancers and singers-along. The Cuban mojito (12,000 pesos) is excellent.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Dancing feet in Plaza Bolivar, which is situated within the old city of Cartagena. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CAPLIN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR1)

ABOVE: Gabriel Garcia Marquez.(PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMAS BRAVO /REUTERS)

BELOW: The midnight ambience of Cartagena, a city of seediness and charm. (TR8)

ABOVE: The fortress walls around Cartagena, built in the 1600s, are a magnet for tourists. BELOW LEFT Plaza Fernandez de Madrid was the setting for Mr. Marquez's novel ''Love in the Time of Cholera,'' but it was called the Park of the Evangels in the book. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CAPLIN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR9) MAPS

**Load-Date:** May 21, 2010

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[***OUT OF OFFICE WITH: Mario M. Cuomo;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2SH0-0005-G053-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Keeping the Faith***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2SH0-0005-G053-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Mario M. Cuomo

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

I DON'T do lunch," Mario M. Cuomo grumbled into the telephone, as combative, as incorrigible as he ever was at a news conference in Albany. "Lunch takes too much time," he explained, punctuating each word as if engaged in a debate over a matter of public policy.

Was the former Governor of New York saying he was now so busy that he had no time to eat? "I just finished my lunch talking to you," he barked, by way of answering yes. "Sorry."

But that is not to say that Mr. Cuomo does not have time to talk -- and talk and talk. A year after voters ousted him from office, anxious for change and evidently tired of his 12 years in the Governor's mansion, Mr. Cuomo has not abandoned the trait that turned him into an icon for Democrats in New York and beyond.

Although putatively employed as a lawyer for the firm of Willkie Farr & Gallagher in Manhattan, Mr. Cuomo has kept up a busy schedule of speeches and other public appearances, railing against the Republican revolution that swept the country last November and carried him into involuntary retirement from politics.

He has debated John Sununu before the American Society of Travel Agents in Philadelphia and has addressed groups as diverse as the Chamber of Commerce in Sacramento, Calif., and the Hollywood Women's Political Committee. ("I had the pleasure of meeting Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway," he said, sounding a little star-struck.)

And for three hours each Saturday morning since June, he has played the cerebral but feisty host of a radio show now syndicated in 35 cities, from Seattle to Boca Raton, Fla., an advocate of the left in a medium dominated by the right.

Now, he has published a new book, "Reason to Believe" (Simon & Schuster), and has spent the last few weeks promoting it as a rousing defense of Democratic ideals. It seems he has not quite accepted his banishment into political obscurity, that after all those years of holding forth, he has still not finished what he had to say.

So even if lunch was out of the question, as was the case during his desk-bound days in Albany, Mr. Cuomo agreed to sit through a cup of coffee the other morning. And though his secretary insisted his schedule could afford only half an hour, he spent a full two hours ruminating on his book, his life out of office and the state of politics today.

"What were the alternatives?" he said, recalling his meditations on the future. " 'The heck with politics? I'm finished with that now? Let somebody else do it and never talk about the issues again?' "

Not a chance. "I'm planning," he added, "in whatever small way I can, to participate in the dialogue."

That dialogue now takes place in the law firm's office on the 47th floor of the Citicorp tower in Manhattan. Although a far cry from the State Capitol, Mr. Cuomo's corner office still bears some of the trappings of his reign.

There are autographed photographs of him with President Clinton, the former Supreme Court Justice Harry A. Blackmun and Mickey Mantle; a bronze bust of his political idol Abraham Lincoln; a cushion on his chair embroidered with "The Seat of Power."

His office, poetically, overlooks Queens, his home borough, which has figured in countless homilies on the values of immigrant ***working-class*** families like his own. (He and his wife, Matilda, chose not to move back to Queens from Albany, but rather to the more rarefied environs of Sutton Place in Manhattan.)

Mr. Cuomo professes no regrets, but it has clearly been an adjustment, moving from public to private life after 20 years as New York's Secretary of State, Lieutenant Governor and Governor, surrounded by a coterie of aides, guards and a press corps hanging on his every deftly turned phrase and tortured decision.

Having turned down an offer to keep a security detail, he walks the streets of Manhattan alone, occasionally accosted by still-disgruntled voters. He travels by himself. He shops, he said, in the supermarket, often debating the freshness of vegetables with produce managers.

"It's inconvenient, no question about that," he said. "It's easier to have somebody with you when you missed your flight, as I did from San Francisco. And you wind up in the Wayne County, Detroit, airport, schlepping two bags to Gate 3 only to find out that they just changed it to Gate 15. And you're out of time!"

"You wished you had somebody to do it all for you," he added, "but it's nice to be alive fully, the way everybody else is, putting up with some of the travails."

Mr. Cuomo, now 63, landed his job a week after the election. He was, he pointed out, only the second politician invited to join the law firm, founded in 1888. The first was Wendell L. Willkie, the Republican who joined in 1940 after losing the Presidential election to Franklin D. Roosevelt. "You lost an election," he recalled the partners telling him. "That qualifies you."

Mr. Cuomo, a lawyer in Queens before embarking on his political career, refused from the start to be a "rainmaker," using his celebrity to lure clients. Instead, he oversees relatively mundane matters of corporate law: bankruptcy, public offerings, a joint venture to build a compost plant in the Hudson Valley. "It's a new kind of fertilizer, the compost," he explained. "It's a good, solid business."

More important, the "arrangement," as he called it, offers him the chance to continue the role he had as Governor, acting as the impassioned spokesman for the nation's Democrats. Hence the speeches, the radio show, the book -- all centered on a core theme.

The American voters, his argument goes, have been duped by the Contract With America. They have embraced the Republican mantra -- lower taxes, less government, etc. -- without understanding the consequences. Yes, people want a tax cut, but not at the cost of the social programs that, he argues, created the strong, modern America.

Mr. Cuomo conceded that he might not be the best person to make the case, having himself lost to a previously unheralded State Senator, George E. Pataki. But the Democrats, he said, have been slow to make their case against what he calls "the New Harshness."

"They don't have the song yet," he said. And at this point, he broke into song, his pitch rising and falling: "Medicare, Medicare, Medicare, Medicare, Medicare, Medicare, Medicare! That's not a song. That's a note. And it's a good one, but you need more specifics."

But the problem is that so few voters understand the issues or have the patience to try. "Why is that?" he said. "Well, because you have 150 channels, because every day you can see a crocodile giving birth to a crocodilette on the Discovery Channel. Who would want to pay attention to anything else?"

That, he said, explains the obsessive interest in Gen. Colin L. Powell, despite the fact most people knew next to nothing about his views. As a matter of fact, the general had virtually become an obsession of Mr. Cuomo's before announcing he would not run for President in 1996. Impishly, Mr. Cuomo suggested that he and the general held nearly identical views on abortion, gun control, affirmative action and the notion that "you ought to think of the country as a family."

"Why are people running to Colin Powell?" he asked.

And away from Mr. Cuomo?

"I'm not complaining," he said. "I'm just observing."

Mr. Cuomo dismissed an obvious question: Didn't voters reject his vision of an expansive government last November? Isn't that why he ruminates in the office of a law firm instead of one in Albany?

He rose, finally, to help himself to a cup of coffee and a muffin delivered on a cart to his office an hour before. "No, no, no," he said, returning to his desk.

"I will not accept the thesis that this is a rejected philosophy at all. I don't think there's anything in my book that's been rejected. I don't believe any poor person should be without health care, that one way or another the government should provide it. How many people would vote against this?"

The book, certainly, is no political memoir, except for a brief homage to the life-example of his mother, Immaculata, who died last April at age 92. (As Mr. Cuomo sees it, his mother, who emigrated from an arid mountain village in Italy in 1927, thrived in America in part because of the social programs that arose from the Great Depression. "Frankly," he writes, "without a government committed to the advancement of our common good, Momma would have gotten back on the boat and I'd be stuck on a rock on a hill in Salerno, praying for rain.")

Anyone hoping for gossip -- or, say, an explanation of Mr. Cuomo's decision not to run for President in 1992 -- will be disappointed. It reads, instead, like one of Mr. Cuomo's speeches, pleading for America's voters to reconsider.

Mr. Cuomo initially fought with his editors over the title. He wanted to call it "One Nation," but they wanted "Common Sense": "I said, 'If it was common sense, I'd still be Governor.' "

**Graphic**

Photos: Ex-Governor still acts as the Democrats' impassioned spokesman. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times) (pg. C1); Governor-elect Mario M. Cuomo and his wife, Matilda, at home in Queens in 1982. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times) (pg. C5)

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[***ART***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T95-6Y70-TW8F-G04F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

ART

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art.

Museums

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM: 'THE GREAT COVER-UP: AMERICAN RUGS ON BEDS, TABLES AND FLOORS,' through Sept. 9. The more than 60 rugs in this extraordinary show count among the best pictorial art of 19th- and early-20th-century America, which means that quite a few of the women who made them qualify as great, if unidentified, artists. Densely textured, gloriously colored, boldly scaled and exuberantly frontal, they were made between 1800 and 1950 and provide something of a history of the American handmade rug, from bed to floor. Their intuitive intelligence, where space and composition are concerned, proves once more that modern form is not a modern invention. 45 West 53rd Street, (212) 265-1040, folkartmuseum.org.

(Roberta Smith)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 'BIOGRAPHICAL LANDSCAPE: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF STEPHEN SHORE, 1969-1979,' through Sept. 9. In 1971 the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave Stephen Shore its second-ever exhibition by a living photographer. (Alfred Stieglitz had the first.) He was 23 when it opened. What he did makes up most of this wonderful show. Mr. Shore has reprinted the photographs digitally, with rejuvenated colors as fresh and subtle as the day the pictures were shot. The work's laconic eloquence speaks of an era and a nation. Its wit and affection add buoyancy to scenes of threadbare America from a moment when the country was depressed by war and years of civil unrest. Its formal rigor makes an uncanny order out of images that, at first glance, look like no place or nothing. Look again. His show reminds us of a period when cutting-edge American art and the tradition of straight, documentary photography got together. 1133 Avenue of the Americas, at West 43rd Street, (212) 857-0000, icp.org.

(Michael Kimmelman)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY: 'LET YOUR MOTTO BE RESISTANCE: AFRICAN AMERICAN PORTRAITS,' through Sept. 9. This show of photographic portraits is a praise-song in pictures, a shout-out to history. It's also a fancy-dress inaugural party for the yet-to-be-built National Museum of African American History and Culture in Washington. It tends to be a little too fancy, too heavy on glitz, too short on grit. Still, what a party it is, with a Who's Who of charismatic black statesmen, from Frederick Douglass to Malcolm X, and with Leontyne Price, Mahalia Jackson and the Supremes sharing a stage. (See above.) (Holland Cotter)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: 'IMPRESSIONIST AND EARLY MODERN PAINTINGS: THE CLARK BROTHERS COLLECT,' through Aug. 19. The Met examines the lives and collecting habits of two feuding brothers, heirs to the Singer sewing machine fortune, who were among the leading 20th-century art patrons. Sterling Clark was founder of the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Mass. His younger brother, Stephen, was a trustee of both the Met and the Museum of Modern Art (and established the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y.). The brothers shared a love of Renoir, Degas and Americans like Winslow Homer, but Sterling ''drew the line'' at Cezanne and considered Matisse and Picasso ''bad painters and fakers.'' (212) 535-7710, metmuseum.org.

(Martha Schwendener)

THE MET: 'HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT: CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION,' through Sept. 3. A small but potent exhibition of contemporary photographs from the museum's collection that opens with an epigraph by Henry David Thoreau: ''The question is not what you look at but what you see.'' Artists here find beauty in the everyday and mundane, from Walker Evans's late series of Polaroids to Stephen Shore's landscapes and Rachel Harrison's photograph of a house in Perth Amboy, N.J., where thousands believed that they saw the face of the Virgin Mary on a second-floor window. (See above.) (Schwendener)

THE MET: 'NEO RAUCH AT THE MET: PARA,' through Oct. 14. The figurative style of the leader of the Leipzig School is never less than ambitious, but here it looks almost fatally retro, as if the context of the Met had made the painter's mind turn to thoughts of browned-out colors; characters of a Romantic 19th- century mien; and settings that often suggest garrets or hunting lodges. The result is an exhibition that looks too much at home in the museum and sells Mr. Rauch's talent short, but is still one that should be seen. (See above.) (Smith)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY AFRICAN DIASPORAN ARTS: 'THE FRENCH EVOLUTION: RACE, POLITICS & THE 2005 RIOTS,' through Sept. 9. Alexis Peskine serves as an informed guide to recent events in France, although his position is somewhat complicated. Son of a Franco-Russian father (an architect) and an Afro-Brazilian mother, Mr. Peskine holds a bachelor of fine arts degree from Howard University and a master's from the Maryland Institute College of Art, which set him distinctly apart from the ***working-class*** youth in the banlieue, or suburb. His training as a graphic artist is evident in paintings that appropriate elements from comics, cartoons and food products, while his interest in hip-hop culminates in a music video titled ''Ripa'' (slang for Paris). Uneven at times, Mr. Peskine's work succeeds in showing us how in France's difficulties we feel echoes of our own. 80 Hanson Place, at South Portland Avenue, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 230-0492, mocada.org. (Schwendener)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK: 'NEW YORK RISES: PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE DE SALIGNAC,' through Oct. 28. This exhibition makes a case for adding Eugene de Salignac, the official photographer for the New York City Department of Bridges, Plant and He captured the Williamsburg, Manhattan and Queensboro Bridges just as construction was completed and the subways tracks were being laid. In some of his moving, eye-catching images, he exhibits his appreciation for New York's work force. 1220 Fifth Avenue, at 103rd Street, (212) 534-1673, mcny.org. (Bridget L. Goodbody)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: 'NATURE AND THE AMERICAN VISION: THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL AT THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,' through Feb. 25. The third show in a series on Hudson River School paintings from the collection argues that the idea of an American landscape filled with ''sacred'' sites is as much a cultural invention as it is an accident of nature. Thomas Cole's epic series of imaginary landscape paintings, ''The Course of Empire,'' is the centerpiece. Other works look back to the Old World, borrowing ideas about the European Grand Tour to create an American Grand Tour of natural sites along the Hudson, the Catskills, the Adirondacks and farther westward. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, (212) 873-3400, nyhistory.org.

(Schwendener)

NOGUCHI MUSEUM: 'SURVEY OF PARIS ABSTRACTIONS,' through Aug. 26. Early in his career, Isamu Noguchi (1904-88) received a Guggenheim Fellowship and went to Paris, where he was introduced to Brancusi a few days after arriving. For five weeks in 1927, Noguchi served as Brancusi's apprentice. Afterward, he set up his own studio in Gentilly, outside of Paris, where he created the 30 gouaches, or opaque watercolors, and six of the sculptures on view here. Brancusi's influence on Noguchi is obvious in works like ''Globular,'' from 1928, an abstract brass sculpture that looks so much like a Brancusi that out of this context it would probably be mistaken for one. 9-01 33rd Road, at Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City, Queens, (718) 204-7088, noguchi.org.

(Schwendener)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER: 'THE DONNER PARTY,' through Sept. 24. Jim Shaw's ''Donner Party'' merges the saga of the ill-fated Donner-Reed Party, westbound settlers trapped in the High Sierras in the winter of 1846 to 1847, with Judy Chicago's benchmark feminist installation ''The Dinner Party.'' The central element is a ring of miniature covered wagons that mimics the dining table in Ms. Chicago's work, with 27 sculptures assembled from items purchased in thrift stores. It may seem like a work based on sick, twisted, juvenile humor (O.K., it is -- but that's Mr. Shaw's allure), yet ''The Donner Party'' also contemplates how myths -- national or, in the case of Ms. Chicago, individual -- are forged and perpetuated, and it serves as a cautionary tale for taking them too seriously. A Museum of Modern Art affiliate, 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Street, Long Island City, Queens, (718) 784-2084, ps1.org. (Schwendener)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER: 'ORGANIZING CHAOS,' through Sept. 24. With John Cage as spirit guide, this exhibition presents eight works by eight artists in eight large galleries with no muss, no fuss, no nasty spillover, although this doesn't rule out many interesting connections. The subject of ''organizing chaos'' is broached in film, video, text and photographs that alternate between macrocosmic and microcosmic, silence and noise, anarchic and tightly scripted. Orchestras, entropy, human hatred and life in the studio, the Sunday papers and the backyard are invoked in contributions from Luke Fowler, Rivane Neuenschwander and Cao Guimaraes, Bruce Nauman, Christian Marclay, Tomoko Takahashi, Robert Smithson, Hans-Peter Feldmann and Stephen Vitieollo. (See above.) (Smith)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER: 'PETER YOUNG: 1963-1977,' through Sept. 24. This ebullient show retraces the rapid rise of a maverick abstract painter who made it big and then took a pass, leaving town to settle eventually in Bisbee, Ariz. With the dot as his main staple, he worked in an array of styles, mixing Color Field, Minimalism and Process Art as he pleased. There are near-Photo-Realist images of streaming galaxies; luscious motifs derived from folding bare canvas onto painted canvas; chunky necklaces made of acrylic paint; and quirky, geometric line paintings stretched on tree branches. The show is a blast from the past that singes the present. (See above). (Smith)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: 'RESISTANCE IS ... ,' through Sept. 2. This is an earnest sort of show about social unrest and upheaval, but it's smart, engaging and nicely put together, combining a pleasing diversity of artists, mediums and styles. Several of the two dozen works are documentary photographs of acts of social disobedience, public demonstrations and political counteraction, among them now-famous images by Richard Avedon, Gordon Parks, Larry Fink, Gilles Peress and Garry Winogrand. Timing is everything, and this gathering of works couldn't look or feel more apposite. 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, (212) 570-3600.

(Benjamin Genocchio)

Galleries: Chelsea

'AGITATION AND REPOSE' This group show opens with a very anxious object: a wall clock with spinning hands. It continues with Rainer Ganahl's bicycle ride into oncoming traffic; Holly Zausner's excellent, body-laden film tour of Berlin; circles around an impressive sculptural combination of organ pipes and Gothic tracery by Diana Al-Hadid; and concludes with Claire Watkins's image of what appears to be a detached nervous system. The real draw, though, is a group of six short videos by, and starring, Roman Signer: in one a helicoptor buzzes him in bed; in another hay explodes through the floor as he sits reading; in a third a sudden explosion prompts him to start -- and finish -- a painting. Repose has never been this wonderful artist's thing. Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, 521 West 21st Street, (212) 414-4144, tanyabonakdargallery.com, through next Friday. (Cotter)

'CECI N'EST PAS ...THIS IS NOT' Is the art world your whole world? This group show assumes that it is and holds a mirror up to it. Everywhere you turn, someone is either selling something, or talking about how to sell, or worrying about not selling. Alejandro Diaz sets up a mini-shop to hawk handwritten posters, individually priced at $18.95, plus tax, with a complete set of 30 going for $500. Pablo Helguera, David Kramer, Laura Parnes and Michael Smith dispense cautionary career tips. Neil Goldberg reviews masterpieces that might have been. Cary Leibowitz brazenly drops celebrity names on cheapo coffee mugs. Sara Meltzer Gallery, 525-531 W. 26th Stree, (212) 727-9330, through Aug. 17. (Cotter)

'COLOUR BEFORE COLOR' The spelling discrepancy in the show's title is meant to indicate that color photography as we now know it was not the exclusive achievement of Americans like William Eggleston and Stephen Shore, but was also nurtured by a group of European photographers whose efforts range from the subtle still lifes of Luigi Ghirri (which are similar to those of Irving Penn) to claustrophobic close-ups of sun bathers by the Spanish photographer Carlos Perez Siquier. The show, organized by the British photographer Martin Parr, is a must-see for anyone interested in the medium. Hasted Hunt, 529 West 20th Street, (212) 627-0006, hastedhunt.com, through Aug. 17. (Smith)

'DOUBLE X-RATED: WHERE THE GIRLS ARE' The ''Double X'' in the title of this all-woman group show, organized by Amelia Abdullahsani, refers to female chromosomes, which clearly do not determine any one art style. Despite a shared realism, goth-subculture portraits by the Stockholm-based Ulrika Minami Warmling are very different from Noel Grunwaldt's beautiful watercolors of dead birds. Katrin Sigurdardottir hides landscapes in boxes; Francesca Gabbiani conjures them up in collages; Joy Garnett continues her project of painting the contemporary political landscape, in this case in images derived from news reports of burning Paris immigrant neighborhoods. Stellan Holm Gallery, 524 West 24th Street, (212) 627-7444, stellanholm.com, through Sept. 8. (Cotter)

PETER YOUNG: FOLDED MANDALA & OAXACAN PAINTINGS Complementing the larger survey of the artist's work at P.S. 1 (see above), this exhibition presents 10 brightly colored works from two additional series dating from 1972 to 1980: one of densely dotted mandalas, the other of spatially intricate grids. In both cases Mr. Young's debt to non-Western art is evident, and honored. Mitchell Algus Gallery, 511 West 25th Street, (212) 242-6242, through Aug. 25. (Smith)

Last Chance

GENESIS I'M SORRY In this sprawling and quite lively group show, the main event is nonetheless the space itself, addled by an elaborate super-size cat's cradle of crisscrossing twine. Orchestrated by the painter Josh Smith in tribute to Duchamp's ''Mile of String'' installation for the ''First Papers of Surrealism'' exhibition, it fractures vision and creates myriad sight lines, playing with perception in ways that seem eminently Duchampian. Greene Naftali, 508 West 26th Street, Chelsea, (212) 463-0700; closes today. (Smith)

'A POINT IN SPACE IS A PLACE FOR AN ARGUMENT' Despite its title, taken from the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein, this group show of 56 works by 30 artists is fairly even-tempered, less about argument than about unexpected connections. With special attention to the margins and physical process, it ranges across generations, styles and mediums, gathering together works by Lynda Benglis, Bruce Nauman, Niki de Saint Phalle, Forrest Bess, Joe Overstreet, Cathy Wilkes, Raoul De Keyser, Al Taylor and Andre Cadere. Common ground is a shared opposition to tradition, to standard definitions of greatness, to accepted notions of material or finish, or to the separation of art mediums. David Zwirner Gallery, 525 West 19th Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2070, davidzwirner.com; closes today. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

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[***Baseball;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M950-0038-D1WH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Comiskey: No Field of Dreams, But a Real Park in a Gritty City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M950-0038-D1WH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** By PAUL GOLDBERGER

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

If you ask anyone on either coast to name the great old ball park of Chicago, 9 out of 10 will say Wrigley Field. But in Chicago the answer is as likely as not to be Comiskey Park, the home of the White Sox, a park that is actually four years older than Wrigley, and in many ways possesses much more of the character of this great city.

Wrigley, with its fabled ivy wall and hand-operated scoreboard, is more picturesque, a ball park that could come from the movies. But Comiskey is more real, a glorious, raunchy old place that has nothing picturesque about it at all. Over the years, Comiskey Park has been pushed and pulled and altered and expanded every which way, and it is so tough it never loses an ounce of its character. Wrigley is the field of dreams, but Comiskey is Chicago.

Or at least for another few days it is. On Sunday, Comiskey will close, its site to become a parking garage for a new Comiskey Park rising next door. The loss of old Comiskey will bring to just three the number of major league baseball parks dating from before 1920: Wrigley Field, Fenway Park in Boston and Tiger Stadium in Detroit. If the end of Comiskey is not quite as devastating as the demolition of Wrigley or Fenway would be, it is still the loss of a great landmark, and one that possesses a kind of authenticity that even Wrigley, for all its glory, cannot equal. For here at Comiskey baseball is as it once was, spirited and loud and unpredictable, full of a kind of messy vitality that seems just right for Chicago. If Wrigley is the Faneuil Hall Marketplace of ball parks, Comiskey is Paddy's Market - the rougher, tougher version, less pretty to look at but much more convincingly the Real Thing. It has become fashionable among White Sox fans to spurn the Cubs and their ivy-bedecked park as just so much yuppie indulgence, and if that does Wrigley an injustice, it at least explains what makes Comiskey what it is. This is the ball park for the City of the Big Shoulders, and while Comiskey has little in the way of Wrigley's physical grace, it has an aura that is like no other park anywhere.

Call it the mystique of no mystique, or certainly of no self-conscious striving for a mystique. Being in Wrigley, for all its effervescent glow, has begun to feel a little bit like going to a chapel dedicated to the god of baseball. No one could call Comiskey a chapel of anything. From the outside it looks like a factory, and even the coat of white paint it got back in the 1950's has not obliterated the sense of this as a blunt, matter-of-fact building, an industrial structure more than a work of architecture. Comiskey is completely unself-conscious, a small-town ball park writ large.

In some ways it is almost a nonbuilding: the scoreboard rises higher than the upper-deck stands. And that may be why the many alterations over the years, from the filling in of portions of its original facade with glass block to the construction of a corrugated-metal addition up top containing private skyboxes, haven't destroyed Comiskey's essence: this park may be the least effete of all the old ballparks, and it can stand up to anything.

But Comiskey is thin and lithe on the inside, like a graceful but not particularly handsome athlete. Comiskey may be homely, but it has all the right moves. The seating - it is all green, blending in with the green of the field - is arranged on two decks, with thin pillars supporting the upper deck.

Those pillars are the kind that architects mention when they tell you what makes old stadiums completely unworkable, but the fact is that they block only a few vistas, and from many angles, they have the marvelous effect of framing the view to the field, focusing it and heightening its intensity. So, too, with the narrow aisles - they aren't ideal, and they are surely not up to the standard of the new park, but for all the tight squeezes, they do wonders to reduce the scale of the park, to enhance its intimacy and banish any of that sense of a vast, impersonal presence that marks so many new stadiums.

Comiskey is nearly symmetrical, so none of its appeal comes from that amiable quirkiness that marks the oddly shaped Fenway Park or the not quite-so-eccentric Wrigley. But Comiskey has a casualness that is these parks' equal, and a sense of grandeur that may well have them beat. Indeed, this is what really makes Comiskey special, and what its replacement, whatever its other virtues, seems unlikely to equal.

Nowhere else in major league baseball is there so exquisite a blending of intimacy and scope, so wonderful a balance between an easy, relaxed environment and a sense of grandeur. This is a building that goes back in spirit to the great schoolhouses and courthouses and city halls of the turn of the century, those buildings that were simple and institutional, but were still not above putting on a few airs, all the better to impress the ***working-class*** folks who filled them.

Comiskey was built with the same thing in mind. The park's exterior is lined with brick arches, through which the city is visible outside; to be in Comiskey is not to be sealed off from the city, but to be ever conscious of it. Chicago's great skyline is visible just to the north, while the South Side swarms all around the park. There is something wonderful about the way in which the neighborhood embraces Comiskey, despite the fact that the stadium is surrounded by parking lots, and makes the park feel like it is on an old-fashioned city street. Before game time the environs feel more like a street fair than a set of rapidly filling parking lots. The management of the White Sox says it values these things as much as the virtues of efficiency, unobstructed views and expanded skyboxes that motivated the construction of the new Comiskey Park. Thus the ''exploding scoreboard,'' invented by the legendary White Sox owner Bill Veeck, which breaks out into an orgy of sound and light culminating in fireworks every time a White Sox home run is hit, will be replicated in the new Comiskey, while the turf of the playing field itself will be literally moved across the street. But almost everything else will be new and different.

Things could be worse. The new 43,500-seat park, which was designed by the architectural firm of Hellmuth Obata & Kassabaum, is not, like so many recent stadiums, an imitation Astrodome. It is a field designed only for baseball, with natural grass under an open sky. Its walls are of masonry, with precast arches that loosely echo the facade of the present Comiskey. The new facade has a kind of fast, industrial mass-produced quality to it that makes it, paradoxically, a kind of modern-day equivalent of the industrial brick facade of the old park.

But if a recent visit to the nearly finished structure (it will open at the beginning of the 1991 season) is any indication, it is a very different kind of home the White Sox are about to have. The new Comiskey Park feels like a stadium, not like a ball park. It's a well-meaning stadium, not one of those megadomes that feels like a convention center, but it's going to be a stadium nonetheless. Its tall, concrete upper deck pushes up over the masonry walls, making the place look from a distance more like a high football stadium than a low baseball park. There will not be a single obstructed view in the house, the press releases for the new Comiskey shout, and they promise lots of restrooms, coat-checking areas, restaurants and 85 private suites. The new park will have, the announcements say, ''the tradition and ambience of the old ball parks while providing the services expected by today's baseball fan.''

Next April will tell whether this building actually manages to pull off the difficult trick of wrapping the aura of the old around the facilities of the new. For now, it's worth saying only that Chicago, the nation's most fabled city of architecture, is about to lose a landmark that is not much of a work of architecture at all, but comes closer than most of its betters to containing within its brick and steel the city's soul.

**Graphic**

Photo: The new Comiskey Park, top left, which towers over the old, lower park, is more like a closed-in stadium rather than an open baseball park. The old park's architecture, with its arches, above, and additions, above left, captures the city's spirit in steel and brick. (Photographs by Don Lansu for The New York Times); The old Comiskey, left, during the first All-Star Game in 1933. (Chicago White Sox)

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[***'CORONATION STREET' COMES TO CABLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RSN0-0009-2358-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

LONDON ''Coronation Street,'' which is Britain's most popular television program by far, is coming to the United States - actually, for a second try at becoming as popular with American viewers as it is with Britons.

Starting Saturday afternoon, viewers of the U.S.A. Cable Network will be able to follow - every single day of the week, if they want - the affairs of the friendly little group that frequents the Rovers Return, a ***working-class*** pub in the north of England. And as millions of Britons have done over the past 21 years, they can lose themselves in the soap opera's apparently endless saga of births and deaths, petty evils and minor triumphs, all portrayed so realistically that it is easy to forget that it is just a television program.

Some 50-odd episodes of ''Coronation Street'' were telecast on American public television back in the early 1970's, to only lukewarm critical reaction. The serial's reappearance in the United States is a reflection of how wide a net cable television is casting to fill its air time. The U.S.A. Cable Network, which reaches more than 10 million homes around America, including 700,000 in the metropolitan New York City area, will broadcast ''Coronation Street'' seven days a week from 2 to 3 in the afternoon, Eastern Time. (The weekend presentations will be rebroadcasts of episodes shown on weekdays.) Manhattan Cable will be carrying the programs in Manhattan.

''Coronation Street,'' which is Britain's most popular television program by far, is coming to the United States - actually, for a second try at becoming as popular with American viewers as it is with Britons.

Unlike American soap operas, ''Coronation Street'' does not dwell on the seamier side of the lives of its inhabitants, though the serial does have its share of love affairs and such. Its characters are not glamorous, but simply ordinary people. Through a combination of believable scripts performed by a convincing cast, it becomes easy for a viewer to feel that these people are who they purport to be, in that pub talking about the same kinds of ordinary problems that concern everyone.

Indeed, five years ago, when Elsie Tanner, one of the program's main characters, decided to get divorced, she received letters of advice from viewers all over Britain. When another character named Ena Sharples lost her job, there was another flood of letters, many of them containing ''help wanted'' advertisements.

Whether or not the serial will get the same grip on audiences in the United States this time around remains to be seen. But it will, in any case, serve as a reminder to American viewers that not everything broadcast on this side of the Atlantic is set in the elegant drawing rooms of Belgravia and Mayfair. The very antithesis of the English aristocrats portrayed in such popular television productions as ''Brideshead Revisited'' and ''Upstairs, Downstairs,'' the people of ''Coronation Street'' are the kind you might see riding on a bus in Manchester or, indeed, sipping gin or beer in a place like the Rovers Return, a typical English pub at one end of a mean little row of brick houses.

For the American audience, the series will open with a special episode in which Annie Walker, the proprietor of the pub, introduces the leading characters, giving what she regards as essential information about each of them, such as the fact that ''Len Fairclough's wife left him for an insurance man and took the son with her.''

Viewers will also quickly learn that Elsie, who has worked as manager of a launderette and then a flower shop, is having trouble with her marriage to Alan. Stan and Hilda Ogden, who live at number 13 Coronation Street, are going to Chesterfield to visit their son Trevor, who left town years ago under a cloud. They will be surprised to find that he has married and had a son. Ken Barlow, whose first wife was electrocuted by a faulty hairdryer plug three years ago, has just remarried, and everyone hopes it will work out (sadly, it will not). Albert Tatlock, a pensioner, is considering marrying Minnie Caldwell, but she will not say yes unless her friend Ena approves, and Ena is the type who approves of very little.

And so it goes, on and on, avidly followed by about 17 million Britons every Monday and Wednesday evening. When the weekly ratings are published, it is not at all unusual for the two episodes of ''Coronation Street,'' broadcast on the independent, commercial television network, to rank first and second, or second and third. Sir John Betjeman, Britain's poet laureate, once compared the show to ''The Pickwick Papers,'' which also first appeared as a serial, though, of course, in print.

Yet, it is fashionable, especially in London, to swear that you have simply never seen the program, not even once. When former Prime Minister Harold Wilson sent congratulations on the occasion of the serial's 2,000th episode, it was typical that he said that his wife - rather than he himself -had been a fan from the beginning of the program in 1960.

Besides finding the program too purposefully lowbrow, some Londoners have a view of it that reflects the snobbish attitude that people in this part of England often show toward the North, with its rough accents and its less refined ways. Asked the other day whether he ever watched ''Coronation Street,'' an office worker in London immediately began derisively imitating the vowel sounds of the Northern accent, in which ''bus'' becomes ''boos'' and ''enough'' becomes ''enoof.''

Because these accents are less familiar to American ears than the way Londoners speak, and because the characters in the serial often use such regionalisms as ''nowt,'' meaning ''nothing,'' there is some fear here about comprehension in the United States. Indeed, when ''Coronation Street'' was broadcast for a while in the early 70's on New York's Channel 13, the television critic for The New York Times had much praise for ''a cast whose acting is so good it's hardly noticeable,'' but, like some other critics, he noted the difficulty Americans might have in understanding the dialogue.

Asked recently why the serial might succeed in the United States this time, when it did not before, a spokesman for Granada Television, which produces it, pointed out that American audiences have been exposed to 10 more years' worth of British programs and comedians since then. And besides, ''Coronation Street'' has been successfully telecast in more than a dozen other countries, including Greece, Nigeria and Thailand.

The reason the U.S.A. Network will be showing episodes dating back to 1974 is that the cable service will be using up episodes of ''Coronation Street'' much more rapidly than they are produced in Britain. Here, there are just two half-hour episodes a week. In the United States, they will be broadcast at the rate of 10 half-hour episodes a week, at least initially.

Doris Speed, who plays the slightly pretentious but good-hearted Mrs. Walker, is one of five members of the cast who have been with the serial since its first episode, broadcast on Dec. 9, 1960. Of course, they have noticeably grown older in those 21 years, which the producers believe is one of the strengths of the show.

In a book about the serial, H.V. Kershaw, who was its first script editor, put it this way: ''Len Fairclough is as convincing in 1980 as he was in 1960, not in spite of - but because of - having aged 20 years. The serial, by its inexorability, gains in respect and credibility as it keeps pace with the life of the viewer.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photos of Violet Carson, Jack Howarth, Jean Alexander and Bernard Youens

**End of Document**



[***THE POP LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-R030-0009-24N4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Page 26, Column 1; Cultural Desk; review

**Length:** 1307 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

THE Rolling Stones' American tour last year was the most profitable and widely publicized series of performances in the history of rock-and-roll. Profiteers furtively resold tickets at unheard-of prices, and some of the nation's largest outdoor arenas - the 90,000-seat John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia, for example - sold out so quickly that second shows had to be added. Daily newspapers in a number of cities gave the arrival of the Stones front-page coverage.

Now Rolling Stones Records has released ''Still Life (American Concert 1981),'' a live album culled from performances on the tour, including one at the Meadowlands Arena in East Rutherford, N.J. And after listening to the record, one can only wonder what all the shouting was about.

The Stones are notorious for making substandard live albums. Their first, ''Got 'Live' if You Want It'' (1966), sounded something like an automobile fender being sheared off in an accident, and at least one selection was a studio recording with crowd noise and applause added later. ''Get Your Ya-Ya's Out'' (1970) was a vast improvement, but the main attraction was the liquid, melodious lead guitar work of a temporary Stone, Mick Taylor. ''Love You Live'' (1977) was something of a throwaway except for its fourth side, blues and reggae recorded in a small Toronto nightclub.

Robert Palmer reviews Rolling Stones' new album "Still Life"2-Hour Show on One Disk

Which brings us to ''Still Life.'' Anyone who was lucky enough to attend one of the handful of concerts in small theaters that the Stones played on their tour will find the album disappointing. The group's show at the Fox Theater in Atlanta offered crystal-clear sound, concentrated and ferocious playing, and an intense give-andtake between band and audience that simply cannot be achieved in stadiums and arenas, where most of ''Still Life'' was recorded. But stadiums and arenas are where the Stones do most of their playing these days, so ''Still Life'' is at least representative.

It is also skillfully edited. The band's two-hour show has been boiled down to one fast-paced disk, and for the most part the songs were imaginatively chosen. One thing that separates the Stones from other rock bands is their buoyant swing, and this rhythmic lift is particularly evident on ''Twenty Flight Rock,'' a rockabilly oldie the band had never recorded.

The old Motown hit ''Going to a Go Go'' was a concert highlight, and during the course of the tour the band radically reworked ''Shattered,'' adding a Memphis-style guitar interlude that transformed it from a rhythmic riff tune into a real song. These numbers and a spirited ''Imagination'' are the new album's high points. Its major disappointments include ''Time Is on My Side,'' in which Keith Richards's shattering guitar breaks and yowling backup vocals have been mixed too low, shortchanged in favor of Mick Jagger's singing, and the obligatory but not very inspired ''Satisfaction.''

As a souvenir of the tour, ''Still Life'' is perfectly adequate, and several selections are positively galvanizing. But it won't persuade anyone who wasn't there that on their best nights the Stones gave some of the most exciting performances of their 20-year career.

Rick Springfield plays a dashing young doctor on ''General Hospital'' on television, is a popular rock singer and songwriter, and owns an unusually photogenic dog. The dog, an English bull terrier named Ron, donned a shirt and tie to pose for the cover of Mr. Springfield's ''***Working Class*** Dog'' album (RCA), a record that yielded a No. 1 hit single last year, ''Jessie's Girl.''

Ron is back on the cover of Mr. Springfield's latest album, sitting in the back seat of a limousine in rock-star togs between two adoring little poodles while the driver offers it a bucket of champagne and dog biscuits. The album's title is ''Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet.''

Mr. Springfield hasn't had time to let success spoil him. ''General Hospital'' tapes episodes 50 weeks a year, and there are no reruns. Yet he still manages to tour with his band. For the last three weeks, he has been performing in Europe, and he will be at Carnegie Hall on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. How does he do it?

Moved to Los Angeles in 1972

''It was real difficult at first,'' the 32-year-old singer-actor conceded the other day. ''Every Friday I would rush from the television show to a plane, fly somewhere, change and get ready on the plane, and get to wherever I was going just in time to literally run on stage. Finally I worked things out with the show so that I have some time off, but the scheduling is still pretty tight, and I basically work seven days a week.'' That does not leave much time for relaxing or personal relationships. ''I was involved in a really serious relationship recently, but it didn't work out,'' he said. ''How could it?''

Mr. Springfield grew up in Australia and quit school when he was 17 years old to go on the road with a rock band called the Jordy Boys. For three years, he was a singer, songwriter and guitarist for the Zoot, at the time one of Australia's most popular bands. After the Zoot broke up, he made a solo single that landed him a deal with Capitol Records in the United States.

Mixture of 60's Influences

In 1972, he moved to Los Angeles. But his recording career got off to a slow start, and a series of legal battles with his management kept him out of the recording studio for more than two years. It was during this period that he turned to acting. He made guest appearances on several weekly television shows before landing his role as Dr. Noah Drake on ''General Hospital.'' And by that time his recording career had taken off, fueled by the success of ''Jessie's Girl.''

His music mixes mad 1960's ''British invasion'' influences, a bit of Bruce Springsteen and some unusually catchy pop melodies into a light, guitar-based style that is just right for American radio.

''I love playing music,'' Mr. Springfield said, ''but I don't want to stop acting. What I would like to do eventually is make films. It would be such a luxury to be able to shoot a scene more than once!'' It would also be a luxury to have some time off. ''When I'm home,'' he added, ''I really enjoy taking Ron out for walks. People drive by and yell, but they aren't yelling at me. They're yelling, 'Hey, you've got a great looking dog!' ''

Oliver Lake, the alto saxophonist who is best known for his important role in New York's jazz avant-garde and as a member of the World Saxophone Quartet, has made two albums in two very different styles. ''Clevont Fitzhubert (A Good Friend of Mine)'' on the Black Saint label is an album of lucid collective improvisations by Mr. Lake's jazz quartet. ''Jump Up'' (Gramavision) is a mixture of funk, reggae, calypso and other black popular idioms and finds Mr. Lake singing original lyrics as well as composing and playing alto and tenor saxophones and flute.

This isn't the first time a jazz musician with impeccable credentials has attempted to broaden his audience by making a commercial record. But ''Jump Up'' isn't a sellout. It is a sunny and often ingenious mix of North American and Caribbean dance idioms that aims for the feet without neglecting the intellect. It fails only when Mr. Lake attempts to interpret the reggae idiom too literally by singing in a phony Jamaican patois. Otherwise, it blends dance rhythms smoothly and creatively and could serve as a model for similar fusion projects.

There isn't as much of Mr. Lake's tart, probing alto saxophone as one might have wished, but there's plenty of that on ''Clevont Fitzhubert (A Good Friend of Mine).'' And the drummer, Pheeroan Ak Laff, plays splendidly on both albums, proving that a resourceful modern percussionist can be (should be?) perfectly at home playing both spontaneous jazz and tightly structured dance-floor funk.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Mick Jagger

**End of Document**



[***The Town That Pullman Built***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N500-0038-D1BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:** By Karl Zimmerman; Karl Zimmerman is a freelance writer who lives in Dobbs Ferry, N.Y

**Body**

Preserved first by benign neglect and now by design, the red-brick company town of Pullman, Ill., on the outskirts of Chicago, offers the visitor a revealing course in late-19th-century industrial paternalism. Though this is textbook social history, Pullman today is very much alive, a real place where people live - people proud of their community's past.

Built on the shore of Lake Calumet on Chicago's South Side in 1880 and 1881 by the sleeping-car magnate George Mortimer Pullman as a home for his Pullman Palace Car Company, the structures of this hierarchical community remain largely intact. Clustered mainly in a 16-block area, they center on the classically Victorian Hotel Florence, which Pullman named for one of his daughters, Florence Pullman Lowden, whose husband later became president of the Pullman Company and Governor of Illinois.

In 1975, by then sadly deteriorated, the Florence was acquired by the Historic Pullman Foundation, organized two years earlier to promote the preservation and rehabilitation of the town. Largely restored today, the Florence is the home for the Foundation, and the primary focus for its efforts. It is also a good place to get a hearty meal - and to start a walking tour of Pullman.

A four-story brick building in the Queen Anne style, distinguished by a roof busy with gables and dormers, the 70-room hotel is surrounded on three sides by a wide veranda, its intricate woodwork painted two tones of green - the standard Pullman color scheme, which many residents have recently been using when restoring their homes.

Inside, the Florence is rich with dark woods and the patina of age. The parlor - with a carved wood fireplace over which hangs a portrait of George M. Pullman, two huge floor-to-ceiling mirrors, a pressed tin ceiling and a large bay, bright and cheerful, looking out onto the veranda - now serves as an additional dining room. On the stairway landing and over the fireplace in the original dining room is colorful stained glass.

Some of the second-floor rooms are open as exhibits. Room 8, for instance, is set up as a typical guest room, with light wood molding and furniture that has been in the hotel since its opening in 1881. In the northwest corner is Pullman's private suite - parlor, bedroom, bathroom and butler's closet - used when he chose not to return to his home on Prairie Avenue in Chicago. Furnishings include a mahogany four-poster bed, huge and ornate and - in the parlor, which has a fireplace faced in carved wood - a secretary and red plush couch.

Pullman today is a comfortable, middle-class, almost somnolent residential community. From the south veranda of the Florence, visitors can look across Arcade Park to Arcade Row, a dozen substantial houses on 112th Street designed for company officials - Foremen's Row on St. Lawrence Avenue and where 112th and St. Lawrence intersect Green Stone Church and Parsonage, built in Gothic style of green-tinged serpentine rock, sometimes called ''frog stone.'' Catercorner is the Greystone Mansion, unusual, as is the church, in not being brick, where a succession of town doctors lived.

On streets off the park are houses for employees of lower stations: ''workers' cottages,'' really two- and three-story row houses, along Champlain Avenue and, most remote and most modest, the ''block houses'' and three-flat ''grand villa housing'' on Langley for single men and young families.

Just to the north of the residential area stand the remaining factories - some of the erecting shops and, most notably, the striking administration building and clock tower. (The State Legislature recently voted funds to acquire these structures from Perlow Steel, their current owner, as the first step toward converting them into an Illinois transport and travel museum.) Right across 111th Street from the works in ''executive row'' are semidetached houses occupied by high-ranking officers.

All this was the conception of Solon S. Beman, Pullman's Brooklyn-born architect, who created, at the remarkably young age of 27, a beautiful complex of complementary structures - factories, housing and public buildings - generally in the Romanesque Revival or Gothic mode, almost entirely of brick. The bricks were made by the Pullman Company from Lake Calumet clay; colors vary from red to orange because the composition changed as the excavation deepened.

George M. Pullman is thought to have based his town on Sir Titus Salt's woolen-manufacturing Saltaire in northern England. Apparently Pullman's motives were less altruistic than Salt's, however. While Pullman provided better housing and services - sanitation, recreation, education - than were generally available to the ***working class*** at the time, making his employees happier and healthier seems to have been a secondary objective to making them more productive.

And Pullman certainly gave nothing away; everything in his town, including the church, was geared to make a profit - 6 percent annually, the lowest he deemed acceptable. Rents were high, and so was the level of resentment. In addition to houses, parks and a hotel, Pullman supplied a library, school, hospital, community stable (still standing, its history given away by the horses, heads flanking the door) and shopping arcade - but no saloons, except the bar in the Florence, which was priced so high it was effectively the preserve of wealthy visitors. At its peak, Pullman's model town housed more than 12,000. Today the population of Pullman is roughly 2,800.

The great Pullman strike of 1894 - a result, in part, of management's decision to cut wages without reducing rents - was the beginning of the end for Pullman as a company town, and for the kind of paternalism it represented. Then in 1898, the year after George M. Pullman's death, the Illinois Supreme Court ordered the town sold to its residents. In the early 1960's it almost disappeared entirely in favor of an industrial park.

But the town's inhabitants - many of them third- and fourth-generation Pullmanites - turned back this plan, and the upswing began. In 1969 Pullman was recognized as an Illinois landmark and later as a National Landmark District.

Right now Pullman is at that perfect point of preservation where - though amply enough interpreted so that any reasonably enterprising visitor can apprehend and appreciate its history - it hasn't become fossilized or prettified. The town is no Williamsburg but rather a modest, diverse community conscious of its rich past and going about its business.

A COMPANY TOWN

Getting There

About 13 miles from the Loop, Pullman is most readily reached from downtown Chicago by the Metra trains on the University Park line - the Metra Electric. Get off at the Pullman-111th Street stop, which is right across the street from the Hotel Florence. Some trains don't stop at Pullman; for these, the Kensington-115th stop is fine, though slightly less convenient to the Florence.

Tours

Guided tours, $3.50, are offered on the first Sunday of each month from May through October. They include a multimedia show and entry to the Pullman Center (formerly a boarding house, later a Masonic lodge, then purchased by the Historic Pullman Foundation as a community meeting place), Green Stone Church and Hotel Florence.

Private homes - different ones each year, selected as representative examples of either accurate restoration or thoughtful modernization - are open to the public on the second weekend of October from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Tours are $8 in advance and $10 the day of the tour. For reservations: Historic Pullman Foundation, 312-785-8181.

Self-guided walking tour maps, are available at the Florence, which is open for touring only during meal hours.

Restaurant

At the Florence, lunch is served Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 2 P.M., offering soups, salads, hamburgers, sandwiches and specials for under $6; Saturday breakfast, 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., ample and very reasonable, and Sunday brunch, 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., featuring roast beef, chicken and cold salads along with the breakfast staples of eggs, sausage, bacon and corned beef hash, $8.95, $4.95 for children and $2.50 for toddlers). There's a cozy bar.

Call 312-785-8900 for information or to make reservations for parties of seven or more. K. Z.

**Graphic**

Photos: The Hotel Florence, built by George M. Pullman; Administration building of the Pullman Palace Car Company; Hotel Florence, interior; Foremen's Row, built for Pullman officials. (Photographs by Jack Spratt for The New York Times); Map of Illinois showing location of Pullman.

**End of Document**



[***MYTHS, HONOR AND MACHISMO AT STAKE IN THE FALKLANDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RGX0-0009-2351-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1369 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD SCHUMACHER

**Dateline:** BUENOS AIRES

**Body**

Spanish conquistadors named this land Argentina, ''land of silver.'' While they found little treasure, the name somehow remains apt. The society they founded in the 16th century is still based more on what a leading Argentine sociologist called ''myths and magic'' than on law and morality. This is central to the Argentine national character and helps explain why Argentine forces boldly seized the Falkland Islands from Britain three weeks ago and now are poised to defend it against a British battle fleet.

Waves of immigration have made Argentines a people mostly of European stock. The land is fertile, temperate, as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, but with only 28 million people. Before World War II, Argentina was by far the most developed country in Latin America and as industrialized as Canada. Buenos Aires is a cosmopolitan capital of smartly dressed people with refined tastes in art, literature and music. Argentines have won four Nobel prizes.

But with these advantages has come a chauvinism notorious throughout Latin America. Argentines are often condescending and didactic. Brazilians are referred to as ''monkeys'' and North Americans as ''uncultured.''

Edward Schumacher column discusses background of Argentina and possible explanation of the country's attitude on Falkland Islands

Jose Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish philisopher, wrote that ''recognizing there is something that you do not know is an attitude not not usually found among Argentines.''

Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the Colombian novelist, is said to have described ego ''as the little Argentine inside each of us.'' In the case of the Falklands, it is virtually impossible to find an Argentine who concedes even minor validity to the British claim. This is understandable, given the fact that every national map shows the islands as Argentine and Argentina's ''right'' to the islands has been drummed into schoolchildren since the British occupied the Falklands 149 years ago. What is harder to understand is that many Argentines genuinely fail to see that their use of force provoked the crisis or might actually have been wrong.

Asked to explain this blind spot, an Argentine psychoanalyst herself failed to see it. ''It's like lending someone a watch,'' she said. ''It's still yours, and when you want it, you take it back.'' It appeared not to occur to her that 149 years have passed, a British community of 1,800 people has put down roots on the islands, the historical claims are debatable and force is no longer an approved instrument for conducting foreign affairs.

Jose E. Miguens, a leading sociologist who supports Argentina's claim, explained its actions. ''This is a mythical society and reason is unimportant,'' he said. ''It is an attitude of magic - sovereignty over the islands is ours and so it is ours.'' The seizure by force, he suggested, was a perfectly natural and righteous consequence. To Argentines, the islands were not ''invaded'' but ''reconquered.'' Many genuinely seem to blame the British for starting the trouble by sending a fleet to take the islands back.

The Pull of the Pampas

One irony of the situation is that few Argentines would want to live on the islands, a desolate and windswept place on the cold fringes of the Antarctic Ocean. Argentines are not a pioneering people; 40 percent of the population lives within the confines of Buenos Aires. Vast regions of the outback in the south, the mountains of the West and the jungles of the north are held in reserve by owners, but scarcely populated.

Yet land to an Argentine still has a powerful emotional pull. Although the conquistadors found no silver, they staked out huge tracts of the empty and fertile pampas. Almost every Argentine aspires someday to own his ''quinta,'' his small plot of land. In his classic study of the 1930's, ''X-ray of the Pampa,'' Ezequiel Martinez Estrada could have been referring to the Falklands when he wrote, ''The old conquistador yet rises in his tomb. He is dead, but within us looks across his frustrated dreams at this immense and still promising land, and our eyes moisten with emotion.'' He continued, ''In Europe, to establish a bond of ownership with the land was to marry into history, to seal a genealogical link, to enter into the dominion of the past. But in America - in South America - which has no past and consequently, it is thought, must have a future, owning land is one part vengeance and another part greed.'' Despite the vastness of Argentina, the Argentines' interpretation of their history is that they lost great chunks of territory in the 18th and 19th centuries to their neighbors, territory which, if they had it today, would make them a world power.

Their neighbors, naturally, hold different interpretations. Three years ago, Argentina almost went to a war with Chile ago over their conflicting claims to the Beagle Channel, at the tip of the continent. The Argentine military continues to prepare for war there even though arbitration by a group of international jurists 10 years ago and a mediation proposal by Pope John Paul II five months ago went against Argentina's claim.

Argentina is a country of many lawyers, but not really one of law. The United Nations Security Council resolution calling for withdrawal from the Falklands has been ignored. Mr. Martinez Estrada traces the country's legal tradition to the conquistadors. They did not come to build a new society, but to exploit. Laws limited their freedom and so were evaded. ''Argentines are not a moral people,'' Mr. Miguens, the sociologist, said, ''in the sense that they do not judge their actions against an unchanging standard.''

Little Regard for Democracy

The most prized value is loyalty to family and friends. In other relations, expediency is usually followed. Cheating is common in business. A huge black market exists to move dollars to secret Swiss bank accounts.

Many civilian leaders and ordinary Argentines helped subvert the principle of democracy, supporting the military overthrow of five governments in the last 30 years. Large parts of the population openly or tacitly supported the assassinations and ''disappearances'' carried out by the current military Government to combat terrorists who used similar tactics.

Jorge Luis Borges, the Argentine author, describes his country as a nation without a national identity. ''We're Europeans'' or ''We're Western Christians'' is a constant refrain in conversations. The upper middle class copies French and English manners. ***Working-class*** Argentines, meanwhile, have built an exaggerated notion of Argentina's place in the world, a notion that spurs the country to take on the British and at the same time, conceals a basic sense of national insecurity, a lack of mature nationhood.

Italians are the largest ethnic group in Argentina and Argentines have inherited the Italian ambivalence about the need for government. The people swing back and forth between authoritarianism and anarchy. There are 14 major political parties today, and many more minor ones. The largest party is the movement that followed a populist demagogue, Juan Domingo Peron.

Over the last 40 years, power has see-sawed between the military and the Peronists, a competition that has not helped to move the country forward. After years of frustrating division, the sudden unity over the Falklands has been a heady elixir that Argentines are reluctant to give up. ''This is our first Malvinas,'' said an intellectual, using the Argentine name for the Falklands and suggesting that the unity over the islands might lead to consensus about domestic problems, too.

Another reason for Argentines' willingness to take on the British stems from the Spanish side of their character, a deep sense of honor. Foreign Minister Oscar Camilion last year and Nicanor Costa Mendez this year bristled at meetings with Lord Carrington, the British Foreign Secretary forced to resign three weeks ago, because they felt that he did not not take them seriously. Now the fleet is bearing down. Honor, backed by a strong sense of machismo, seems not to allow capitulation. ''The British are treating us like natives,'' Mr. Miguens said. ''Our dignity is up against the wall. We can't back down now.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of a gaucho herding cattle on Argentine pampas

**End of Document**



[***TV VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PVV0-0009-20M6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***WHEN PUBLIC TV EXCELS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PVV0-0009-20M6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1407 words

**Byline:** By John J. O'Connor

**Body**

The premiere season of public television's ''American Playhouse,'' broadcast Tuesdays at 9 P.M. on WNET/Channel 13, began Jan. 12 with the late John Cheever's ''The Shady Hill Kidnapping,'' a survey of the foibles of modern suburbia. It concludes this week with Victor Villasenor's ''The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez,'' a true turn-of-thecentury story of a young Mexican-American cowhand pursued, captured and tried for the shooting of an ''Anglo'' sheriff. The series has been uneven, but during a year in which the public-television picture has seemingly been monopolized by old movies and still another British blockbuster, ''Brideshead Revisited,'' the ''American Playhouse'' project has provided the system with at least one badly needed source of pride and, equally important, hope.

Admittedly, the 25-week season of dramatic, comedy and musical productions was in some respects an exercise in nimble packaging. Seven of those weeks were devoted to ''Oppenheimer,'' a fine and probing portrait of the controversial nuclear scientist that happened to have been produced by the BBC a few years ago. But its inclusion in ''American Playhouse'' was apparently justified because the subject was American, the on-location shooting had been done in this country and the Boston station WGBH had put some money into the production.

John J O'Connor reviews premiere season of "American Playhouse" on public television

Some presentations - such as ''Northern Lights,'' written and directed by John Hanson and Rob Nilsson -were really straightforward acquisitions of already existing works. Others, such as Perry Miller Adato's ''Carl Sandburg - Echoes and Silences,'' had already received substantial National Endowment grants.

For all that, however, ''American Playhouse'' represents a notable turning point in public television's history. In the decade previous, the larger production centers had been scrambling over and around each other in a race to get for themselves the most funding for the biggest projects. The competition was in danger of turning into a suicide pact. Then, in late 1979, John Jay Iselin, president of New York's WNET, and James Loper, president of Los Angeles's KCET, made the surprise decision to form a partnership to produce American-made television drama.

David M. Davis, who was just departing from the Ford Foundation, was enlisted to implement the idea. Mr. Davis got together with Chloe Aaron, then head of programming for the Public Broadcasting Service, and with Lewis Freedman, who was organizing the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's Program Fund, a division that would attempt to keep CPB's politically appointed board out of programming. Mr. Iselin and Mr. Loper pledged that the series would be open to independent producers and other public-station producers throughout the country. But the system's lingering suspicions about the ''big boys'' in New York and California were allayed only when Boston's WGBH and the South Carolina ETV joined the consortium.

After several months of scraping, the project wound up with $4 million from the Station Cooperative and $2.5 million from CPB. Other deals were struck, ranging from a $1 million corporate underwriting grant from the Atlantic Richfield Company to an agreement to allow a pay-cable organization to present the premiere of the Studs Terkel musical ''Working.'' Most important, there will be a second season of ''American Playhouse.'' Although KCET has been decimated in the past year by money problems and staff cutbacks, WNET's Mr. Iselin is determined to pick up the slack and proceed as planned for a 39-week season that will include 17 repeat performances.

Mr. Davis, the executive director, is a bit battered but hardly bowed: ''No one could possibly create a more difficult way for us to deliver quality, American-produced dramatic entertainment to a very thirsty public. But even the Reagan Administration's budget cuts won't keep us from making good on our promise. We are shockingly underfinanced, but all the people involved are incredibly committed to quality broadcasting - and just a little bit crazy.''

The bottom line, of course, is determined by the programs themselves, and, on balance, ''American Playhouse'' has been artistically rewarding. There have been some major disappointments. ''The Shady Hill Kidnapping'' was rather obvious and heavy-handed with its satirical barbs. The special qualities of Mr. Cheever, who was already seriously ill at the time of its presentation, had been better served in earlier adaptations of his stories done for WNET's ''Three by Cheever.'' Ntozake Shange's ''For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf'' turned too visually literal in its television treatment, jarring the poetic flow of images that made the Joseph Papp stage version extraordinary.

And Miss Adato's ''Carl Sandburg - Echoes and Silences'' made a fatal miscalculation by tacking on an extraneous stage performance, with John Cullum playing Sandburg, to an already exhaustive and exhausting documentary section. ''Working,'' which had failed as a Broadway musical, kept stuffing Mr. Terkel's celebrations of bluecollar workers into unlikely squeaky-clean settings of colorful plastic and Formica, but an outstanding cast kept the diversion quotient reasonably high. The ***working class*** was better served, however, by Jean Shepherd's ''The Great American Fourth of July ...And Other Disasters,'' which returned to a boyhood past with enough offbeat relish and exaggerated humor to charm even the most vociferous of nostalgia haters.

The series was especially successful in the category of what's often called ''ethnic'' drama. The Greeks were represented sensitively with ''King of America,'' the story of immigrants to this country struggling in the early decades of the century, and, less impressively, in ''My Palikari,'' in which a Yonkers restaurant owner, played cavalierly by Telly Savalas, boisterously returned to his native Greek village only to be rejected by his ''ungrateful'' relatives. Two Mexican-American stories returned to the past for somewhat revised interpretations of standard American history. ''Seguin,'' superbly filmed by writer-director Jesus Salvador Travino, sympathetically told the story of Juan Seguin, a young Mexican-Texan who raised an army to fight the Mexican forces of General Santa Ana but later, hounded by prejudice, found himself banished from the state. This week's ''The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez'' tells of a man's life being destroyed because of a mistake triggered by language barriers.

One of the more interesting ambitions of ''American Playhouse'' involves encouraging established fiction writers to try their hand at playwriting. Needless to say, being adept in one form does not ensure proficiency in the other. Mr. Cheever stumbled rather embarrassingly with his effort, and Reynolds Price was unable to transform his literary sensibilities into cohesive drama in ''Private Contentment,'' the story of a young man who, upon his mother's death, discovers that his salesman father has been secretly living with another woman for years. But Ann Beattie had considerable success with ''Weekend,'' which she adapted from one of her own short stories. Supported firmly by Paul Bogart's direction and a fine cast, Miss Beattie was able to focus sharply on the strengths and weaknesses in the midlife crises of a man and woman who were living together.

Evidently, the series will continue tapping this kind of talent reservoir. The lineup of authors for next season, which begins in January, includes John Updike, Philip Roth and Isaac Bashevis Singer. The new productions will cover everything from Broadway hits (Lanford Wilson's ''Fifth of July'') to a three-part mini-series, ''Hands Across the Sea,'' being co-produced by WNET and the BBC (it is apparently impossible for American public televison to get along without the British). Lindsay Law, recently appointed executive producer, is specific about what distinguishes the entire project. Its concerns with civil rights, social problems, immigrant experiences and even nuclear weapons, he says, are ''in response to the commercial networks' pulling away from issue-oriented drama and relying on fantasy, escapist fare.'' So, in the midst of seemingly insurmountable funding and organizational crises these days, public television is once again demonstrating its strength in providing alternate programming.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Edward James Olmos in ''The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez''

**End of Document**



[***HOLIDAY MOVIES; Four Comedies and a Collaboration***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49X8-MHX0-01KN-20DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By SARAH LYALL

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

AS with lovers who take a while to warm up to each other, the couple's first meeting promised nothing but mutual dislike. Richard Curtis, auditioning actors for "Four Weddings and a Funeral," felt that Hugh Grant was unreasonably handsome. Mr. Grant was annoyed by the way Mr. Curtis, the film's screenwriter, leaned impassively against a bookshelf and said nothing during his reading.

But the 11th-hour decision to cast Mr. Grant as the lead in "Four Weddings," a low-budget romantic confection that became one of Britain's most successful films ever, was the start of an unusually felicitous, not to mention profitable, collaboration that has continued through "Notting Hill," "Bridget Jones's Diary" and now, imminently, "Love Actually." The new film, which Mr. Curtis wrote and directed and which features Mr. Grant as a bachelor prime minister awkwardly in love, is opening Friday in New York and other cities.

Despite a striking difference in outlook (Mr. Curtis is a romantic and an optimist; Mr. Grant, under all that charm, is not), theirs is a marriage of comic minds. Mr. Curtis, 46 -- the writer responsible for some of the best-known British film and television comedies in recent years -- has found in Mr. Grant, 43, the perfect muse, an actor with the comic instincts, sense of timing and particular sensibility to spin his finely calibrated words into gold. For better or worse, the two together have successfully made Mr. Curtis's rosy-eyed vision of a loved-up England one of the country's most visible exports in the last decade: their first three films have earned $886 million at the box office worldwide. Now, for the first time, Mr. Curtis is directing that vision himself.

"The central character in Richard's films is always Richard himself," said Tim Bevan, co-chairman of Working Title, the London-based production company responsible for most of Mr. Curtis and Mr. Grant's films together. "In finding Hugh, Richard found the alter ego who could play him. There's no one better who can carry a Curtis gag with timing and polish than Hugh Grant, and they're very lucky they found each other."

The alter ego description comes up often in discussions of Mr. Grant and Mr. Curtis, but in a recent interview here neither wanted to admit to anything quite so straightforward. They are both extremely English, after all: Mr. Curtis bespectacled, affable and boyish, despite graying hair; and Mr. Grant sharp-eyed and effortlessly good-looking, despite suffering from what he said was a serious hangover.

Ensconced in a plush suite at the Dorchester Hotel at the start of a long day of media appearances -- the sort of cringe-inducing event that Mr. Curtis lampooned so deftly in "Notting Hill" -- the two could easily have been a small mutual-admiration society, if not for their gently abusive banter.

So symbiotic have they become that by now Mr. Curtis, who agonizes over the smallest word and trick of timing in every joke the way a mathematician frets about a minute change in a proof, allows Mr. Grant at times to meddle with his dialogue, even the shape of his character.

In "Love Actually," a romantic roundelay of interlocking stories, Mr. Grant repeatedly pressed Mr. Curtis to make his character more authoritative and less haplessly charming. "I thought, 'Well, look, he's the prime minister, and almost every joke in every scene will be about the fact that he's not behaving in a prime ministerial manner,' " Mr. Curtis said. "But Hugh said, 'Well, we'd better make sure that people believe he is the prime minister in the first place, because if he hasn't got a little bit of presence, they might not buy the story.' "

Much of the Curtisian vision remained -- toward the end of the movie Mr. Grant's character goes door to door in a ***working-class*** London neighborhood on Christmas Eve in search of the object of his affections, an office tea girl (played by Martine McCutcheon), but Mr. Grant successfully tempered the characterization.

"The key is generally not to be too cuddly," said Mr. Grant, who says he feels more affinity with Daniel Cleaver, the slightly wicked, slightly kinky editor he played in "Bridget Jones's Diary" (and which he is reprising in the sequel currently being filmed) than with his characters in other Curtis films. "I found, in doing some of the more recent films like 'Bridget Jones' or 'About a Boy,' that I quite liked breaking out of that. I quite found that girls found me more attractive that way."

Both men were at turning points when they met. Mr. Curtis, who had made his name with classic television comedies like "Not the Nine O'Clock News" and "Blackadder," had just one film under his belt, "The Tall Guy," and was at a loss to find the right actor for the "Four Weddings" lead.

Then came Mr. Grant, whose recent work had included such projects as a potboiling mini-series and "The Lair of the White Worm," a high-concept horror film.

Mr. Grant said: "I remember stomping up the stairs there -- wherever it was, in Carnaby Street or somewhere -- and thinking, 'This is positively the last audition I ever go to. It's undignified.' "

Mr. Curtis said: "You'd been running around the park teaching Juliette Binoche how to do an English accent."

Mr. Grant said: "That was a low point." (A long story ensued about how Mr. Grant, instructed by his agent to help Ms. Binoche, who is French, prepare for a part in an English film, ended up chasing her around a park in London at her behest, shouting, "Would you like a cup of tea, Madam?" Then, Mr. Grant recalled, he was handed an envelope containing $:200, about $350, "like the plumber.")

Meeting Mr. Grant, even at a low point, proved a revelation for Mr. Curtis. "Suddenly in walked someone whose sense of humor was very similar to mine," Mr. Curtis said. "It was a huge relief to find someone who actually got what the joke was meant to be."

Mr. Grant had a similar moment of truth when he read the script. "I remember thinking, 'This is bizarre because it's good,' and literally everything else I'd read was bad," he said.

Yet Mr. Grant said he did not fully understand Charles, the slightly bumbling, altogether sweet Englishman he played in "Four Weddings," until he got a better sense of Mr. Curtis. "He was a strange combination of being cynical and being positive, and I thought, 'I can't hear this character at all,' " he said of the role.

"But as soon as I started rehearsing and Richard was there, I thought, 'I see -- it's him,' " he added. "The joke was that I played Richard in the film, and then for years afterwards everyone said, 'You're such a nice person, Hugh.' "

The famously unattached Mr. Grant freely embraces his pessimism, however, even in the face of his collaborator's sunnier outlook. Mr. Curtis's longtime partner, Emma Freud, is about to have the couple's fourth child, and his films all celebrate the triumph of love over adversity. "Love Actually" is perhaps the most rosy of all.

"That's the whole basis of your success, really," Mr. Grant said, turning to Mr. Curtis. "If one were to distill it, it's you being unbelievably positive and up and -- I don't think sentimental is the right word -- but romantic. And just at the point where you're about to say, 'Oh, give us a break,' a really good joke comes which undercuts it and makes you think, 'That's all right; I like these people anyway.' "

Mr. Curtis said, "Actually, I don't think the world is a place without pain and sorrow, but on the other hand I have had a very happy life, and I see a lot of good things around me." He believes love really is the answer. "I'm sure if I said to an assembled room of journalists, 'How many people do you hate?,' they'd be quite hard-pushed to name five people."

Mr. Grant said, "With the British journalists, you'd be there all day." Asked whether he shared Mr. Curtis's optimism, he said, "Profoundly not."

"That's the whole joke of the film," Mr. Grant added. "The voice-over begins, 'Some people think the world is full of hatred and greed.' And I'm one of them."

But Mr. Grant and Mr. Curtis share not only similar backgrounds -- both come from the same middle-class English milieu that Mr. Curtis writes about so effectively -- but also the same rigorous approach to comedy. It is here that Mr. Grant's insouciance begins to seem like a clever dramatic performance. Underneath the self-deprecation and the easy-going wit and the louche charm lurks someone who takes it all very seriously.

"A curious thing has happened with Hugh," Mr. Curtis said. "He is the most disrespectful actor in the world about his acting. I remember on 'Four Weddings' he said, 'I can only do three things: normal; sexy, which is down an octave; and serious, which is up an octave.' "

"That's pushing it," Mr. Grant said.

Mr. Curtis continued: "But as it turned out, Hugh now takes the job in some ways more seriously than any of the other actors. He reads the lines and actually knows what is the perfect delivery of them in the same way that when you write a line you think you know what the perfect delivery of it is. And I think you find it very frustrating" -- he turned to Mr. Grant -- "when in the circumstances, with the rhythm and all that, you don't convey what's in your head."

Mr. Grant said: "It's one of the reasons I'm so violently anti-rehearsal. You sit there rehearsing a film, and -- partly to impress the actors around you, and partly to encourage the author or impress the director or whatever -- you give it your best in rehearsal and you do something pretty funny, you get a good laugh. And from that moment on, you can never get it again."

The two occasionally clash. At one point during the filming of "Love Actually," Mr. Grant was heard to mutter, "I am not a puppet!" at Mr. Curtis ("It was like 'The Elephant Man,' " Mr. Curtis said).

By the same token, Mr. Curtis sometimes bristles when Mr. Grant messes with his lines, but often ends up conceding the point.

In the scene in "Love Actually" where the prime minister's sister (played by Emma Thompson) telephones him at the office, for instance, Mr. Curtis originally had him pick up the phone and say, "Hello, prime minister speaking."

"But then you insisted on doing your version, which was, 'Hello, I'm very busy and important -- may I help you?' " Mr. Curtis said to Mr. Grant. "And that was funnier than my line."

Conversely, in a scene in which the prime minister stands up to the American president (Billy Bob Thornton) with a rousing speech listing Britain's greatest assets, the actor drew the line at including "Catherine Zeta-Jones's breasts."

"You couldn't say it," Mr. Curtis said to Mr. Grant. "You were like a horse running up to a fence and refusing to go over it."

"I shied," Mr. Grant said.

"You shied three times," Mr. Curtis said.

"I balked," Mr. Grant agreed.

Mr. Grant frets endlessly on film sets but enjoys his collaboration with his old friend. "The fun thing about 'Love Actually' was being directed by Richard, rather than having to sneak off and get his notes on the sidelines," he said. "It's always nice to be able to say to the director who's just given you an important note, 'Oh, shut up.' "

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Richard Curtis and Hugh Grant at the Dorchester Hotel, and, at right, Mr. Grant in "Love Actually." (Photo by Steve Forrest/Insight Visual, for The New York Times); (Photo by Peter Mountain/Universal Studios)

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**End of Document**



[***Bracing for the Lion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4P7W-MVK0-TW8F-G3VH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By TRYMAINE LEE

**Body**

Luisa Henriquez gazed softly from her living room window into the partly hollowed-out old factory across West 132nd Street.

The construction workers who had been pounding away inside had left for the day, taking with them their gruff chatter and their clanging and banging. What remained for Ms. Henriquez, 54, were grainy memories of times past, when local folks toiled there for the Madame Alexander doll company before it transferred most of its work overseas.

Ms. Henriquez's mother, who moved her family from the Dominican Republic to New York in 1966, was one of those workers. Back then, her mother's voice unfurled from the windows of the burnt-orange factory like a sweet Dominican bachata, a salve of grocery lists, reminders and reprimands.

This new noise, brought on by the workers and their power tools, is no salve. It is a bugle sounded by the building's owner, Columbia University, announcing a brand-new day in Manhattanville, a day that Ms. Henriquez says is a direct threat to her dreams. The university has been readying the location for some of its administrative staff, and neighbors say the noise is just one more signal that the school is pushing forward with its plan to use 17 acres of the neighborhood for a huge campus expansion.

''They want us out of here,'' Ms. Henriquez said, her brown eyes moistening as she turned from the window. ''They want it all.''

The expansion recently reached a milestone. Last month, after three years of work, Columbia completed the rezoning application that is a linchpin of the Manhattanville plan; the formal process of review will probably last till year's end.

Columbia foresees a Manhattanville graced with grand educational institutions and infused with money and energy after many lackluster years. Some people, among them merchants who expect a boom in business, are eager for the change. But others in Manhattanville are unsure, and still others are strongly opposed, saying that the university is charging into Manhattanville just as the neighborhood begins to perk up, that they will be priced out of the revamped area and that other initiatives, like building affordable housing, are much more compelling.

Ms. Henriquez knows where she stands. ''Columbia should work around us,'' she said as she sat by the window that overlooks the factory. ''They say everything is for the students, for the students. What about us?''

When Columbia officials look at Manhattanville's ramshackle warehouses, garages and decaying factories, they see temples for teaching and research. Where car engines crank and roar from dozens of auto repair shops, the university envisions a new business school or a school of the arts.

Columbia, of course, expects to reap vast benefits for itself in this scene. The university says it offers only half the space per student that Harvard University does, and only a third of the space available at Princeton and Yale, and that the expansion will help it compete with those and other renowned educational institutions.

And the benefits will also spill over to others, the school argues. ''Columbia wants to work on the kinds of issues that impact humanity, like Alzheimer's and Parkinson's disease,'' said La-Verna Fountain, a Columbia spokeswoman.

The project, which is scheduled to be completed in 2030, will also bring 6,000 jobs to Manhattanville and 1,200 construction jobs a year for two decades, according to Ms. Fountain. (Columbia already owns or controls more than two-thirds of its proposed 17-acre footprint, and to acquire the remaining land, it is negotiating with owners individually and, in the case of commercial spaces, may seek to acquire them through eminent domain if negotiations fail.)

Many businesses and residents, like Ms. Henriquez, would be relocated under the plan. But Columbia says they will be placed in situations equal to or better than the ones they leave.

Moreover, in a stroll through the neighborhood, Ms. Fountain pointed out certain structures that date from the area's manufacturing heyday, like a 1927 Art Deco building on Broadway and 133rd Street owned by the Nash car company, that sit within the project footprint but will be reused rather than torn down.

''It is a painful process,'' Ms. Fountain said of the expansion as she trekked through the dank valley of warehouses and auto shops between 12th Avenue and Broadway. ''Part of the question for me is, what will this area be in the year 2030; what will this area be like 50 years from now?

''Sometimes we forget the bad parts. I think we always love the good old days; of course we do. But I think if we want to get ready for the future, we have to work together to create the bright new days.''

Manhattanville, bounded by the Hudson River on the west and St. Nicholas Avenue on the east, and running from about 123rd Street north to about 135th Street, is a poor- to-***working-class*** neighborhood. The feel of the area is industrial and mechanical. The neighborhood sits under the colossal structure of the Riverside Drive viaduct, a steel backbone that hovers above 12th Avenue.

From most points in the neighborhood you can hear the menacing sounds of the No. 1 train, grumbling as it charges to and from 125th Street. That station's elevators are frequently broken, so riders often trudge up and down its steep steps, like worker ants from a gritty colony.

Water is another hallmark of Manhattanville. Vicky Gholson, born and raised nearby, said it has always been the waterfront that has drawn people to the area, especially country folk with ties to the South.

''These days people know Manhattanville mostly for the housing projects,'' said Ms. Gholson, an educator and member of Community Board 9. ''But I know that place. I remember how the guys used to go fishing on the river. How as kids we would go down there and look across the river to New Jersey to see all the bright lights in Palisades Park. Even if we couldn't go to that park, as a child you could fantasize.''

Despite Columbia's long interest in Manhattanville, the neighborhood has had a generally low profile in the city, perhaps because of its industrial nature. But its history is long and textured.

For hundreds of years, the water that would draw Ms. Gholson and her friends was what attracted the American Indians who inhabited the area. They had carved out trade routes and trails -- much of what we know today as 125th Street, Broadway and Old Broadway -- and the future Manhattanville was ideal for them because of its direct access to the Hudson.

In 1806 the industrialist Jacob Schieffelin and a handful of mostly Quaker merchants established an official village in Manhattanville. Schieffelin is still an organic part of the neighborhood, buried under the front porch of the rectory of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, on 126th Street near Old Broadway. The rectory and the church look much as they did 100 years ago, but the congregation, like the local population, is mostly black and Hispanic, and the liturgy includes a Friday service known as the Hip-Hop(e) Mass.

In 1850 the Hudson River Railroad was extended to Manhattanville, making it the first northbound stop out of the city. Over the next several decades, the rail line, the waterfront, and the boom in industry drew to the area not only the city's wealthy and enterprising, but also its roughnecks and dockworkers.

The Great Depression paralyzed the area, however, and in the 1940s and '50s, Robert Moses took aim at the neighborhood for what was known as ''slum clearance'' -- tearing down tenements to make room for moderate-income housing projects. The area had long been home to a mix of races and religions, but whites fled,and the Moses projects, Manhattanville Houses and Grant Houses, became largely minority.

In 1968, local tensions exploded when Columbia proposed building a gym in nearby Morningside Park. The dispute involved issues of race, class and town-gown relations; for example, a plan to have separate entrances and separate facilities for students and the public struck some as little more than Jim Crow segregation. Columbia students and concerned residents clashed with the university and the police, at times violently.

The gymnasium was never built, but as Ms. Fountain, the university spokeswoman, suggests, its shadow hangs over Columbia's current plan.

''I think that's a huge battle for us to overcome,'' she said. ''I can tell you that almost any discussion that I have with a reporter, every discussion I have with the community or with a student, it always points back to 1968.''

On a recent afternoon, Nicholas Sprayregen, president of Tuck-It-Away Self-Storage, sat in his office at Broadway near 131st Street, stewing over the university's desire to take over his building. His father started the business in 1980, when the neighborhood was at its worst. Today, Tuck-It-Away has five locations in Manhattanville, most of which stand in the way of the university's plan.

Mr. Sprayregen, who is white, likened the expansion to a form of ''ethnic cleansing,'' an attempt to rid the area of poor minorities to make way for a more affluent crowd. He said he is willing to fight the university at every turn, pointed out that his family business has been in the community for nearly 30 years, and said he plans on being around for another 30.

''Most of us are not against the university expanding; I welcome that, but they have this all-or-nothing attitude,'' he said, leaning forward in his chair for emphasis. ''They are like the dumb horse in Central Park with the blinders on, self-imposed blinders. They can't do anything but move forward like a battering ram.''

Managers of other businesses nestled in or near the footprint are not so critical, among them John Stage, the owner of Dinosaur Bar-B-Que, a two-year-old rib joint about a block west of Tuck-It-Away, on 131st Street.

''Columbia owns this building, so I'm between a rock and a hard place,'' Mr. Stage said the other day as he sat at a table in the back and watched the staff hustle past with plates of brisket, ribs and chicken wings. ''But Columbia has been very fair to me, and it has been a good customer, too.''

Mr. Stage said he started coming around the neighborhood about five years ago, when the area was still pretty ''raw.'' He has a 15-year lease with the university, and as is the case with other businesses, Columbia has promised to relocate him if it decides it needs the space.

''I have no fear,'' Mr. Stage said. ''I'm not going to worry at all. Business is very good right now.''

Evelyn Dominguez, who the other day could be found standing behind the counter of VNV Optical International and studying prescriptions from behind her mahogany Armani frames, is positively ecstatic about the plan.

''I think it will be really good for business,'' said Ms. Dominguez, whose store is on Broadway, near 126th Street. ''And any improvements to the area would be great. You know, so it won't be so ghetto around here.''

At 125th Street and Riverside Drive, two pet chickens named Melissa and Tumba played peck or be pecked outside their home, the 125th Street Tire Corporation. The chickens flopped about with no regard for motor or man, just for their little games.

Nearby, on Old Broadway, a barrel-chested 42-year-old named Mustafa handed a man a few dollars to wash his car and mused upon the bad old days, when a stretch of Amsterdam Avenue was so drug-infested it was known as Cracksterdam.

According to him, the police have pressed hard on local drug dealers and the projects are kept much cleaner, and the grass is greener, than he can remember.

''But it is what it is,'' he said, tossing a dirty rag to the guy who was scrubbing his vehicle. ''This is still Cracksterdam, and we still call this Murderville.''

Local teenagers say that gangs control the projects, he added, with Grant Houses run by the Crips, and Manhattanville Houses by the Bloods.

Still, with crime much lower than it has been, outsiders now feel safe enough to move in. ''They were scared of us before,'' Mustafa said. ''But now everybody wants a piece. You even see white people jogging through the projects now.''

He was joking a bit, but was deadly serious about one thing -- the fear residents have of being kicked out of the only neighborhood many of them have ever known. Some have even sold their homes and left town, he said, especially the older folks, with many headed back down South.

In the middle of Manhattanville Houses, boys from Intermediate School 286, the Renaissance Military and Leadership Academy, gathered on a concrete field to play baseball. They're an upstart team of middle school boys, without an official team name or fancy uniforms, but on this mild afternoon, mothers and sisters and other schoolchildren had filled the worn blue benches to watch the action.

Andrew Jarboe, one of the coaches and a teacher at the school, essentially agreed. ''This is a neighborhood that has emerged from the crack epidemic of the '90s; it pulled itself up from the ground,'' Mr. Jarboe said as he kept his eye on a few of his more rambunctious players. ''An institution like Columbia could do a lot of good here, especially for kids this age. But if the property gets gobbled up and people with more money start moving in, nobody around here will be able to afford anything.''

Mr. Jarboe remembers waiting at a nearby bus stop not long ago and striking up a conversation with two local women. As a double-decker tour bus pulled around the corner, he recalled, both women expressed the same sense of foreboding.

''They were just looking down at Harlem,'' Mr. Jarboe said, ''and one of the ladies says to me, 'You know what they're doing, right?' I said uh, not really. She says to me, 'They're shopping for property.' ''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Anchors: Columbia will expand amid neighborhood features like the Riverside Drive viaduct, left, and the el and the Manhattanville Houses.

Steel and Concrete: Manhattanville has a gritty, mechanical feel, in part a legacy of its past as an industrial powerhouse. (Photographs by Willie Davis for The New York Times)

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[***The Lucky Label That Saved Soul - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WCH-1XC0-007F-G41S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1421 words

**Byline:** By ED WARD;

Ed Ward, the author of the first volume of "Rock of Ages," Rolling Stone's rock history, is a freelance writer in Berlin.

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**Body**

IN the 1960's, soul music came into its own, a volatile mixture of the raw, confessional emotion of black gospel and the enduring lyrical themes of the blues. Divided into the poppy Northern sound of Motown and the "deep soul" of Memphis and other Southern centers, it provided a soundtrack for emerging black pride, a touchstone for many white rock bands and some of the most transcendent popular music.

But what happens when a popular music isn't popular any more? It could become an object of study and, possibly, revival. Take bluegrass or country blues, for example. Both vanished from their original cultural contexts and were kept alive by a few older practitioners, only to be rediscovered decades later by middle-class college students.

Until about 20 years ago, this was the usual course for a popular music. But in the late 70's, the major record labels, mesmerized by the quick profits gained from disco, jettisoned genres like jazz, traditional country and soul that appealed to specialized audiences. And radio followed suit. The result was that some listeners were suddenly hard up for recordings of the music they liked. And since the marketplace, no less than nature, abhors a vacuum, some entrepreneurs rushed in to fill it, giving the original artists a new home.

And this, in a nutshell, is the story of Malaco Records, a tiny record label in Jackson, Miss., started by some white fraternity brothers who didn't have a clue as to what they were doing and wound up being very lucky. This year, the label has released "The Last Soul Company," a six-CD boxed set that showcases its 30-year history. It was annotated by Rob Bowman, one of those British fans who, fortunately for us, keeps tabs on American music for a country that tends to have a serious case of amnesia when it comes to its popular culture.

What Malaco (part of the Malaco Music Group) lucked into was an unprecedented moment in black culture, the birth of a generation gap. In 1968, an Aretha Franklin record was as apt to have been bought by a grandparent, parent or child. A decade later, disco, and then rap, had ended all of that. These were genres that disconnected black music from the orderly input of gospel and blues, which had shaped it since the 1950's. Rap and disco were so profitable that the recording industry let the older music slide. Rap and disco were also, thanks to technology, cheap to produce -- far cheaper than soul, which required a decent studio and an accomplished set of live musicians. And both rap and disco sold exclusively to the young, who had lots of disposable income.

But one of the big problems the major labels have is that they are centered in New York and Los Angeles, and thus they don't necessarily see what's happening in the corners of the big picture -- no matter that it may have vitality. At the time disco and rap were flourishing, in 1981, I went to a concert by Bobby (Blue) Bland in a small Texas city. He is usually considered a blues artist and had been recording since 1951, although of the 37 records he had had on the pop charts, none had risen higher than No. 20, and most had languished in the lower 60's. When I saw him, he hadn't had a hit in close to 20 years, but I was sitting in an auditorium with 800 people, almost all black, who would have been very surprised, I think, to learn that the big guy on the stage wasn't considered popular by the music industry. Certainly the 17-year-old girl next to me wasn't convinced: when Mr. Bland pointed his finger at the audience to make a point, she screamed. She screamed a lot that evening, and so did many of her peers, who made up a quarter of the crowd. Not bad for what was then a 51-year-old has-been. And this sort of scene was happening, night after night, throughout the South.

In 1981, those who had declared soul dead were blindsided when "Down Home Blues," a song by another journeyman blues singer, Z. Z. Hill, propelled his album onto the charts. (It wasn't released as a single.) The follow-up single, "Cheating in the Next Room," remained on the black-music charts for five months after the influential New York disk jockey Frankie Crocker started playing it, despite the plethora of rap and disco records on those charts at the time.

Mr. Hill recorded for Malaco until he died in 1985. Mr. Bland still does, along with the singer-guitarist Little Milton and a host of others whose names one finds on posters on telephone poles in black neighborhoods throughout the South: Bobby Rush, Denise LaSalle, Johnnie Taylor, Latimore, Dorothy Moore, Tyrone Davis and Shirley Brown. None of them sells records like Whitney Houston does, but nobody's complaining.

It's something of a miracle that this phenomenon happened at all, given Malaco's inauspicious beginnings. The label was founded in 1969 by Tommy Couch, who had booked soul bands for his fraternity at the University of Mississippi and, later, for clubs in Jackson, and Gerald (Wolf) Stephenson, who took over Mr. Couch's booking responsibilities at the fraternity. The label's earthy esthetic was clear from its first release: "Looking for My Pig," by Haran Griffin.

But while Malaco's founders were figuring out the record business, things were happening that would work in their favor. Southern soul music at the time was dominated by Stax Records in Memphis, which was beginning to fall apart after a decade of success. The riots in Memphis after the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. caused much of the recording activity that Stax had counted on to move to Muscle Shoals, Ala. But Muscle Shoals was hard hit by the the rise of disco in the 1970's, and soul songwriters and musicians were suddenly at loose ends. Performers like Mr. Hill were losing their record deals when their attempts at disco failed.

Malaco shrewdly stepped in. It maintained its own house band (which, like the Stax and Muscle Shoals bands, was interracial), and when a big production merited it, subcontracted work to Muscle Shoals. To offset promotion and distribution costs, Malaco made deals with larger labels, giving up some immediate profits in return for potentially higher sales: Jean Knight's "Mr. Big Stuff" to Stax and King Floyd's "Groove Me" to Chimneyville, a division of Florida's T. K. Productions.

IT was this latter company that forced a radical re-thinking of that concept on Malaco's part after its most successful record, Anita Ward's 1979 disco smash "Ring My Bell," sold 10 million copies on a T. K.-based label. By the time payday came around, T. K. had declared bankruptcy and neither Malaco nor the songwriter-producer Frederick Knight saw a penny from the song.

Z. Z. Hill and "Down Home Blues" came to the rescue, and Malaco stopped leasing and reverted to doing what it did best. The success of Mr. Hill's record caused the top names on the Southern soul circuit to knock on Malaco's door.

The boxed set makes clear the rest of the Malaco story, and soul fans looking for hidden gems may be disappointed. The label's low-budget approach resulted in some corner-cutting in the productions. When I told a friend, an ardent soul fan, about the set, his response was, "I don't think I could listen to seven hours of Tommy Couch productions."

He has a point: the Malaco house band lacks instrumentalists of the order of Stax's Booker T. and the M. G.'s or great arrangers like Stax's Isaac Hayes and David Porter, and some of the songwriting can be awfully formulaic. What Malaco did have, though, was the legendary records promotions man Dave Clark, who was instrumental in the label's ultimate success.

There are, however, plenty of keepers here. Denise LaSalle can be wonderfully obscene on tracks like "Wet Match" and "Lady in the Street." Bobby Bland, at 69, continues to mellow. Little Milton, too, can produce wonders: the last track on the set is his 1998 single "Big Boned Woman," and it's just as good as his first single for the label, "The Blues Is Alright." Dorothy Moore's "Misty Blue" and Shirley Brown's recent remake of Loretta Lynn's classic "You Ain't Woman Enough to Take My Man" are both first rate and reminders that many Southern blacks listen to country music.

The cliche has it that the blues will never die. What this boxed set proves, however, is that the blues have undergone a metamorphosis. As long as there are ***working-class*** black people in America who feel uneasy about hard-core urban music and need to get out on a Saturday night, the blues, or whatever it's turning into, will, as Little Milton says, continue to be "alright."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on May 2 about the soul-blues label Malaco Records misidentified the label that released the 1979 hit "Ring My Bell." It was Juana Records, not Malaco.

**Correction-Date:** May 16, 1999, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Malaco Records has released a six-CD set featuring Bobby (Blue) Bland, shown above on the company Web site, and other artists. ([*www.malaco.com*](http://www.malaco.com) (Web site); photographs by Malaco Records); LITTLE MILTON; SHIRLEY BROWN; JOHNNIE TAYLOR; DENISE LASALLE; KING FLOYD; DAVE CLARK; DOROTHY MOORE

**Load-Date:** May 2, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Working Men: Old Friends, New Rivals;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6NH0-0005-G0G9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Labor Battle Born in Bronx - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6NH0-0005-G0G9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1314 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Body**

One grew up in St. Brendan's parish in the Bronx, the other in St. Joseph's in the same borough. One first joined a union while working as a part-time elevator operator during college, the other as a part-time gravedigger. One's father was a janitor, the other's a city bus driver.

And early in their careers, both held the same job at Local 32B of the Service Employees International Union, representing doormen, elevator operators and custodians throughout New York City.

Now, in the city where they both got their start, the two men, Thomas R. Donahue and John J. Sweeney, are battling head to head to be president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. It is the first contested election in history for what is the nation's most prominent labor spokesman, a job, it so happens, not long ago held by another Irish-American from the Bronx, George Meany.

"Is it something in the Bronx air?" Mr. Donahue wondered aloud yesterday, sitting at a conference table in his temporary office at the Sheraton New York Hotel in midtown Manhattan, after a short campaign strategy session with five union presidents. "There were a lot of ***working-class*** neighborhoods in the Bronx, and the people there knew workers' problems. As my mother said, 'You didn't lick it from the ground.' "

Mr. Sweeney, the 61-year-old president of the 1.1 million-member service employees' union, is boasting that he has 55 percent of the votes wrapped up and will win comfortably when A.F.L.-C.I.O. delegates vote tomorrow at their four-day biannual convention, which began yesterday at the Sheraton.

Mr. Donahue, the 67-year-old acting president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is boasting that he will manage to eke out victory to serve a full two-year term as president of the federation, which is the policy-making umbrella organization for 78 unions representing 13 million workers. Mr. Donahue is considered the dark horse: he has been closely tied with the federation's former president, Lane Kirkland, who many union leaders believe fiddled while the labor movement sank into crisis.

The two admit that the hard-fought campaign over the last three months has taken a toll on a friendship that dates from the late 1950's. Mr. Donahue of Norwood Heights and Mr. Sweeney of Tremont, then rising young stars, got to know each other attending union conferences in New York and at seminars on labor issues they attended at Manhattan College. They were so close that in 1960, Mr. Donahue recommended Mr. Sweeney for a top staff job running Local 32B.

Mr. Donahue was first attracted to the labor movement when he saw how much his father's wages jumped when he went from being a nonunion janitor to a unionized construction worker. For his part, Mr. Sweeney grew up going to meetings of the Transport Workers Union in dingy meeting halls around the city with his father.

Indeed, the two men came of age at a time when unions were helping deliver New Yorkers from the Depression and were perceived as a beacon for many young people.

"I remember when we were on vacation in Rockaway Beach in the late 1940's," Mr. Sweeney said, talking about his career in a cramped basement office in the Sheraton. "My father said we had a few more days vacation than the previous year because of the new union contract," he recalled. "My father said, 'Thank God for Mike' " -- referring to Mike Quill, the fiery Irish-American head of the Transport Workers Union.

After working as a gravedigger while attending Iona College in New Rochelle, Mr. Sweeney landed a job with I.B.M. But eager to work for unions, he quit to take a job in the research department of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

"I was making $90 a week at I.B.M., and when I got an offer for $60 a week at the I.L.G., I leaped at the opportunity," he remembered. "I was single and living at home so it wasn't so hard."

During his years at Manhattan College and Fordham University Law School, Mr. Donahue worked not only as an elevator operator at Best & Company, the department store, but also as a school bus driver, a bakery worker and a doorman at Radio City ("I was very tall, so they thought I would be good at showing people where to sit in the dark," he said).

Inspired by several college instructors, Mr. Donahue began working as a part-time organizer for the retail clerks' union, helping organize workers at the Bloomingdale's, Stern's and Gertz department stores.

But however similar their backgrounds, the two men have different styles. Mr. Donahue is tall and wiry, has a patrician bearing and comes across as a labor intellectual. Mr. Sweeney is round-faced and soft-spoken -- a battling member of the "shanty Irish," in the description of one assistant.

Their careers began to diverge in 1960. Mr. Donahue headed to Washington as assistant to the president of the service employees' union. On the recommendation of the powerful Mr. Meany, he was named assistant secretary of labor for labor-management relations. From 1973 to 1979, he was an executive assistant to Mr. Meany, and the federation's secretary-treasurer until last August. At that time, he became acting president when Mr. Kirkland, the long-time president, stepped down under pressure from union leaders who considered him passive and aloof when the movement needed passion and vision to revive it.

Today, Mr. Donahue has been tarred by Mr. Sweeney's supporters as a stalwart of labor's languishing status quo, especially with Mr. Sweeney running under a banner of renewing the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

While Mr. Donahue's star rose in Washington, Mr. Sweeney's rose in New York. He climbed the ladder at Local 32B, becoming president in 1976. He was instrumental in merging his predominantly male local with Local 32J, which for the most part represented the women who cleaned office buildings.

In the 1970's, with his reputation already established as a rabble-rouser, he led several local strikes of elevator operators and maintenance workers that crippled office buildings and angered hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers. Even today, as president of the service employees' union, he has not avoided confrontational tactics. In his union's current "Justice for Janitors" campaign, which is seeking to organize all janitors, union members are blocking highways and bridges in an attempt to gain public attention.

Some Donahue supporters have sought to label Mr. Sweeney for questionable links with his old local.

For one, Federal investigators have suggested that Gus Bevona, who succeeded Mr. Sweeney as president of 70,000-member Local 32B, has ties to organized crime. It was also revealed recently that after becoming president of the national union, Mr. Sweeney continued to receive a salary from Local 32B, accepting more than $400,000 over 13 years on top of his salary as president of the international organization ($210,952 last year).

Despite the allegations, Mr. Sweeney's support seemed to be holding yesterday on the convention floor, when in his first contest he won unexpected backing for his proposal to add a third top official to the federation's leadership.

Mr. Sweeney says he is still picking up support from small unions to increase his lead, while Mr. Donahue, acknowledging he is behind, said, "We are still pursuing the vote changes I am confident will come."

This week, the two friends are bending over backward not to attack or insult each other, although occasionally their subordinates are happy to do it for them. And they both insist it is important to heal the wounds, both personal and professional, inflicted by this campaign.

Sounding a note of solidarity, Mr. Donahue said yesterday in the keynote address to more 1,000 convention delegates:

"No matter what your feelings about this election, no matter how you intend to vote on the leadership question, let us always remember that our adversaries are not here in this room. They are out there in the downsizing, union-busting boardrooms of companies."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday about the two candidates for president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. reversed their identities in some copies. Thomas R. Donahue, wearing glasses and a dark suit, was on the left; John J. Sweeney was on the right.

**Correction-Date:** October 25, 1995, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: On screen and in person, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., Thomas R. Donahue, opened the convention at the Sheraton New York in midtown yesterday. (pg. B1); The challenger, John J. Sweeney, at the convention in which he hopes to gain the federation presidency. (Photographs by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times) (pg. B1); Thomas R. Donahue, left, and John J. Sweeney leaving a recent meeting of A.F.L.-C.I.O. leaders in Manhattan. The two men, friends from the Bronx, are battling in for the union's presidency. (Linda Rosier/The New York Times) (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Never Shy, Bolton Brings a Zeal to the Table - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G2R-H7R0-TW8F-G320-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 1, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1808 words

**Byline:** By SCOTT SHANE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 30

**Body**

In the tumultuous days before John R. Bolton graduated from Yale University in 1970, he and his roommates leaned mattresses against the windows to keep out stray tear gas shells.

The trial of a top Black Panther in New Haven had ignited riots and set off a national uproar. The National Guard patrolled the campus in tanks. A bomb went off at the hockey rink.

At commencement, student speakers compared the United States to pre-Nazi Germany and called for an immediate end to the war in Vietnam.

But one student sounded a contrarian theme.

''The conservative underground is alive and well here,'' Mr. Bolton told his classmates and their parents, scorning a handful of hecklers. ''If we do not make our influence felt, rest assured we will in the real world.''

Mr. Bolton's prediction would prove true, and for no one more than for this brainy son of a Baltimore firefighter whose nomination as ambassador to the United Nations is now bitterly contested. Ten years after graduation, he would join the Reagan administration to begin what would become nearly two decades of service in Republican administrations.

Seemingly untroubled by self doubt, Mr. Bolton, whom former Senator Jesse Helms once called ''the kind of man with whom I would want to stand at Armageddon,'' has never shied from a dispute nor hesitated to shatter a consensus. In his office he displays a grenade designating him as ''Truest Reaganaut,'' a telling gift from former colleagues at the United States Agency for International Development.

From his battle, as a Justice Department official, for the doomed Supreme Court nomination of Robert H. Bork to his dramatic declaration to poll workers tabulating presidential ballots in Florida in 2000 -- ''I'm with the Bush-Cheney team and I'm here to stop the count'' -- Mr. Bolton has proved himself a fighter, fiercely committed to a bedrock American nationalism.

But now his brash performance as under secretary of state threatens his nomination, as government officials high and low who have clashed with Mr. Bolton strike back. Complaints that he bullied intelligence analysts who rejected his views have particular weight with Congressional critics, who are still fuming that administration claims about Iraq's arsenal and Al Qaeda turned out to be wildly inaccurate.

But as the Senate Foreign Relations Committee extends its consideration of Mr. Bolton's candidacy, President Bush has shown no sign of wavering in his determination to win confirmation for this least diplomatic of diplomats.

''See, the U.N. needs reform,'' Mr. Bush said at a news conference on Thursday night. ''If you're interested in reform in the U.N. like I'm interested in reform in the U.N., it makes sense to put somebody who's skilled and who's not afraid to speak his mind at the United Nations.''

Mr. Bolton, 56, has won loyalty from other bosses, too. They include former Secretary of State James A. Baker III, whom he served at the White House and the State Department and who summoned him to Florida for the recount, and Vice President Dick Cheney, who told an American Enterprise Institute audience after the 2000 election that Mr. Bolton deserved ''anything he wants'' in the new administration.

He wins such plaudits partly because of an extreme work style that sometimes has him firing off e-mail messages to subordinates from home at 4 a.m. before arriving at the office at 6. In his current job, he has required staff members to stand -- along with him -- at morning meetings, to discourage long-winded discussions.

''When you go in to brief John Bolton, as I found out early, you better be prepared,'' said Thomas M. Boyd, who was Mr. Bolton's deputy when he was assistant attorney general in the Reagan Justice Department and who remains a friend. ''He's kind of like an appellate judge. He will read everything. If you have holes in your argument, he won't work with you.''

He has also impressed superiors with his dogged pursuit of goals he believes in. As assistant secretary of state in the administration of the elder George Bush, he took on the task of repealing a United Nations General Assembly resolution equating Zionism with racism, long resented by Israel and its American supporters.

For several weeks in 1991, Mr. Bolton devoted himself to what he called the ''ZR campaign,'' according to one person who worked on it. Countries were singled out one by one, with Mr. Bolton systematically pursuing their ambassadors and tracking the results on charts until the vote -- an unexpectedly lopsided 111 to 25.

''He's tough and he's relentless and he's very logical,'' said Frank J. Donatelli, a Republican consultant who has worked with Mr. Bolton both in government and party operations. ''But I've never observed any kind of abusive behavior.''

What really puts off Mr. Bolton's critics, Mr. Donatelli said, are his firm views. ''Even in the Reagan administration, John would usually be the most conservative person in the room,'' he said.

The drive and ideological certainty that admirers believe make Mr. Bolton effective strike his critics as excessive. Avis T. Bohlen, who worked under Mr. Bolton as assistant secretary of state for arms control, said she agreed with several of his initiatives, including scuttling a protocol to the international ban on biological weapons. But she thought the United States should work with European allies to find a better approach to preventing biological weapons. Mr. Bolton did not.

''He was absolutely clear that he didn't want any more arms control agreements,'' Ms. Bohlen said. ''He didn't want any negotiating bodies. He just cut it off. It was one more area where we lost support and respect in the world.''

In handling disagreements, too, Ms. Bohlen said, Mr. Bolton sometimes went over the line. ''What I find unfortunate is that he had a tendency to go after the little guys,'' she said. ''I think Bolton is a bully.''

The same traits, and the same divided views of them, go all the way back to Baltimore's McDonogh School, where Mr. Bolton discovered his intellectual gifts and his fascination with politics.

Raised in a ***working-class*** row house neighborhood in southwest Baltimore called Yale Heights -- a far cry from the university where he would earn undergraduate and law degrees -- Mr. Bolton won a scholarship to McDonogh, then an all-male military school.

That modest background is a key to his personality, some associates say. ''He didn't come from money,'' said Mr. Boyd, his former subordinate. ''Sometimes when you push the rock up the hill, you're hungrier. You have more of a drive to succeed.''

From seventh grade on, he boarded at McDonogh, returning home on weekends to his father, Jack, who had been wounded in Normandy on D-Day, and his mother, Virginia, a homemaker. They also had a daughter, Joni, who is nine years younger and now works as a nurse near Baltimore.

''He had the same attitudes and beliefs then and now,'' said Marty McKibbin, 77, who taught at McDonogh for 46 years but still recalls clearly his debates with John Bolton about the Vietnam War in Asian history class and at lunch. ''It's kind of surprising that Yale and Yale Law School and Washington, D.C., didn't change him much.''

In 1966, Mr. Bolton, who has said he privately called the liberal teacher ''Mao McKibbin,'' wrote an editorial for the school paper titled ''No Peace in Vietnam,'' warning against ''spurious'' hopes for a settlement. When he stepped down as associate editor after his senior year, an unsigned notice of thanks said: ''John Bolton has attacked his duties with the fervor of a political fanatic. His efficient, if sometimes controversial, management of the editorial page deserves more than conservative applause.''

Ed Wroe, another McDonogh scholarship student, recalls John Bolton's fervor for the 1964 presidential campaign of Barry Goldwater. ''When you hear people describe him as abrasive, you think, 'That sounds like John Bolton,''' said Mr. Wroe, an attorney in Idaho. ''He didn't worry about what people thought of him.''

But Dr. Bruce K. Krueger, his Yale roommate for five years and now a physiologist at the University of Maryland medical school, recalls Mr. Bolton as a far more pleasant character. ''He might say something provocative -- everyone else in the room might disagree with it -- but he'd have something solid and well-reasoned to back it up.''

Dr. Krueger said Mr. Bolton was the only conservative in their six-member suite and one of a shrinking minority of such students on campus. Yet Mr. Bolton seemed to enjoy his status as David versus the campus's liberal Goliath, Dr. Krueger said. ''I thought he kind of liked that role -- the loner, the sole counterpoint in the room.''

Mr. Bolton joined the National Guard, in which he served for six years, before graduation. ''I confess that I had no desire to die in a Southeast Asia rice paddy,'' he wrote in a recollection for his 25-year Yale reunion, in part because he felt that the war in Vietnam was ''already lost'' because of antiwar sentiment among Americans.

Today, associates describe Mr. Bolton as an avid reader, particularly of history and biography, and a political junkie. They describe him as a very private person who is devoted to his wife, Gretchen, a financial planner, and their daughter, Jennifer, who now attends Yale. When mother and daughter head off on ski trips, he stays behind.

''He can appear to be very stern,'' said Mr. Boyd, his former Justice Department colleague. ''I think that's a product of his reserve. He's got a great sense of humor, a great cackle of a laugh -- but he has to trust you.''

In the loose shorthand of the news media, Mr. Bolton has sometimes been described as a neoconservative. That's wrong, said Gary Schmitt, executive director of the Project for a New American Century, a conservative strategy group.

The neoconservatives believe in spreading democracy; Mr. Bolton, with a less idealistic view of other countries' potential, prefers to focus on threats to the United States, Mr. Schmitt said. ''He's a straightforward, traditional, national security conservative,'' he said.

On the Balkans, for instance, ''John's view was that we didn't have a dog in that fight,'' Mr. Schmitt said. In Iraq, Mr. Bolton favored overthrowing Saddam Hussein. But, Mr. Schmitt said, ''I think he would say we should not be in the business of transforming Iraq.''

In a recent interview with the McDonogh School magazine headlined ''The Patriot,'' Mr. Bolton, who is not talking to reporters during the confirmation period, defined his job as keeping American interests clearly in sight.

''Frequently you hear diplomacy described as a skill of keeping things calm and stable and so on, and there's an element of that,'' he said. ''But basically, American diplomats should be advocates of the United States. That's the style I pursue.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A picture caption on Sunday with an article about the background and career of John R. Bolton misidentified the Senate committee before which he was testifying about his nomination as ambassador to the United Nations. It was the Foreign Relations Committee, not Armed Services.

A front-page profile on May 1 about John R. Bolton, President Bush's nominee as ambassador to the United Nations, referred incorrectly to National Guard deployment near Yale during riots related to a Black Panther trial just before Mr. Bolton graduated there in 1970. Contemporary news accounts reported that guardsmen were deployed in armored personnel carriers, not tanks. Those accounts also said the personnel carriers patrolled the outskirts of New Haven, not the actual campus.

**Correction-Date:** May 28, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: While a student at the McDonogh School outside Baltimore, Mr. Bolton, left, discovered an interest in politics and exercised his conservative voice on the editorial pages of the student newspaper. (Photo by The Legacy/McDonogh School)

John R. Bolton during the Senate Armed Service Committee's hearing on his nomination to be ambassador to the United Nations. (Photo by Carol T. Powers for The New York Times)(pg. 14)

John R. Bolton, right, examining a ballot with Judge Charles Burton in Florida during the 2000 recount. Dick Cheney later said that Mr. Bolton deserved ''anything he wants'' in the administration. (Photo by Colin Braley/Reuters)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 1, 2005

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[***Buffalo Braces for Another Storm;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W82-BDD0-007F-G30Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Residents Uneasy as a Week of Abortion Protests Is to Begin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W82-BDD0-007F-G30Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 16, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1569 words

**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

By DAVID W. CHEN

**Dateline:** BUFFALO, April 13

**Body**

When Martha Hulings's 21-year-old daughter became pregnant two years ago, her family went through a wrenching discussion over whether she should have an abortion. She was unmarried, after all, and still in college. But in the end, she kept the child, named Alyah, a playful girl with dark curly hair. And because of that experience, Martha Hulings stands squarely in the anti-abortion camp.

But when Ms. Hulings heard that anti-abortion protesters were coming to Buffalo this month, seven years after they drew national attention with a series of large, unruly demonstrations at abortion clinics here, she rolled her eyes and groaned. She said the protesters should just stay away.

"Everybody should mind their own business," said Ms. Hulings, 51, who was shopping with her granddaughters at the Broadway Market, a 111-year-old ***working-class*** institution stocked with ethnic bakeries and butcher shops. "Them coming here again, I think it's going to cause a lot of problems. We don't need the bad publicity."

Many people in this city of 328,000 share Ms. Hulings's apprehension. Whatever their views on abortion, residents here are voicing wariness, ambivalence or even dread as they brace for Operation Save America, a weeklong anti-abortion rally that begins on Sunday.

Part of the concern is the memory of the raucous events of seven years ago, when more than 1,000 protesters from around the country descended on Buffalo, blocking entrances to clinics and doctors' offices, and more than 600 people were arrested. The so-called Spring of Life rally closed no clinics, but generated intense media coverage in that election year, just as its organizers, the group Operation Rescue, had planned. Operation Rescue is also organizing this year's event.

But this time, many people in this predominantly Roman Catholic city feel especially uncomfortable with the timing of the event, less than six months after the unsolved killing of Dr. Barnett A. Slepian, a doctor who performed abortions and who was shot in his home by a sniper.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the specter of the rally has nudged to the surface Buffalo's bruised hometown pride, a defensiveness of sorts. In a city that has been down on its luck and dismissed as a punch line of a place, good only for crippling blizzards and controversial demonstrations, few residents seem ready for another ugly, messy protest.

"It's a lovely city, with lovely people," said Jim Hall, 72, a retired security officer who was strolling with his three dogs in Delaware Park, a Frederick Law Olmsted jewel flanked by Victorian and Prairie-style homes. "It's a shame that those people are coming back," said Mr. Hall, who said he supports abortion rights. "They're going to put us in a bad light again, like the last time. Why the same thing, over and over again?"

But leaders here on both sides of the abortion divide are crossing their fingers that next week's demonstrations will be more muted than the politically charged protests of 1992.

For one thing, the laws governing abortion protests have changed. Under a 1994 Federal law, demonstrators must stay at least 15 feet from abortion clinics to allow physicians, patients and others access.

The rhetoric, too, has evolved. A new group of religious leaders called the Buffalo Coalition for Common Ground, for instance, has held workshops and programs in recent months for both sides to discuss the underlying causes of abortion, said the Rev. G. Stanford Bratton, the coalition's founder.

Organizers of Operation Save America, meanwhile, say that their agenda is broader this time. The focus will no longer be on abortion alone, but on other issues that they say are weakening America's moral fiber, like child pornography, teen-age sex and school violence, said the Rev. Robert L. Behn of Last Call Ministries in Cheektowaga, the event's primary local coordinator.

As a result, demonstrators plan to congregate not just at the two remaining abortion clinics in the Buffalo area, but also at bookstores, schools and other places in Buffalo, Rochester and Batavia.

"It's going to be a prayerful and spiritual movement, with Jesus Christ as our standard-bearer," said Hetty Pasco, 74, who demonstrates regularly outside the Buffalo GYN Womenservices Clinic, where Dr. Slepian worked. "We're patterning ourselves after Martin Luther King and Gandhi."

Even so, city officials and abortion-rights groups are unsure what to expect. Protest leaders have said that they have sent 60,000 invitations but expect 200 to 600 demonstrators.

Preparing for possible mass arrests, the city has leased an armory to use as a makeshift jail. And the Mayor, Anthony M. Masiello, an abortion-rights supporter, said he had worked closely with leaders on both sides, as well as with a full deck of law enforcement agencies.

"It probably won't be close to the '92 protests, but in light of what happened, it only takes one person to push it beyond the limit and make you more afraid than ever," said Marilynn Buckham, executive director of the Buffalo GYN Womenservices clinic.

She was referring to Dr. Slepian's death, which still chills a close-knit city that some call the City of Good Neighbors. And in recent weeks, Dr. Slepian's name has been in the news again, after the discovery of a rifle buried behind his house.

Operation Rescue has long disavowed violence, and Mr. Behn has said that protesters next week will condemn all violent acts, including the shooting of Dr. Slepian.

But it may not be surprising that residents' thoughts about Operation Save America are tied to the death of Dr. Slepian, who was a target of a coordinated protest by 200 pickets during the 1992 demonstrations.

In 1992, after all, some Buffalo residents had feared the worst: a repeat of a chaotic protest in Wichita, Kan., the year before, which lasted 46 days and led to 2,600 arrests. Those fears did not materialize; the protesters and counter-protesters were loud but not violent. And few people here are thrilled with the idea of an Operation Rescue reunion.

When asked, many residents have said that the protesters, while not exactly welcome, should remain civil and respect the city.

At the Towne Restaurant, William Swartz, 53, a machinist who is taking computer classes to gird himself for the possibility of being laid off, said quietly that he and his wife, unable to bear children, decided to adopt a girl about a year ago. He said he was fervently anti-abortion, as are other members of his Roman Catholic parish in Tonawanda.

But he also condemned the death of Dr. Slepian as the work of "the Devil" and said he had no tolerance for violence or incivility that might sully the image of his hometown.

Next door to the clinic where Dr. Slepian worked, at a Sunoco station managed by the brothers Kolodziej, Ted Kolodziej said that he and his brother, Walter, might lose a week's worth of business if the protesters spill onto their property.

"Sure, we're worried," said Ted Kolodziej, who said he, like his brother, believes that abortion should be legal. "Are they going to bomb us? It's hard enough dealing with the regular protesters; they're very belligerent people."

Just then, a customer pulled into the station and dived into the conversation about next week's rally.

"Oh, I've got something to say," said Cheryl Lantzy-Goldstein, an architectural designer and abortion-rights supporter. "As a city resident, I'm offended. Buffalo's economy is suffering, and the consensus is that things like this only give Buffalo a worse name. And as a Catholic, and I'm offended by a man kneeling down and saying the rosary. It's not a man's issue."

Some stores near the clinic have displayed purple signs declaring "Buffalo Welcomes Visitors But Not Violence. Keep the Peace in April." But outside the clinic's neighborhood, there has not been much talk about abortion or the rally.

At the Spot Coffee Shop in downtown Buffalo, where the caffe lattes are thick and the vegan specials an occasional offering, Lee Faver, 34, a psychologist, and Gerhardt Yaskow, 27, a businessman, said that they supported abortion rights. But while Mr. Faver said that he was frightened that Buffalo would be overwhelmed by out-of-towners seeking to press "the radical right's anti-freedom agenda," Mr. Yaskow said that he felt it was important "for a democracy to have many voices, as long as no damage is done."

And in a middle-class neighborhood just north of Hertel Avenue, Wendy Cruz, 24, said that she opposed abortion because of her family's experiences.

Her sister, she said, had had an abortion at 15. It was probably the right decision, but she had since mourned the loss of that child. Mrs. Cruz herself, meanwhile, became pregnant at 20, just before she got married, and thought about abortion.

She said she is thankful that she did not; that fetus, she proudly pointed out, is now an ebullient and friendly 3-year-old boy named August who has a thing for Winnie the Pooh and funky sunglasses. But she also remembers visiting a Planned Parenthood center to seek advice and being hounded by protesters. And because of that experience, she planned to avoid the protests next week.

"It's a very personal decision, such a delicate situation, but to have people out there screaming, it only might sway you to make a decision that you wouldn't have made," said Mrs. Cruz, who was carrying her 10-month daughter, Eden, as August tugged on a stranger's jacket.

"I'm not looking forward to it."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Martha Hulings's daughter considered an abortion before having Alyah, foreground. Ms. Hulings holds another grandchild, Alyssa. Walter Kolodziej and his brother fear business at their gas station will suffer during next week's protests. (Photographs by Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 16, 1999

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living in: Lincoln Square - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N590-0038-D1GN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 10; Page 5, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1367 words

**Byline:** By TED KENNEY

**Body**

Lincoln Square, the West Side neighborhood dominated by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, is not the place for those who feel underdressed when everyone else seems to be in furs and evening dress.

But people who love the arts and who want to be constantly reminded that they live in a city famous for dance, music, theater and opera, will find few neighborhoods more accommodating.

''It's really the hub of the city,'' said Carolyn Dolan, managing director of a trust bank in Manhattan, who moved there from New Jersey two years ago with her husband, Patrick, a company valuation specialist, and two daughters.

Yet with Central Park at the doorstep and Riverside Park nearby, it is easy to escape. ''You walk down here one block and you've got the breezes from the river,'' said Lucy Rittenberg, a resident of the area for more than 25 years.

Most available housing is high priced, but residents describe it as reasonable, given the amenities.

The first addition to Lincoln Center is to be completed next winter. It will have a dormitory and cafeteria for students at Juilliard and the American School of Ballet and a new branch of the New York Public Library to complement the existing system's Library and Museum of the Performing Arts.

The Lincoln Center Film Society will show two features a night in its new 268-seat theater, which might console film buffs who mourn the recent passing of the Cinema Studio at 66th and Broadway.

Since 1985, eight high-end condominium and rental towers with a total of almost 1,900 apartments - including the 120-unit, 22-story Coronado at Broadway and West 70th Street - have sprung up, with Lincoln Center as their hub. Two more towers under construction on Amsterdam Avenue in the West 60's will add 727 condominiums units, which now seem to rival high culture as the neighborhood's chief product.

A new one-bedroom condominium in Lincoln Square costs about $300,000, brokers say, and rentals for a one-bedroom start at about $1,200 a month.

On the most prestigious block just west of Central Park, West 67th Street, is the Cafe des Artistes in the Hotel des Artistes, a co-op that counts among its residents former Mayor John V. Lindsay, Joel Grey, the actor, and David Garth, the political adviser. Among its former residents were Isadora Duncan and Noel Coward.

Two two-bedroom apartments that are on the market there are priced at $200,000 for the smaller and $595,000 for the larger, a duplex with 20-foot ceilings and park view. Several buildings down the block have apartments designed as artists' studios, with skylights and double-height ceilings.

East of Broadway are architectural surprises like the Pythian Temple at 135 West 70th Street, decorated with an outrageous Egyptian motif by the architect Thomas W. Lamb in 1927 and renovated as the Pythian Condominium in 1986 by the architect David Gura for Gulf & Western. A two-bedroom triplex recently listed there for $525,000.

Diners along Columbus Avenue can find American, Italian, Thai, Mexican, Chinese, Cuban and French fare. Summer weather draws diners to the open-air cafes like Fiorello's and The Saloon, across from Lincoln Center.

Public schools include P.S. 191, where 18.5 percent of the students scored at or above grade level in the last citywide reading tests; P.S. 199, where that figure was 58.4 percent; Martin Luther King Jr. High School, open to all Manhattan residents and specializing in law and social justice, and Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music and Art and Performing Arts, where admission is based on exams and, occasionally, auditions.

Private and parochial schools in the neighborhood include the preschool-6 Ethical Culture School, the Professional Children's School and the Roman Catholic Blessed Sacrament School, covering the first through eighth grades. Other private schools nearby include the preschool-12 Walden School, the Collegiate School (1-12) and the k-12 Columbia Grammar and Preparatory School.

Lincoln Square's skeleton is the three X's formed where Broadway angles across Eighth, Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. These wide intersections contain small, triangular parks where older residents share benches with transients and homeless people.

The neighborhood's heart, though, is Lincoln Center, completed in the 60's and a monument to the old raze-the-slums school of urban renewal. A neighborhood called San Juan Hill was emptied to make way for the arts complex, Fordham University's midtown campus, and Lincoln Towers, a 3,867-unit, eight-building complex converted from rentals to co-ops.

Some residents still regret the disappearance of the ***working-class*** district. But in addition to the citywide benefits that Lincoln Center has provided, it has also given a lively focal point to an area that lacked one.

Throughout the 80's, the city, citizens and developers fought over the Penn Central railroad yard, an empty 96-acre parcel west of West End Avenue between 70th and 59th Streets. Donald Trump now owns most of it and hopes to develop it as Trump City, with seven towers, including a 150-story giant that would be the largest building in the world. As proposed the project would add 7,600 apartments, a major retail complex and parks to the neighborhood. Well-organized opponents say it would overwhelm roads, sewers and mass transit.

The plan has yet to begin to public-hearings phase of the land-use review process. Its opponents hope that financial problems will force Mr. Trump to put the project on hold. In April, the American Broadcasting Company agreed to sell two full blocks along Broadway between West 69th and West 67th Streets to a partnership formed by M. J. Raynes, Goldman, Sachs & Company and the Zeckendorf Company for an as yet unannounced project. The price was $110 million. The plans of developers cause shudders in some quarters. ''It's as though the downtown area is pushing up - it's for the worse,'' said Olive Freud, who is active in the Coalition for a Livable West Side.

Richard Asche, chairman of the community board's planning and zoning committee, said, ''What is overtaxed, what will be more overtaxed, are things like surface transportation, the subways, the air quality, and uniformed services such as police and fire.'' Lincoln Square has consistently failed to meet Federal clean-air standards because of traffic bottlenecks like the one at West 72d Street and Amsterdam Avenue, he said.

Newer residents see development's positive side. Matt Heck, a graphics artist, said West 62d Street seemed like a mere fringe of midtown when he moved there four years ago. But new cafes, theaters and delis that have opened along Broadway have incorporated his home into the neighborhood, he said.

''What's happening in this area is you're upgrading it,'' said Ms. Dolan, the bank executive. The new buildings provide retail space that fills in the sparse streetscape along Amsterdam Avenue in the 60's, she said, and the new condominium tower at West 60th Street will bring people to a once-desolate area. ''I'd rather have that there than an empty parking lot, where you don't know who's lurking around,'' she said.

Gazetteer

Population: 55,000 (1990 estimate).

Median household income: $51,000 (1990 estimate).

Median price for one-bedroom condominium: $225,00.

Median price for one-bedroom co-op: $200,000.

Median one-bedroom rent: $1,600.

Transportation: 1/9, 2, 3, A, B, C and D subway lines and buses on Broadway, West 65th and West 66th Streets.

Government: Councilwoman Ronnie Eldridge, Democrat.

Sunshine Suit: The block associations of West 63d and 64th Streets just off Central Park used to hold their meetings at the West Side Y.M.C.A. at 5 West 63d Street.

But that's ancient history. A year ago, members who call themselves ''Who Owns the Sunshine?'' joined other neighborhood groups in filing a suit to block the Y's sale of air rights for a 41-story tower that would cantilever over the Y's neo-Romanesque, landmark 14-story building. The suit was thrown out of State Supreme Court in Manhattan last March, and the group is now appealing the ruling.

''If they wanted dollars to renovate their swimming pool, we, as neighbors, would do a fund-raiser,'' said Gladys Dobelle, president of the ''Sunshine'' group.

**Correction**

An article on Aug. 12 about the Lincoln Square neighborhood omitted the largest component of the complex of buildings now being added at the northwest corner of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. It is 3 Lincoln Center, a 45-story, 347-unit condominium, which is being built over a 150-foot base containing other parts of the complex. The condominium developer, Abbott L. Stillman, paid Lincoln Center $48.5 million for air rights, more than a third of the $127 million cost of the other Lincoln Center additions.  
**Correction-Date:** August 19, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

**Graphic**

Photos: The Coronado, 22-story condominium at Broadway and 70th Street. Caprice, at 69th Street on Columbus Avenue (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times)Map of Lincoln Square.

**End of Document**



[***You Could Look It Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6V10-0005-G4XK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1512 words

**Byline:** By William Grimes;

William Grimes is an arts reporter for The New York Times.

By William Grimes;   William Grimes is an arts reporter for The New York Times.

**Body**

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF NEW YORK CITY

Edited by Kenneth T. Jackson.

Illustrated. 1,350 pp. New Haven:

Yale University Press/

The New-York Historical Society. $60.

NEW YORK CITY has five boroughs, straddles three islands and is governed by one mayor. But that's about it for single digits in the city of the big, big numbers. Bridges? New York has 2,027 of them. Its 26,000 acres of parkland constitute the largest urban parks system in the country. The city has 469 subway stations and more than 300 neighborhoods. Every day, approximately 758,000 vehicles enter Manhattan south of 60th Street. New York has everything, times one hundred.

What the city has not had is a comprehensive reference book. Now it does, and no one with even a passing interest in New York will be able to live without it. In one whopper of a volume about the size of the Manhattan white pages, "The Encyclopedia of New York City" serves up 4,300 articles by 680 authors, along with tables, lists, charts and 688 illustrations.

This is one huge meal, and Kenneth T. Jackson, the encyclopedia's editor and a professor of history at Columbia University, has organized the courses sanely. Survey articles take on the large conceptual subjects, like government and politics, architecture, education, immigration and science. Major articles are devoted to the history of each borough. Smaller entries deal with neighborhoods past and present, institutions (banks, advertising agencies, churches, labor unions, charities), historical events, local foods and folkways, ethnic groups, religions, newspapers, magazines, writers, painters and Lee Harvey Oswald, who makes the cut because he lived in New York for 17 months in the early 1950's. Oliver Stone will be delighted to know that the encyclopedia refers to Oswald's "presumed role" in the Kennedy assassination.

As the Oswald entry suggests, nothing New York is alien to the encyclopedia. The Yankees and the Dodgers get the full treatment, of course, but somehow there is room for the sport of curling, dealt with in an 18-line entry that recalls the glory days when curling championships on Central Park Lake drew crowds from all over the Northeast. The Italians, Germans and Irish are the subjects of mini-treatises with bibliographies attached, but the editors have not forsaken the plucky Bretons or the mysterious Maltese, who are said to be concentrated in Astoria, Queens, although their numbers remain unknown.

The encyclopedia is purely utilitarian. It is written in an austere, just-the-facts style only a little more inviting than the instruction sheet stuffed into a bottle of aspirin, and the general tone is reserved, sometimes to the point of self-denial. For terse summation, nothing can beat the final sentence of the article on the Brooklyn Dodgers: "After the 1957 season the Dodgers' president, Walter O'Malley, moved the team to Los Angeles."

Here and there a contributor has managed to deliver the goods with a hint of style. The entry on oyster bars, for example, is a model of concision and elegance. "Dance halls and discotheques" is a lively, urbane little essay that begins with the louche ***working-class*** dance halls of the mid-19th century -- the most famous was a Water Street establishment run by John Allen, known as the "wickedest man in New York" -- and works its way forward to the Peppermint Lounge, the Mudd Club, Frank (Killer Joe) Piro and the ill-fated Happy Land social club.

But these are the rare exceptions. For practical reasons, the editors have voted for data over drama, fact over fancy. Not surprisingly, the encyclopedia is replete with lists: the city's 65 most important bridges (with the dates they were built and the bodies of water they span), its ticker-tape parades, Presidential and mayoral vote totals (broken down by borough), ferry routes, major fires, hospitals with more than 500 beds, jails, 18th-century newspapers and songs and compositions inspired by New York.

Of course, the temptation is strong to regard the encyclopedia as a 1,350-page guide to who's in and who's out, or, as the introductory material has it, to "those whom the editors judged to have left a permanent mark on the city's history or culture." Let the bickering begin. Why the Mayflower Madam and Son of Sam but not Amy Fisher? Easy. The Long Island Lolita operated outside the five boroughs. Why Yogi Berra and Tom Seaver but not Mickey Mantle? Score a "mea culpa" there. On second thought, make that a big "mea maxima culpa." Why the Belmont Stakes but not Belmont Park? This one's a close call. The Belmont Stakes slips in because the race was once run in Jerome Park in the Bronx. Belmont Park, although it straddles the Queens-Nassau County line, is officially in Elmont, L.I. You have to draw the line somewhere. When the encyclopedia says New York, it means New York.

Within the five boroughs, however, readers can wander for days, gleaning oddball facts. Rego Park, Queens, takes its name from the first two words in Real Good Construction Company, which developed the neighborhood in the 1920's. (No explanation for Ozone Park, though.) In 1855, New York had 12,609 tailors but only 1,112 lawyers. The city did not get its first parking meter until 1951. Washington Irving never lived on Irving Place. The most ethnically diverse neighborhood in the city is Elmhurst, Queens. The city's first electric sign, erected on a rooftop in Madison Square, read "Manhattan Beach Swept by Breezes." Bloomingdale's rang up sales of $3.68 on its first day of business on April 17, 1872.

THE New York-centric mandate governs not only who and what gets in but how the subject is treated. The authors of the entries for Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn give the right New York spin by concentrating on Broadway rather than Hollywood and, in Bogart's case, on the movie roles that evoke New York. "Casablanca" merits a line or two primarily because it includes a memorable New York wisecrack. When Major Strasser asks Rick if he can imagine Nazis overrunning New York, Bogie answers, "Well, there are certain sections of New York, Major, that I wouldn't advise you to try to invade."

Unfortunately, not every contributor got the New York message. The entry on John O'Hara, scandalously brief at 15 lines, highlights "Appointment in Samarra," which takes place in Pennsylvania; it makes no mention at all of "Butterfield 8," set in Manhattan's speakeasies and based on the fast life and quick demise of a New York party girl named Starr Faithfull. F. Scott Fitzgerald gets more extended treatment, but the writer misses an opportunity in not identifying the New York locations in "The Great Gatsby." There is no mention, either, of Fitzgerald's New York essay, "My Lost City." And where on earth is Dawn Powell, whose satiric novels of the 1940's and 50's so memorably evoke the city's bohemian fringe?

Any reference work that runs to more than 1,300 pages will include mistakes. To the eye of this nonexpert, the encyclopedia appears to have fewer than most, but one of those is a doozy. An encyclopedia devoted to New York City should not place the Mayor's official residence on the wrong street. It's on East End Avenue, not York Avenue.

Errors of fact aside, some of the entries are ill conceived or ill executed. There is no reason to treat "skyscrapers" and "skyline" in separate entries. The article on slang manages no more than a 10-cent tour that includes a few dozen local expressions, and "street life" is so broadly conceived that the writer winds up sounding like a Beat poet in a trance: "Bicycle messengers wearing helmets and brilliant fluorescent spandex outfits negotiate traffic carrying urgent parcels for typesetters, printers, designers, editors and photographers in midtown Manhattan. The dark green trucks of private garbage collection companies hurtle along main thoroughfares, often decorated with large stagecoach scenes painted on their sides and polished chrome trim and small colored lights outlining their contours. At street fairs, pitchmen demonstrate knives and solvents for sale." And on and on.

Many of the choices in the arts seem arbitrary. There is no entry on the New York School, although most of the painters who belonged to it are discussed in separate articles. The school's leading critics, Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg, receive only passing mention in "art criticism." Mr. Jackson, the editor, appears to have an interest in minimal art, since he wrote the article on Donald Judd, yet there is no entry on Carl Andre or Richard Serra. It is bizarre that the graffiti artist Keith Haring takes up space that could have gone to Alfred H. Barr Jr., the first director of the Museum of Modern Art.

Enough carping. The encyclopedia does the impossible and, for the most part, does it admirably. Who can count the hours of research, the library call slips, the futile telephone calls to city agencies that this great pyramid of information will make unnecessary? The wrinkles can be ironed out in a revised edition, which may even tell us exactly what the story is with those elusive Maltese.

**Graphic**

Drawings

**Load-Date:** October 8, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Cardinals Align As Time Nears To Select Pope***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FYR-WTW0-TW8F-G2JG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 17, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 5; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; THE TRANSITION IN THE VATICAN: THE CONTENDERS

**Length:** 1629 words

**Byline:** By LAURIE GOODSTEIN and IAN FISHER; Elisabetta Povoledo of the International Herald Tribune contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** ROME, April 16

**Body**

There was never doubt that Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, the Vatican's hard-line defender of the faith, would have a strong hand in selecting the next pope. But in the days of prayer and politics before the conclave, which begins on Monday, he has emerged as perhaps the surprise central figure: the man who could become the 265th pope, choose him or be the one other cardinals knock from the running.

Any talk of who will become the next pope is guesswork, echoes from cardinals and their staffs sworn to silence about one of the world's most elite and secretive gatherings.

But one bit of wisdom has emerged in the Italian press as conventional: that Cardinal Ratzinger, a German close to John Paul II, has up to 50 votes among the 115 elector cardinals, or at least that is the strength his supporters claim.

That is short of the two-thirds, or 77 votes, needed in the early stages of voting. Still, he appears to command the largest and most cohesive block, and at a minimum, it seems unlikely that the next pope will be chosen without his blessing.

But interviews with more than a dozen Vatican experts and church officials suggest that forces are lining up against Cardinal Ratzinger -- who, at 78, may be judged too old, too uncharismatic and, perhaps most important, too rigid to hold together a polarized church that is a billion people strong.

Some believe the church needs a more moderate man, a less authoritarian leader or one from outside of Europe.

''Ratzinger represents continuity -- he was the right-hand man of the pope,'' said Giuseppe De Carli, head of Italian public television's Vatican bureau, who in recent years has interviewed most of 115 cardinals who will begin the secretive process of selecting the new pope on Monday.

''But the cardinals need both continuity and discontinuity,'' he added. ''They can't create a pope that will be the photocopy of the preceding one.''

Some experts say that is precisely the problem: that Cardinal Ratzinger has ambitions higher than being a photocopy of John Paul.

Based on Cardinal Ratzinger's record and pronouncements, his agenda seems clear. Inside the church, he would like to impose more doctrinal discipline, reining in priests who experiment with liturgy or seminaries that permit a broad interpretation of doctrine. Outside, he would like the church to assert itself more forcefully against the trend he sees as most threatening: globalization leading eventually to global secularization.

But some cardinals worry that it is healing, not confrontation, that the church needs. Most cardinals eligible to vote are now refusing media interviews -- a consequence of the media blackout the cardinals decided to impose eight days ago. But some are talking on background to Vatican colleagues, church scholars, leaders of Catholic organizations and to Italian journalists who specialize in covering the Vatican. The New York Times spoke with several cardinals and more than a dozen people in recent contact with the cardinals. Most spoke on the condition of anonymity.

The top candidate of the forces opposing the Ratzinger bloc appears to be Dionigi Tettamanzi of Milan, who could also have a chance of peeling off a few votes from the Ratzinger camp. His profile offers a little something for each flank. A conservative moral theologian who has written on bioethics, he collaborated with John Paul on the encyclical laying out the justifications for opposing abortion, birth control and euthanasia.

In recent years, however, Cardinal Tettamanzi has began to sound off on issues of poverty and social justice. When protesters went to Genoa, Italy, for the Group of 8 summit meeting of industrialized nations in 2001, he spoke to the crowd on the evils of globalization.

Sandro Magister, a Vatican expert who the cardinal writes for L'Espresso magazine, said the cardinal could unite conservatives and liberals. ''He is an exponent of compromise, but a real honest conservative,'' Mr. Magister said.

The interviews suggest that the standard-bearer for the liberals among the anti-Ratzinger forces is, at least for the moment, the retired archbishop of Milan, Carlo Maria Martini. There is a strange sort of symmetry to the two men: both are 78-year-old scholars with stratospheric intellects who command the respect of their colleagues.

But Cardinal Martini appears to control far fewer votes. He has said he has not ruled out changes to priestly celibacy or the bans on contraception and on women serving as deacons. He has a form of Parkinson's disease and, unlike Cardinal Ratzinger, is not considered an active candidate. Experts say that while he respects Cardinal Ratzinger, Cardinal Martini does not support his vision of the church.

''Martini,'' said Alberto Melloni, a papal historian, ''thinks that if the church does not move on in terms of doctrine, it is condemned to lose the content of Christian truth.''

If the cardinals could start from scratch and order up the perfect pope, the candidate to lead the Roman Catholic Church of 2005 might look like this:

Charismatic and basically conservative. Intellectual but accessible. Speaks Italian, Spanish and English. Not too old, not too young, since the cardinals want neither a 26-year papacy like John Paul's nor a pope who will be bedridden in two or three years. A pastor, but one familiar with Vatican bureaucracy. Someone willing to let local bishops go their own way -- within limits. Perhaps he would be from the third world, where the church is growing, but he has ties to Europe and could reinvigorate the flagging faith there.

Holding this template against the men in the running gives some clues, with the caution that the candidate who comes closest does not necessarily win. Politicking will also play a major role -- and at this moment the central player is indisputably Cardinal Ratzinger.

A close associate of John Paul for nearly 30 years, he has a soft voice, a shy manner and a full head of white hair. Friends say that he gets wrongly portrayed as ''God's Rottweiler'' and that he is actually a warm and spiritual man.

''In the last months of John Paul's papacy, Ratzinger was visible as the supporting column of the church, and so they are following him,'' Mr. Magister said.

Several church sources said Cardinal Ratzinger had the support of an international array of cardinals, including Francis George of Chicago; Christoph Schonborn of Austria; Jorge Mario Bergoglio of Argentina; Camillo Ruini and Angelo Scola of Italy; and Marc Ouellet of Quebec.

But some cardinals said in interviews before this week that he might centralize power even more than John Paul, just when many cardinals are hoping for their local dioceses to have a greater say in their affairs.

Cardinal Martini's progressive bloc could not wield enough votes to block Cardinal Ratzinger. But the opposition is being joined, several Vatican watchers said, by other groups, in particular a group of Italian cardinals, who by several accounts include Angelo Sodano, John Paul's last secretary of state, and Giovanni Battista Re, who had been in charge of bishops under the late pope.

The members of the Ratzinger contingent are well aware that their candidate may lose, and so are ready to shift their votes. The most obvious backup, several experts said, is Cardinal Ruini, the vicar of Rome.

He is as a forceful figure in Italian politics, opposing rights for gays and lesbians and some forms of assisted reproduction, and supporting immigrants' rights.

But he faces the opposition of those Italian cardinals supporting Cardinal Tettamanzi, so other Ratzinger proteges could emerge.

One is Cardinal Bergoglio of Argentina, a conservative Jesuit who early in his career distanced himself from proponents of liberation theology. Born to Italian parents, he could be a bridge between Latin America and Europe.

A second is Cardinal Scola, patriarch of Venice, a scholar and a tireless pastor. He has spotless conservative credentials, softened by a grass-roots style.

Another is Cardinal Schonborn of Vienna. An aristocrat, he has often made lists of potential popes because of his intellect, language skills and conservatism, but his administrative skills may seem lacking.

The Latin American cardinals, with 18 percent of the cardinal electors, match the strength of the Italians. But they do not all share the same vision of the church's needs. Nor, it seems, are they all rooting for the home team.

Alejandro Bermudez, the Peruvian editor in chief of ACI Prensa, a Catholic news agency in Latin America, said those prelates held no conviction that the next pope must be from Latin America. ''They would not be opposed to it,'' he said, ''but at this time it is not their priority.''

Still, several Latin Americans were frequently mentioned as strong candidates: Cardinal Bergoglio; Claudio Hummes of Brazil, a progressive who moved to the right; and Oscar Andres Rodriguez Maradiaga of Honduras, a conservative on social issues.

Also mentioned were Norberto Rivera Carrera, archbishop of Mexico, who at 62 may be considered too young, and Juan Sandoval Iniguez, 72, archbishop of Guadalajara.

With so many candidates and so much apparent division, another familiar situation is looking more and more possible.

In the last conclave in 1978, Vatican-watchers had concocted lists of potential popes 20 to 30 names long, hoping that would cover all the possibilities. But Karol Wojtyla, the cardinal from Poland who became Pope John Paul II after three days, made practically none of them.

''Do not underestimate the power of the microculture that is generated among the cardinals when they are together,'' said Mr. Bermudez, the Peruvian editor. ''The kind of reflections that end up influencing them are completely unpredictable.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Chart/Photos: ''Cardinals in the Spotlight''Here are profiles of cardinals who have been mentioned often in conversations recently about who will succeed John Paul II as pope. Other candidates may emerge.ITALIANSCamillo Ruini, 74 -- ItalyVicar general of Rome. President of Italian bishops conference, prolific author and intellectual. Has intervened in many political battles in Italy. Overly involved in politics, critics say. Reportedly had a quadruple heart bypass in 2000. A deft politician.Angelo Scola, 63 -- ItalyBorn near Milan, the son of a truck driver. A theologian of international renown. Has reached out to Orthodox churches and Muslims. Impeccable conservative credentials, especially on family issues, but sometimes considered too intellectual, his theological work dense and complex.Dionigi Tettamanzi, 71 -- ItalyBorn near Milan to a ***working class*** family. Theologically moderate to conservative and outspoken on social issues. An expert in bioethics. Said to have helped to write the encyclical ''The Gospel of Life.'' Could be a candidate who can gain support of conservative and moderate cardinals.NON-ITALIAN EUROPEANSJos da Cruz Policarpo, 69 -- PortugalA dark horse candidate whose name has risen only recently. Little known outside Portugal. More liberal than most other cardinals. A European who might also appeal to Latin Americans. Has been active in pushing for a Catholic renewal in Europe. Sought better dialogue with other religions.Joseph Ratzinger, 78 -- GermanyOne the closest theological advisers of John Paul II. Has been the church's doctrinal watchdog since 1981. Has taken hard lines against feminism, secularism and Islam. Disciplined prominent theologians. Has strong supporters and admirers among cardinals but also strong opponents.Christoph Schnborn, 60 -- AustriaBorn to a noble family. Studied under Cardinal Ratzinger. Restored the credibility of the Vienna diocese after a sex-scandal tainted his predecessor. Failed to appease those calling for reform. Missteps have called into question his ability as manager. Has called for more dialogue with Islam.LATIN AMERICA AND NORTH AMERICAJorge Mario Bergoglio, 68 -- ArgentinaSon of Italian immigrants. A Jesuit, but a very conservative one. Humble profile, takes buses around town. Opposed liberation theology but also spoke out against policies that impoverished millions of Argentines. A third world candidate who might also relate to Europeans.Norberto Rivera Carrera, 62 -- MexicoLike many Latin American Catholics, combines theological conservatism with an outspoken defense of the poor. Has spoken out against ''xenophobic attitudes'' in the United States toward Mexican immigrants. Considered a dark horse, slightly too young to make him a top-tier candidate.Claudio Hummes, 70 -- BrazilOnce considered a liberal, allowing union leaders to make political speeches during his masses in the 1970's, and speaking out against the former military government. Has since moved to the right on doctrinal issues. Considered attractive as a third world candidate with strong ties to Europe.Oscar Andrs Rodrguez Maradiaga, 63 -- HondurasA media favorite: speaks eight languages, is a pilot, plays the piano and saxophone. Has built a reputation for promoting for social justice. Encouraged lay movements in Honduras. His chances are hurt by his youth and perception among some colleagues that he has campaigned to be pope.Marc Ouellet, 60 -- CanadaA respected theologian and philosopher, and former seminary rector. Was installed as archbishop of Quebec in 2002. A solid conservative in the line of John Paul II: has been involved with Vatican agencies on marriage, the family and ecumenism. Would make a very surprising choice at his age.AFRICA AND ASIAFrancis Arinze, 72 -- NigeriaBorn into the Ibo tribe. His family followed traditional animist religion, but he converted to Catholicism at age 9. Now less pastor than Vatican insider, after years there in charge of relations with Islam. A conservative like John Paul, funny and charming, but at times criticized as not an original thinker.Ivan Dias, 69 -- IndiaBorn in Bombay. For more than three decades served in the Vatican diplomatic corps, in Africa, Asia and Europe. Has kept a low profile, rarely going out to meet the poor but encouraging priests to do so. More conservative than many Indian Catholics. Has spoken of homosexuality as a disease.(pg. 18)

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**End of Document**



[***Film Series and Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7TYC-G200-Y8TC-S0SX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Film Series

BREADLINES AND CHAMPAGNE (Friday through Thursday) Film Forum kicks off a monthlong festival of films made during the Great Depression on Friday with Mae West's outrageous 1933 ''I'm No Angel,'' offered at the equally outrageous admission price of 35 cents -- the average price of a Manhattan movie ticket in 1933. On Saturday and Sunday a double bill demonstrates how deeply Hollywood was concerned with the social issues of the day: Frank Borzage's glorious romance ''Man's Castle,'' with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young as unemployed residents of a Central Park shantytown, and Frank Capra's didactic comedy ''American Madness,'' in which a heroic banker (Walter Huston) resists a run on his establishment. The pleasures continue through March 5, with many of the Warner Brothers titles shown in newly struck prints from the original camera negatives in the Library of Congress. Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, (212) 727-8110, filmforum.org; $11. (Dave Kehr)

FADED GLORY (Friday through Wednesday) With 35 titles offered, this has to be one of the largest retrospectives of the independent black cinema -- a k a ''race movies'' -- ever assembled in New York. The program begins on Friday at 7 p.m. with a screening of a new 35-millimeter print of Spencer Williams's magnificent work ''The Blood of Jesus,'' a 1941 film that energetically tramples the rules of Hollywood storytelling as it tries to translate the style and substance of a religious revival meeting into cinematic terms. The film scholar Jacqueline Stewart will introduce the program. At 9:30 p.m., there's ''God's Step Children'' (1938), the first of several films in the program by the indomitable Oscar Micheaux, one of the earliest and certainly the most persistent creator of films for African-American audiences. Micheaux's 1925 ''Body and Soul,'' which will be screened at 8 p.m. on Saturday, with musical accompaniment by the pianist Donald Sosin and the bass singer Kevin Maynor, is probably the director's most fully realized work. It is a parable about twin brothers -- one an alcoholic thief, the other a college-educated inventor -- both played by Paul Robeson. Other highlights include Richard Maurice's ''Eleven P.M.'' (Sunday), a rarely screened experimental feature from 1928; Richard Norman's ''Flying Ace'' (Wednesday), a 1926 action film produced by the Florida-based Norman Film Manufacturing Company; Murray Roth's ''Yamekraw'' (Tuesday and Wednesday), a one-reel vision of African-American history, based on James P. Johnson's composition and filmed in 1930 at Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studios; and Edgar G. Ulmer's 1939 ''Moon Over Harlem'' (Sunday and Tuesday), a gangster film shot in a New Jersey warehouse on a budget of $8,000. The series runs through Feb. 19. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'BRIDE WARS' (PG, 1:34) Die, Bridezilla, die! (Manohla Dargis)

'CADILLAC RECORDS' (R, 1:48) This rollicking and insightful celebration of Chicago blues serves as a group portrait of a remarkable, volatile constellation of artists, including Muddy Waters (the impressive Jeffrey Wright), Chuck Berry (Mos Def) and Etta James (Beyonce Knowles). This movie is crowded and sprawling, and if it rambles sometimes, that's just fine. (A. O. Scott)

'CHANDNI CHOWK TO CHINA' (PG-13, 2:20, in Hindi, Cantonese and Mandarin) The immensely popular Akshay Kumar stars in this genial mash-up of Bollywood and kung fu. Too frantic at the beginning, ''Chandni'' settles down to become an enjoyable if slight Saturday matinee picture. It was financed and distributed by Warner Brothers, a first for Bollywood. (Rachel Saltz)

'CHE' (R, 4:17, in Spanish and Englishshown in two parts 2:09 and 2:08) Nearly four and a half hours long and spanning more than a decade, ''Che'' surely deserves the overworked, frequently misapplied label of epic. But it's a narrow epic, and while Benicio Del Toro, in the title role, offers a performance that's technically flawless, the movie is politically naive and dramatically inert. (Scott)

'THE CLASS' (No rating, 2:08, in French, with English subtitles) An artful, intelligent, heartfelt fiction film from the director Laurent Cantet about modern French identity and the attempt to transform young students of all sizes, shapes and colors into citizens through talk, talk, talk. (Dargis)

'THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON' (PG-13, 2:47) A hothouse blossom of romance, intrigue and breathtaking digital effects from David Fincher (''Zodiac,'' ''Fight Club''). Brad Pitt stars as a man who ages backward, but it is Cate Blanchett who provides the film's delicate, graceful emotional center of gravity. (A. O. Scott)

'DOUBT' (PG-13, 1:44) Adapted by John Patrick Shanley from his stage play, this drama about a Roman Catholic priest suspected of child molestation stars a tamped-down Philip Seymour Hoffman as the accused and an energetic, often wackily comic Meryl Streep as his accuser. (Dargis)

'FROST/NIXON' (R, 2:02) It's twinkle (Michael Sheen) versus glower (Frank Langella) in Ron Howard's amusing, facile edition of the Peter Morgan theatrical smackdown. (Dargis)

'FROZEN RIVER' (R, 1:37) Venturing deep into the trenches where hard-working Americans struggle to put food on the table, Courtney Hunt's powerful, somber film evokes a perfect storm of present-day economic and social woes. Playing an impoverished mother of two who smuggles illegal aliens across the Canadian border, Melissa Leo gives an awards-worthy performance. (Stephen Holden)

'GRAN TORINO' (R, 1:56) Once again Clint Eastwood shows everyone how it's done, with a sleek muscle car of a movie set in that industrial graveyard called Detroit about a racist who befriends a besieged Hmong family next door. (Dargis)

'HAPPY-GO-LUCKY' (R, 1:58) Happiness is a complicated, difficult matter, and for the bopping bloom at the center of Mike Leigh's generous, expansive new film -- a gurgling stream of giggles, laughs and words played by a glorious Sally Hawkins -- it's also a question of faith. (Dargis)

'HOTEL FOR DOGS' (PG, 1:40) Children and dogs: those two magic words distill the appeal of this cuter-than-cute, sweeter-than-sweet family film about animal-loving kids who embark on a crusade to rescue all the stray pooches in a fictional city. (Holden)

'INKHEART' (PG, 1:43) A movie about books coming to life that never manages to do so itself. (Scott)

'I'VE LOVED YOU SO LONG' (PG-13, 1:55, in French) The French novelist Philippe Claudel, making his debut as a director, shows sobriety and restraint in this story of a woman making her way back into normal life after serving a prison sentence for the murder of her son. Kristin Scott Thomas gives a remarkable lead performance, and Elsa Zylberstein as her sister is nearly as good. A climactic plot twist cheapens and diminishes the film somewhat, but it is still, for the most part, a powerful and subtle melodrama. (Scott)

'JUST ANOTHER LOVE STORY' (No rating, 1:40, in Danish) As this twisty Danish thriller zigzags between austere realism and surreal gore, you have the not unpleasant sense of being taken for a ride. It may not go anywhere in particular, but it is as exciting as a trip through a well-equipped, scary fun house. (Holden)

'LAST CHANCE HARVEY' (PG, 1:38) Dustin Hoffman and Emma Thompson don't make a lot of sense as a screen couple, but there's something irresistible about watching two people fall in love, even in contrived, sniffle- and sometimes gag-inducing films like this one. (Dargis)

'LET THE RIGHT ONE IN' (No rating, 1:54, in Swedish) A charming and chilling Swedish love story directed by Tomas Alfredson about a lonely boy and the girl next door who may just happen to be a vampire. (Dargis)

'LUCK BY CHANCE' (No rating, 2:26, in Hindi and English) This enjoyable Bollywood offering spends a lot of its time wittily satirizing Bollywood itself as it tells the story of two young actors finding and losing romance as they try to find movie fame. Farhan Akhtar is a find as the male lead; Zoya Akhtar, his sister, wrote and directed. (Neil Genzlinger)

'MAN ON WIRE' (PG-13, 1:34) Philippe Petit's 1974 tightrope walk between the towers of the World Trade Center might have seemed, at the time, like a crazy stunt, but James Marsh's beautiful documentary understands it as a work of art. (Scott)

'MARLEY AND ME' (PG, 2:05) The bland, obsequious screen adaptation of John Grogan's best-selling 2005 memoir of his up-and-down relationship with an unruly Labrador retriever has a surefire tear-jerker ending. But the bond between human and pet and what they can learn from each other remains unexplored. (Holden)

'MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY' (No rating, 1:27) The day after a one-night stand, two young, black San Franciscans (Wyatt Cenac and Tracey Heggins) muse on matters of love, race and urban life in Barry Jenkins's modest, witty and self-assured first feature. (Scott)

'MEMORIAL DAY' (No rating, 1:33) Spring-break delirium is equated with the excesses at Abu Ghraib in this dubious exercise in mock-documentary conceptualism. (Nathan Lee)

'MILK' (R, 2:08) Gus Van Sant's film about Harvey Milk (1930-78), the San Francisco City supervisor who was one of the first openly gay elected officials in the country, is less a standard biopic than a sharp, lyrical history lesson, touching not only on a crucial decade in the gay-rights movement but also on the rough and tumble of big-city politics and the tricky ways of love. Sean Penn outdoes himself as Milk, balancing his intense conviction with an unusual and welcome playfulness. The large supporting cast is also excellent, and includes James Franco as Milk's lover and campaign manager, Scott Smith, and Josh Brolin as Dan White, Milk's colleague on the Board of Supervisors and also his murderer. (Scott)

'MOSCOW, BELGIUM' (No rating, 1:42, in Flemish) You may have observed the characters' banal situations in countless other movies, not to mention in your own life, but it is unusual to find them explored with such matter-of-fact truthfulness. (Holden)

'MY BLOODY VALENTINE 3D' (R, 1:41) Adding an extra dimension to the fondly remembered 1981 Canadian slasher about a rogue slayer in a small mining town, ''My Bloody Valentine 3D'' blends cutting-edge technology and old-school prosthetics to produce gore you can believe in. And if the gas-masked villain is less than terrifying, his pursuit of a naked young woman (Betsy Rue) is inspired. If there were an award for acting full-frontally while wearing sky-high stilettos, Ms. Rue would surely teeter away with it. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'NEW IN TOWN' (PG, 1:36) In this flat romantic comedy Renee Zellweger plays a corporate shark from Miami dispatched to an underperforming branch in New Ulm, Minn., where the folksy locals (including Harry Connick Jr.) thaw her frozen heart. (Holden)

'NOT EASILY BROKEN' (PG-13, 1:39) Directed by Bill Duke and based on a novel by the megachurch minister T. D. Jakes, this story of a marriage under stress is hokey and sometimes clumsy, but anchored in an earnest engagement with the lives of its characters, who have the good fortune of being portrayed by a fine cast. (Scott)

'NOTORIOUS' (R, 2:02) The legend of Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn-born rapper who was murdered in 1997, is given the full epic-melodrama-biopic treatment in this uneven, rarely dull film, among whose producers are Smalls's mother, Violetta Wallace, and his friend and mentor Sean Combs. Those two important figures are played by Angela Bassett and Derek Luke, while Smalls is impersonated by Jamal Woolard, whose faithful mimicry compensates for some of his limitations as an actor. (Scott)

'PAUL BLART: MALL COP' (PG, 1:30) Fat people are funny. Fat people who run into things are funnier. Fat people who run into things and have humiliating ***working-class*** jobs? Stop, you're killing me! (Lee)

'RACHEL GETTING MARRIED' (R, 1:54) Anne Hathaway plays Kym, furloughed from rehab to attend her sister Rachel's wedding. The director, Jonathan Demme, working from a script by Jenny Lumet, takes a fairly conventional family-therapy drama and packs it with exuberant vitality. There is ample sorrow and recrimination at this party, but nonetheless you'll be sorry when it ends. (Scott)

'THE READER' (R, 2:03) You have to wonder who, exactly, wants or perhaps needs to see another movie about the Holocaust that embalms its horrors with artfully spilled tears and also asks us to pity a death camp guard. Kate Winslet plays the guard; Stephen Daldry directs. (Dargis)

'REVOLUTIONARY ROAD' (R, 1:59) Sam Mendes directs Kate Winslet and a fine Leonardo DiCaprio in a waxworks edition of the corrosive, furiously unsentimental novel by Richard Yates about an unhappy marriage in the mid-1950s. (Dargis)

'SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE' (R, 2:00) A modern fairy tale from Danny Boyle (''Trainspotting'') about a pauper angling to become a prince, this sensory blowout largely takes place amid the squalor of Mumbai, India, where lost children and dogs sift through trash so fetid that you swear you can smell the discarded mango as well as its peel. (Dargis)

'SYNECDOCHE, NEW YORK' (R, 2:04) To say that Charlie Kaufman's feature debut is one of the best films of the year or even the one closest to my heart is such a pathetic response to its soaring ambition that I might as well pack it in right now. (In other words: Go!) (Dargis)

'THE UNBORN' (PG-13, 1:40) There's a dybbuk loose, and Gary Oldman is the rabbi who must stop it. (Dargis)

'UNDERWORLD: RISE OF THE LYCANS' (R, 1:32) Michael Sheen howls up a storm in this prehistory to the first two ''Underworld'' flicks, which rewinds to when the werewolves rebelled against their vampire masters. (Dargis)

'THE UNINVITED' (PG-13, 1:27) Regrets only. (A. O. Scott)

'VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA' (PG-13, 1:36) A rueful comedy from Woody Allen about two young American women (Scarlett Johansson and Rebecca Hall) who, during a summertime European idyll, savor numerous Continental delicacies, some provided by the equally alluring Javier Bardem and Penelope Cruz. (Dargis)

'WALTZ WITH BASHIR' (R, 1:27) Ari Folman's animated documentary about Israeli soldiers haunted by memories of the 1982 Lebanon war is part memoir, part dream, part combat picture and altogether amazing. (Scott)

'WENDY AND LUCY' (R, 1:20) In Kelly Reichardt's latest film Michelle Williams plays Wendy, a lonely young woman who encounters a run of bad luck while drifting through Oregon and Washington with her dog, Lucy. At first glance the film seems like little more than an extended anecdote, but underneath this plain narrative surface is a lucid and melancholy inquiry into the current state of American society. (Scott)

'THE WRESTLER' (R, 1:45) Mickey Rourke, with sly, hulking grace, stars as a washed-up wrestler hoping for a comeback. But like its hero, the movie has a blunt, exuberant honesty, pulling off even its false moves with conviction and flair. (Scott)

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**End of Document**



[***MAKING THE MOVE WITH: Eddy Curry and Tyson Chandler; Raise High the Roof, Realtor - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44BC-FYK0-0109-T1JT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

WHEN he moved from his family's apartment in ***working-class*** Calumet City, Ill., last summer, Eddy Curry, 18, had a vision for his first home. "I wanted to build a huge mansion with a pool," he said. "Then I calmed down and started looking at condos." When Tyson Chandler, 19, left his family house in Buena Park, Calif., he wanted wide open spaces.

A first home for an American teenager is usually a stumbling affair, fraught with reedy finances and the dubious enthusiasms of adolescence. But for Mr. Curry and Mr. Chandler, who began their rookie seasons in the National Basketball Association last night, there are also unique obstacles and scrutiny, along with the confusing license of sudden, early wealth.

Mr. Chandler, a 7-foot-1-inch forward, was the second player chosen in the 2001 N.B.A. draft; Mr. Curry, 6-foot-11 and a center-forward, was the fourth. A year ago, the two were negotiating the vicissitudes of 12th grade. Now, as the newest members of the woeful Chicago Bulls, they belong to the trickle of teenage basketball players who Commissioner David Stern has said should be in the extended coddle of college, not the N.B.A. As first-round draft picks, they are guaranteed contracts of three years and up to $8.9 million.

For their first homes, both took measured steps, renting unspectacular properties near the Bulls' practice facility on the suburban North Shore of Lake Michigan; they bought houses for their parents. Mr. Curry is also helping to raise a newborn son, Eddy III, who lives with his former girlfriend on the South Side.

In his four-bedroom Georgian house last week, in a neighborhood where similar homes rent for around $4,000 a month, Mr. Chandler assayed his progress on the domestic front. If he harbors an inner Martha, he is not letting it out just yet. The house, tidied up for this reporter's visit, has the bare feel of a masculine bunker, with a few pieces of puffy rented furniture and a big flat-screen TV. In Mr. Chandler's life, domestic matters often yield to basketball; he moved twice to be nearer his high school in Compton, Calif., and spent another year in the home of his summer-team coach. "I'm not going to do anything with the place," he said of the new home. "It's just a first-year place where I can get adjusted."

On the night Mr. Chandler was drafted, his mother, Vernie Threadgill, cried twice -- first when her son was selected by the nearby Los Angeles Clippers, then, hours later, when he was traded to the Bulls.

Mr. Chandler has been in the public eye since the 8th grade, when "60 Minutes" used him in a feature about the influence sneaker companies like Nike exert over very young athletes. As a junior at the basketball powerhouse Dominguez High School, he drove a Cadillac Escalade S.U.V. equipped with three television sets, which he bought on credit against future N.B.A. earnings. After that, life on his own has struck him as less than glamorous.

"It's harder mentally than physically," he said, gazing vaguely toward the mute television. "You have to deal with your everyday life, paying bills. You go from being a student, a son, a brother, to being a businessman. You have to make business decisions overnight."

For the N.B.A., players like Mr. Chandler and Mr. Curry pose a particular challenge. Satch Sanders, the league's vice president of player programs, runs a transition camp to assist rookies through the speed bumps. (This year's camp, which had been scheduled for the week of Sept. 11 in New York, was canceled; the office is dispensing written assignments.)

Mr. Sanders believes the players would be better off smoothing their adolescent edges in college.

"These are youngsters who have never been exposed to a lot of the maturing experiences in life," he said. "Many have never had the freedom of living alone. You have to expect that they are going to try things that they have not had the opportunity to do. Does that mean loud music, partying, people having to rein them in? Yes, that's exactly what it means. Same as anyone else their age. But the difference is, no one wants to make those mistakes with the lights so bright."

To ease the transition, Mr. Chandler, his mother and his stepfather asked a family friend, Tom Lewis, 33, to live with him. Mr. Lewis, who worked for Nike-sponsored youth programs in California, had trained Mr. Chandler since junior high. (Nike courted both Mr. Chandler and Mr. Curry as youngsters; when they turned pro, both signed endorsement deals with the company.)

In their new home, Mr. Lewis does housework and shopping and helps Mr. Chandler keep to a schedule; he also plays the gracious loser in the house's several amusements: Playstation, table tennis and billiards.

They have built a spartan life. "I'm getting better as a cook, but I need practice, " Mr. Lewis said.

Mr. Lewis will not travel with the team. "I'm here to give him support, but he has to go through the process by himself," Mr. Lewis said. "It's hard, but Tyson makes excellent decisions for his age."

Since Kevin Garnett jumped from a Chicago high school to the Minnesota Timberwolves in 1995, 14 players have made the leap, most of them successfully. The Bulls are the first team with two at once. The team hired Bill Wennington, a former Bull, to teach the younger players life skills, including lessons in financial planning, nutrition and anger management. Mr. Wennington also dispenses real estate advice.

"The first thing I told them is that you're only 18 years old, your tastes are not going to be the same in five years," he said. "They've been responsible, not spending all their money on things they won't want later."

Mr. Wennington expects the young players, like all teenagers, to learn some lessons the hard way. "It's like raising children," he said, using language not usually applied to multimillionaires. "You can't force them to do things you want them to do. They have to learn for themselves."

Sheri Cartwright, a real estate agent who is married to a Bulls assistant coach, Bill Cartwright, helped with houses, taking a maternal interest. "These guys are the same age as my kids," she said. "I would adopt Tyson in two seconds."

When they asked her to help find homes, she said, "Of course they wanted to be downtown where all the action is; I told them that they'd spend their lives in traffic."

After scaling down his plans, Mr. Curry rented a three-bedroom town house that he shares with two Rottweiler puppies named Nasty and Bear. He chose Rottweilers, he said, because "they looked meaner than Siberian huskies." Mr. Wennington's financial talk gave him a cold shock.

"They went through the taxes, showed us how much money we actually have to use," Mr. Curry said. "We make good money, but once you see 46 percent gone, it makes you think twice about spending it wildly."

Because he grew up locally, Mr. Curry wanted his home to be a comfortable place for family members and friends. He hired a decorator, who selected tasteful modern furnishings. Had he been drafted elsewhere, he said, he would have moved his parents with him. But being close to home brings added pressures. Visitors from his high school team have taken sneakers, clothes -- anything with a Bulls logo on it.

Mr. Sanders, the league official, said this can be the hardest adjustment for new players. When he was a rookie with the Boston Celtics in 1962, and returned to his mother's home on 116th Street in Manhattan, he remembers neighbors asking for help with rent. "I couldn't say no," he said. "But it taught me a lesson real quick. The next season I moved my mother out of that community. I couldn't afford to go back." The league offers advice in dealing with such demands, but no easy solutions.

On this front, Mr. Curry found it beneficial to be so young. His friends, he said, "don't know what it's like to ask for an expensive car. They want tickets to a game, or a $100 jacket. They don't have rent to pay."

As Mr. Curry and Mr. Chandler begin their first season in the N.B.A. and their first year of living on their own, both say they have drawn support from each other. Neither has found the life exactly as he expected.

Mr. Curry had long rebelled against his parents' strict curfew. "No matter what time they told me to come into the house, I wasn't satisfied with it," he said. "Now, every night I'm here by 8 o'clock." Some nights he sleeps on the couch downstairs, too tired to go to his bedroom.

Mr. Chandler thinks often of his grandparents' farm in Hanford, Calif., where he spent his first seven years. He still likes to return in the summer, doing chores and fishing with his cousins. "That was reality to me," he said. "Everything else was play."

Now, 2,000 miles away, he said, "I have to find that again, get back in my comfort zone. I have to make my own version of that."

This is the challenge for both players, as they take their bumps in a world for which no high school could prepare them. Already, the two are thinking ahead. When his lease is up, Mr. Chandler said, he plans to trade the house for a condo. As for Mr. Curry's next move, he said, "When I sign my second contract, then I'm going to build the big house."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 1 about Eddy Curry and Tyson Chandler, teenagers who play in the National Basketball Association, and their adjustment to a new life of wealth and independence, referred incorrectly to the mother with whom Mr. Curry's infant son lives. She is Mr. Curry's wife, not his former girlfriend.

**Correction-Date:** November 22, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: BOYS TO MEN -- Eddy Curry, left, and Tyson Chandler; at right, Mr. Curry and Rottweilers at home; far right, Mr. Chandler takes a walk near his rented house. (Mark Hanauer; insets, Steve Kagan for The New York Times)(pg. F1); THE TALL STORY -- Instead of building mansions, Tyson Chandler, left, and Eddy Curry, below signing player cards, rented modest homes in the suburbs; inset above left, Mr. Chandler wearing No. 32 and Eddy Curry in a high school game in St. Louis last year. Above right, the two players with Jerry Krause, general manager of the Chicago Bulls. (Charles Bennett/Associated Press); (James A. Finley/Associated Press); (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times)(pg. F10)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NFJ0-0038-D1KB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***English Theater Quick on Political Trigger***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NFJ0-0038-D1KB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 3; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1506 words

**Byline:** By MEL GUSSOW, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

In the 1970's, during the heyday of the Joint Stock Company and other politically inclined theatrical organizations, English playwrights like Caryl Churchill, David Hare and Howard Brenton often reacted immediately to public issues. Faced with urgent political questions, the writers reached for their quill cudgels.

Except for the agitprop days of the Living Newspaper in the 1930's, playwrights in the United States have traditionally left such quick commentary in the hands of stand-up comics and monologuists. Although in the 1980's this kind of political theater was on the wane in London - possibly because theaters were worried about losing financial support - this summer in London there has been a reawakening of interest in what could be called Theater of the Moment.

As in previous years, the playwrights are led by Miss Churchill, whose new play, ''Mad Forest,'' is an insightful investigation of the revolution in Romania last December that toppled the regime of Nicolae Ceausescu and led to the execution of the Communist dictator and his wife. Simultaneously, the Royal Court Theater sponsored a six-week season of 15 issue-oriented dialogues, under the title ''May Days.''

Max Stafford-Clark, the company's artistic director, has explained the impetus for the dialogues: ''The swift course of events in Eastern Europe at the end of 1989 and the end of a decade of Thatcherism here in Britain prompted a wish for a kind of 'Royal Court Instant Response Unit,' able to give a theatrical platform to the immediate debate of political issues.''

The immediacy of the playwrights' response does not necessariy insure wide public attention. The Churchill play is performed on a small stage in the Embassy Theater in North London by students at the Central School of Speech and Drama - a long way from the customary venues of the author of such trans-Atlantic successes as ''Cloud Nine,'' ''Top Girls'' and ''Fen.'' The show is scheduled to conclude its run this weekend. The May Days series, which ended this month, played to embarrassingly small audiences, a fact that was variously attributed to a dearth of publicity, mixed notices and public apathy.

Nevertheless, the plays - in particular, ''Mad Forest'' and Doug Lucie's Royal Court one-act, ''Doing the Business'' - are provocative in the extreme.

Miss Churchill's play, commissioned by the Central School, is an incendiary piece of theater, which moves beyond reportage into a kind of historical analysis. As a play, it still has rough edges. Some scenes are either underdeveloped or overextended. But it has a visceral sense of events happening as the audience watches and a feeling of first-hand truthfulness.

Together with her director, Mark Wing-Davey, Ms. Churchill visited Bucharest in March, amassing information and images. Two months later, the playwright had finished writing the play and it was in production, without the delays found in the commercial and even the institutional theater.

Sitting on hard concrete blocks, theatergoers are uncomfortable witnesses to the Romanian revolution, as it detonates and then is eventually surrounded by questions. In the first act there are glimpses of the repressiveness of the Ceausescu regime and the economic and political deprivations suffered by Romanian citizens. The view is through the eyes of two families, one ***working class***, one representing the intelligentsia - about to be united through marriage.

The second act offers a collage of snapshot reactions to the revolution. As in a mystery play, people with limited knowledge try to piece together what actually happened. In the third and most amorphous act, the playwright describes the seismic tremors that continue after the initial revolution. Especially in this final section, there are indications of Miss Churchill's more imaginative side, as she creates a sardonic encounter between a dapper Transylvanian vampire and a fleabitten dog, a stand-in for the bedeviled common man. Wisely, the playwright has refrained from sealing her play with a conclusion. Like the revolution itself, the play remains in progress.

The confused nature of the uprising, as Miss Churchill sees it, is reflected in the title. ''Mad Forest'' refers to the name of a forest outside Bucharest, considered to be ''impenetrable for the foreigner who did not know the paths.'' In other words, Miss Churchill believes one would have to be Romanian to understand the intricacies of the events of the last year, and even then the view might be obstructed. Guided by the playwright, we begin to understand the political and moral complexity. In one of many bitterly comic interludes, the play's Ceausescu explains why he is mightier than God. God created the sun, the moon, the stars and mankind ''out of chaos''; Ceausescu boasts, ''I created the chaos.''

The student actors are a closely allied ensemble, offering indications of their nascent theatrical talent. Similarly, there is a feeling of potential in the play - incomplete but far more evocative than the author's last effort (''Ice Cream,'' produced last season at the Public Theater in New York). With work, ''Mad Forest'' could become the Eastern European political equivalent of Miss Churchill's ''Fen,'' a play that far transcended its journalistic origins.

Coincidentally, at Miss Churchill's customary habitat, the Royal Court, there was the rotating repertory of one-act political dialogues, commissioned from a wide diversity of people, some of them playwrights, some of them public figures not previously involved in writing for the theater. The nonprofessional roster included one of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's advisers, a member of the Labor Party's shadow government, the Bishop of Durham and even a theater critic. Free to choose subjects, they focused on a diversity of contemporary issues.

The plays on one bill were ''The Wall-Dog,'' by Manfred Karge, a polemical conversation about German reunification; ''How Now Green Cow,'' a very funny assault on environmentalism by Julie Burchill, a newspaper columnist and pop novelist, and Mr. Lucie's ''Doing the Business,'' a comedy about the dangers inherent in private financing of the arts.

In the caustic Burchill comedy, a trendy woman (deftly played by Lesley Manville) committed to the self-indulgences of city life assails a liberal friend, who has retreated to the country and adopted a save-the-rain-forest missionary zeal. The author's anti-Green spokeswoman says, ''Nature is the biggest serial killer the world has ever seen.'' Theater of the Moment can, of course, derive from conservative as well as liberal hands.

The most incisive of the dialogues was ''Doing the Business.'' Mr. Lucie, the author of ''Progress'' and ''Fashion,'' is no latecomer in responding to public issues. But ''Doing the Business'' sets something of a record for a play hot off the presses. It was performed just as both England and the United States faced crises in financing of the arts. The crises outlasted the run of the play.

Those who are opposed to government support indicate that organizations and individual artists would be able to substitute private sponsorship for public support and this presumably would free them from restraints of censorship. With malevolent wit, Mr. Lucie concludes that the opposite is true. If anything, private financing, he says, will lead to more interference and a greater loss of artistic freedom.

The instruments for the author's debate are two former university classmates, a forward-looking theater director (Nick Dunning) and a fund raiser (Nicholas Woodeson) who brokers partnerships between art and business, something long in evidence in both countries. Mr. Woodeson, genial even as he is insidious, plays a diabolical dissembler who believes in ''creative funding'' - code words for censorship and sponsor control. In particular, the broker objects to two plays on the director's schedule, one by an Irishman (therefore, Mr. Woodeson concludes, he only writes ''Irish plays''), the other by a lesbian and dealing with child abuse. In the current English climate, the lesbian is more acceptable than the Irishman.

In order to guarantee jobs for members of his company, the director trims and rationalizes while trying to maintain his artistic conscience. Eager to please his own constituency, Mr. Woodeson dilutes the other's intentions through a series of guileful maneuvers, suggesting that he cast a famous ''alternative comedian'' in a leading role in a play to boost ticket sales. Art is sacrificed in the name of ''doing business'' and ''compromise is the language of progress.'' The sensibility is not too far removed from the crass commercialism of the movie executives in David Mamet's ''Speed-the-Plow.''

Mr. Lucie's short sharp satire has a particular resonance during a time when the National Endowment for the Arts is being subjected to heavy criticism. In this excoriating example of Theater of the Moment, audiences could be watching what may happen in the American arts if grants by the endowment are further restricted.

**Graphic**

Photo: The cast of ''Mad Forest,'' Caryl Churchill's new play about the Romanian revolution last December. (Nigel Morgan/Mad Forest)

**End of Document**



[***Oh, Brother***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45VT-FR40-01CN-H21Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 46

**Length:** 3425 words

**Byline:**  By Matt Bai; Matt Bai is the national affairs correspondent for Rolling Stone. His last feature for the magazine was about Max Kennedy.

**Body**

It was almost time for his big speech, and Ed Thompson sat at a table, plucking ice cubes from a drained water pitcher and popping them into his mouth. "We don't have too many people here," Thompson said, scanning the sparsely filled convention hall. "I'd hoped the turnout would be better."

One of Thompson's supporters approached and grabbed his arm. "Here's some trivia about Ed," he announced. "Did you know he has the same birthday as Isaac Newton and Jesus?"

"I didn't know about Isaac Newton," Thompson said thoughtfully. "I knew about Jesus."

The election-year convention of Wisconsin's Libertarian Party had just gotten under way. Its main purpose was to promote Thompson's campaign for governor. About 50 party loyalists milled around the banquet room, eating catered lasagna and swigging pop. A rack of "Ed Thompson for Governor" T-shirts sat unmolested by the door.

At first glance, this could have been a scene from any of the hundreds of oddball political campaigns that are generally treated as the freak shows of American politics -- when they're noticed at all. But this one would not go unnoticed. Three camera crews lined up to hear Ed speak. The president of the national Libertarian Party was there from Washington, bearing a $1,000 check. So was New Mexico's Republican governor, Gary Johnson, although he couldn't actually endorse Ed and had to leave before the speech. Despite Ed's abject lack of credentials, financing or organization, polls showed that a third of the state's voters already knew who he was, and roughly 7 percent were inclined to vote for him.

The reason for all this attention, Ed admitted, had less to do with him than with the fact that his big brother is Tommy Thompson, President Bush's health and human services secretary and a giant of the G.O.P. Tommy served for 14 years as Wisconsin's governor and probably could have had the job for life; he may be the most popular politician in the state's history. Ed, by contrast, is a former small-town mayor and local folk hero whose resume includes stints as a bar owner, poker hustler and boxer.

"I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Tommy's name, that's the thing," Ed explained. He looks owlish like his brother, though a bit more dusted up from a life of bar fights and hard labor. "Of course, there are a lot of differences between Tommy and me. As brothers, we're close, but on politics, we're totally different. Tommy's the epitome of the career politician." I asked him what made him so different from the man he sometimes refers to as "my illustrious brother." He shrugged. "Tommy went to law school and passed the bar, and I went off to town and bought a bar." He paused and shook his head. "And to their dying day, our poor parents wondered where Tommy went wrong." He laughed loudly, rose from the table and slapped my shoulder. "First time I used that one!" It clearly wasn't, but Ed is like a human card trick: he's so much fun that you don't mind being taken in.

Ed didn't say much about Tommy by name in a convention speech that made the case for his signature issues: marijuana legalization, school vouchers, less state spending. But it was hard not to miss the theme. "I'm as common as dirt," the 57-year-old candidate told the faithful dozens. On the other hand, the "career politicians" in Madison, he said, were wasting taxpayers' money to maintain 8,000 buildings, millions of acres of public land and a fleet of 30 airplanes. "I don't know what they're going to do with all those airplanes," Ed mused, almost to himself. "Maybe invade Illinois."

Although political insiders in Madison doubt that Ed can win the State House, he could easily decide the outcome of a close election, most likely by peeling off a critical layer of Republican voters. But what makes this election more intriguing is the awkward situation that Ed has created for his big brother. It is well known in Republican circles that Tommy isn't especially enamored of the incumbent, Scott McCallum, who served as his lieutenant governor. But the White House will expect Tommy to help keep the state Republican -- which means that he will not only aid McCallum, but he'll also have to campaign against his own brother at the same time.

Even without all that, Ed said he wouldn't expect Tommy to embrace his candidacy. "I love him very, very much, but I don't want to die this young of a heart attack," Ed said. "And that's what would happen if he came out and supported me. I'd have a heart attack." He said this with a comic's timing, but there was an edge to his voice. "It would be the first time he's done that in his life. I don't know why he'd start now."

Inevitably, Ed Thompson's quixotic campaign has prompted comparisons to Roger Clinton and Billy Carter, who also had famous governors for big brothers and whose notoriety grew to national proportions. But Ed is not looking to get rich hawking pardons or beer. Although his campaign will strike some as silly, it is in fact rooted in a very real political phenomenon: the growing alienation among ***working-class*** Americans toward two stale political parties. And there's something poignant in Ed's quest -- something that can be appreciated by all the little brothers who ever struggled in the shadow of the perfect sibling. His message, after all, is aimed at the powerful establishment his "illustrious" brother has always embodied. In an era when candidates labor to separate politics from their personal struggles, Ed Thompson is binding them together and running for redemption.

Whe had an hour to kill before Ed spoke at the candidates' forum sponsored by the Ho-Chunk Nation at its casino in Baraboo, about an hour from Madison. So Ed found us some open seats at a blackjack table with a $5 minimum bet. He tossed a crisp $100 bill at the dealer, next to my rumpled Andrew Jackson, and began coaching me expertly. "Good time to double down," he advised, and when the dealer went bust he whooped with joy. After 40 minutes, he cashed out with an extra $100, which he used to buy his entourage a steak dinner at a roadside joint on the way home.

"You have to play against the dealer's cards," Ed counseled as we headed upstairs for his appearance. "It doesn't matter what cards you're dealt -- it's all about the dealer."

Sort of like life, I suggested.

"Oh, yeah!" he cried. "Life is cards, and God's the dealer."

Ed's cards were dealt in Elroy, Wis., the little town that Tommy made the cornerstone of his political lore. Tommy was the second child of four, and Ed was born three years after him. Both their mother and father taught in the two-room schoolhouse nearby. But the family business was the grocery store and gas station where the kids went to work as soon as they were able. Tommy was the stellar employee, shining eggs and stacking shelves, as he has so often reminded Wisconsin voters.

"We had to go to church all the time, pray the rosary," said Juliann Martin, the oldest sibling. "Eddie and I would always be busting up, but Tommy was very serious about it. And if our mother forgot to say the rosary, Tommy would be right there to remind her." She laughed. "We just wanted to kill him." Hoping to impress his father, whom he adored, Ed went to work at the store in third grade. But he was too young to keep up, and his father would holler at him: "Get out of the way! Move that box!" Ed soon detested the store Tommy recalls so fondly.

"I remember sitting in the back and thinking, God, please let this place burn down. But I never had the guts to tell him how much I hated it, so I just kept on trying. I thought I was inadequate." Funny and athletic, Ed was popular and managed to place eighth in the seventh-grade state spelling bee (he whiffed on "sesquipedalian"), but Tommy was the favorite son. "It seemed like my dad had all his hopes in Tommy. He was the one who was going to go to law school." Ed loved and admired Tommy, he said, but he wished he could say to his father, "Hey, I'm here, too!"

Instead, Ed found another way to impress his dad, who had been an amateur boxer. He fought -- with just about any kid who'd take him on. Eventually, he boxed for real in the local Golden Gloves, and Tommy announced the fights. By then, however, Tommy had other pursuits on his mind. He went to the university in Madison, graduated from law school and immediately entered state politics. Ed spent a semester at the university and then went on to the Navy, where he was discharged after suffering migraines. From there, his life became an adventure in thankless jobs and doomed business ventures.

Driving through flat Wisconsin cornfields, I asked Ed if he could list all of his former occupations. "You'd better have two pens," he said. He went on to describe baling hay, unloading turkeys for slaughter and cleaning blood from the gutters, shoveling highway blacktop, assembling truck beds in an auto plant (where a steel plate sliced his forearm), braking railroad cars, butchering meat, fighting fires, guarding cell blocks, selling farms and securities, cooking at a prison and running his own bars -- all while trying to help rear four children from a marriage that ended badly in 1984. A stint on the championship poker circuit in Vegas during the early 90's ended when he won and lost $15,000 in the same game and used what was left to buy a bus ticket home.

"Who could be better educated for the average Joe than me?" Ed said. "I've done all their jobs."

Ed's path twisted aimlessly, while Tommy barreled straight ahead. Tommy was elected governor in 1986 and spent 14 years in the mansion, pioneering welfare reform and ushering in a new era of Republican governors. He and Ed saw each other only a few times a year. "He'd say, 'Jesus, when you gonna come see me in Madison?"' Ed recalled, sliding into his good-natured, deep-voiced imitation of Tommy. "I'd think: Oh, yeah. When was the last time you invited me? I know Tommy loves me. But Tommy is just so focused. Being governor was everything. I don't think he even thought of me."

Until Ed made the occasional headline, that is. "Then I'd get the call," Ed said, becoming Tommy again. "Jesus, now what'd you do?"' Like the time a few years ago when Ed's pal Daisy got drunk and stabbed him in the rib. (Ed refused to rat on him, pleading guilty to a misdemeanor charge of obstructing justice instead.) Or the time Ed broke a leg parachuting -- then bolted the hospital, tripped and broke the other one.

I asked Ed how many times he'd sat in the governor's box at Packers games, since tickets are all but impossible to score. "He took everyone he ever met in Wisconsin except me," Ed said testily. He stared out the window of his campaign van and mulled over this rejection for a moment. Then he added, more softly, "You know, if I'd have asked for a ticket, I'm sure he would have given me one. I never would."

The regulars show up by 9 a.m. at Mr. Ed's Tee-Pee Supper Club in Tomah, a truck-stop town between Minneapolis and Madison. These days, Ed isn't just the owner of the Tee-Pee, a solid steakhouse with a tin Indian mounted out front. He's a local icon and caretaker. Each year, he serves up free Thanksgiving dinners for more than 1,000 area residents. He drives home drunks and takes in stragglers; his staff at the Tee-Pee includes an ex-con and a guy who was homeless and now sleeps upstairs. He has starred in three community theater productions: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers," "Plaza Suite" and "Barefoot in the Park." Even Tommy, then the governor, came to see the shows.

It was the Tee-Pee that finally caused Ed's life to come crashing down -- and then to reconstitute itself in ways he never imagined. It all began in 1992, when he sold the bar to a guy who promptly went bust and couldn't make his monthly payments to Ed. Out of work for more than a year and unable to get the Tee-Pee back, Ed was so broke, he likes to say, that he wrestled his dog for the last bone. He even called Tommy for help, which "was one of the hardest things I ever had to do." Tommy provided him contacts at the state lottery and at Miller Brewing, but Ed never got any calls back. Ed, who was drinking heavily, seriously contemplated "checking out" of life altogether, but instead he dried out and found spirituality in "A Course in Miracles," a book he picked up at a New Age bookstore. Finally regaining control of the Tee-Pee, he did everything from flip burgers to clean floors, living upstairs to save money and managing to rebuild the business. Life was looking up.

Then, on a cold night in 1997, cops burst into the Tee-Pee and emptied out the tills. It turned out that a local prosecutor with too much time on his hands had decided to raid every bar with an illegal video-poker machine. Thirty-nine bar owners pleaded guilty to minor charges. Ed's lawyer and Tommy urged him to take the same deal. But obstinate Ed was the only bar owner who wouldn't surrender. In a scene that is now Wisconsin legend, the prosecutor took the case to trial but found that Ed was so well loved in the community that prospective jurors refused to serve. The state dropped its case.

Just as "A Course in Miracles" had driven Ed toward God, the video-poker rebellion propelled him toward another passion: politics. Despite Tommy, or maybe because of him, Ed had avoided discussing politics, even in his bar. But now Ed joined the Libertarians -- the party leaders who approached him saw the value in a local celebrity who had fought the government -- and led a successful campaign to unseat his nemesis, the prosecutor. In 2000, while Tommy was traversing the state on behalf of his friend George W. Bush, Ed announced that he was running for mayor of Tomah. "Tommy guaranteed me I'd lose," Ed said. "All my life, he's been guaranteeing me I'd lose, but I never listen." This time, Ed won.

As mayor, Ed slashed the town's debt and abolished arcane committees. It didn't take long for Ed's political backers to begin urging him to run for governor. Ed wouldn't have much money for a campaign, but he'd have an equally valuable asset: instant name recognition. He made a pilgrimage to see Jesse Ventura, Minnesota's independent governor. When the papers ran a front-page photo of the two men arm in arm, Ed called Tommy, hoping for encouragement. "It was cold, man," he said, laughing. "I said, 'Tommy, what do you think about them trying to get me to run for governor?' I just waited a full minute. It felt like a year. Finally, he said, 'How are the kids?"' When Ed resolved to run, Tommy managed to offer some brotherly advice: buy some nice suits and lose some weight. Ed dropped 40 pounds.

Now Ed is using his brother's much beloved name to run against his brother's record. He isn't above exploiting Tommy's position for publicity either; a few weeks ago, he crashed Tommy's speech at the National Press Club in Washington and demanded a meeting to discuss drug policy. (He also admitted to The Washington Post that he had tried marijuana -- adding that "when I did, I inhaled.") He also enjoys tweaking his brother as a big spender. "Government grew under Tommy," Ed told me. "Government won't grow under me." I asked if this means he would be a better governor than Tommy. "Oh, yeah, there's no doubt about that," Ed said.

Tommy Thompson chuckled when he heard this. "I think I was one of the best governors," he said, as if Ed were just some rival broadcasting an attack ad. "I don't think that's possible. Anybody can say that, but it's a tough job being governor. I'm sure he'd do a fine job if he was elected."

He spoke to me on his cellphone during a swing through his home state. He tried hard to be gracious. For Tommy, answering questions about Ed is like marching in the Memorial Day parade or cutting a ribbon; it comes with the job, but there are things he'd rather be doing.

"I love him dearly," Tommy said. "I thought he should go for some other elective position first. I've encouraged him to run for the State Assembly. I've encouraged him to run for the State Senate. But he just doesn't want to do that." Any difference he has with his brother, Tommy said, is strictly political. "I love my brother, but I'm a Republican." Does that mean he'd support Ed if he were a Republican? "He's not, so I don't have to make that decision."

Tommy's main fear, he said, is that Ed might get hurt. Ed dismissed this concern as ridiculous. "How'm I gonna get hurt?" he asked with an amused grin. "If I get beat, I get beat. Been broke, been threatened with jail, been stabbed, broke both legs, you know? What more can happen? I never got away with a thing in my life. Nobody likes to be called a buffoon. But, hey, I'm gonna give this my best shot. If I lose, I go on."

If you were going to pick a state in which to foment revolt against the two main parties this November, Wisconsin wouldn't be a bad choice. The incumbent governor is faltering in polls. The unremarkable Democratic candidates are pounding one another in a primary. The state has a cavernous $1.1 billion budget deficit, and a burgeoning political scandal in Madison may bring indictments. And Wisconsin loves a maverick. Ed is building a following in places like the Sports Page in Elkhorn, a struggling tavern with a men's room painted Packers green. "I never liked a politician, but he's different," I overheard a burly patron say as Ed trounced me in a game of pool there.

Indeed, Ed isn't afraid to take a stand in front of a hostile audience. Speaking before public school teachers in Wausau, Ed said he was for school vouchers -- and against raises linked to good performance. "When they did that at the prison I worked at in Oxford, it didn't work," he explained, drawing snickers from a few teachers. "They had an employee of the month, and everybody hated the guy and let the air out of his tires and I don't know what else."

All that said, Ed Thompson isn't likely to become another Jesse Ventura. A former pro wrestler and movie actor, Ventura may have been new to politics, but he swept into the arena with a rare kind of polish and charisma. By contrast, Ed pretty much froze during his first live national TV appearance, with Greta Van Susteren. "They put you in this little tiny room with this big camera in front of you, and you're just sitting there like a big goof," he explained afterward. And at his first forum with the other candidates, a nervous Ed stuck so rigidly to his note cards that he answered question No. 1 with the response to question No. 3. His 22-year-old son, Joshua, held up a quickly scribbled sign: "Wrong answer."

Ed has had other frustrations. He was counting on help from the state's Tavern League, which he has helped lead for years. But his fellow bar owners abandoned him, explaining that they doubt he can win. Ed has raised about $190,000 and spent most of it already; by contrast, his brother and President Bush, during a swing through Wisconsin, helped McCallum raise almost $1 million in a single night. There are days when all the hours on the road hardly seem worth it to Ed. In Racine, he arrived at the long-scheduled meeting of the Kiwanis Club, but the audience consisted of 10 senior citizens in a church basement. None of them knew who he was.

Afterward, Ed looked out the van window pensively. "If Tommy says, 'I told you so,"' he said finally, "I'm gonna throw him out the door."

On another night, he arrived at a $35-a-plate fund-raiser at a steakhouse in Elkhorn expecting 100 people. There were 17, counting the waiters. "Where is everyone?" he asked. As the guests devoured roast turkey and mashed potatoes, Ed talked about the corruption in Madison, about the need to throw out career politicians, about all the attention his campaign was getting. Suddenly, a man who had been drinking called out from the back of the banquet room, "Isn't that because of your brother?"

Surprised, Ed nodded. Of course it had to do with Tommy, but. . . .

"Your brother's one of those career politicians!" the man shouted, although his point was obscure. Ed was being heckled at his own fund-raiser -- a political first.

"What's that got to do with me?" Ed asked.

There was some shouting in Ed's defense from other members of the audience. Finally, one of the event's hosts urged Ed to tell that joke about his brother, the one he'd told before. Flustered, Ed segued into the setup I first heard at the Libertarian convention. " . . . to their dying day, our parents wondered where Tommy went wrong."

The little room erupted in laughter and warm applause. Ed Thompson lowered his head, lifted his arms and let the moment wash over him.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Building a ***working-class*** following: Ed at a Polish festival. (Michael Edwards); Tommy and Ed at the Tee-Pee, 1998.

**Load-Date:** May 19, 2002

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[***IN EXPERIMENT IN JERSEY, WORKERS BUY A FACTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RG90-0009-22CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1355 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM SERRIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CLARK, N.J.

**Body**

Two blocks off Exit 135 of the Garden State Parkway, just north of the Exxon station, in an old red-brick factory surrounded by a somewhat unkempt lawn, an important experiment in American industry is taking place.

Here, in the industrial plain of northern New Jersey, employees, faced with a General Motors Corporation decree that the factory would be closed, purchased it for $53 million. On May 1, they will have owned the plant for six months.

Jim Zarrello, chairman of the union bargaining team at the plant, said the experiment ''is socialism to the point that there is more worker input.'' But, he said, ''it's capitalism in that we have a board of directors and the plant is run by a management group.''

CLARK, N.J. - Two blocks off Exit 135 of the Garden State Parkway, just north of the Exxon station, in an old red-brick factory surrounded by a somewhat unkempt lawn, an important experiment in American industry is taking place.

Pat Mazzeo, the plant's personnel director, said, ''Whether it's capitalism or socialism doesn't matter. That it works - that's what matters.''

''I didn't come into this as a social experiment,'' he said. But an experiment it is, and across the country business and labor people are watching the Clark plant, which makes bearings for automobiles and railroads.

While it may not be a revolution that is occurring at the factory, a G.M. plant since 1938 and now called Hyatt-Clark Industries Inc., interesting innovations are taking place.

Stock and bonuses are equally distributed. White-collar and bluecollar employees are working together to improve the company. The new management has also eliminated reserved parking and the executive dining room.

A 25-member employee committee will help iron out problems and train supervisors. The new company president, Howard E. Kurt, eats lunch each day with a different group of workers. To make workers aware of high energy costs, management posts the bills on the bulletin board; production records also are posted.

The company said productivity is up 80 percent. The number of defective products manufactured is down from about 10 percent to about 7 percent. Altered work rules have meant improved flexibility; when machines needed painting, production workers painted them.

In the 1970's, Mr. Zarrello said, the plant had as many as 2,000 grievances pending at one time; this month, he said, the plant has three.

Some 5,000 businesses are operated under employee stock ownership plans in the United States and, increasingly, as industrial plants have closed, such plans have been advanced as a means to stem the closings and give workers increased control of their companies.

The Clark plant, which was part of G.M.'s New Departure Hyatt Bearings division, played a special role in G.M. history. Alfred P. Sloan Jr., who created the modern General Motors as well as an entrepreneurial style for American business, came to G.M. from the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company when it was a separate concern. It is a measure of the change taking place in American industry that G.M. would not only divest itself of the Clark plant but sell to the employees the plant that gave them Mr. Sloan, a champion of capitalism.

An Alternative to Concessions

The purchase came at a time when unions have surrendered billions of dollars in concessions to employers. Union leaders here see employee ownership as an alternative to concessions.

The union leaders said that, instead, they acquired a holding in the company and, with themselves part of management, reached a new labor agreement. The agreement reduced wages by one-fourth, with production wages dropping from $12 to $9 an hour. Some holidays were eliminated and work rules were changed.

Mr. Zarrello said that blue-collar and white-collar workers would, through incentive plans, share in the company. The company has paid incentive bonuses, running from $110 to $160, in five of its six months. ''If you are going to get involved in concessions, you should get something significant,'' Mr. Zarrello said. ''I can't think of anything more significant than ownership.''

To the extent that the experiment is working - the company projects a loss of $6 million in its first year of operation, against $76 million in sales, and the plant's future is by no means assured - it is not because of ***working-class*** ideology but largely because of cooperation between the employees and local leaders of the United Automobile Workers who helped arrange the sale.

G.M. had announced in August 1980 that it planned to sell the plant, and Jim May, president of Local 736 of the U.A.W., and Mr. Zarrello began exploring the possibility of employee ownership. The two acted without the support of their international union. They asked the U.A.W. president, Douglas A. Fraser, for a $5 million union loan to help in the purchase, but the union said no.

''General Motors saw us as militants and the U.A.W. saw us as dissidents,'' Mr. Zarrello said. ''In both cases, they were correct.''

The United Automobile Workers said it had not given money but had provided legal and research assistance. The union believed G.M. might be attempting to break its national contract. As the U.A.W. was then resisting concessions, it felt it had to weigh the rights of its 475,000 G.M. members against the 1,600 workers then employed at Clark.

Often, too, unions are wary of worker-ownership plans. Plants have foundered; abuses involving workers' benefits have occurred; and the plans also can allow companies to sell failing plants to workers, who are then stuck with obsolete equipment.

In December 1980, local union leaders conducted a referendum, asking workers to authorize increased dues to finance a study to see if establishing an employee stock ownership plan was feasible. The increase in dues was rejected by a vote of 794 to 778.

In 1981, G.M. said it would close the plant if no buyer were found. In January of that year, Mr. Mazzeo, the personnel director, and other executives distributed leaflets at the plant gate asking whether workers would be interested in joint white-collar and bluecollar efforts to establish a form of worker ownership; 1,530 workers said they were interested; four said no.

A Turning Point

The interest of management people was a turning point. Employees were asked to contribute $100 apiece for a feasibility study and legal fees; $125,000 was gathered, and Arthur D. Little Inc. was hired to do a $90,000 study, which, in June 1981, said employee ownership was feasible if labor costs were reduced.

On Oct. 30, 1981, the agreement was signed to purchase the plant. The $53 million was raised through loans from the Prudential Insurance Company of America, the Fidelity Union Bank of Newark, Chemical Bank and G.M. The plant has applied for $15 million in Federal loans, but one request was denied and another is uncertain. In a critically important step, G.M. agreed to purchase 70 percent to 80 percent of its bearings from Hyatt-Clark for three years.

The board of directors was selected by the people who put the plan together, including the financial institutions. The officers of the company were selected by the management and the board.

Jobs were saved by the employee ownership plan. The plant employs 950 hourly and 120 salaried workers. But these figures are down from the 1,600 hourly and 200 salaried workers employed before the plant was bought. In the mid-1960's, the plant employed 3,300 workers.

All hourly workers who contributed the $100 were offered jobs in the new plant. About 50 percent of the old management group stayed. Some questions remain about who owns the plant. Alan V. Lowenstein, a New Jersey lawyer who helped arrange the purchase, said the workers were the owners. But Warner Woodworth, a Brigham Young University specialist in employee ownership, said it was probably true that ownership lies with the institutions, including G.M., that put up money for the sale.

A trust holds the company's stock. The employees are the participants in the trust and will acquire stock as the company pays money into it. Debts are to be retired in 10 years; then the workers will be the true owners.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photos of workers in New Jersey

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[***A Frenchman Or a Jew?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BTN-2VH0-TW8F-G1WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 29, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 48

**Length:** 4313 words

**Byline:** By Fernanda Eberstadt

Fernanda Eberstadt is a novelist who lives in France. Her most recent book is ''The Furies.''

**Body**

In a ***working-class*** neighborhood of the 20th arrondissement in Paris, on a rainy, lead-gray morning last month, the housing blocks looked like sodden cardboard. But inside Brigitte Stora's apartment was an explosion of scarlet, ocher and flame gold, of Israeli and North African textiles, of pottery and a brass menorah. Stora, an Algerian-born Sephardic Jew, is a slim, impish-looking woman in her early 40's with a mop of black hair. She was wearing baggy jeans that revealed a strip of designer-style Jockey shorts, and she sewed a ripped camisole as we talked. In the kitchen, her teenage daughter, home sick from school, cooked herself a plate of pasta.

A former Trotskyite who quit a career in journalism to raise her three children, Stora belonged for decades to a political movement devoted to the cause of equal rights for Arab immigrants. French Arabs were her friends and political allies, and the integrated neighborhood in which she chose to live reflected those commitments. In the last three and a half years, though, Stora's perspective has changed. Since the beginning of the second Palestinian intifada in September 2000 and the subsequent rise of Ariel Sharon to the premiership of Israel, France has suffered what is widely considered the worst epidemic of anti-Jewish violence since the end of the Second World War, much of it at the hands of young Muslims. According to S.O.S. Verite-Securite, an anti-Semitism watchdog organization, 147 Jewish institutions -- schools, synagogues, community centers, businesses -- have been attacked. There have been reported instances of rabbis being assaulted. Secondary schoolteachers, under pressure from Muslim students, have canceled classes on the Holocaust. On the last Saturday of January, during a concert attended by the wife of President Jacques Chirac, a Jewish singer called Shirel was heckled by a group of French North African youths, who shouted: ''Filthy Jew! Death to the Jews!''

There are about 500,000 Jews in France -- the largest Jewish population after those in Israel and the United States. There is a reason Jews have come to France from places like Eastern Europe or North Africa: ever since the French emancipation of the Jews in 1791, the country has -- with infamous lapses -- provided an enviable model of equality, an enlightenment ideal, enshrined in the French Republic, according to which individual difference is subordinated to common citizenship. But today this ideal is threatened by a tide of ethnic harassment and challenged by a surge of religious pride and self-identification among France's Jews and Muslims alike.

Although the frequency of anti-Jewish incidents is said to have abated somewhat in the past year (thanks in part to more vigilant policing), many French Jews remain frightened, angry and dispirited. In 2002, the number of French citizens emigrating to Israel more than doubled from the year before to over 2,000. Like many of the country's secular Jews, Stora finds herself reconsidering the venerable French assumption that she and her family must be French first and Jewish second. For a thoroughly assimilated Frenchwoman (her husband is a deputy mayor of Paris), it is no small turnabout in her self-conception.

''I've always loved our neighborhood, its mix of African, Arab, ***working-class*** French,'' she said. ''For years, we lived in what I now realize was an illusion of solidarity. In kindergarten, my son learned to cook African dishes; my daughter was taught Arabic calligraphy. Now that's finished. The young mothers picking up their children from preschool wear head scarves; teenagers born in France speak Arabic in the streets -- before, never. Their spirit of rejection is absolute.''

Secular French Jews of Stora's generation have felt the impulse to return to their roots before. As Stora pointed out, she, like thousands of girls born around 1960, was named after the cinema sex kitten Brigitte Bardot, but for her own children she chose names from the Hebrew Bible. ''I suppose I felt the need for my own moorings,'' she said. Even so, her children have embraced a much stronger form of Jewish self-identification -- one that is all the more militant for finding itself besieged. ''Because of anti-Semitism,'' she said, ''my children feel more radically Jewish than I ever did. Their attachment to Israel has become absolutely primary.''

At first, Stora was gratified to see her children drawn unselfconsciously to their Jewish identity. Her son asked for a bar mitzvah; her daughter wore a Star of David made of sequins to parties -- a gesture Stora said she could not have imagined making in her own adolescence. But her gratification has faded. ''Now,'' she said, ''my heart sinks when my children come home saying, 'Mama, it's hard being a Jew.' For them, it means a constant low-level barrage of hazing, blows. These days, my daughter hides her Star of David under her shirt.''

Hanna, the teenage daughter, explained: ''If I wear it, my friends jump on me: 'Where do you think you're living? Take that thing off!' At school, it's cool to be anti-feuj ''- feuj means Jew in verlan, a popular street slang. ''Kids say, 'This pen doesn't work; it's feuj.' In the cafeteria, it's 'Why are you eating alone like a feuj?' It's just a way of kidding, but I find it hard to live with.''

Stora said that when she complained to Hanna's teacher about the anti-Semitic remarks, the teacher was dismissive. ''Of course it's because of Sharon,'' Stora recalled the teacher saying. ''I'm surprised your daughter takes it so personally.''

The worsening of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict has created painful rifts among French Jewish intellectuals, aggravating the relations between those who feel dutybound to condemn Israel's human rights abuses and those who maintain that support for Israel is a prime obligation of diaspora Jews, especially in a political climate rife with anti-Zionism. Even if they are critical of Sharon's leadership, many French Jews resist what the lawyer and activist Serge Klarsfeld has called the pressure to become ''political Marranos'' -- Jews called upon to renounce Israel much as Jews during the Spanish Inquisition were compelled to renounce their faith.

In a widely condemned polemic that appeared on the French Muslim Web site Oumma.com, Tariq Ramadan, a well-known Swiss Muslim philosopher, accused a number of leading French Jewish intellectuals -- including the philosophers Bernard-Henri Levy and Alain Finkielkraut -- of having betrayed their commitment to the universal ideals of the French Republic for a narrow sectarianism. (Read: Zionism.) What shocked French readers most about Ramadan's essay was that he explicitly identified his targets as being Jewish (including, notably, one who wasn't) -- an argumentative tactic that until recently stood in flagrant violation of the Republican taboo against racial or ethnic profiling.

Most European intellectuals insist on a distinction between even the fiercest criticism of Israel and an endorsement of anti-Semitism. Recently, however, this distinction has blurred. During demonstrations in May 2002 organized by France's mainstream antiracist organizations, protesters shouted anti-Semitic slogans and tried to attack a couple of passers-by whom they believed to be Jewish. Veteran leftists like Stora, who find themselves and their children confronting a new and very real anti-Semitism, feel abandoned by their former comrades. ''For 15 years,'' she said, ''I was a militant in the Communist Revolutionary League. We fought for the rights of women, homosexuals, immigrants. In the 80's, we were at the forefront of the antiracist movement.'' In 1990, she noted, after the desecration of a Jewish cemetery at Carpentras -- presumed to have been the act of European-born neo-Nazis -- 100,000 people marched in protest in Paris, with the Socialist president Francois Mitterand leading the way. Yet today, when synagogues are firebombed, she complained, the left is silent because the anti-Jewish violence is perceived as coming from radical Muslims, whose cause the left has adopted as its own.

With bitter humor, Stora summed up the generational shift in the French left, from the anticlericalism of Zola's time to today's sympathy for Islamists: ''The father and grandfather devoured priests, and the sons demonstrate in favor of head scarves!''

The rise of anti-semitic incidents in France began with the outbreak of the second intifada, and ever since the violence has closely followed world events. On Oct. 3, 2000, not long after Ariel Sharon's controversial visit to the Temple Mount, a synagogue in the Parisian suburb of Villepinte was set on fire. Within weeks, four more synagogues, mainly around Paris, were firebombed, and 19 more attacks on Jewish schools, houses, businesses and other institutions were reported.

There was a sharp spike in violence after Sept. 11 and then again during the Israeli Army's assault on the West Bank town of Jenin in April 2002, when the Ministry of the Interior reported 395 anti-Jewish incidents around France. In the spring of that year in Perpignan, the southern town where I live, fear gripped what had been a rather laid-back provincial Sephardic community: cement barricades were raised around the synagogue; policemen body-searched anyone seeking admission; congregants who once gathered in the street after services disappeared quickly down alleys, thrusting telltale skullcaps into their jacket pockets.

At first, the Socialist French government was painfully slow to react. Prime Minister Lionel Jospin and his colleagues appeared unable or unwilling to acknowledge either the systemic discrimination faced by North African immigrants and their children or the plight of Jews who, for the first time since Vichy, were being persecuted for their religion. When Jospin visited the West Bank, Palestinian students pelted him with stones for his perceived lack of sympathy for their cause. Many French Jews, too, were devastated when Foreign Minister Hubert Vedrine dismissed the anti-Semitic violence in France as ''hooliganism'' and when a public prosecutor described three arsonists who were convicted of burning a synagogue in Montpellier as ''petty delinquents.''

All this has changed under the center-right government of Jacques Chirac, who was re-elected in 2002 on the strength of a far harsher view of ''delinquency.'' Nicolas Sarkozy, Chirac's ruthlessly energetic minister of the interior, has waged a ''zero tolerance'' war on hate crime while also taking steps to improve the position in French society of North African immigrants and their children -- creating an official Muslim council, for instance, and advocating affirmative action in government appointments.

Chirac is a smooth showman for whom most Frenchmen profess at best a weary tolerance, but he has his moments. It was Chirac who, in 1995, insisted that the French bore a collective responsibility for the Vichy government's crimes against the Jews and Chirac who tried to press Britain and the United States into intervening further in the Bosnian slaughter. Last November, after the burning of a Jewish school in the Parisian suburb of Gagny, Chirac went on national television and declared that ''an attack against a French Jew is an attack against France.''

Since then, the Chirac government has made the crackdown on anti-Semitism a top priority. It has taken a series of emergency steps, from tighter policing of Jewish sites to quicker investigation and prosecution of hate crimes to proposing a heightened focus on the Holocaust in the public school curriculum. In recent weeks, Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Raffarin has moved to block the broadcasts in France of Al-Manar, Hezbollah's television station, which shows anti-Semitic propaganda. But nothing has grabbed as much attention as the government's proposed ''anti-head-scarf'' law, which would ban the wearing of ''conspicuous'' religious signs in school. Joseph Sitruk, France's grand rabbi, has supported the head-scarf ban, and many French Jews own up to a guilty sense of relief at the reassertion of an official secularism -- from which French Jews historically have benefited. Younger Jews may feel more Jewish than their parents did, but even Brigitte Stora's daughter, Hanna, says she believes that a sequined Star of David is something you wear to parties, not to school.

Thanks to tougher policing, the ministry of the interior reports that anti-Jewish acts in 2003 declined by 36 percent and anti-Semitic threats by 37 percent. But even as France struggles to vanquish its demons, French anti-Semitism is routinely seized upon by others -- by American conservatives, in and outside the Bush administration, eager to discredit a contentious ally; by world Jewish organizations and Israeli officials, eager to cast an ugly light on France's pro-Arab sympathies. Earlier this month, the Israeli minister for Jerusalem and diaspora affairs, Natan Sharansky, announced that contrary to official French estimates, anti-Semitic incidents in France had in fact doubled in 2003 and that if the French government didn't address the problem, it could expect a massive exodus of Jews to Israel.

With so many firemen fanning the flames, it is all the more necessary to accurately identify the very real anti-Jewish hatred alive in contemporary Europe. Is the man who was reported to a watchdog group for refusing his employee a day off on Yom Kippur an anti-Semite or just a jerk? On the other hand, a lot of old-fashioned anti-Semites have managed to clothe a disreputable hatred in the raiments of ''the Palestinian cause.''

After leaving Brigitte Stora's apartment, I went to visit the philosopher Alain Finkielkraut at a cafe across from the Jardins du Luxembourg. A rumpled, bespectacled 54-year-old, Finkielkraut comes from France's well-established Eastern European Jewish bourgeoisie. In his 1981 book, ''The Imaginary Jew,'' he described his postwar upbringing as a child whose own relation to the long history of Jewish persecution was bookish, theoretical. But his engagement with anti-Semitism today is now anything but theoretical. He has loudly sounded the alarm about what he calls a new ''Islamo-progressive'' alliance, in which the political left tolerates an age-old form of racial hatred that it has legitimized by calling it anti-Zionism.

''The loathing of Israel today is so thick you could cut it with a knife,'' he said. ''There is a consistent Nazification of the Jewish state: the memory of the Holocaust is always turned against Jews. Antiracism has become the contemporary key to understanding the world. In post-nationalist Europe, it's the Jews now who are called racist in their stubborn adherence to a territorial sovereignty Europe has only just renounced and the Palestinians whom the left certifies as kosher. Of course, Sharon is an extraordinary alibi.''

For European Jewry, anti-Semitism has the bitter taste of repetition. The school where Stora's children's classmates today declare themselves ''anti-feuj'' bears a plaque commemorating the Jewish schoolchildren who were rounded up there and deported to the death camps. Which is why, when Jewish-owned businesses are once again being sacked, some Jews wonder whether they're living in the 1930's.

But some comparisons, however tempting, are not useful. Today, the people who shout ''Mort aux juifs!'' in concert halls and throw stones at Jewish school buses are not agents of the state. They are not on the verge of coming to positions of power. They are, for the most part, second-generation Maghrebi (North Africans from Morocco, Algeria or Tunisia), many of whom have grown up in the decaying housing projects of the city outskirts, or banlieues, and for whom the promise of the Republican integrationist ethic is belied by high rates of unemployment and institutional racism. Many are born-again Muslims, trying to reclaim a heritage that is thin because their parents were illiterate in Arabic and uninstructed in Islam. They feel despised and disenfranchised, jealous of what they regard as the luxury and influence of Jewish institutions.

''The Jews have everything; we have nothing'' is a complaint that I have heard often from French Muslims, many of whom say that a recent spate of anti-Muslim violence -- the vandalizing of mosques, the desecrations of tombs -- has not been addressed by the French government or news media (nor has the small and underreported core of assaults by Jewish extremists on Muslims and Jewish peace activists). ''There's a hierarchy of racism,'' Mouloud Aounit, secretary general of the antiracist movement M.R.A.P., said to me. ''If a synagogue is burned, the president and the prime minister hop on a plane to offer condolences. If a mosque is burned, nothing.'' Many French Muslims watch virulently anti-Semitic programs via satellite television, they surf Islamist Web sites that show Muslims being persecuted by non-Muslims in Bosnia, Chechnya, Palestine and Iraq and they glorify their own daily frustrations and failures by (in the current catch phrase) ''bringing the intifada home to the banlieue.''

Certainly, the story of anti-Arab discrimination in France is real and has become no easier since Sept. 11. Even French conservatives admit that their country's record on integrating the Maghrebi has been dismal. In Perpignan, I have seen bouncers at chic bars turn away young French North African men and women, and I have encountered landladies who with perfect impunity tell callers that, yes, the apartment's available, but they don't rent to Arabs. S.O.S. Racisme, an antiracist organization, discovered that a bank turned down a job applicant when his name was Raouf but offered him the job when he reapplied as Thierry. It's no wonder that many young French Maghrebi, tired of being second-class citizens, have opted for a more valorizing identity, immersing themselves in varieties of Islam ranging from the most white-bread Sunnism to the paranoid realms of fundamentalism.

I asked every Muslim I met in the course of reporting this article what he or she felt about Jews -- and asked Jews what they felt about Muslims. Most of the Muslims I spoke with expressed revulsion at the anti-Semitism being drummed up by Islamist demagogues. Saida, a 40-year-old Algerian-born social worker who insisted on being referred to by only her first name, lives in a housing project adjoining Trappes, one of the more notoriously fundamentalist banlieues of Paris, where a synagogue burned to the ground in 2000. A ''modern'' Muslim, Saida doesn't eat pork but doesn't mind if her children do, celebrates both Christmas and the Muslim holidays and smokes but doesn't drink. She said that she was disgusted by the bigotry of the born-again Islamist vigilantes who have wreaked havoc on Trappes' Jewish community. She complained bitterly of being harangued ''by kids whose diapers you changed, who've only just got out of prison on a drug bust, and now their 10-year-old daughters are wearing head scarves.''

Still, Saida testified to a residue of anti-Jewishness in popular Maghrebian culture, the belief that Jews are somehow ritually unclean: ''I've heard that some people think the word 'Jew''' -- juif -- ''comes from the Arabic for 'carrion''' -- djeefa. ''After a battle in which all the Jewish men were killed, Abraham told the women to sleep with the corpses, and that's how the Jewish people survived.''

For Hajiba (who also insisted that her last name not be used), born in Morocco and raised in a housing project in Strasbourg, the current wave of anti-Jewish violence is best understood as the product not of old-country prejudice but of an imported fundamentalism whose arrival in France she herself witnessed. Well before the second intifada and the recent flurry of violent incidents on French soil, she said, fundamentalists transformed the way many French Muslims regarded Jews. A tall, majestic woman with huge eyes like black grapes and an air of intense drama, Hajiba described the changes that took place in her easygoing Strasbourg banlieue in the early 80's.

''After the Iranian revolution,'' she said, ''suddenly radical Islam arrived in France.'' Its growth was made possible by a legal loophole according to which foreign governments -- most notably Saudi Arabia's -- were able, through the medium of charitable foundations, to build their own mosques and appoint their own fundamentalist imams in France, a dispensation that is only just being questioned.

This newly imported Wahhabi-style Islam contained a high-octane dosage of anti-Semitism. ''Until 1980, there was no talk of 'the Jews,''' Hajiba recalled. ''In Morocco, we had Jewish neighbors, although they didn't come to our house the way Christians did.'' It was the fundamentalists who started stirring up an anti-Jewish discourse in the banlieues. Hajiba added, however, that today, both sides, Muslim and Jew, are responsible for inflaming the problem.

On Jan. 17, some 7,000 people marched from the Place de la Republique to protest the newly proposed law banning head scarves from public schools. There were Muslim women wearing everything from head bandannas to full-length black robes. There was a phalanx of turbaned men, wearing the traditional shalwar kameez, from a Belgian Islamist party. Many of the marchers, who had learned about the event from postings on Muslim Web sites, were portraying the ban as a civil rights issue: green ribbons were pinned to chests in an echo of the AIDS ribbon; a poster proclaimed ''It's My Business What I Do With My Hair.''

But this was not a typical civil rights demonstration, for it was led by a man who is considered to be France's most infamous Muslim anti-Semite: Mohamed Latreche, a Tunisian-born founder of the tiny Strasbourg-based Muslim Party of France. He stood in a flatbed truck, and he teased the television cameras: ''Come meet the real anti-Zionists.''

Two days before, I had met Latreche at Association al-Ghadir, a Lebanese Shiite mosque in the Paris suburb of Montreuil that is linked with Hezbollah, a group Latreche likens to De Gaulle's Free French. Latreche is a glossy, high-spirited man who was sporting an embroidered silk shirt he had just had made by a tailor in Damascus. He was flanked by bodyguards, one of whom filmed our interview -- either as propaganda for the party or to make sure I didn't distort his words. (Latreche is once again facing the threat of legal action for hate speech.)

Latreche represents the meeting point of radical Islam and the European far right: in February 2003, he traveled to Baghdad as a ''human shield'' with Herve Van Laethem, head of the extreme right-wing Belgian party Nation; he declares himself ''proud'' to have as a friend Serge Thion, a notorious Holocaust revisionist. Latreche's signature theme is the Jew as Nazi. ''Where's the difference between Zionism and Nazism?'' he demanded. ''Israel is a nation founded on the idea of racial superiority. They dare talk about Nazi concentration camps when they are doing the same thing to Palestinians. Bush, Sharon, Hitler, what's the difference?''

When I asked if he believed Israel to be a U.S. proxy, Latreche laughed merrily. ''If only! It's America that's a proxy of Israel. You'll see. If another country comes along that's more powerful, Israel will drop you, just as it dropped Britain.'' Latreche is a professional provocateur who knows that saying Zionism is Nazism makes headlines. After the January march -- which was boycotted by every mainstream Muslim organization in France -- he garnered the front page of the national newspapers as well as a lead editorial in Le Monde denouncing his anti-Semitism.

Latreche's ability to continue to translate infamy into influence will depend on how well France manages to resolve its Arab-Jewish conflict. For two centuries, France has embodied a Republican ideal of common citizenship, according to which ''difference'' is something you practice at home. French people don't flaunt the fact that their grandparents were Armenian or Portuguese. Now the old integrationist ethic is beginning to crumble, as it has already done in America, under the onslaught of identity politics.

What strikes me, listening to French youths, is how many use the word ''French'' to describe someone other than themselves. Nasty, a hip-hop musician and Muslim who was born and raised in France (and whose real name is Mourad Saadi), told me that when he informs his friends that he couldn't care less if his future wife's a virgin, they retort, ''Stop playing the Francais.'' More startling, considering how long Jews have been part of the French establishment, was when Hanna, Stora's daughter, told me that in her school ''Jews stick with Jews and the French with the French.''

The French state, once so confident in its fundamental assumptions, is undergoing a painful period of self-questioning. The conflict between French Maghrebi and French Jews, evoking the twin demons of colonialism and Vichy collaboration, strikes to the core.

Yet France, for all these doubts, remains a society in which the government wields enormous power to shape public attitudes. ''I'm not interested in the socioeconomics behind anti-Semitism,'' Sammy Alain Ghozlan, an Algerian Jewish ex-cop who founded S.O.S. Verite-Securite, said. ''I'm interested in policing it.'' Sarkozy is cracking the whip, and France is seeing the results. ''Before, when Jewish kids were beaten up in class, they were the ones who got moved,'' he said. ''Now it's their assailants. In recent months, the violence has definitely calmed down.''

Whether France has the will to negotiate a lasting peace between its Arabs and Jews remains to be seen. But how it chooses to adjudicate the claims of identity politics and those of the Republic is of crucial importance in a newly retribalized world.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: The aftermath of an attack at a Lyon synagogue in March 2002. (Photograph by Sebastien Erome

Editingserver.com)

**Load-Date:** February 29, 2004

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[***STARTING OVER: DISPATCHES FROM CITY AND SUBURB; Still on the River, Shifting Views***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:445X-3870-0109-T1N7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1701 words

**Byline:**  By WILLIAM L. HAMILTON

**Body**

FOR New Yorkers, to stay or to leave, whether in crisis or not, has always been a kind of daily universal question. But with the nation warring, the pressure to make peace with a place, or to secure a sense of safety, seems greater than ever.

For a young couple with a young child, like Andrew and Gabrielle Bordwin, whose daughter, Tamar, is 2, the move in January from a loft on Broadway, the artery of New York City, to a leafy cul-de-sac in Hastings-on-Hudson, a village of 7,600, raised and has yet to resolve the other big debate, that of living in the suburbs versus the city.

The fears and hopes -- the full emotional escort of uncertainty -- accompanied Andrew, 36, a photographer and an artist, and Gaby (as friends and family call her), 34, a graphic designer, when they left.

"It's true -- everybody joked about the 'passport,' " Andrew said, stretched out on the stalky grass, resting on his elbow. "I think it's an illusion, that fear. Once you start looking for it, you find it's not really there."

"Would you stop philosophizing?" Gaby said, seated next to him. "You hand in your credibility card when you move all the boxes out." Cicadas underscored her voice.

"Half an hour ain't too far," Andrew said, joking defensively about the commute. He keeps a studio in the city. Gaby works on the Upper East Side at a publishing house.

"Half an hour -- I imposed that rule," she said.

The Bordwins' new house, a three-story Georgian Colonial built in 1919 on a quarter-acre of land, rose in a shaggy, shingled stack behind them. Dressed in a high-waisted smock, her red-haired bob a lighter version of her mother's, Tamar spun wide loops on the lawn. She seemed to understand, in her sail forward, that this was now her world to circumnavigate, to the edges of its hill and hedges.

When I saw them as a guest at a going-away party at their loft shortly before they moved out of the city, I told the Bordwins that I would never see them again. Outside their seventh-floor windows, City Hall and the Brooklyn Bridge glittered like a stage set seen from a theater box.

"We thought you were joking," Gaby said last week -- 10 months later -- during my first visit to their new home. Black Gucci sunglasses shaded her eyes, but the dry touch in her tone reprieved me.

The Bordwins moved downtown in 1995, part of the avant-garde few who were living by City Hall, happy with inconveniences in exchange for relatively inexpensive real estate, historical and architectural interest and urban adventure. The dry cleaner was a subway ride; the 1,200-square-foot loft was $220,000. The view was like living inside a postcard.

Six years later, now sleepless new parents worn thin by noise -- five Broadway bus lines once seemed like big-city bustle -- and hemmed in by space that diminished as the baby grew, they moved out, renting a house in Hastings with a six-month lease. Capitalizing on an unsure market that was still strong, the Bordwins sold the loft for $725,000. They bought the home on Fraser Place the next month for $695,000 -- the owners' asking price. They looked in the morning and bid when they finished lunch. As apartment dwellers during 17 years in New York, they had never owned, renovated or maintained a house. Their loft building -- alternative living -- had a superintendent and a porter.

The Bordwins are now experts on their house.

"We replaced 80 percent of the wiring, took out all of the radiators and put in a completely new heating system," Andrew said. "When you do a home renovation, you understand your house really well."

The work, they hope, will end at the end of this month. The Bordwins are living in the living room, like a miniaturized version of their city loft -- with pink-rose carpeting, which was left by the previous owners. Most of their furniture is stacked in the cottagelike garage: slick coffee tables and midcentury-modern dining chairs that look like wealthy travelers shipwrecked in evening dress. They may never reach shore in the quaint new house.

Hastings was at the top of a short list when the Bordwins decided to look for a place to live outside New York. Montclair, N.J., which they visited with good friends who lived in their loft building and had also decided to move, was too large.

"The high school is several thousand children," said Gaby, who had heard of Montclair, as she had Irvington and Hastings, the other communities the Bordwins looked at, in a new mothers' group she attended when Tamar was born, where talk was frequently about "staying or leaving."

The Bordwins liked the idea of being on the Hudson River, in a river town.

"We became really attached to the Hudson, using the parks there, when we lived downtown," Andrew said. "I feel like it's a lifeline to the city -- that we're really not that far away."

It is a Manhattan migratory pattern, for a type of New Yorker.

"People from the Upper West Side and Greenwich Village and downtown tend to come to river towns," said Arthur G. Riolo, an agent with Peter J. Riolo Inc., a Hastings-based real estate company that his father started 65 years ago. The price for a three-bedroom house is $450,000 to $550,000, Mr. Riolo said; there were only six houses for sale last week.

Mr. Riolo said 75 percent of his clients were people leaving New York City, whether buying or renting.

Hastings is a village, incorporated in 1879. The average family size is three. Thirty percent of the population are children; 24 percent are under 18. The largest population group is baby boomers, 45 to 54. The second-largest is 35 to 44. Hastings is a haven of homeowners -- 66 percent of the residents own their houses.

The development of its summer estates and old farms began in 1907, when a group of teachers and other professionals from New York City bought 17 acres and built year-round houses. By the 1920's, Hastings was an industrial town with two waterfront employers: a chemical plant and a cable and wire company. When they closed in the 1970's, the village was as much a bedroom community as it was blue-collar -- a balance in backgrounds that people like the Bordwins, moving to Hastings, consider as much a strength as good schools.

Merchants on Main Street and on Warburton Avenue, the village's downtown shopping district, are largely local -- a carefully guarded vestige of its ***working-class*** roots.

"There's a Thomas's Cafe," said Mr. Riolo, whose office is on Main Street. "It's exactly what Starbucks would be, but it's a family-run business. We don't have commercial square footage that would allow commercial chains to come in. Because of parking requirements, chains wouldn't be interested. Zoning would be too restrictive."

Hastings had "a buzz," Gaby recalled, a reputation that has attracted artists and other independently employed people over the years.

Lewis Hine, the photographer and social documentarian, lived in Hastings in the 1930's, a fact that intrigued Fred Charles, an architectural photographer, who moved with his wife, Eileen, a copywriter, to Hastings from Chelsea in 1992. The Charleses, with their two children, are neighbors of the Bordwins.

In 1991, on assignment for Time magazine, Mr. Charles photographed Kentlands, a development in Maryland designed by Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, parents and proponents of "new urbanist" suburban planning like Seaside, Fla., which they also designed, the vaguely Victorian town that was used as the location for the 1998 film "The Truman Show."

"Hastings is what Kentlands wants to be," Mr. Charles said. "A mixture of house sizes, not the lock-step single-level suburban homes. There's a porch culture -- you can speak to neighbors from your porch."

The Charleses and the Bordwins also live next to the Old Croton Trailway, a 19th-century aqueduct that is now a 26-mile-long state park. The pedestrian presence of people biking, jogging and strolling next door added a level of villagelike urbanity to suburban life, Mr. Charles said.

Having the option to walk around town, rather than rely on driving, which the Bordwins insisted upon in choosing a new place to live, was a revelation, though.

"It's funny," Gaby said, curled on the grass as the sun set. "You come out here and you think, 'Oh, I'd love to get a little peace and quiet,' and you step outside your house, and there's nobody there."

What sounded like a monstrous bullfrog -- the volunteer fire department's horn -- went off somewhere beyond the tops of the trees, croaking in the dusk.

"I would put Tamar in her snowsuit and take her to the park, and it would be empty," Gaby recalled. "We'd walk in the neighborhood, and she would say, 'People?' "

Diversity was also a problematic surprise for the Bordwins, especially as parents. Though economically and religiously diverse, Hastings is not racially diverse. It is 90 percent white and 2 percent black, according to the 2000 census; 4 percent of the populace is Asian, and 4 percent Hispanic.

"I think by and large that the neighborhoods are pretty segregated in the city," Gaby said. "But the broader community, on the street and in the buses and subways, in public places and at work, are more mixed. I wanted a like-minded community, but I didn't want to move to a place where everybody is like me."

With a hungry child insistently interrupting, Andrew and Gaby got to their feet, making plans to eat at a restaurant by the river. The porch lights shone yellow on the house as we walked to it -- the color of a kind of nostalgic view of suburbia.

"You just make a bargain," Gaby said, pulling a small sweater onto a small body with its arms in the air. "You say, 'I'm willing to move out of the city if I can preserve some of the things that I like.' "

People will say that they move for the children, but I began to suspect that children were often only the excuse for being able to give something up with grace. The Bordwins looked older, not in age, but in maturity, as though they had shifted generations, from growing up to bringing up.

"I never felt like an especially edgy person," Gaby said. "But I felt like New York was what gave me my edge. That was the badge of honor."

"I do think I'm duller now," she said, organizing Tamar for the car and the drive to dinner. "But it's also kind of a relief."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: VILLAGERS -- Andrew and Gabrielle Bordwin with Tamar in Hastings-on-Hudson. They moved from New York in January. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. F1); COEXISTING -- Downtown Hastings, left. Above, the Bordwins' new living room, where a refrigerator is temporarily parked.; A NEW LIFESTYLE -- The Bordwin family in their backyard. (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. F6)

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**End of Document**



[***Women Who Chafed at Society's Corset***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FWT-87Y0-TW8F-G28N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL FRANK; Michael Frank is a short-story writer and book critic.

**Body**

''I am ... going to be the first of a new genus. I am not born to tread in the beaten track -- the peculiar bent of my nature pushes me on.'' This is Mary Wollstonecraft writing to her sister Everina in 1787, two years before the French Revolution and five years before she published ''A Vindication of the Rights of Woman,'' the book in which she called upon women to effect a different kind of revolution by reforming themselves, as she put it, in order to reform the world.

This intersection of the personal and the public -- the peculiar bent of a woman's nature and the quest for women to become educated, vocal and active members of a society that went to great lengths to restrict and confine them -- is the juicy terrain covered by ''Before Victoria: Extraordinary Women of the British Romantic Era,'' an exhibition that opens today at the New York Public Library.

The curators are Elizabeth Campbell Denlinger, whose book of the same title serves as an abbreviated companion to the show, and Stephen Wagner, the curator of the library's Carl H. Pforzheimer Collection of Shelley and His Circle. And the array of books, manuscripts, prints and ephemera they have assembled is one of those loose baggy monsters that the library puts together like no place else.

Plunging into the cool, marbled Gottesman Hall is, in fact, rather like plunging into a 19th-century novel, where the swirl of multiple characters and myriad narratives doesn't necessarily tidy itself into a sleek thesis by the end -- but no matter. You'll come out stimulated, informed, alerted to many fascinating ''minor'' lives, and moved by this vivid articulation of a key moment of transition in the lives of women.

It is always interesting to speculate why such exhibitions appear when they do, since most every generation seems to have a different slant on what in the Victorian period was called the Woman Question. Ours at the moment seems to have coalesced around books like Judith Warner's ''Perfect Madness,'' which decries the cult of hyper-perfect, professionalized mothering that has beset, and wearied, the post baby-boom generation. It's not too farfetched to see the tensions Ms. Warner articulates as having their origins in the Romantic era, when conduct books guided women on manners, morality and parenting. Wollstonecraft herself, despite all her reforming impulses, came down on the side of motherhood being the properly abiding concern of a woman's life. (She died, alas, giving birth to the future Mary Shelley.)

Another reasonable explanation can be found in that curious place where scholarship and collecting overlap. While women's studies has brought attention to facile assumptions about the behavior of women in the Romantic period, the library's Carl H. Pforzheimer collection, having acquired nearly everything related to the poet and his circle, has been quietly expanding its mission to embrace the experience of women in British society during the first decades of the 19th century.

These sorts of collections really do seem capable of shaping our awareness of the past. Suitably edited and arranged, they can also tell a story. Certainly it helps when there are goals impeded and colorfully, slyly or passionately rebelled against -- hence a plot. In the case of ''Before Victoria,'' the enemy might be summarized as the prevailing attitude of the time, which saw women as creatures who, as Ms. Denlinger said in an interview, ''needed to be kept in perennial check.'' Restraint came from ideas about how women should comport themselves in society (in a word: virtuously). It was articulated by conduct books and supported by laws that gave property and parental rights to husbands.

Not Just a Question of Class

How to break out and to what degree? This depended greatly on how a woman was born -- the census here inevitably favors the aristocratic -- and educated, and whom she happened to meet and know. An indefinable quality of spirit, or spiritedness, does also seem hard-wired into independent natures, then as now. Thus Princess Charlotte, who bolted when her parents engaged her to the Dutch Prince of Orange, and her mother, Queen Caroline, who openly disliked and betrayed her husband. Perhaps it was something in the blood.

Bristling at or fleeing from the confines of marriage was an obvious form of rebellion, but seldom was it taken quite so dramatically as by Margaret King Moore, Lady Mount Cashell. This fascinating, bold woman was born into Irish gentry and educated by governesses, among them, most influentially, the young Mary Wollstonecraft. After bearing eight children to her parents' choice of husband, she fell in love with an Irish gentleman-farmer named George Tighe, abandoned her husband and family, and ran away with Tighe to -- where else? -- Italy. There she had two more daughters, practiced amateur medicine and wrote a book of advice to young mothers advocating physical activity for children.

The library presents a letter from April 1818 that Lady Mount Cashell wrote to her Tighe daughters explaining how her life came to be what it came to be. Very early on, she tells the girls, she felt a ''premature disgust to the follies of dress, equipage & the other usual objects of female vanity.'' These complaints seem tame, it must be said, when set against the abandonment of eight children, but one of the aspirations of this show is to try to convey just how corseted, and without recourse, these genteel women felt.

Another path was to subvert the genteel, or abandon it altogether. Women in the Romantic era gambled; they amused themselves by attending opera, theater and masquerades; they politicked (always for male candidates); they hunted; they became actresses, courtesans, prostitutes and ''female husbands'' to other women; and naturally, like Queen Caroline, they fooled around.

Many vivid caricatures and elegant prints either commemorate or satirize these escapades, which could come with considerable consequences. Very likely addicted to gambling, Georgiana Cavendish, the Duchess of Devonshire, went through millions of pounds, for example, but was indulged by her husband because she tolerated his affair with her best friend, Lady Elizabeth Foster, who is shown here in a comely engraving after a Reynolds portrait. Trial transcripts for cases of adultery and fornication were illustrated and bound in fancy editions that wiped away any remaining traces of respectable reputations.

There were times, though, when women turned the tables to their advantage: the courtesan Harriette Wilson blackmailed famous former lovers by agreeing to withhold their names from her ''Memoirs'' (1825) if they paid up; the book's publication in monthly installments gave her excellent negotiating leverage.

Broken Hearts

Affairs that ended badly could leave women distraught. There is perhaps nothing particularly specific to the Romantics about this -- except that two famous broken hearts of Shelley's circle left documents of remarkable intensity, both on display here. Claire Clairmont, the stepsister of Mary Shelley, accompanied Mary when the couple eloped to Europe; back in England she had an affair with, and a daughter by, Lord Byron, whom she went on to despise for the rest of her life. (''One of his principles,'' she wrote, ''was that you must either inflict misery on others or they will inflict it on you.'')

Harriet Westbrook Shelley, whom Shelley left for Mary, is represented by her engagement ring and scarf pin, both gifts from the poet, and her suicide note, which is probably the most heartrending page in the entire exhibition: ''Why should I drag on a miserable existence embittered by past recollections & not one ray of hope to rest on for the future,'' she wrote on Dec. 7, 1816, before drowning herself in Hyde Park.

Some women opted out of marriage altogether by taking up with ''female husbands'' or placing a romantic friendship with a woman at the center of their lives. It's not easy to read the era's take on lesbianism from the documents that have survived, since they range from the satirical (a reprint of Henry Fielding's ''Surprising Adventures of a Female Husband'') to the implausibly innocent (an 1829 pamphlet maintaining that ''James'' Allen avoided physical contact with ''his'' wife Abigail for 21 years).

A potentially key glimpse into the anxious mores of the period comes from the story and engraving of the Chevalier d'Eon, the only man, and one of the few non-Britons, represented in the show. Cross-dressing as a wager with friends that he could fool Mme. de Pompadour into thinking he was a woman (he did), d'Eon went on dressing as a woman and infiltrated the Russian court as a secret agent of Louis XV. After living in England for a time as a man, he returned to France under Louis XVI, but was allowed to remain only on condition that he resolve the confusion and dress as a woman forever after.

Activism provided another route to self-expression for women of the Romantic period, even though it didn't always take a progressive form. As a sort of counterpoint to Mary Wollstonecraft, the curators offer the paradoxical Hannah More. Originally an educator like Wollstonecraft, More kept company with bluestockings and wrote plays, but as she aged, she grew more conservative and religious, and ended up devoting her life to the reformation of manners of young women and abolitionism.

More believed women should have developed minds, but only for the sake of the children they reared. She discouraged ''the hoyden, the huntress, the archer; the swinging arms, the confident address'' -- yet it was through her own capacity for confident address that she was able to reach her audience. More wrote and edited more than a hundred Cheap Repository Tracts that sought to persuade the ***working class*** to be grateful for their place in society. (''The History of Mary Wood, the House Maid: The Danger of False Excuses'' is but one example.)

Confident address in a variety of genres was, of course, one of the surest ways these women could find, and broadcast, their voices. Women could be poets, novelists, playwrights and painters. Some, like Felicia Hemans, having been deserted by her husband, wrote best-selling and now largely forgotten verse (''The Domestic Affections'') to support their families. Others turned, for reasons both economic and personal, to the form in which ''the greatest powers of the mind are displayed,'' as Jane Austen described the novel. Austen, naturally, but also Frances Burney, Maria Edgeworth, Ann Radcliffe and Mary Shelley, all make appearances here through their work, their letters, their portraits or, as in the case of Shelley, depictions of memorable characters, Frankenstein being probably the quintessential invention of the Romantic era.

Science Was an Avenue

A lesser-known group consists of the originals and eccentrics the curators have rounded up under the category of Rational Dames and Intrepid Travelers. Who knew that there were so many women in the early 19th century who did such bracing scientific work? Ms. Denlinger points out in her book that the sciences were open to women because they had not yet become codified parts of the university curriculum. Although they often worked in conjunction with men, there is a quirky, autodidactic quality to the research done by women like Caroline Herschel, who (assisting her brother William) spent hours sweeping the heavens looking for comets, and discovered eight of them by herself.

Ada Byron, the daughter of the poet, whom she never knew, developed an early computer programming system and published the results. (Long after her death, the Department of Defense named one of its programming languages after her.) And Anna Atkins, an amateur marine botanist, collected hundreds of specimens of seaweed, captured their likeness in meticulous cyanotypes and presented them in ''Photographs of British Algae,'' a work of exquisite beauty and originality that occupied her from 1843 to 1853.

These women took small pieces of the world and examined them in depth and detail; others put themselves into wider landscapes and sent back reports. Lady Hester Stanhope, dressed as a man and bearing arms, explored the Levant, later recounting her adventures to her physician, who published them. Frances Trollope fled an unhappy marriage and went to see what America was all about; her ''Domestic Manners of the Americans'' skewered and stereotyped the coarse American and was a great publishing success. Maria Dundas Graham, taking a rather opposite approach, traveled in -- and wrote sympathetically and with great curiosity about -- India, Chile and Brazil, among other far-off lands.

''Before Victoria'' closes with a kind of epilogue that presents the Youngest Romantics, among them Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot and the young Princess Victoria herself, who as a girl described herself as ''very very very very horribly naughty'' and as a young woman produced a quite passable, deftly foreshortened sketch of a left hand.

While these figures feel as though they belong to another chapter in the history of the lives of women, their appearance here helps carry the story forward toward an era when women could attend university, vote, own their own property and have custodial rights to their children. By the end of Victoria's reign, women had indeed gone a long way toward reforming themselves, and the world had no choice but to follow suit.

''Before Victoria: Extraordinary Women of the British Romantic Era'' remains at the library, Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, through July 30; (212)869-8089.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: James Gillray's 1802 color etching of a modern Diana, goddess of the hunt. (Photo by New York Public Library)(pg. E29)

To find freedom and adventure, Lady Hester Stanhope traveled in the Middle East dressed as a man. (Photo by New York Public Library)(pg. E35)

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**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NWR0-0038-D563-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***James Dearden's Latest Fatal Attraction***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NWR0-0038-D563-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SUZANNE CASSIDY

**Dateline:** SHEPPERTON, England

**Body**

A dusty amber light fills the air in Stage H at Shepperton Studios in Middlesex, where, high in the rafters, in what is supposed to be the windowed cab of a crane, the American actress Sean Young stands staring down into a massive steel cauldron below. She does not speak; she barely moves. She just looks down, watching.

Watching her, from the floor of the cavernous studio, is the English writer and director James Dearden, kneeling on the concrete floor, staring into a monitor. At the far end of the studio, huge tongues of flame lick upward from wall-mounted flame throwers. Bluish smoke mixes with the amber dust; the smoke, the dusty light and the flame combine to give the place a nether-worldly feeling. And still Ms. Young stares down into the cauldron.

Most of this scene, which takes place in a copper mill, has already been shot at a steel mill in Wales. But there are close-ups and other shots Mr. Dearden still wants. He said he knows exactly what he wants from each scene, and he'll persist on this one until he is satisfied.

Call it an obsession. That's what this film, ''A Kiss Before Dying,'' based on the novel by Ira Levin - who also wrote ''The Stepford Wives,'' ''Rosemary's Baby'' and ''The Boys From Brazil'' - is all about.

In fact, obsession has been prominent in much of Mr. Dearden's work. He wrote the screenplay for ''Fatal Attraction,'' the now-famous morality tale of the 1980's that starred Glenn Close and Michael Douglas. After ''Fatal Attraction,'' he directed ''Pascali's Island,'' about a restless Turkish spy, played by Ben Kingsley, and his relationship with a pseudo-archeologist from England. He also wrote and directed ''The Cold Room,'' a psychological thriller starring George Segal, which was released in the United States in 1984 but went straight to video in Britain.

At first glance, this 40-year-old writer-director with longish, wavy hair and a dimpled chin does not look like someone who would immerse himself in obsession, perfidy and pain. The son of Basil Dearden, the director who made such British classics as ''The Blue Lamp'' (1950) and ''Khartoum'' (1966), Mr. Dearden read French literature at Oxford University.

But according to Sean Young, Mr. Dearden has ''a fascination with morbidity.''

''He seems to love to put contradictions within characters and then see how they react,'' she said. ''Like David Lynch, he is very interested in the weird line where things seem to be normal, but there's an underlying tragedy.''

''I like obsessive characters,'' admitted Mr. Dearden, in an interview in a closet-sized dressing room at Shepperton Studios, some 15 miles southwest of London. Tipping his chair back against a wall and bracing his legs against a dressing table, he continued, ''Pascali was an obsessive. So, obviously, was the character Glenn Close played. Jonathan is the ultimate obsessive.'' Along with Ellen and Dorothy Carlsson, sisters both played by Ms. Young, the character of Jonathan Corliss (also known as Jay Faraday), played by Matt Dillon, is central to ''A Kiss Before Dying.'' It is his obsessions around which the film twists and turns.

Like the New York lawyer portrayed by Michael Douglas in ''Fatal Attraction,'' Jonathan exhibits a will to have it all. ''He is the ultimate version of the kind of go-getter of the 1980's taken to the nth degree,'' said Mr. Dearden, ''where he literally stops at nothing to get what he wants.'' But unlike Mr. Douglas's character, Jonathan is villain, not victim. The product of a poor, ***working-class*** home, he becomes obsessed with the family and fortunes of Thor Carlsson, a copper magnate played by Max von Sydow. Ruthlessly, he pursues one of Thor Carlsson's twin daughters, Dorothy, who falls in love with him, but then dies in an apparent suicide. Convinced that her twin's death was no suicide, Ellen Carlsson sets out to find the truth, meeting and marrying, along the way, Jonathan Corliss, who is known to her as Jay Faraday.

''When I was re-creating the character of Ellen, I thought, she's just like a Kennedy would be,'' said Mr. Dearden, ''In fact, when I was writing the script, I just thought of those big American families who have so much money, so much power and so much tragedy.''

When he was writing the character of Jonathan, he said, he was driven by wondering ''how far the audiences would accept this character, would sympathize with him.'' To that end, he has also filmed the movie so that it oscillates from Jonathan's to Ellen's point of view until the closing sequence.

As in ''Fatal Attraction,'' one way this film arouses fear in the viewer is to ask: How much do you really know the person you love? ''It has a similiar type of theme in that it's about the unknowability of people,'' explained Mr. Dearden. ''Ellen thinks she's marrying this perfect guy, but he has this incredibly dark, hidden side.''

However there, he said, the parallels with ''Fatal Attraction'' end. '' 'A Kiss Before Dying' is a much more extreme story,'' he said. ''This is an unabashed melodrama with a kind of operatic, baroque plot. It's over the top. It's anti-realism, not grainy naturalism.''

Though the film is set in New York and Philadelphia, Mr. Dearden chose to shoot it in England, because, as this is the first major film he has directed, he wanted to work with technicians with whom he was familiar. ''Also,'' he said, ''in the United States, we couldn't have made this film this way for anything like the money. It probably would've cost us 30 percent more.''

Except for a few location shots, the film was shot in the studio, giving Mr. Dearden, as he put it, ''an excuse to play with that train set Orson Welles discovered.''

Mike Southon, the cinematographer, described ''A Kiss Before Dying'' as a ''very structured, classical kind of film.''

''There's no roughness in it,'' he went on. ''It's a thriller and labyrinthine, but not without the sort of wink Hitchcock tried to slide in, too. ''

Working closely with Mr. Southon was Jim Clay, the set designer with whom he worked on Jon Amiel's ''Queen of Hearts.'' To Mr. Clay fell the task of convincingly reproducing New York City and Philadelphia in England. Because it was deemed too dangerous to stage Dorothy's fatal fall using a real building, Mr. Clay had to reproduce the rooftop of a Philadelphia building; photographic slides were used to provide a realistic background. Among the other sets he had to design were the interiors of New York hotels and brownstone buildings and the multimillionaire's apartment on New York's Upper West Side in which Jonathan and Ellen live after their marriage.

''To track Jonathan from his heavy industrial background through the far reaches of wealth was my brief,'' said Mr. Clay.''James also said it was to be a modern movie, a movie of style with a cohesive look.''

To that end, Mr. Clay chose with Mr. Southon and Marit Allen, the costume designer, a palette of colors to be used throughout the movie. In lighting, costuming and set furnishings, they mixed the deep rich browns and blacks of New York brownstones with the amber and gold hues of copper.

Like Mr. Southon, Matt Dillon said the film ''feels like a Hitchcock movie.'' In an interview in his dressing room, Mr. Dillon, wearing the dark suit belonging to his character, said the director ''has that same kind of humor. The film is kind of demented.''

Though he balked at comparing his film to a work by Hitchcock, Mr. Dearden agreed that ''A Kiss Before Dying,'' to be released in the United States late this year by Universal Pictures, contains some Hitchcockian elements. ''Hitchcock is one of my favorite directors, so it's a homage, though not a conscious one. I'm working in his medium, so I can't escape his influence. People may say I've ripped him off, but all painters quote from each other's work. All composers quote from each other's work.

''I'm certainly not putting myself in the same league as Hitchcock. He had such a wonderful sense of shape and order.''

''A Kiss Before Dying'' with Robert Wagner and Joanne Woodward as the stars, was also filmed in 1956 by Gerd Oswald. ''I'd rather it hadn't been made,'' said Mr. Dearden, ''but we're not remaking a film. We're going back to the book and making a film about a book. ''If I thought the first movie was great, I wouldn't have wanted to remake the book. But I thought it was sufficiently obscure not to be a threat.''

**Graphic**

Photo: In the thriller, Sean Young portrays twin sisters who become involved with the same ruthless man, played by Matt Dillon (Universal Pictures) (pg. 13); Max von Sydow as a wealthy copper magnate, with Matt Dillon, in ''A Kiss Before Dying,'' based on the Ira Levin novel (David Appleby/Universal Pictures) (pg. 20)

**End of Document**



[***Film Series and Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VGV-X060-TW8F-G0F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

FILM SERIES

JACQUES DOILLON: L'EMOTION (Tuesday) A two-month series of Tuesday screenings devoted to the work of Mr. Doillon -- one of the most creative members of the generation of French filmmakers that emerged in the aftermath of the New Wave -- begins with a double bill. Anne Brochet and Francoise Dumas's 1998 documentary, ''Jacques Doillon: Words and Emotion,'' is paired with Mr. Doillon's 1985 ''Family Life,'' a vivid, messy account of a father (Sami Frey) and his attempts to repair his relationship with his 10-year-old daughter (Mara Goyet) from his first marriage. At 12:30, 4 and 7:30 p.m., French Institute/Alliance Francaise, Gould Hall, 55 East 59th Street, Manhattan, (212) 355-6100, fiaf.org, $10. (Dave Kehr)

'FTA' (Monday) Jane Fonda will be present for a discussion after this rare screening of Francine Parker's 1972 documentary, which follows Ms. Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Holly Near and other performers on a sort of alternative-U.S.O. tour of military bases in the United States and around the Pacific rim. The title stands either for ''Free the Army'' or a saltier expression, depending on the context. At 7 p.m., IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at Third Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com; $15. (Kehr)

GREAT FILMS OF 1939 (Sunday) As part of Symphony Space's cultural survey, ''The 1939 Project,'' a series of films drawn from that banner year in movie history begins with Ernst Lubitsch's political comedy ''Ninotchka'' (at 2 and 7 p.m.) and the social documentary ''The City'' (at 4:30 p.m.), directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th Street, (212) 864-5400, symphonyspace.org; $11. (Kehr)

ANGELA RICCI LUCCHI AND YERVANT GIANIKIAN, A RETROSPECTIVE (Monday and Wednesday) Based in Turin, Italy, Ms. Lucchi and Mr. Gianikian have been creating stunning and often disturbing montage films based on ''found'' newsreel, travelogue and medical footage. They include subjects like the wages of colonialism; the aftermath of war; the essence of fascist ideology; and the various pseudo-sciences human beings have invented to enslave themselves. The filmmakers will be present for Monday's 7 p.m. screening of their recent ''Ghiro ghiro tondo,'' which explores the war-torn terrain of the Dolomite region in northeast Italy through images of broken toys. They will also attend Wednesday's 8 p.m. presentation of the early (1981) ''Karagoez: Catalogue 9.5,'' which samples and reassembles a collection of 9.5-millimeter show-at-home movies assembled between 1900 and 1928. Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'AUSTRALIA' (PG-13, 2:35) Baz Luhrmann's creation story about modern Australia is a pastiche of genres and references wrapped up into one horse-galloping, cattle-stampeding, camera-swooping, music-swelling widescreen package. Hugh Jackman gives the film oomph; a wonderfully expressive Nicole Kidman gives it a performance. (Manohla Dargis)

'BEDTIME STORIES' (PG, 1:38) ''I don't believe in happy endings,'' says Skeeter (Adam Sandler), a resentful hotel handyman, to his young niece and nephew. Luckily his director, Adam Shankman, loves them, dragging Skeeter and the rest of the cast through a variety of threadbare fantasies -- an Old West showdown, a medieval joust -- that fail to juice a movie soured by uninspired writing and an enervated star. And if there were an Oscar for miscasting, Guy Pearce's atrocious turn as the hotel's pompous manager would be a lock. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'BRIDE WARS' (PG, 1:34) Die, Bridezilla, die! (Dargis)

'CADILLAC RECORDS' (R, 1:48) This rollicking and insightful celebration of Chicago blues serves as a group portrait of a remarkable, volatile constellation of artists, including Muddy Waters (the impressive Jeffrey Wright), Chuck Berry (Mos Def) and Etta James (Beyonce Knowles). This movie is crowded and sprawling, and if it rambles sometimes, that's just fine. (A. O. Scott)

'CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' ' (No rating, 2:35, in Romanian, English, Spanish and Italian) When the Romanian director Cristian Nemescu died in 2006 at 27, he left behind a handful of brilliant shorts and this feature, which won a prize in Cannes the next year. Longer than it might have been had he lived to trim it, the movie is an incisive satire of cultural collision. In 1999 a company of American soldiers (led by Armand Assante) is stranded in a Romanian backwater on its way to Kosovo, and the men's sojourn is marked by sex, violence, chaos, absurdity and a queasy sense of the pleasures and catastrophes of an American-dominated global order. (Scott)

'CHANDNI CHOWK TO CHINA' (PG-13, 2:20, in Hindi, Cantonese and Mandarin) The immensely popular Akshay Kumar stars in this genial mash-up of Bollywood and kung fu. Too frantic at the beginning, ''Chandni'' settles down to become an enjoyable if slight Saturday matinee picture. It was financed and distributed by Warner Brothers, a first for Bollywood. (Rachel Saltz)

'CHE' (R, 4:17, in Spanish and English) Nearly four and a half hours long and spanning more than a decade, ''Che'' surely deserves the overworked, frequently misapplied label of epic. But it's a narrow epic, and while Benicio Del Toro, in the title role, offers a performance that's technically flawless, the movie is politically naive and dramatically inert. (Scott)

'THE CLASS' (No rating, 2:08, in French, with English subtitles) An artful, intelligent, heartfelt fiction film from the director Laurent Cantet about modern French identity and the attempt to transform young students of all sizes, shapes and colors into citizens through talk, talk, talk. (Dargis)

'CRIPS AND BLOODS: MADE IN AMERICA' (No rating, 1:45) The director Stacy Peralta tracks the history of violent Los Angeles gangs with heart in his well-intended documentary, but not enough intellectual skepticism. (Dargis)

'THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON' (PG-13, 2:47) A hothouse blossom of romance, intrigue and breathtaking digital effects from David Fincher (''Zodiac,'' ''Fight Club''). Brad Pitt stars as a man who ages backward, but it is Cate Blanchett who provides the film's delicate, graceful emotional center of gravity. (Scott)

'DOUBT' (PG-13, 1:44) Adapted by John Patrick Shanley from his stage play, this drama about a Roman Catholic priest suspected of child molestation stars a tamped-down Philip Seymour Hoffman as the accused and an energetic, often wackily comic Meryl Streep as his accuser. (Dargis)

'FROST/NIXON' (R, 2:02) It's twinkle (Michael Sheen) versus glower (Frank Langella) in Ron Howard's amusing, facile edition of the Peter Morgan theatrical smackdown. (Dargis)

'FROZEN RIVER' (R, 1:37) Venturing deep into the trenches where hard-working Americans struggle to put food on the table, Courtney Hunt's powerful, somber film evokes a perfect storm of present-day economic and social woes. Playing an impoverished mother of two who smuggles illegal aliens across the Canadian border, Melissa Leo gives an awards-worthy performance. (Stephen Holden)

'GRAN TORINO' (R, 1:56) Once again Clint Eastwood shows everyone how it's done, with a sleek muscle car of a movie set in that industrial graveyard called Detroit about a racist who befriends a besieged Hmong family next door. (Dargis)

'HAPPY-GO-LUCKY' (R, 1:58) Happiness is a complicated, difficult matter, and for the bopping bloom at the center of Mike Leigh's generous, expansive new film -- a gurgling stream of giggles, laughs and words played by a glorious Sally Hawkins -- it's also a question of faith. (Dargis)

'HOTEL FOR DOGS' (PG, 1:40) Children and dogs: those two magic words distill the appeal of this cuter-than-cute, sweeter-than-sweet family film about animal-loving kids who embark on a crusade to rescue all the stray pooches in a fictional city. (Holden)

'INKHEART' (PG, 1:43) A movie about books coming to life that never manages to do so itself. (Scott)

'JUST ANOTHER LOVE STORY' (No rating, 1:40, in Danish) As this twisty Danish thriller zigzags between austere realism and surreal gore, you have the not unpleasant sense of being taken for a ride. It may not go anywhere in particular, but it is as exciting as a trip through a well-equipped, scary fun house. (Holden)

'LAST CHANCE HARVEY' (PG, 1:38) Dustin Hoffman and Emma Thompson don't make a lot of sense as a screen couple, but there's something irresistible about watching two people fall in love, even in contrived, sniffle- and sometimes gag-inducing films like this one. (Dargis)

'LET THE RIGHT ONE IN' (No rating, 1:54, in Swedish) A charming and chilling Swedish love story directed by Tomas Alfredson about a lonely boy and the girl next door who may just happen to be a vampire. (Dargis)

'MAN ON WIRE' (PG-13, 1:34) Philippe Petit's 1974 tightrope walk between the towers of the World Trade Center might have seemed, at the time, like a crazy stunt, but James Marsh's beautiful documentary understands it as a work of art. (Scott)

'MARLEY AND ME' (PG, 2:05) The bland, obsequious screen adaptation of John Grogan's best-selling 2005 memoir of his up-and-down relationship with an unruly Labrador retriever has a surefire tear-jerker ending. But the bond between human and pet and what they can learn from each other remains unexplored. (Holden)

'MILK' (R, 2:08) Gus Van Sant's film about Harvey Milk (1930-78), the San Francisco City supervisor who was one of the first openly gay elected officials in the country, is less a standard biopic than a sharp, lyrical history lesson, touching not only on a crucial decade in the gay-rights movement but also on the rough and tumble of big-city politics and the tricky ways of love. Sean Penn outdoes himself as Milk, balancing his intense conviction with an unusual and welcome playfulness. The large supporting cast is also excellent, and includes James Franco as Milk's lover and campaign manager, Scott Smith, and Josh Brolin as Dan White, Milk's colleague on the Board of Supervisors and also his murderer. (Scott)

'MOSCOW, BELGIUM' (No rating, 1:42, in Flemish) You may have observed the characters' banal situations in countless other movies, not to mention in your own life, but it is unusual to find them explored with such matter-of-fact truthfulness. (Holden)

'MY BLOODY VALENTINE 3D' (R, 1:41) Adding an extra dimension to the fondly remembered 1981 Canadian slasher about a rogue slayer in a small mining town, ''My Bloody Valentine 3D'' blends cutting-edge technology and old-school prosthetics to produce gore you can believe in. And if the gas-masked villain is less than terrifying, his pursuit of a naked young woman (Betsy Rue) is inspired. If there were an award for acting full-frontally while wearing sky-high stilettos, Ms. Rue would surely teeter away with it. (Catsoulis)

'NOT EASILY BROKEN' (PG-13, 1:39) Directed by Bill Duke and based on a novel by the megachurch minister T. D. Jakes, this story of a marriage under stress is hokey and sometimes clumsy, but anchored in an earnest engagement with the lives of its characters, who have the good fortune of being portrayed by a fine cast. (Scott)

'NOTORIOUS' (R, 2:02) The legend of Biggie Smalls, the Brooklyn-born rapper who was murdered in 1997, is given the full epic-melodrama-biopic treatment in this uneven, rarely dull film, among whose producers are Smalls's mother, Violetta Wallace, and his friend and mentor Sean Combs. Those two important figures are played by Angela Bassett and Derek Luke, while Smalls is impersonated by Jamal Woolard, whose faithful mimicry compensates for some of his limitations as an actor. (Scott)

'OF TIME AND THE CITY' (No rating, 1:14) Terrence Davies's first documentary is a lyrical, barbed reminiscence of postwar Liverpool, in which the nostalgic charm of archival footage flickers in tense counterpoint with Mr. Davies's rueful, barbed narration. (Scott)

'PAUL BLART: MALL COP' (PG, 1:30) Fat people are funny. Fat people who run into things are funnier. Fat people who run into things and have humiliating ***working-class*** jobs? Stop, you're killing me! (Nathan Lee)

'RACHEL GETTING MARRIED' (R, 1:54) Anne Hathaway plays Kym, furloughed from rehab to attend her sister Rachel's wedding. The director, Jonathan Demme, working from a script by Jenny Lumet, takes a fairly conventional family-therapy drama and packs it with exuberant vitality. There is ample sorrow and recrimination at this party, but nonetheless you'll be sorry when it ends. (Scott)

'THE READER' (R, 2:03) You have to wonder who, exactly, wants or perhaps needs to see another movie about the Holocaust that embalms its horrors with artfully spilled tears and also asks us to pity a death camp guard. Kate Winslet plays the guard; Stephen Daldry directs. (Dargis)

'REVOLUTIONARY ROAD' (R, 1:59) Sam Mendes directs Kate Winslet and a fine Leonardo DiCaprio in a waxworks edition of the corrosive, furiously unsentimental novel by Richard Yates about an unhappy marriage in the mid-1950s. (Dargis)

'SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE' (R, 2:00) A modern fairy tale from Danny Boyle (''Trainspotting'') about a pauper angling to become a prince, this sensory blowout largely takes place amid the squalor of Mumbai, India, where lost children and dogs sift through trash so fetid that you swear you can smell the discarded mango as well as its peel. (Dargis)

'SYNECDOCHE, NEW YORK' (R, 2:04) To say that Charlie Kaufman's feature debut is one of the best films of the year or even the one closest to my heart is such a pathetic response to its soaring ambition that I might as well pack it in right now. (In other words: Go!) (Dargis)

'TELL NO ONE' (No rating, 2:05, in French) In the shortcut language of a movie pitch, Guillaume Canet's delicious contemporary thriller is ''Vertigo'' meets ''The Fugitive'' by way of ''The Big Sleep.'' This French adaptation of Harlan Coben's 2001 best seller (same name) is the kind of conspiracy-minded mystery almost no one seems capable of creating anymore, except David Lynch in his surreal way. Beautifully written and acted, it is a labyrinth in which to get deliriously lost. (Holden)

'TROUBLE THE WATER' (No rating, 1:33) While making this superb documentary about that natural and unnatural disaster, Hurricane Katrina, the filmmakers Carl Deal and Tia Lessin hit the jackpot when they meet two New Orleans survivors, Kimberly and Scott Roberts, who rode out the storm with a video camera. (Dargis)

'THE UNBORN' (PG-13, 1:40) There's a dybbuk loose, and Gary Oldman is the rabbi who must stop it. (Dargis)

'UNDERWORLD: RISE OF THE LYCANS' (R, 1:32) Michael Sheen howls up a storm in this prehistory to the first two ''Underworld'' flicks, which rewinds to when the werewolves rebelled against their vampire masters. (Dargis)

'VALKYRIE' (PG-13, 2:00) Bryan Singer (''X-Men'') directs this slick, facile action flick about the heroic Claus von Stauffenberg, a Third Reich officer who made several attempts to assassinate Hitler. Tom Cruise plays the hero with his usual vigor and an eye patch. (Dargis)

'VICKY CRISTINA BARCELONA' (PG-13, 1:36) A rueful comedy from Woody Allen about two young American women (Scarlett Johansson and Rebecca Hall) who, during a summertime European idyll, savor numerous Continental delicacies, some provided by the equally alluring Javier Bardem and Penelope Cruz. (Dargis)

'WALTZ WITH BASHIR' (R, 1:27) Ari Folman's animated documentary about Israeli soldiers haunted by memories of the 1982 Lebanon war is part memoir, part dream, part combat picture and altogether amazing. (Scott)

'WENDY AND LUCY' (R, 1:20) In Kelly Reichardt's latest film Michelle Williams plays Wendy, a lonely young woman who encounters a run of bad luck while drifting through Oregon and Washington with her dog, Lucy. At first glance the film seems like little more than an extended anecdote, but underneath this plain narrative surface is a lucid and melancholy inquiry into the current state of American society. (Scott)

'THE WRESTLER' (R, 1:45) Mickey Rourke, with sly, hulking grace, stars as a washed-up wrestler hoping for a comeback. But like its hero, the movie has a blunt, exuberant honesty, pulling off even its false moves with conviction and flair. (Scott)

'YES MAN' (PG-13, 1:44) When a grouchy curmudgeon (Jim Carrey) visits a self-help seminar preaching the power of yes, he is transformed into a wild, unpredictable fellow; a giddy, spontaneous goofball; a gangling, motormouthed, rubber-faced id. Nothing we haven't seen before, and not terribly inspired. (Scott)

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[***Clinton to Begin Visit to Central America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VYH-M1V0-007F-G1H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Dateline:** SAN SALVADOR, March 6

**Body**

When President Clinton visits Central America next week, he will witness a region forged by one tragedy or another over the last several decades and, more often than not, forgotten in its intervals of renewal.

The President is to open a four-day visit to El Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala on Monday, the day after Salvadorans vote on a new President and further cement a remarkable democratic transformation after 12 years of civil war that left more than 70,000 people dead.

"It's almost a miracle what's happened here," said Anne W. Patterson, the United States Ambassador to El Salvador.

But compared with the clamor of the 1980's, when the region's upheavals dominated American foreign policy, that change has occurred nearly silently. Instead, it has taken one of the worst natural disasters to rampage through the hemisphere in modern times -- Hurricane Mitch late last year -- to refocus attention here.

With this visit, many Central American experts agree, President Clinton has a chance to engage the region once again -- with increased aid, trade preferences and protected status of Central American immigrants, for example -- and to nurture young democracies that emerged only recently from armed conflicts and remain fragile.

"The question is, do we use this moment of political stability to help strengthen the countries so they don't suck us back into the whirlpool?" said Robert A. Pastor, former national security adviser for Latin America under President Carter, who now teaches at Emory University in Atlanta.

As opposed to the cold war concerns that drove Washington's interest here a decade ago, Mr. Clinton's agenda for this visit will reflect the global issues of today -- free trade, immigration and drug trafficking, in addition to repairing the damage from Hurricane Mitch.

But past interventions and traumas still color the region's relations with the United States. And they are especially likely to confront Mr. Clinton in places like Guatemala, where just last month a truth commission blamed Guatemalan military rulers assisted by Washington for acts of genocide against the country's Maya population during a 36-year war.

Besides helping the armies of El Salvador and Guatemala wage wars against guerrilla forces, the United States financed the counterrevolutionary war against the Sandinista rebels, who took power in Nicaragua in 1979, using Honduras as an operational base for the contras.

Mr. Clinton, who first visited the region in 1997, when he met with Central American leaders in Costa Rica, will travel with Hillary Rodham Clinton and on Monday and Tuesday will tour areas in Nicaragua and Honduras that were devastated by the hurricane.

He is scheduled to give the major address of the visit before the El Salvadoran legislative Assembly on Wednesday, then travel to Guatemala for a round-table discussion on that country's moves for peace on Wednesday evening. On Thursday, he will meet with the Presidents of the four countries, and leaders from Costa Rica, Belize and the Dominican Republic, at a summit conference in Antigua, outside Guatemala City, before heading home.

Of the previously war-torn areas President Clinton will visit, El Salvador, a country of about 5.8 million, has moved the furthest toward consolidating peace. The former guerrilla movement, the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front, is now the country's leading opposition party, boasts the second-largest bloc in the national assembly and controls a large and growing number of mayoral posts, including the capital's.

The governing Nationalist Republican Alliance, a party founded by extreme-right-wing leaders associated with death squads, has undergone a remarkable transformation of its own and now accepts the left's gains and negotiates with them on all levels of politics.

This week, in the ***working-class*** neighborhood of San Jacinto, several thousand euphoric supporters of the former guerrilla party marched down a street past auto body shops and hot dog vendors, waving red flags and chanting revolutionary slogans, though it was clear that the change they sought would come only through the ballot box.

On a stage set up a few feet away from the presidential offices here, two former guerrilla commanders, Facundo Guardado and Nidia Diaz, addressed the crowd.

"You can't be indifferent," Ms. Diaz, still going by her nom de guerre, told them, closing out the campaign on Wednesday and urging supporters to turn out for the vote, which her party is not expected to win. "It's your future, it's what's going to happen to El Salvador, what is at stake."

But peace has not come easily to this country. Since the 1992 political settlement that ended the war, American aid to El Salvador has dropped dramatically, as it has in the rest of the region, to $34 million a year compared with $292 million in 1992 and more than $500 million at the peak of the conflict, American Embassy figures here show.

The country heavily relies on remittances sent home by Salvadorans who left during and after the war and now live in the United States. That money, an average of about $85 million a month, or more than $1 billion a year, forms El Salvador's largest source of foreign exchange.

Not surprisingly, the possible deportation of some of the 1.2 million Salvadorans estimated to be living in the United States is at the top of El Salvador's agenda for President Clinton's visit.

Administration officials say they are seeking legal status for about 200,000 Salvadorans and Guatemalans in the United States. But a temporary suspension of deportation proceedings against undocumented Salvadorans and Guatemalans -- whose numbers surged after Hurricane Mitch -- expires on Monday. Mr. Clinton's Deputy Chief of Staff, Maria Echaveste, said this week that the Administration saw no need to extend the grace period because "the countries can absorb the return of illegal immigrants."

Eduardo Zablah-Touche, Minister of Economy in El Salvador, disputed that view and said his Government would push for inclusion of Salvadorans in the amnesty benefits granted to Nicaraguans in 1997.

"These are poor, small countries that have suffered internal conflicts and now have had a decade of doing things right," Mr. Zablah-Touche said in an interview. "But it's costing a lot and we need a hand."

The help Central American governments uniformly want, and contend best serves the interests of both sides, is a free-trade agreement that would extend to Central America the benefits Mexico receives under the North American Free Trade Agreement. The Clinton Administration announced this week that it was seeking temporary enhancement of the Caribbean Basin Initiative program for textile and apparel -- Central American products -- as another way to deal with post-hurricane recovery.

But the countries say that free-trade-agreement parity is crucial to compete with Mexico for foreign trade and investment and to generate jobs, and the topic is sure to dominate discussions at the regional summit meeting with President Clinton in Guatemala.

"These countries have undertaken in the last five years big reforms -- reducing inflation, trying to put their house in order," said Enrique Iglesias, president of the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington. "It'd do a lot of good if they had more investments and more exports, and that's why cooperation with the United States is extremely important."

The thrust of Mr. Clinton's trip, though, is to survey first hand the damage caused by Hurricane Mitch, which killed at least 9,000 people, left thousands more missing, mostly in Honduras and Nicaragua, wiped out export crops, wrecked roads and wells and caused damage estimated at $7 billion to $10 billion.

The President has asked Congress for $956 million in emergency reconstruction funds for Central America and for the Caribbean countries damaged by Hurricane Georges, in addition to the about $300 million already spent on disaster relief.

Administration officials said their relief package also includes a deferral of $600 million in interest payments for Honduras and Nicaragua, the two severely indebted countries in Central America, with an external public debt of $3.7 billion and $6.2 billion respectively.

A preliminary assessment by international financial institutions found that Hurricane Mitch affected about one quarter of the total population of the four countries in one way or another. A sharp fall in exports like bananas and coffee is expected, while inflation, unemployment and fiscal deficits are sure to rise, the institutions said.

The emergency comes at a time when the countries are still grappling with the political and social effects of the violence that ripped apart their societies. More than nine years after their civil war ended, Nicaraguans remain divided to the point of paralysis on economic and political issues.

In El Salvador, one of the highest crime rates in Latin America is attributed to the availability of arms after the war.

But the aftermath is starkest in Guatemala, where a war of more than three decades caused more than 200,000 deaths and disappearances and the exile or displacement of thousands more.

Many Guatemalans and Central American experts say Mr. Clinton, who is visiting at a critical moment in the efforts to maintain peace, should give his unequivocal endorsement to carrying out peace accords brokered by the United Nations in 1996 and bringing war criminals to justice.

Some also advocate that Mr. Clinton acknowledge American support of repressive armies and offer an apology in light of the truth commission report, which recommended that Guatemala's President and guerrilla leaders, who have regrouped as a political party, ask the forgiveness of all Guatemalans.

"If he were keen, he should apologize and declare that his policy is to never again support deviations such as the ones that occurred," said Alfonso Bauer Paiz, who served in the administration of President Jacobo Arbenz, a left-leaning elected President who was removed in a military coup in 1954 engineered by the C.I.A.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: President Clinton will visit Central America the day after El Salvador cements its democratic transformation with a presidential election. Facundo Guardado, a candidate and former guerrilla, spoke to backers. (Cindy Karp for The New York Times)

Map of El Salvador shows location of San Salvador: U.S. aid to San Salvador dropped after a pact ended fighting in 1992.

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**End of Document**



[***New Life for Hoboken's Ghost Waterfront? Vote to Decide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NP60-0038-D0W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Brick and steel, bit by bit, the 90-year-old piers built here by German steamship lines to last for ages are reluctantly coming down, opening this Hudson River waterfront to a future filled with uncertainty.

As huge jackhammers strain to undo the Germans' fastidiousness - these fireproof piers replaced earlier ones destroyed in a fire in 1900 - Hoboken residents prepare to vote tomorrow on what the waterfront and the city itself should become.

Hoboken's mayor and other city officials want the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey to help build a huge new complex of offices, stores, apartments and a park that will reflect a sophisticated new urbanity.

On the other side, a coalition of city residents, who in a similar vote last year unsuccessfully tried to have the piers turned into a 30-acre park, oppose the Port Authority plan. They say they will accept development, but only on a small scale in keeping with the city's 19th-century streetscape.

The vote comes less than two weeks after the announcement that another waterfront fixture, the Maxwell House coffee plant, the last major smokestack industry on the river's edge, will close in 18 months.

Drastic Change in the Offing

Whatever the voters decide, it is certain that this city's relationship to its waterfront, one that in many ways shaped Hoboken's character, is in for a drastic change.

''It's sad to see it go,'' Donald Barrett, a retired Hoboken longshoreman, said of the pier during a recent trip to watch a wrecker's ball bounce off the doomed waterfront buildings. ''While it was here, it was home. But I don't think it means that much to the city any more.''

Once the waterfront was a place of pungent sights and smells that flavored the entire community. Here the community merges with the waterfront. East-west streets lead directly to the river, people live across the street from the docks and a long ball hit at the Little League field can plop down close to Pier C. At first this closeness was a splendid advantage. When the city was settled, the river's edge served as a gentle docking place for the world's first steam ferry and for harried New Yorkers looking to wile away a hot summer's afternoon. It was under such conditions that the first baseball game was supposed to have been played on the Elysian Fields, just above the waterfront, in 1846. In 1861 the first commercial piers were built, and soon seamen, merchants and immigrants started to fill Hoboken's streets.

By 1917 prosperous Germans ran the waterfront and City Hall, and many public- school classes were taught in German.

Then World War I broke out, and the United States Government seized the piers and the huge German-built ships docked there. Fearing spies and saboteurs, the Government placed the entire city under martial law, and a few old residents still remember seeing soldiers marching up First Street toward the port. More than a million doughboys set sail from here, vowing as they left to be in ''heaven, hell or Hoboken'' by Christmas.

It was in the 1950's, when its piers, shipyards and gloomy factories were bustling, that the waterfront defined Hoboken as a rough-and-tumble ***working-class*** town, a port of call where streets echoed with a dozen languages and cultures.

So well developed was that persona that Hoboken was selected as the film set for ''On the Waterfront,'' which etched indelibly onto millions of minds what a waterfront looked and sounded like.

No Room to Expand

Thoroughly modernized by the Port Authority in the early 1950's, the Hoboken piers were undone by progress and the long steel boxes called containers in which nearly all overseas cargo is now transported. The containers are highly efficient but voracious in their need for space. Hoboken's early advantage turned into a drawback because there was no room to expand.

So in 1971 the cargo-handling companies simply picked up and left for Port Newark-Elizabeth, now one of the world's busiest container ports. Hoboken's piers have been silent since, a backlot movie prop.

The Port Authority, which has a long-term lease for use of the piers, has been interested in developing them for the last decade. The agency got legislation passed in both New York and New Jersey that allows it to get involved in such a project, but then it had to overcome deep community opposition.

Finally last year, thinking all challenges had been met, the agency prepared to sign a final agreement with the city when a group of advocates gathered enough signatures to have the contract put before a public referendum for approval.

Problems of Bigness Feared

''It's just too big,'' said Susan O'Kane, a member of the Coalition for a Better Waterfront, the citizen group opposed to the Port Authority contract. ''Hoboken is just a little 19th-century town with 25-foot-wide streets that can't possibly absorb the traffic generated by development.''

If the plan is defeated tomorrow, the city will have to begin negotiations all over again. But planning officials are optimistic that voters will approve it and that something can be done with the waterfront.

Peggy E. Thomas, director of Hoboken's Community Development Agency, says it is unfortunate that a whole era is passing, and she believes that Hoboken will never be as cohesive a community as it was before. Change is unavoidable, she said, but in some ways it will be change for the better. For 90 years a three-block-long brick warehouse on River Street - called the headhouse - has blocked people from reaching or even seeing the river.

''The headhouse connected the waterfront to the city through work,'' Ms. Thomas said. ''Taking it down will connect them in a different way.''

Adjustment to Change Predicted

Mayor Patrick Pasculli, a lifelong Hoboken resident, said the city had been hit hard by the loss of the working docks and by more recent losses, like Maxwell House, but would recover.

''Just as a fine actor is able to adjust to many different roles, the city of Hoboken is resilient and will adjust to its new role, whatever that may be,'' Mr. Pasculli said. If the Port Authority plan is voted, a few bollards and cleats from the old docks will be salvaged and reused, and a monument to the World War I embarkation will be set up in the new complex. Otherwise all the history on the waterfront will be erased.

In its place will be residential and commercial buildings, one 25 stories high. The plan includes a marina, a fishing pier and a tree-lined promenade, all designed to open up the river to the people, something that has not been possible on a large scale since the days of the original Elysian Fields.

Lure of the River

Of course, some people have always found their way down to the water. On a recent hot afternoon, about a dozen people were on the crumpled concrete deck of what used to be the Stevens Institute of Technology pier on Frank Sinatra Drive, below Castle Point. Some fished; one man caught a blue fish as long as his arm. Another had a cooler of beer strapped to his bicycle, to share with two friends.

Carlos Marti, a 33-year-old industrial presser, said he liked to go down to the river to relax. He watched the tugs and other boats pass by in the brown river, and in spite of overflowing garbage cans and all the dirt, he felt in the air a little bit of the freedom that open waters have always represented.

Mr. Marti said he did not know anything about the history of the waterfront or what it once meant to the city. He only knew that when it got hot enough to make asphalt streets mushy, the breeze remained cool on the river.

''They should put something here for the people to use,'' he said. ''We got no other place to go.''

**Graphic**

Photos: The waterfront character of Hoboken, N.J., may be radically altered as old piers and warehouses are torn down. City officials want to construct a huge new complex that would contain offices, stores, apartments and a park, but not all residents approve. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times) (pg. B1); As the 90-year-old piers in Hoboken, N.J., are slowly dismantled, residents are preparing to vote tomorrow on the city's future. Fishermen cast their lines from a Hoboken landing toward the Manhattan skyline.; Marlon Brando in the 1954 film ''On the Waterfront,'' much of which was filmed on and around the Hoboken piers. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times) (pg. B4)

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[***RED HOOK SURVIVES HARD TIMES INTO NEW ERA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DN30-000B-Y3G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1318 words

**Byline:** By MOLLY IVINS

**Body**

Red Hook, Brooklyn's legendary waterfront, survived generations of poor immigrants, brawling workers and union corruption, only to be nearly destroyed by government decisions. It is now beginning a renaissance, this time aided by government.

''Red Hook is one of the best examples I know of a neighborhood that has seen both the positive and the negative effects of government,'' said Marilyn Gelber, City Planning Commission's director of neighborhood strategy.

Traditionally, the Red Hook section was the area below Atlantic Avenue near the waterfront, its ''hook'' protruding into Buttermilk Channel near Governors Island. But these days, Red Hook is a lesser place, some parts having been renamed Cobble Hill, Boerum Hill and Carroll Gardens.

Molly Ivins describes efforts to restore Brooklyn waterfront neighborhood known as Red Hook sectionFirst the Freeways Cut Up the Section

The first blow to Red Hook was the freeways. Thirty years ago, the Gowanus Expressway sliced the neighborhood diagonally; then the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway cut it again, north-south, leaving the Columbia Street area, which had been the main shopping center, severed from the rest and slowly dying.

In 1964, Borough President Abe Stark announced that a container port would be put in and that the entire Columbia Street area up to the expressway would be part of it.

''So then all the people who owned property there figured why fix it up, the city is just going to tear it down in a few years,'' said Salvatore Scotto, president of the Carroll Gardens Association, a civic group.

Next, an effort to save the neighborhood became part of the problem. By the 1960's, the Gowanus Canal was a monument to environmental disaster: the sewer pipes hadn't been cleaned for 100 ''For seven or eight months of the year it stank to holy hell,'' Mr. Scotto said.

So the association began lobbying and eventually got a commitment for the Red Hook interceptor canal, a $378 million sewage treatment project. Seventy-five percent of it is financed by the Federal Government, and it should be completed in three years.

Digging for the interceptor sewer began in the Columbia Street area in October 1975. The old buildings had been shaken up by the earlier digging for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel and the expressway. In December 1975, a house collapsed on President Street, killing one man. In August 1977, another collapse on Carroll Street killed a man and his 8-year-old daughter.

Work on the tunnel was stopped so the city could buy the houses along the route. The ditch along Columbia became a breeding ground for rats and mosquitoes.

Finally, in 1979, the sewer was closed. But while Columbia was going downhill, things were looking up elsewhere. The ''brownstoners,'' who had already brought gentrification to Brooklyn Heights, started spilling south, through Boerum Hill and Cobble Hill and into Carroll Gardens.

It is an area where the Italian flavor is strong. Espresso bars, pork shops and pasta stores line the commercial streets. On the side blocks, there are beautifully kept gardens, some with statues of the Madonna.

'Creekers' vs. 'Pointers'

A generation ago, the division was between the ''Creekers,'' those who lived nearer the canal, and the ''Pointers,'' those who lived nearer the actual hook of land off Buttermilk Channel. In the Brooklyn language, the latter comes out ''Pernters.''

A retired longshoreman named Farley - he would give no other name, though he said he was a ''Creeker'' - recalled: ''We had pie and cake wars in them days. If one of them came onto our side, we'd surround the fellow and ask which he liked better, pie or cake. If he gave the wrong answer, we'd beat the deleted out of him. There was no right answer. They did the same to us, be sure.''

The area had been largely Irish since the 1840's, though it was always a stopping place for all kinds of immigrants. After World War I Italians began arriving. Justice John F. Hayes of State Supreme Court, who is one of Brooklyn's noted amateur historians, said, ''The waterfront in its heyday, 100 years ago, was a place of great chandlers, ropewalks and intense shipping activity.''

Part of the history of Red Hook is the history of the longshoremen's union. One result is a notoriety that some residents relish - stories of organized crime that have long followed the International Longshoremen's Association.

'Insulting' to Workers

Another result is a stronger sense of ***working-class*** consciousness in Red Hook than one normally finds among second- and thirdgeneration Americans, and this is affecting the community's development today. There is considerable community opposition to the gentrification of the neighborhood. A leading spokesman for this sentiment is Celia Cacace, who is active in community affairs.

''They call it gentrification and I call it genocide,'' Mrs. Cacace said. ''They are just bringing enormous amounts of real-estate speculators in here, and people who don't want to have roots in the community. They're just out for profit, and it is forcing our people out.''

''When they say gentrification,'' she continued, ''they are depicting that they are bringing in a better class of people, and they are stating that those of us who work in manual labor, what are we, nothing? This is insulting.''

The container port announced in 1964, a project of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, opened this year and was dedicated on Sept. 23. Two 40-ton gantry cranes able to handle 30,000 containers a year tower over the skyline in the Columbia Street area. But because almost all shipping is in containers now, the port will provide few unskilled jobs.

Change in Job Market

It is precisely this change in the economy of the Hook - which provided entry-level, unskilled jobs for the poor generation after generation - that typifies the Hook's most festering problem.

Red Hook Housing is a giant complex, 2,881 units of public housing built in 1939. Many of the residents are unemployed and on government assistance. Despite some recent improvements, the buildings are deteriorating. It is a high-crime area. All day, every day, small crowds of poor people hang out in the streets, on the sidewalks in front of bars and stores, smoking, selling drugs, fighting. They are only a small percentage of those who live in the projects, but they give the complex a bad reputation.

Many people in the projects are working to improve them. There is an active tenants' association led by Brenda Cyrus, and there are tenant-led safety patrols.

Larry Thomas, a community relations officer with the Housing Authority police, said: ''This is not a unique place - its problems are typical. What you are talking about is a nationwide problem called unemployment.''

New Kind of Tenant Moving In

There is some hope for the projects. They are surrounded by 54 acres of parks and recreational facilities, most of it in poor shape, but all due for rehabilitation by the city.

In the area called ''the Back'' - a section next to the waterfront of old row houses still occupied by older Italians and Irish - a new kind of tenant has been moving in. Artists, attracted by the low rents and the spectacular views of the Statue of Liberty and lower Manhattan, are arriving, and there is some real-estate speculation.

In the Columbia Street area, a long-planned, long-promised public housing project is now scheduled for a December ground-breaking. These attractive apartments built around gardens will replace much of the housing destroyed or damaged by the interceptor sewer.

In addition, the Office of Economic Development has funds to develop an open-air pushcart market in the area, a colorful assemblage of vendors that was characteristic of Columbia Street 30 years ago. In order to entice the wealthier neighbors from Carroll Gardens across the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, the Board of Estimate recently approved funds for a two-block-long deck over the expressway.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Map of Brooklyn 2 photos of Red Hook

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[***BEHIND THE YORKTOWN MALL CONTROVERSY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-SGP0-0009-23WY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1233 words

**Byline:** By FRANKLIN WHITEHOUSE

**Body**

YORKTOWN HEIGHTS MEN and bulldozers are clearing the gray trees of winter from a 50-acre site five miles north of here as the town of Yorktown prepares to greet the Jefferson Valley Mall. It will encounter both hope and fear.

The controversial shopping center, about which townspeople have been arguing in and out of court for a decade, appears to have cleared all but a final legal hurdle on its way toward starting its rise on Route 6 east of the Taconic State Parkway.

Just before Christmas, seven justices on the New York State Court of Appeals voted unanimously to deny further appeal of the mall's 1980 site plan by a group of Yorktown residents. The decision by the state's highest court left intact a challenge by the group, the Concerned Citizens to Review the Mall, to a 1971 zoning change that affects eight acres of the site.

New York State Court denies further appeal of site plan and construction begins on Jefferson Valley Mall in Yorktown (NY)

The Town Attorney, Arthur J. Selkin, said last week that even if the propriety of the rezoning were struck down in court, the town could simply rezone it in a legally acceptable way.

The governm ent of the town of 33,000 people in northern Westchesterfavors the ma ll, which is planned to contain more than 100 stores, theaters and restaurants. With about 630,000 square feet of floor space, the ma ll will be about two-thirds the size of the 880,000-squar e-foot Galleria in White Plains, 20 miles to the south.

''Taxes is number one,'' the Town Supervisor, Nancy Elliott, said last week when asked to list the government's reasons for supporting the mall. ''Increased opportunities for employment is another reason, and service to the community in the sense of a full-service, nondiscount department store. People have been wanting this for years,'' she added.

Not everyone, however. Homeowners worry about what increased traffic will do to north-south ''feeder'' roads through their neighborhoods that will connect the site to the commercial hub in Yorktown Heights and to Route 6 itself, a two-lane, east-west artery. Commercial interests, including the Yorktown Chamber of Commerce, are concerned that the large mall will draw off business from the established stores to the south.

Jefferson Valley Mall, which is expected to be completed in the fall next year, is a joint venture of Melvin Simon & Associates of Indianapolis and Equity Properties and Development Company of New York City. Both will own a share of the project, including the land, and the Melvin Simon concern will manage and lease it.

The enclosed, two-floor mall will be anchored at both ends by department stores. One will be a Sears, Roebuck outlet; the other a store owned by D. M. Read, which is a division of Allied Stores.

The wooded site of the mall produced about $65,000 in town and school taxes in 1981, according to Robert P. Killeen, the town's Assessor. Mr. Killeen said the town expected about $850,000 in such taxes from the completed mall in its first year, a figure that includes a 50 percent tax abatement the developers were voted by the town as an inducement to build the project.

Mr. Killeen said his estimate was based on the assumption that at $40 a square foot in construction costs, the mall would eventually have an assessment for tax purposes at betwee n $26 million and $28 million.

Under the agreement with the developers, the abatement will be reduced by 5 percent a year over the 10-year period in which the Melvin Simon concern has agreed to retain its interest in the mall, Mrs Elliott said. She said she had no estimates on how many jobs the mall would offer the region.

The Chamber of Commerce, which claims more than 100 members in Yorktown, issued a statement saying that the shopping center ''would effectively administer a death blow to the established retail merchants of the area.'' Some business people said they feared sales would be siphoned off north to the Route 6 center.

The chamber asserted that Jefferson Valley is planned to be three times the size of the Triangle Shopping Mall and four times the size of Yorktown Green, two shopping centers in Yorktown Heights.

Jefferson Valley ''would at one stroke and in one place insert a shopping center into the fabric of the town equal to more than 37 percent of all existing shopping and commercial facilities'' in terms of assessed valuation, the chamber's statement said.

''Where is a center of this magnitude going to get the people to buy?'' asked Grace Roma, the Chamber of Commerce president and a major owner of commercial real estate who has lived in Yorktown for more than 30 years. ''We do not have the wealthy here. We have the ***working class***.''

Mrs. Roma said that if business fell off seriously among her tenants at the Roma Building, which include a gas station, restaurant and television shop, she would apply for tax relief in the form of lowered property assessments.

Opposition to the mall has also been led by Larry A. Stern, who once owned and still has an interest in a liquor store here. He estimated that many Heights merchants would lose 30 to 50 percent of their gross annual revenue to the mall stores. ''It scared hell out of me because it's overkill for this town,'' he said. ''We're getting away from orderly growth.''

Downtown merchants, Mr. Stern said, ''have no options.'' Moving to the new mall themselves would cost them rents ''at least double the $8 to $10 a square foot they now pay on average, he said.

At least one merchant near the site, however, expressed a commercial welcome to the proposed mall. Roy Jear, owner of the Roy Luck Chinese Restaurant in Lourd's Shopping Plaza across Route 6 from the mall site, said, ''There's going to be a lot of stores, a lot of people. That's good.'' He said that ''a good store'' in the mall would inevitably attract ''a lot of people.''

Evelyn Zaccari, a longtime critic of the mall who lives on Quinlan Street, said she felt that her street, as well as others in the area such as Gomer and Curry Streets, would be turned from quiet residential r oads into congested thoroughfares carrying trucks and shoppers.

She believes that the mall will have an adverse effect on residential property values, although she conceded that she could not say to what extent. ''The middle class is fighting for its life,'' she said.

In 1970, the town rezoned 42 of the 50 acres for a regional shopping-center district and the remianing eight acres the next year. Also in 1971, it approved site plans for a three-store mall, but when an earlier developer failed to build, the approval lapsed.

Several other plans over the years were challenged in court by the town for traffic and environmental reasons until April 1980, when the present site plan was approved by the Town Board, 3 to 2.

Mrs. Elliott, the Supervisor who, as a member of the town's Planning Board had opposed an earlier plan, voted for the present one.

''It wasn't that we didn't want a shopping center, not at all,'' she said. ''We wanted a first-class one.'' Mrs. Elliott said that Melvin Simon & Associates, who became the developers in late 1979, had agreed to a number of changes, including two stores instead of three.

Other improvements, Mrs. Elliott said, were more trees to screen neighbors, a changed design from a straight-line building to one ''sort of S-shaped'' and shorter light poles. ''They have some class,'' Mrs. Elliott said of the Melvin Simon firm.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: map of Westchester County map of area of proposed mall photo of Nancy Elliott

**End of Document**



[***Attacks on U.S. Muslims Surge Even as Their Faith Takes Hold***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7790-0005-G1VC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE

By JAMES BROOKE

**Dateline:** SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 25

**Body**

The city's mosque had burned, gasoline-fueled flames melting the vinyl siding, charring the prayer hall, and scorching the rooftop crescent. But Asmir Markinson decided to pray in the empty parking lot, behind the yellow police tape.

"I finished praying, looked up, and saw three teen-age girls standing at the gate," recalled the 30-year-old mother, who stands out in this small Midwestern city because she wears a hijab, the head scarf of a devout Muslim.

First came the jeers: "They should just give it up" and "Why don't you just go home?"

Then, as Mrs. Markinson's pace quickened down the sidewalk that June afternoon, the stones came.

"I had felt that animosity in Germany, when they would say, 'Go home, you dirty Turk,' " said Mrs. Markinson, a former member of the Army military police who converted to Islam after serving in the Gulf war. "But this is Springfield."

Springfield, where Abraham Lincoln alerted pre-Civil War America with a speech on "A House Divided," is again witness to a pernicious division spreading across the land: a surge in hate crimes against Muslims.

During the past year, five American mosques have been burned down or seriously vandalized. In the three days after the Oklahoma City bombing in April, an anti-defamation group recorded 222 attacks against Muslims -- ranging from spitting on women wearing shawls to death threats to shots fired at mosques to a fake bomb thrown at a Muslim day care center.

On April 19, the day of the bombing, many American television stations indicated that Islamic fundamentalists were the prime suspects. The two men indicted for the crime, Timothy J. McVeigh and Terry L. Nichols, are American-born and are considered to have been driven by right-wing politics, not religious fervor.

The increasing vandalism and attacks are considered to be only a glimpse of the broader picture. "Only 10 percent of the mosques responded to our survey," said Ibrahim Hooper, spokesman for the Council on American-Islamic Relations. The council, based in Washington, released its report on Thursday. The group's next project is to prepare a booklet on mosque security and distribute it to the roughly 1,500 mosques in the United States.

The increase in hate crimes comes at a time when Islam is America's fastest growing faith. In the United States, Muslims now outnumber Episcopalians 2-to-1. With about six million adherents, Islam is expected to overtake Judaism as the largest non-Christian religion in the United States by the end of the decade.

But with slightly more than half of America's Muslim population foreign-born, Muslims suffer from a vulnerability compounded by linguistic, cultural and political isolation.

"We are the new kids on the block," said Abdurahman Alamoudi, an Eritrean-born pharmacist who is executive director of the American Muslim Council, a Washington-based political organization. "Every community went through this -- the Italians, the Jews, the Irish, the Hispanics."

In statistics, bias against Muslims is virtually invisible. The Federal Bureau of Investigation's hate-crime report for 1993 shows 1,358 offenses against Jews, 1,197 offenses against Catholics, and 15 offenses against Muslims. The Anti-Defamation League recorded 2,066 anti-Semitic incidents in 1994.

"We have been doing it for 16 years," Myrna Shinbaum, spokeswoman for the Anti-Defamation League, said of the New York group's nationwide system that collects hate-crime information. "Other groups have learned from us. We are delighted that they have."

Believing that the vast majority of anti-Muslim incidents were never reported, concerned Muslims formed the Council on American-Islamic Relations about a year ago.

To some experts, the anti-Muslim bias is fed by international politics and by stereotyping in the press.

"Almost immediately after the collapse of Communism, Islam emerged as the new evil force in the world," said John E. Woods, a professor of Middle Eastern history at the University of Chicago.

Jack G. Shaheen, who writes and lectures about American press images of Arabs, agreed, saying, "We have replaced the red threat with the green threat, namely Islam."

Scattered in time and place during the past year, the attacks on mosques in the United States do not appear to be in direct response to specific incidents overseas, or part of an organized campaign. In September, a nearly completed mosque in Yuba City, Calif., was burned to the ground. In October, fire damaged a mosque in Brooklyn. On April 26, one week after the Oklahoma bombing, a suspicious fire destroyed an Islamic center in High Point, N.C.

On June 6, fire destroyed the mosque here. On July 16, vandals severely damaged a mosque in Huntsville, Ala..

In the days after the Oklahoma bombing, more anti-Muslim attacks were recorded than during all of 1991, the year of the Persian Gulf war. During that year, 119 incidents were documented by the American-Arab Discrimination Committee, a Washington-based civil rights organization.

The difference appears to be the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, an event that linked Muslims and domestic terrorism in the minds of many Americans. But anti-Muslim sentiment started to grow in the American heartland long before, with the taking of 52 American hostages in 1979 by Iranian revolutionaries at the Embassy in Teheran.

"If anything devastated the efforts of American Muslims to show the good face of Islam, it was the World Trade Center," said Mr. Alamoudi of the American Muslim Council.

The morning after the Oklahoma City bombing, Bob Grant, the host of a WABC radio talk show in New York, railed at a caller who cautioned against a rush to blame Muslims: "What I would like to do is put you up against the wall with the rest of them, and mow you down along with them -- execute you with them," Mr. Grant told the caller.

American Muslims complain that the American press and entertainment industry operate in a virtual vacuum of knowledge about Muslims and that as a result tend to focus on the violent and extremist minority of Islam. They say that few Americans realize that Louis Farrakhan's radical and highly publicized Nation of Islam has only 10,000 members, a tiny splinter group when compared with the estimated three million African-American Muslims.

"Because of the general ignorance, the unfamiliarity, the Islamic Community can be judged by the few, while Christianity can't be judged by the few," said Nihad Awad, executive director of the Council on American-Islamic Relations.

Mr. Sheehan asserts that Hollywood routinely "demonizes" Muslims. Last year, the Arnold Schwarzenegger movie "True Lies" depicted Islamic terrorists setting off a small atomic bomb in the Florida Keys. Later this year, a movie starring the actor Jean-Claude Van Damme will revolve around a fictional Islamic terrorist group seizing a hockey rink in Pittsburgh.

"The result is that when a mosque burns, we don't get the same reaction as when a church or synagogue burns," said Mr. Sheehan, who wrote a book on stereotypes in the press, "The TV Arab."

Here in the Illinois state capital, the police openly theorize that the Muslims burned down their own mosque.

"I just find it real hard to believe that anyone around here did it," said Tony Sacco, Sangamon County's chief of detectives. "The information we have is that they have something to do with it," he said of the mosque's members.

In this environment, local politicians shy away from public condemnations.

Down at "Cabbage Patch," a white ***working class*** neighborhood of trailers and frame houses, a blue swastika has remained emblazoned for the past three years on a telephone pole in front of the mosque. More recently, the charred walls have a faint scent of gasoline, the fire marshall speaks of arson, and the next door neighbors remember waking to hear men's voices and motorcycles in the mosque parking lot a few minutes before the midnight blaze.

"The morning after the fire, I was standing here talking to reporters and three carloads of young men drove slowly by," said Maryam Mostoufi, a mosque member. "They were hooting, hollering and laughing."

Yet the county sheriff and local politicians refuse to classify the arson as a hate crime.

"There was no real indication that it was a real hate movement," said Larry Bomke, a state senator who was chairman of the Sangamon County Board at the time of the fire. "There were no signs painted all over the place."

Mayor Karen Hasara points out that Cabbage Patch is outside her jurisdiction -- an unincorporated swath of county land surrounded on all four sides by the City of Springfield.

"It's none of my business to be calling up the county sheriff's office for something outside the city," said the Mayor who took office one month before the fire. "It's very difficult when I don't have access to the investigation."

But mosque members recall that the Ms. Hasara was not such a stickler over geography last March when she visited the mosque, seeking votes and campaign donations. Of the 250 adult members of the mosque, most are college-educated professionals who live in Springfield.

Which is why "One-Eyed Jack," Springfield's most popular morning radio talk show host, argues that class, not religion, is the source of friction.

"You have outsiders coming in and parking $30,000 BMW's and Mercedes in front of $20,000 houses, said the talk-show host, whose real name is Don Jackson. "And a whole lot of resentment builds up."

**Graphic**

Photo: Adil Rahman surveyed the remains of a mosque in Springfield, Ill., which was heavily damaged by a fire in June. The police have said it was arson. The mosque is in a blue-collar neighborhood where relations between Muslims and the residents have been tense. (Todd Buchanan for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 1995

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[***Facing Shortage, Builders And Labor Court Workers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W0T-BC20-007F-G3S4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 12

**Body**

Reared in the poverty of a bleak housing project, Arthur Murray, 29, had kicked around for years with two boyhood pals -- "Now one's dead and one's in prison" -- before finding his way to the carpenter's union hall. Now an apprentice, he is headed toward a $27-an-hour job.

Helen Alex, 43, searching for a job after a recent divorce, knew that supporting two children on the wages of a secretary or a waitress would be daunting. Always handy around the house, she landed a job in the building trades as a carpenter.

Michael Giron, 29, who came to the United States from Mexico as a boy, once viewed plumbers, carpenters and bricklayers as "just big white guys." But now he wears the hard-hat and steel-toed boots of a carpenter, and the union people tell him that his ability to speak Spanish as well as English will be a help on the construction site, not a hindrance.

Faced with a shortage of trades workers to meet the voracious demand for construction in the United States, desperate builders and eager unions have begun aggressive campaigns to court new workers, attracting women and members of racial minorities to the traditional bastion of white men, a world where a coveted union card was handed from father to son.

The Chicago-area carpenters union is investing $15,000-a-year in each trainee in its apprenticeship program and last December opened a $3.5 million training center in a poverty-scarred neighborhood on the city's South Side.

Besides broadening the labor pool, leaders in the construction field are working to enhance the image of the trades worker, a career path that has often lost out to the prestige of a college education or the dazzle of the high-tech fields. But many school counselors are starting to urge some students to give a second look to the trades, jobs that often pay $50,000 a year to workers with a high school education, offer a sense of accomplishment and have family-friendly work hours.

"As a society, we have come to view these as hard, dirty jobs," said Jim Turffs, a high school career counselor in Oregon, Ill. "There's a stigma that if you wear jeans and a T-shirt, you're not as intelligent. But these are good jobs, paying good money. And you know, there are some drawbacks to being stuck at a desk for 10 hours a day, too."

In recent months, the unemployment rate among skilled trades workers has fallen below 6 percent, the lowest level on record. A shortage of skilled workers ranks as the most serious problem facing contractors, according to a survey by the National Association of Home Builders, a trade group in Washington.

"It's the No. 1 problem all over the country," said Tom Woods, a builder in a suburb of Kansas City, Mo., who leads the association's new task force on the labor shortage.

Mr. Woods said the worker deficit had driven up labor costs, especially in overtime wages, and often forced customers to wait six months, or even a year, to move into a new house, compared with the traditional 60-day wait.

As just about anyone knows who needs to build an addition, renovate a kitchen, or even fix a dripping bathroom faucet, it is sometimes nearly impossible to get through to a trades worker. They are overwhelmed with work.

The survey by the builders group in December found that 87 percent of contractors reported shortages of carpenters and that the situation was worst in the Midwest and Northeast. The report also found that 75 percent of contractors reported "significantly higher costs of labor" in the last year.

Derek Graham, a project manager for a New York City builder, said his customers must wait at least 12 weeks for work to begin. A few years ago, people sometimes waited only a week or so, Mr. Graham said.

"Electricians are so busy they don't have time to bid jobs," said Mr. Graham, who works for 3-D Laboratory. "And you can't find anybody down at the union hall. They're all out working."

More than 90 percent of the builders surveyed expressed concerns about the quality of available skilled trades workers. Some builders said they had absorbed higher labor costs because work had been done improperly and needed to be redone.

Ken Klein, a builder in Tulsa, Okla., said his company, Kleinco., had been forced to turn away business, because it lacked enough skilled workers, and he worried that the problem could worsen, as the average age of trades workers increases.

"I look out at my carpenters, and they're mostly in their 40's," Mr. Klein said. "This used to be a young man's game."

The failure to attract more young people into the building trades, in the view of industry and labor officials, stems partly from the decline of vocational education in public schools. High schools that once offered courses in automotive work or building trades, for example, have increasingly come to measure themselves in terms of the percentages of students they send to college.

"We beat into their heads that unless you get a college education, you're a failure," said Mr. Woods, the builder and task force leader. "We, as a society, have failed young people by giving them that message."

Schools that retained the industrial arts, in some cases, used the shop floor as a place to send misfits.

"If you had an unruly kid," Mr. Woods said, "there was this idea, 'We'll just make a bricklayer or a carpenter out of him.' "

The decline in the appeal of working in the trades, all sides of the construction field agree, stems in large part from the plebeian image of manual labor in American society, where the work force increasingly sits in front of a computer screen.

On television and in movies, industry and labor leaders say, trades workers have often been lampooned, depicted as overweight men in ill-fitting clothes, speaking in fractured grammar and holding benighted social views.

The reality on the construction site today is far more diverse. Alesia Cherry, 28, a carpenter apprentice who was framing metal studs at one of the union's training sites on a recent afternoon, teaches English at night at the University of Chicago.

"My grandfather was a carpenter," Ms. Cherry said, adding, with a laugh, "Of course, he probably wouldn't think a woman should be doing this kind of work."

Her love of books, she said, hardly meant that she could not also find gratification in the construction of roof trusses. For centuries, the artisans in the building crafts were among the most highly regarded workers in Europe, she noted. Ms. Cherry said she would continue to teach after becoming a carpenter.

Another apprentice in the carpenter's program, Steve Wilson, 27, is a social worker with a degree from Illinois State University. He worked with young men who were offenders and simply grew weary of the stress and the long odds of success.

"Now I start work at 6 A.M. and I'm done at 2:30 P.M., and I can look at something and say, 'I built that,' " Mr. Wilson said. "Besides that, it pays better."

For some young people of ***working-class*** backgrounds, it is the very success of the building trades that has propelled them in a different direction. They are the children of carpenters, plumbers or bricklayers who were able to give their families the comforts of middle-class life, and the aspirations to go even higher.

Tim Ball, a high school senior in Oregon, Ill., is the son and grandson of tool-and-die tradesmen, a young man who has great respect for the craft that pays more than $40,000 a year. But he will be enrolling in a private college this fall.

"I want to be a lawyer," said Mr. Ball, who is drawn to history, government and politics. "It was just always assumed that I would go to college."

Builders and unions are making greater efforts to speak to high school students at career days, hoping to portray a life in the trades in a favorable light.

Mr. Woods said builders were emphasizing the appeal of the working hours, noting that it is the carpenters and plumbers who have time to coach Little League and soccer games in the early evening. In addition, he said, young people need to know that technological advances have made construction work a bit less physically taxing. Carpenters often use nail guns, for example.

"Physical labor is still involved, but not nearly like it used to be," Mr. Woodssaid.

Jeffrey Isaacson, the vice president of the district that governs unions for 32,000 carpenters in the Chicago area, meanwhile, stresses the benefits of trade union work. He noted that carpenters now receive pensions of about $1,000 a month.

In its apprenticeship program, the union even gives trainees a $300 tool allowance. Apprentices start training at an indoor site for nine weeks, practicing before going out to jobs. As trainees, they earn about $10 an hour. Their wages increase gradually over five years to the journeyman level, now about $27 an hour.

For young workers like Mr. Murray, who recalls the scarcity of growing up in the Robert Taylor Homes housing project, the apprenticeship program amounts to a chance at the American Dream.

"I want to build a new house," said Mr. Murray, who is married and has four children. "It's my goal. And I'm going to reach it."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Faced with a shortage of trades workers to meet an intense demand for construction in the United States, builders and unions are recruiting people like Simmie Hoskins, above left, Steve Wilson, above right, and Alesia Cherry, left, as carpenter apprentices. They recently honed their skills at a training site in Elk Grove Village, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times)(pg. A8)

**Load-Date:** March 13, 1999

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[***'CRUEL ART' BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN NUTMEG DANCERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DM60-000B-Y1J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 22, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1387 words

**Byline:** By LAURIE A. O'NEILL

**Body**

TORRINGTON ''CHINS!'' she yelled. ''I want faces. Expression. Details, everyone!'' Suddenly Sharon E. Dante, the petite, dark-haired artistic director of the Nutmeg Ballet Company, sprang from her canvas chair at one end of the studio and walked briskly to the side of 15-year-old Victoria Mazzarelli.

''That was good, very good,'' Miss Dante told the young ballerina and her 18-year-old partner, John Dlugokinski, after they had negotiated a difficult lift.

''But I need more,'' she declared, turning to face all of the dancers. ''I need sparkle. I want to see a performance.'' It was after 8 o'clock on a cold November evening, and since midmorning the the company had been rehearsing its popular annual presentation of ''The Nutcracker.'' As the dancers pattered to their places in the Land of the Snow scene for perhaps the 20th time that day, there were perceptible sighs and exchanged looks of commiseration.

Laurie O'Neill comment discusses Nutmeg Ballet Company of Torrington (Conn), which is preparing for annual presentation of "Nutcracker"

''To bring out the best in young dancers - the potential that they may not even see themselves - takes cajoling, intimidation and sometimes getting ugly,'' Miss Dante said later. ''Ballet has been called the 'cruel art,' and rightly so.''

On Friday the black leotards and woolen warmups worn by the dancers in rehearsal will be traded for satin, velvet and tulle and young Clara's magical journey will unfold on the stage at the Torrington High School. Four performances in the school's theater next weekend will be followed by performances on Dec. 5 at the Simsbury High School and on Dec. 12 at the Palace Theater in Waterbury.

''Here we were, a little ballet company in a mostly ***working-class*** town of 30,000 people,'' said Miss Dante of the company's first performance of Act II of ''The Nutcracker'' five years ago. ''People didn't know what to expect.'' she said. ''But,'' she added with a grin, ''their jaws dropped. They couldn't believe how good it was.''

That first performance drew such praise that a decision was made to begin staging the entire ballet. In the past two years the company has presented ''The Nutcracker'' in several towns, from Granby to Greenwich, and last December it performed with the New London Symphony. This year a Hartford-based staging company, Media Tech Inc., has been contracted to handle set transportation, lighting, sound, special effects rigging and security.Production costs are expected to exceed $100,000.

Seventy-five dancers wearing a total of 250 costums will be involved. Most are from the 45-member company and its two official schools, the Torrington School of Ballet and the Watertown School of Dance, which together represent the largest professional-oriented ballet organization in northwestern Connecticut.

Auditions for the production were held in September and drew 200 dancers from the greater Litchfield County area. Since then, the lights in the company's spacious studio, a former Odd Fellows' Hall on Water Street, have been burning late each night, and strains of Tchaikovsky's classic score can be heard by passers-by three floors below.

At a recent rehearsal, dancers trotted in and out of the costume room. James Hodson, the company's wardrobe designer, made lastminute costume adjustments on Donna Muschell, who will dance the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy. Mr. Hodson is a former managing director of the Hartford Ballet Company and the wardrobe master for the Broadway shows ''The Wiz'' and ''Children of a Lesser God.''

Two seamstresses sewed beading on delicate pink bodices, hopping down from their stools to pinch seams and insert pins as the dancers turned for Mr. Hodson's appraisal. One of the seamstresses, Llenka Brown, emigrated several years ago from Budapest, where she worked for the designer Clara Roschild. ''Theatrical clothing,'' said Mrs. Brown, pronouncing it ''te-a-tri-cal,'' ''is so much more difficult to construct. You must be concerned how it will move, not just how it will look.''

This, too, is Miss Dante's concern for her dancers and the reason that the word ''details'' - in big paper letters - is taped on one wall of the studio. A former assistant to the director of the Hartford Ballet, Miss Dante, 36, bases her program of instruction on the Leninrad pedogogical method, which stresses the teaching of dance through a detailed breakdown of each movement.

''There is great attention paid to the body's placement in space, the harmony of head and arms, the strength of movement and the precision of steps,'' Miss Dante said. The method is used by Russia's Kirov Ballet, which has produced dancers such as Rudolph Nureyev, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Natalie Makarova.

Good ballet training must be ''intense, with a method behind it,'' Miss Dante contended. She tells prospective students: ''If you want only to have fun, go someplace else to learn dancing.'' Her insistence on proper training and the professional quality of her dancers have won the company respect and helped attract guest choreographers, instructors and performers from the American Ballet Theatre, the New York City Ballet, the Joffrey Balley and Poland's Warsaw National Opera. Two years ago, when a principal Nutmeg dancer injured her leg during a rehearsal of ''The Nutcracker,'' her role was danced by Janet Shibata, a frequent visitor to the company and a former soloist with the American Ballet Theatre.

Miss Dante and a visiting instructor, Yuli Vzarov, a Russian dancer and teacher now living in the United States, are preparing three company members for the Mississippi International Ballet Competitions next summer. One former student and company member, Denise LePage, was awarded a scholarship to study with the American Ballet Theatre last summer and is a freelance dancer in New York City.

Since its first performance in 1971 at the Torrington Arts Festival, the company has developed a repertory of 28 ballets. With the help of a $3,000 grant from the Connecticut Commission on the Arts, Nutmeg brings a program called ''Athletics to Esthetics,'' which demonstrates the rigorous physical training a dancer must undergo, to approximately 125 Connecticut schools each year.

In its first year of operation, the company had a budget of $300, which was used primarily for the purchase of presentation flowers. Now the company has a budget approaching $250,000, derived primarily from tuition, performances and contributions. The company relies heavily on a large volunteer staff.

''It chose me. I didn't choose it,'' Miss Dante said of her profession. As a child she studied ballet with Yolan Szabo in Torrington. After graduating from high school in 1962, ''I intended to leave this town and never come back,'' she recalled. Having no intention of pursuing a dance career, she enrolled as a business student at Endicott Junior College and later graduated from the University of Hartford. While in that city, she met Joseph Albano, the founder and former artistic director of the Hartford Ballet and her love of dance was rekindled. Miss Dante won a deRothchild scholarship to study dance at the Martha Graham School in New York City and subsequently performed as a soloist in the United States and Europe with several companies, including the Charles Weidman and Rudy Perez dance companies.

She returned to the Hartford Ballet as a performer and assistant to the director in 1969 and on her day off taught ballet to a handful of youngsters in the vacant Torrington studio where she had studied as a child. ''Dancers are basically self-involved people. They have to be,'' said Miss Dante. ''But I'm a people person. I need and love to teach.''

Upon leaving the Hartford Ballet in 1970, she established the Torrington School of Ballet and a year later the Nutmeg Ballet Company. There are 45 dancers - six are boys - in the company, ranging in age from 12 to 18. All must study five to six days a week. More than 250 children are enrolled in the two schools. Some travel up 80 miles round trip to attend classes.

Hard work and even talent do not guarantee one a place as a professional dancer, Miss Dante said. ''You can be intelligent - a thinking dancer. Or be physically beautiful and expressive. But to be both,'' she said, ''is God's gift, and to be lucky enough to train such a dancer is a thrill and a joy.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Donna Bonosora

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[***Long Honeymoon for Chicago Mayor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PD50-0038-D4Y1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, May 6

**Body**

In a city known for bare-knuckles relations between politicians and the press, Mayor Richard M. Daley spent his first months in office getting the kind of reviews ordinarily reserved for four-star restaurants.

The favorable press attention inspired a spoof in a local political cartoon, which showed a brilliant sun ascending in the sky behind the Mayor while a gaggle of reporters warbled in unison, ''Thank you, Mayor Daley.''

More recently, there have been a few brush fires, but press coverage has been overwhelmingly positive. The Mayor, who just completed his first year in office, has offered an explanation for the good press: ''We're doing a lot of good things.''

Another explanation was put forth by Alderman Danny K. Davis: ''Rich Daley and his Administration have done an outstanding job of managing the media, getting by with rhetoric and symbols rather than substance.''

Fight Over School Board

Mr. Davis and others appeared at three protests at City Hall last week over the Mayor's delay in appointing a new school board. The issue could represent Mr. Daley's most serious test.

In the past, school board appointments have provided fodder for racially charged political battles. It was Mayor Jane Byrne's appointment of two white members to the board a decade ago that sowed the seeds for a revolt among black voters, culminating in the 1983 election of Harold Washington, the city's first black mayor.

But for the most part, even Mayor Daley's critics agree that he has considerable strength and is a strong favorite to win re-election next year.

The Mayor continues to benefit from the disunity that has characterized his opposition, which rests chiefly with the black electorate. After Mr. Washington's death in 1987, black voters were divided between the two black politicians who sought to claim his legacy, and those fissures have not healed.

All the Familiar Problems

For Mr. Daley, the most daunting challenges are governmental, not political. Not so distant from the gleaming skyscrapers that etch the sky over Chicago's Loop, many neighborhoods are struggling. With the exception of a handful of prosperous areas being gentrified near the business district and along the North Shore of Lake Michigan, many neighborhoods suffer from poverty, inferior schools and crime.

Two decades ago, many of these areas offered good-paying, unionized jobs, which provided the fruits of the American dream for ***working-class*** families. But in Chicago today, as in many other cities, relatively few good jobs remain for those without a skill or a college education. In Chicago, where half of all students drop out of high school, that means a huge number of people eligible for little more than welfare or minimum-wage work.

In recent years, the number of black people in Chicago has surpassed the white population. But the city's fastest-growing group is Hispanic, and many Hispanic people are poor and unable to speak English. At the same time, middle-class families of all colors flee to the suburbs.

Stressing Better Schools

''We have got to figure out a way to get families to stay in the city,'' said Mr. Daley, sitting in the same office that was occupied by his father, Richard J. Daley, from 1955 to 1976. ''The families won't stay if the schools are not good.''

In his election campaign, Mr. Daley made education a priority. He supported the movement for changing the local school system to shift power from a centralized bureaucracy to local schools and parent councils. And he appointed a vice mayor for education, Lourdes Monteagudo.

But Ms. Monteagudo came under fire after it was revealed that her daughter was attending a private school in the suburbs because Ms. Monteagudo deemed the public schools inadequate.

And the Mayor's critics say he has not done enough to promote control by parents and local school councils. About 50 demonstrators at City Hall on Wednesday clashed with the police in a protest aimed at forcing Mr. Daley to appoint 10 blacks to a new 15-member school board.

Five Are Arrested

Five people were arrested, and three black reporters complained that they were roughed up by the police. The reporters said they would file charges with the Office of Professional Standards, which investigates charges of police brutality.

Mr. Daley defended the police department. ''The police department isn't out there to conduct any brutality,'' he said. ''People who want to get arrested want the publicity; people who violate the law will get arrested.''

Mr. Daley has explained his delay in appointing school board members by saying the appointments are so important that they should not be rushed.

Political foes of Mr. Daley said the clash between demonstrators and the police will help unite black political factions against the Mayor. ''He's acting cowardly and dastardly,'' said Alderman Robert Shaw. ''Many blacks feel he is trying to manipulate the board so he can control it. He certainly does not have the best interests of school children in mind.''

But other political observers said they doubted Mr. Daley would suffer. ''These were people that would be against Daley if he were reincarnated as St. Francis of Assisi,'' said Paul Green, who has written several books on Chicago politics. ''And most people in Chicago are aware of that.'' Horizon Without Vision? Mr. Daley has said that his administration is concentrating on improving the schools, but that the social and economic problems that produce inferior schools are not easily solved.

''Chicago isn't any different than other cities,'' he said, ''and I don't have a crystal ball that I can look at to find the answers.''

While conceding that Mr. Daley faces gigantic challenges, some governmental and political experts say the Mayor should use more of his political capital addressing serious urban woes.

''Maybe it's too early to judge,'' said Gary Orfield, a political scientist at the University of Chicago, ''but nothing has emerged on the horizon yet to suggest that this is going to be an administration of big vision.''

Aside from his florid face, his flashes of temper, and his occasionally creative grammar, Mr. Daley's stewardship offers a dramatic contrast from his father's. But he does share with his father an impatience with criticism. ''What ideas do they have?'' he asks of his critics.

Mayor but Not Kingmaker

The fabled Democratic machine that Richard J. Daley bossed for nearly 20 years was largely disassembled years ago. Court rulings long ago abolished patronage in most city jobs, which provided the machine's muscle.

Far from being a kingmaker on the national political scene, as his father was often regarded, Mayor Daley seldom makes endorsements. Unlike his father, he is not the chairman of the Cook County Democratic Party.

The younger Mr. Daley has even discounted the importance of being a Democrat or Republican, a notion that would have brought fire into the eyes of his father, a Democrat's Democrat.

''Our generation is a lot different than our parents, who came out of the Depression, and were shaped by it,'' he said. ''We don't necessarily identify with political parties or institutions.''

Lists Programs He Backed

Mr. Orfield and others commend Mayor Daley for appointments that demonstrate a desire to form a racially diverse government, but they urge him to speak more directly to feelings of racial hostility.

Mr. Daley bristles at such criticism. He pointed out that he sponsored an affirmative action program for city contractors. He has backed a program in which the city would sell vacant land for $1 to developers who promise to build houses for those with moderate incomes. He has ordered stepped-up attacks on rodents in poor neighborhoods.

Mr. Daley succeeded where Mayor Washington had failed and pushed through the City Council a revision of the city's housing code, long resisted by Chicago's powerful trade unions, that would allow use of plastic pipes, rather than copper, in some new construction and thus lower the cost of housing.

Mr. Daley also argues that he has demonstrated his courage by advancing plans for a new airport on the city's Southeast Side. The airport would require the demolition of hundreds of homes and has triggered an uproar among residents of the area, a mostly white section that strongly supported Mr. Daley in the mayoral race.

''It wasn't popular,'' Mr. Daley said of the plan, ''but it's the only way that area will survive. Isn't that vision? Isn't that a long-range goal?''

**Graphic**

photo: ''We're doing a lot of good things,'' said Mayor Richard M. Daley of Chicago, who has just completed a year in office. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

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[***Esoteric Wedge of Academia Is Roiled by Hunt for Bomber***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7F50-0005-G3DC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1456 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM J. BROAD

By WILLIAM J. BROAD

**Body**

Last October an agent from the Federal Bureau of Investigation showed up in New Orleans at the annual meeting of The History of Science Society, the main professional gathering for academics studying the origins of science and how it has transformed the world.

The agenda featured esoteric items like a discussion of 19th-century social attitudes toward the germ theory and a detailed analysis of the inks that Galileo used in one of his manuscripts.

Carrying court papers, the agent subpoenaed the society's membership records and questioned scholars for clues to the identity of the serial killer, often called the Unabomber, who in 17 years has killed three people and injured 23 others with homemade bombs.

That subpoena, and the disclosure that the F.B.I. believes that the bomber is immersed in the most radical interpretations of the history of science, has roiled the usually placid waters of the discipline. And across the country, professors have begun reconsidering old suspicions, acquaintances and tracts to help solve the crimes.

"They've thrown a bomb into the community," said Stanley Goldberg, a science historian in Washington. "My impression is that we're all scurrying around in our minds, thinking of people who might be suspects."

The bureau had detected the bomber's interest in the history of science, as well as other disciplines including behavioral psychology, by poring over letters he had sent to newspapers and to intended victims as long ago as a decade. The 35,000-word manifesto that he sent to The New York Times and two other publications in late June not only corroborated that interest but also gave the bureau insight into the issues that concerned the bomber, the depth of his reading and the authors he respected.

More than a few historians of science, who blanched at the possible link between their usually staid area of study and the object of the most intense manhunt in F.B.I. history, have taken pains to distance the discipline from a maniacal murderer who seems to be familiar with their debates and lines of thinking.

But Landon Winner, a political scientist and technology expert at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y., said he was disappointed the F.B.I. had not consulted with him on the bomber. "I feel left out," Dr. Winner said. "It's like being left off the guest list for a really good party."

Scholars of the history of science investigate the origins of science from the Babylonians and Greeks onward. They study figures like Ptolemy, Copernicus, Newton, Galileo, Mendel and the Curies, and examine questions like how calculus was developed, and how telescopes, atom smashers and computers were invented and helped change the world.

In some history departments with no emphasis on the subject, professors sometimes believe that their pursuits are not considered as serious as political or philosophical history. "It was always regarded as a quixotic thing they let me play with," said Professor Harold Bauman, who has taught a variety of history courses for 30 years at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City.

Mr. Bauman has been interviewed three times by the F.B.I. since the bomber left a booby trap bomb on the Utah campus in October 1981; the device was defused before anyone was hurt. He said he was scheduled to be interviewed again by the F.B.I. yesterday and to be shown a copy of the manifesto to review.

Several other professors in the field have also been given copies of the tract, which condemns technological society and the scientific progress that scholars in this arcane field usually champion.

"They've got to be desperate," said David C. Lindberg, a physicist at the University of Wisconsin who specializes in medieval optics and religion and who is president of The History of Science Society. "These are extremely tenuous inferences they're making. But if it's the only thing they've got, then it seems to make sense."

Some academics, while endorsing the bureau's all-out search, take umbrage at the mention of their field and the bomber in the same breath.

"It's like saying an appreciation of Beethoven has something to do with the Nazis," said David A. Hollinger, a professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley.

Dr. Hollinger maintained that the ideas he read in newspaper excerpts of the bomber's manifesto were less out of the realm of the history of science than "generally from a more amorphous critical discourse that moves out of environmental groups and religious groups and some literary discourses."

"I would be looking more toward alternative education courses of the 70's," he said.

While conservative and scholarly for the most part, and sometimes downright stuffy, the field of history of science also has undercurrents and factions that have sometimes mounted intellectual attacks on the science establishment, blaming the military, industrial and academic worlds for social ills like unemployment and pollution.

That radical milieu seems to have been the breeding ground for the bomber, whose treatise says that science and the industrial revolution have undermined human values and calls for returning to a pre-industrial world better in tune with nature.

This week Director Louis J. Freeh of the F.B.I. announced that agents were talking to college professors around the country about the manifesto. The bureau, Mr. Freed said in a statement, "is taking this investigative step in an effort to determine whether that community might recognize the writer's work or be able to shed light on important or telltale aspects of the manuscript's general topic, the history of science."

In its hunt for the bomber's origins, the F.B.I. is focusing on Northwestern University and the Chicago campus of the University of Illinois, where the bureau believes that the killer might have lived in the late 1970's.

In the course of its inquiry, the agency has sown dissension among university officials quick to disclaim any kind of culpability.

"This is a ***working-class*** campus," Jan Rocek, dean of the graduate school of the University of Illinois at Chicago, said in an interview. "These characters tend to come out of more affluent families."

Charles Loebbaka, a spokesman for Northwestern, said, "University officials are cooperating with the F.B.I. and have been for sometime." But Mr. Loebbaka refused further comment, saying details would have to come from the F.B.I.

Over the decades, historians and writers like Lewis Mumford, Jacques Ellul, Theodore Roszak and Herbert Muller have worried that science systematically ignores human values. And even strongly pro-science historians admit that science tends to sow cultural discord because it is such a powerful agent of social change.

In the 1970's, the intellectual critique of the science establishment turned acid and sometimes violent as it joined with and was amplified by protests against the Vietnam War. Groups like Science for the People, a leftist organization, used confrontational tactics to disrupt meetings of scientists and to push for wider debate on the social devastation wrought by science and its ugly offspring, like napalm and nuclear weapons.

Science for the People was well-organized in the Chicago area, sponsoring meetings at the various universities and helping finance anti-war pamphlets. Its membership included all kinds of scientists, not just historians and philosophers.

After the August 1970 bombing of the Army Math Research Center at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, in which a researcher was killed, the Chicago collective of Science for the People helped finance a 119-page "indictment" of the math project, which was denounced as a "deadly power center" working against "the peoples of the world fighting for liberation."

The F.B.I., which often infiltrated such anti-war groups in the 1970's, has not indicated whether it is looking at the membership of the Chicago collective for clues. But some historians say that it should as a possible aid to tracking down the killer.

"This is a bright guy, but he doesn't know as much history of science as the F.B.I. thinks he does," said Dr. Goldberg, the science historian in Washington, who has read published excerpts of the bomber's manifesto. "He's on the fringes. It's more of a counterculture thing."

Keith R. Benson, the executive secretary of The History of Science Society, which is based in Seattle at the University of Washington, agreed. Mr. Benson said that, based on his talks with F.B.I. agents and his examination of the evidence, the killer was a knowledgeable outcast rather than a mainstream scholar.

"My suspicion is that this guy lurked around the halls of academia rather than being a graduate student," Mr. Benson said. "He's unbelievably sophisticated. He's covered his tracks."

**Graphic**

Photo: Keith R. Benson, of The History of Science Society, said he believed that the serial bomber was a knowledgeable outcast rather than a mainstream scholar. (Loren Callahan/Seattle Post-Intelligencer) (pg. 7)

Map/Diagram: "WHERE IT HAPPENED: Tracking the Serial Bomber"

In its effort to track down the terrorist whose bombs have killed three and injured 23 others in the past 17 years, the F.B.I. now believes that the bomber is a student of science history who may have taken classes or spent time at some university campuses from the late 1970's to the mid-1980's. Of the 16 bombing incidents, nine were at Universities or the homes of professors. (pg. 7)

**Load-Date:** August 5, 1995

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[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VT3-FV80-007F-G1SH-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Even With Bullets Flying, Lads Will Be Lads***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VT3-FV80-007F-G1SH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MATT WOLF

By MATT WOLF

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

"COULD every one of you stop getting shot?" a particularly hapless character asks well into "Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels," a cheeky London gangland film that opens on March 5. This request comes out of a desperation at once comic and fearful, as befitting an alternately funny and violent tale of London criminality, from the lunatic to the thuggish -- which is to say, from dope-addicted, well-spoken public school boys to seasoned tough guys with Runyonesque names like Big Chris and Hatchet Harry.

Small wonder that the movie has become a cultural emblem of the English phenomenon called "laddism" -- rowdy, boys-will-be-boys behavior that has come to be fashionable and hip. Needless to say, the laddish world of "Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels" doesn't readily admit women.

For a while it looked unlikely to admit much of anyone. The writer-director Guy Ritchie, now 30, couldn't get arrested in film circles two years ago, when he was touting his first feature around town. At one point, Britain's Handmade Films were in; four days before production was to start, the company bailed out, leaving Mr. Ritchie's scarcely more seasoned producer, Matthew Vaughn, personally $400,000 in debt. (Handmade has subsequently gone bankrupt.) In desperation, Mr. Vaughn slashed the movie's budget from $5 million to $1.6 million and pushed back the start of filming. Then, in September 1997, the day before Mr. Ritchie was finally due to begin, one of his leading players -- the English soccer player Vinnie Jones, a casting wild card in a mostly unknown pack of actors that includes a few real crooks -- was arrested on charges of assault for punching a neighbor. "It was terrifying," recalled Mr. Vaughn. So is Mr. Jones in the film.

It's one thing to make a movie and quite another to get it released, as Mr. Vaughn and Mr. Ritchie discovered once a rough cut of "Lock, Stock" was ready to be shown. "Every British film company turned their noses up," said Mr. Vaughn, 27, the English-born and educated son of the actor Robert Vaughn, from the Soho offices of his and Mr. Ritchie's production company, SKA films.

"I couldn't believe it," recalled Mr. Vaughn. "If you can't get distribution in England on a British movie, who would be interested outside England?" Mr. Vaughn was able to bring on board Steve Tisch, a 1994 Oscar-winner for "Forrest Gump," as a co-executive producer and backer along with the Hollywood restaurateur Peter Morton, who happens to be Mr. Vaughn's godfather. "We were known as 'Laughing Stock and Two Smoking Overdrafts,' " Mr. Vaughn added. (Among those who passed on the movie early on was Harvey Weinstein of Miramax films.)

Enter Trudie Styler, a producer and environmentalist (not to mention the wife of Sting, who at her behest took a small role in the film). Mr. Vaughn calls her their "fairy godmum." Having provided 10 percent of the budget, she began talking up "Lock, Stock" within the industry and corralling the likes of Tom Cruise to screenings. "We planned that Tom would walk in as the room was full of people," Ms. Styler said of an initital Los Angeles showing, "and people would go, 'What's Cruise doing here?' Afterwards, there was a feeding frenzy of mobile phones, and the deal was done the next day." (Gramercy Pictures is releasing the film.)

THE creators of "Lock, Stock" can now discuss its fraught history with a mixture of wry amusement and relief, insofar as the film has been a genuine British cinema Cinderella story that looks poised to do for Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Vaughn what "Trainspotting" did in 1996 for its director-producer team of Danny Boyle and Andrew Macdonald. As of last month, the film had taken in a hefty $19 million in Britain alone, where it was second only to "Sliding Doors" among top-grossing British releases last year, according to Screen International, an industry newspaper. After an acclaimed American debut last month at the Sundance Film Festival, "Lock, Stock" is at last set to open in the United States, to whose indigenous movies this English film has been largely compared, whether as a loopier "Mean Streets," East End-style, or as a Tarantino joyride with a Cockney accent.

A representative line from the film might be "Guns for show, knives for a pro," as jauntily delivered by Dexter Fletcher, playing one of four not-always-so-tough guys enmeshed in an all-important payback that devolves -- sometimes bone-crunchingly, sometimes with deadpan humor -- into chaos.

Mention of Quentin Tarantino, perhaps inevitably, doesn't thrill Mr. Ritchie, whereas almost everything else about the spiraling success of "Lock, Stock" does. "My worst critics have said, 'Oh, he just studied 'Reservoir Dogs' night after night,' " said Mr. Ritchie, referring to Mr. Tarantino's 1992 debut about a jewelry robbery gone awry, "though I've never seen it all the way through. What Tarantino did do was open people's eyes to the fact that you can just have a chat, and that's entertaining viewing. He's a young filmmaker; I'm a young filmmaker." As for "Mean Streets," "I nicked a couple of things from Scorsese," said Mr. Ritchie, who prefers to cite as inspiration the 1981 British gangster film "The Long Good Friday," "but whether he was a conscious influence or a subconscious one, I'm not sure. I hope I've struck a fresh chord."

What is certain is that Mr. Ritchie has tapped into a prevailing mood. Britain is at the moment in thrall to "laddism," with its definingly "bloke-ish" (that's to say, male and usually ***working-class***) element surfacing in television shows like the comedy "Men Behaving Badly" and in plays like Nick Grosso's "Real Classy Affair," which was staged at the Royal Court Theater last fall. The drama tells the story of a group of guys in shiny suits whose lives revolve around their pub.

"It does the film no harm to be associated with a so-called movement or generation," said Tim Southwell, the editor of Loaded, the English magazine (circulation 475,000) that is credited with coining the term "lad" at the publication's inception nearly five years ago. " 'Lock, Stock' is about four or five lads who end up having a big adventure and getting in over their heads," said Mr. Southwell, who is 34. "Whether you want to call them overgrown adolescents or young men or lads, that's up to you."

It's scant coincidence that a major female character -- Daisy, the girlfriend of the principal debtor and card shark Eddie (played by Nick Moran) -- never made the final movie, representing cuts of 25 minutes, or, as Mr. Vaughn said, "a chunk." With Daisy, said Ms. Styler, "it wasn't a boys' film at all."

"The love story was holding everything up," she said.

LOADED was one publication, along with its rival FHM (For Him Magazine) and Time Out, among others, that got behind the movie in advance of its Aug. 28 release in Britain, positioning Mr. Jones, the soccer player, as an unexpectedly compelling screen heavy in his role as Big Chris, and Mr. Moran, the little-known leading man, as a new British heartthrob complete with the requisite killer cheekbones. (Mr. Moran also appeared in "A Real Classy Affair," making him, perhaps, London's leading lad.) A hefty marketing budget of nearly $4 million -- a very high figure for England -- didn't hurt, either. Before long, "Lock, Stock" looked as if it was achieving its initial goal: to make a movie for people who don't necessarily attend them.

"I've worked on so many building sites," said Mr. Ritchie, a Londoner who came to directing by way of commercials, videos and countless stints as a manual laborer, "painted so many houses, and the majority of England seems to be made up of the work force. The humor is based on their humor." He was referring to the men in the soccer stands. The result, he said, is that "the girls have gone because they've liked the boys; the boys have gone because they all want to be lads."

The actors involved, meanwhile, are capitalizing in different ways on their success. "Now I go to auditions, and they make tea and polish your shoes," said Mr. Moran, 30, who inherited a role that was at various times talked up for Ethan Hawke and Stephen Dorff until the filmmakers decided to cast an unknown. "I made more money from suits than I did out of doing 'Lock, Stock' by far," he added, meaning that he got to keep his clothes from the film. Other recompense has come presumably from appearing on what he calls "little newsstands next to Brad Pitt."

Mr. Jones, in turn, looks poised to forsake his reputation as, in his words, "the bad boy" of soccer, a label about which he sounds fairly nonplused. "There's bad boys in every sport, ain't there?" he said. At present, he is ready to surpass the fellow soccer "hard man," his friend Eric Cantona, currently on view in "Elizabeth," as a film actor of some potential.

Already signed for Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Vaughn's next film, "Diamonds," about bare-knuckle boxers and diamond dealers, Mr. Jones, who is 33, speaks of doing an action film in the tradition of Bruce Willis, Mel Gibson and Mr. Cruise. "That would be my sort of locker, if you like," he said, speaking just two days after finishing 140 hours' community service for the assault that preceded "Lock, Stock," "if you was putting people in lockers."

"In a business with not a lot of happy endings, this certainly has a happy ending," said the producer, Mr. Tisch.

Perhaps best of all, at least for the British popular press, has been the emergence of both Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Vaughn as available London playboys, both of whom have been linked romantically at different times and in different papers with Madonna, whose Maverick record label is to release the film's soundtrack in the United States.

"We alternate," Mr. Vaughn joked when asked about the tabloid rumors. "On Mondays, she gets me; on Tuesdays, it's Guy."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Guy Ritchie, director of "Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels," right, with the actors Jason Flemyng, center, and Jason Statham at the Regency Hotel in New York. (Marilyn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 11); A celebration of English "laddism": Joseph Fiennes, Nick Moran and Jason Hughes in "Real Classy Affair" at the Royal Court Theater. (Alastair Muir)(pg. 18)

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[***With Brass-Knuckled Tales, 50's Street Gang Looks Back***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VT8-1540-007F-G2H8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By BLAINE HARDEN

By BLAINE HARDEN

**Body**

Them were the days.

A street tough named McGiff got himself skewered in Prospect Park with an Army surplus bayonet.

Anthony Vivelo, himself a tough and later a New York City police sergeant and now a dispatcher for a car service on Staten Island, saw it happen.

"I watched the blade go in and I watched the blade come out. McGiff lived," marveled Mr. Vivelo, although he said the man later died of heroin addiction.

Kindled by photographs taken 40 years ago, such brass-knuckled memories overwhelmed a gathering this weekend of the remnants of a Brooklyn street gang. They assembled at an Upper East Side gallery to commemorate black-and-white images of themselves frozen in late-1950's cool.

Men pushing 60, with wives and grown children listening in wide-eyed amazement, rhapsodized about fistfights that occurred during the Eisenhower Administration.

Patrick Fenton, then a gangly Irish kid with a pompadour and now a part-time writer and full-time court clerk at the State Supreme Court in Queens, remembered a drunken fight not so much for the punches as for its ending. "We both threw up," Mr. Fenton said.

Robert (Bengie) Powers, a former drug dealer and a former heroin addict and now an addiction counselor, said he never once won a fight unless three or four of "you guys held somebody down and I could beat them."

The reunion took place, around a table with pizzas and sodas, in a first-floor conference room at the International Center of Photography on Fifth Avenue at 94th Street. On the floor above, a sizable Saturday crowd of paying customers inspected 50 photographs of the gang as they were in the summer of 1959, skinny and brooding, showing off tattoos and smooching with girls under the Boardwalk at Coney Island.

The gathering was the work of Mr. Powers, who tracked down eight other gang members and their families, and of Bruce Davidson, the New York photographer who, when he was 25, spent several nerve-jangling months hanging out in Brooklyn, carefully making pictures.

"I was very scared," said Mr. Davidson, who is known for his sympathetic photographs of people living on the margins. "They were very unpredictable. I was never sure if their anger was going to focus on me."

Violent youth gangs were a much-publicized problem in New York City at the end of the 1950's. They inspired the musical "West Side Story." A Youth Board was created by the city to try to stop their fights. The New York Times wrote a seven-part, front-page series in 1958 examining the antisocial behavior of adolescents in the "shook-up" generation. The series had a glossary that defined "rumble" as a gang fight.

From the calming distance of four decades, there is a temptation to see in Mr. Davidson's photographs a certain sweetness, even hope. These were teen-agers who hung out in candy stores, after all, not crack houses. They fretted about dance contests, not drive-by shootings. They made the sign of the cross when walking by churches; they did not murder rivals with 9-millimeter semiautomatic handguns.

Many of teen-agers in the photographs, however, inhabited a ***working-class*** Brooklyn where sweetness and hope were in desperately short supply. If they had had guns, several former gang members said, they probably would have used them.

Mr. Powers, whose printed recollections narrate the photo exhibit, is remembered by Mr. Davidson as endlessly angry, "like some kind of wired marmot." Like the other members of the gang that called themselves the Jokers and the Eighth Avenue Boys, Mr. Powers grew up in a mostly Irish neighborhood near Prospect Park, a place, he said, where "a kid wished he was dead a million times."

For gang members, it was a neighborhood where Catholic families were large, but cold. Fathers drank boilermakers for breakfast before heading off to gray factories that lined the Brooklyn waterfront. Factories kept closing in those years, tormenting unskilled men who had limited options and unlimited obligations. As gang members remember it, fathers self-medicated in street-corner bars before heading home, sometimes to take out their troubles on wives and children.

Mothers, too, were exhausted and often embittered from the ordeal of 6 or 8 or 10 pregnancies, from the importuning of children and from the periodic uselessness of husbands. Mr. Powers says that both his parents, who lived in a five-room apartment with their eight children, were alcoholics and, for him, unreachable. "It's not that they treated me bad," Mr. Powers said. "They didn't treat me."

Although the gang members did not have automatic weapons, they were -- by their own admission -- itching to fight.

"Did we fight with chains and pipes and knives? Yeah," said Mr. Powers, a small man with pale watery blue eyes, a gray pony tail and two studs in his left ear. "Did people get stabbed? Yeah, people got stabbed. And people got their heads cracked open with bats."

Mr. Powers and others at the reunion asserted that they had more guts than gang members today who shoot at rivals from moving cars.

"Drive-by shootings?" Mr. Powers said. "What does that take? It takes a nut job, as far as I am concerned. How about standing in front of somebody and punching it out?"

The saddest story behind Mr. Davidson's photographs is that of Howard (Junior) Rice and Cathy O'Neal, the gang couple whose cool and beauty were without compare. No one had the heart to tell their story on Saturday.

Junior was the Romeo of the street gang. He wore sunglasses everywhere and carried a copy of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" in his back pocket. He had the pick of girls on Eighth Avenue and his pick was Cathy, a 13-year-old blond he thought looked like Brigitte Bardot.

Cathy, in the most famous of Mr. Davidson's gang photographs, fusses with her long golden hair in the mirror of a Coney Island cigarette machine. She loved Junior and he loved her. Mr. Davidson photographed them embracing while lying on the sand underneath the Boardwalk. She became pregnant with his child before she was 15.

Mr. Rice, who is now 57 but whose Brooklyn friends still call him Junior, remembers that everything went wrong after Cathy became pregnant. "We went to a judge and got permission to get married, which my parents weren't happy about," Mr. Rice said in an earlier interview. "Our daughter passed away after 15 months, and I went into a self-destructive mode and so did she. We got divorced. There was a lot of shame."

Mr. Rice said he took street fighting to "the extreme," using bats, chains and knives. "I used to go out there and fight and I didn't know what I was fighting about," Mr. Rice said. He said he became a drug dealer, selling hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of heroin, and the "profits went up my arm." He had several failed marriages and is now divorced and unemployed.

Ms. O'Neal committed suicide years later with a shotgun.

There are several others from the gang who are dead, from cirrhosis, from drugs, from bullets fired outside a bar.

Yet around the table at the gallery on Saturday, it was noisily apparent that gang life could give way to better things. There were two retired police officers, an electrician, a retired transit worker, a hospital administrator, a singer. There were handsome grown-up children who came of age in New Jersey or on Long Island and who know nothing of gangs, except from the papers and dad's stories over dinner.

The one gang member at the reunion who has inhabited both hopelessness and a measure of middle-class contentment is Mr. Powers. For most of 18 years, he said, he was drunk, addicted to heroin and selling drugs. He said he stabbed two people, squandered a marriage and needed his sisters to take care of his children while he served time in jail.

For the last 15 years, Mr. Powers, 56, said he has been clean and sober. He works in midtown as an addiction counselor. On weekends, he baby-sits his grandchildren.

"At the end, I was living in the streets," Mr. Powers said. "I was in Prospect Park, sleeping on the same benches where I drank when I was 15. I had pancreatitis and the shakes. There were no more drugs, just Wild Irish Rose. They wheeled me into detox at Kings County Hospital."

A year later, sober, Mr. Powers decided to learn to read. A dyslectic who was kicked out of Catholic and public schools for fighting, he had never learned how to read. In his 40's, he studied in computerized literacy classes on Staten Island, sitting on small chairs with 6-year-old children who, he said, were smarter than him.

It took five years, but he learned. He has a driver's license and a car. He now lives in Brighton Beach in an apartment building where most residents speak only Russian. He jogs every morning on the Coney Island boardwalk, past the places where he used to be cool.

Mr. Powers is leaving New York soon for a vacation in Florida. It is the kind of trip that for all his ganged-up, drugged-out Brooklyn life would have been impossible. He said he has enough money to enjoy himself, and he does not have to answer to a methadone program, a counselor or a judge. He will, though, call home and check on the grandchildren.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: For an exhibition of noted 40-year-old photographs, aging former members of a Brooklyn gang reunited. Things have changed. (Photographs by Bruce Davidson/Magnum)(pg. A1); Howard (Junior) Rice was the Romeo of the street gang. He stood in front of a picture of himself in 1959, at left in the framed picture. (Edward Keating/The New York Times); In 1959, Bruce Davidson, left, photographed a street gang in which Robert (Bengie) Powers, right and in framed picture, was a member. (Edward Keating/The New York Times); The picture of Cathy O'Neal in a Coney Island bathhouse is the most famous of those taken of a Brooklyn gang in 1959. Years later, she committed suicide. Arthur Giammarino, left, is now a retired police detective. (Bruce Davidson/Magnum)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** February 15, 1999

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[***One Tiny German Town, Seven Big Michelin Stars***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:584P-VT91-JBG3-6456-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By NICHOLAS KULISH

**Body**

It was Saturday night at Restaurant Bareiss, an eight-table dining room in Baiersbronn, a small town in Germany's Black Forest, and the chef, Claus-Peter Lumpp, needed seven orders of John Dory in garam masala. Three line cooks darted around him, fussing over black plates laid out on a checkered towel under a heating lamp, saucing and garnishing and somehow not running into one another. Germany was not, until very recently, known for its chefs, but it does have a well-earned reputation for quality control. Chefs used syringes to deliver pinpoint droplets of sauce and tested temperatures with yellow electric thermometers that looked like Geiger counters. The bulk of the cooking takes place on nine electric burners that were made to Lumpp's exact specifications.

''Ten seconds,'' Lumpp announced, loudly enough to be heard over the Pacojet machine that was micro-puréeing rhubarb ice cream.

''Jawohl!'' his team answered in unison, as they prepared the sugar snaps and chickpea crème. Otherwise, the kitchen was bereft of conversation. As a rule, Lumpp doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't need to: during the entire Saturday-evening service, the only misfire was a wasted langoustine. Lumpp poked it with a knife and scrunched his face ever so slightly. When he turned around, Philipp Prinzbach, a 22-year-old line cook, flung the shellfish into the trash.

''The consistency was mushy,'' Prinzbach would tell me the next day. But Lumpp, expressing his cooperative approach, praised the young cook for coming up with the idea of the langoustine dish in the first place. ''The old authoritarian model won't work anymore,'' Lumpp, who is 49, explained, when I asked him about his kitchen management style.

Wolfgang Puck, whose mother was a hotel chef in Austria, started training as a chef when he was 14. Lumpp, who earned a coveted third star in the 2008 Michelin guide, had other plans. ''My dream job was auto mechanic,'' he says. He loved motocross racing and tinkering with moped engines and assumed that he would end up working in a garage. He enjoyed shop class, particularly making a chessboard and a copper bowl.

Lumpp's culinary ascent began with the simple urge to drop out of high school around the time of his 16th birthday. His widowed mother had remarried, and the family moved to another town. Everything felt off: the new school, the new people. His mother gave him permission to leave school, but only if he found an apprenticeship. So Lumpp went to a nearby job center run by the government and asked the career counselor which field had the most positions available. Germany is famous for its vocational education. The country's duale ausbildung, or ''dual-training system,'' combines apprenticeship in the workplace with rigorous lessons at state-run schools. Lumpp became an apprentice in the kitchen at the Hotel Bareiss. After his military service (spent as the chef at an officers' club in Karlsruhe) and a short, unhappy stay in Düsseldorf, he returned to the Bareiss. With the exception of a year interning in three-star kitchens across Europe, including Alain Ducasse's in Monte Carlo, he has remained there since.

Baiersbronn has a population of only about 16,000, but it is quite large in area, a little over 73 square miles in the state of Baden-Württemberg, more than four-fifths of it covered with woods. It is not one of Germany's picturesque medieval towns, like Bamberg or Rothenburg ob der Tauber, which Walt Disney used as the model for Pinocchio's village. Here, clusters of houses, with tile roofs and wooden shingles that look like fish scales, dot the hillsides. Down along the Murg River, sawmills and woodworking factories are still in operation, with their piles of logs and forklifts. The region as a whole is known for its large number of entrepreneurial businesses, and several of Germany's medium-size family-owned enterprises make their home here, like Müller Mitteltal, which custom-builds heavy-duty trailers and whose factory sits at the bottom of the hill below the Bareiss.

But Baiersbronn is now on its way to becoming recognized as the world's most unexpected restaurant capital. The Bareiss's rival, the Schwarzwaldstube, at the Hotel Traube Tonbach, also has three Michelin stars, giving this isolated municipality the same number of three-star restaurants as London and twice as many as Chicago. The town is also home to a one-star Michelin restaurant at the Hotel Sackmann. Only a 30-minute drive away in Bad Peterstal-Griesbach is a two-star restaurant at the Hotel Dollenberg. To put all this in perspective, consider that Poland has a single restaurant with one Michelin star and none with two or three.

In his last State of the Union address, President Obama said America should emulate Germany's knack for producing skilled workers -- ''high-school students with the equivalent of a technical degree from one of our community colleges.'' He was referring specifically to fields like engineering and computer science, but he could just as easily have been talking about high-end cooking. In the same way that Germany succeeds at making drills and luxury automobiles, the country's apprenticeship process is successfully creating top restaurants.

Lumpp was educated in this system, as were a majority of the chefs in his kitchen. Richard Neumann, for example, spent three years alternating between months on the job in the hotel's larger main kitchen, which caters to the everyday needs of guests, and weeks in the classroom at nearby schools. After his training was complete, he got a chance to work in Lumpp's kitchen. This is right next door to where he cooked for years as an apprentice, but on an entirely different plane of cooking. ''I only had a vague notion what it was really like over here,'' Neumann, who is 24 and originally from Berlin, says. ''Above all, the perfection.''

The first time I drove on the Black Forest's empty, winding roads, it was a snowy winter afternoon, and I felt as if I were entering Germany's version of the Coen brothers' film ''Fargo.'' The Romans first called the area silva nigra, because the low mountains in southwestern Germany were so densely covered with trees that little light reached the forest floor. The region's residents, who were mostly poor, made the most of their local resources. Their logs, for instance, were used to build the great Dutch trading ships.

Before it became a culinary destination, Baiersbronn was known for the rivalry between Hermine Bareiss, the founder of what would become the Hotel Bareiss, and Willi Finkbeiner, who expanded his family's small inn into the Hotel Traube Tonbach; they engaged in spirited one-upmanship for generations. ''If one built a suite, then the other had to have one,'' Patrick Schreib, the town's tourism director, told me. ''One built a spa, the other wanted a spa. They were competing globally and locally, from one valley to the next.''

It was the Finkbeiners, however, who first recognized the potential of an upscale restaurant. In the late '70s, gourmet cooking was just beginning to make inroads in Germany, which was better known for its Spartan tendencies. The deprivations of the Weimar era, characterized by hyperinflation, were followed by the Nazi regime, one of whose slogans was ''cannons instead of butter.'' The postwar years were yet another period of straitened circumstances. The country's growing season -- in most parts of Germany it lasts only from April to October, roughly speaking, weeks and even months shorter than in Spain and southern France and Italy -- imposed its own limitations. (This may help explain the ubiquity of sauerkraut in Germany -- as a winter substitute when fresh vegetables were unavailable -- if not Germans' fondness for fermented cabbage.)

For years, German cuisine generally consisted of hearty home cooking, dumplings, sausage and marinated pork roast. ''Until 1970, Germany was a culinary desert,'' says Wolfram Siebeck, the prominent German restaurant critic. ''They loved their mother and grandmother's cooking, but they couldn't cook, the mother and grandmother.'' The small portions and light sauces of nouvelle cuisine, exemplified by the dishes of Paul Bocuse and Alain Chapel in the Lyon area, put off many German diners. ''The aversion to refinement,'' Siebeck says, ''has existed since Luther.''

The new German haute cuisine is rooted in classic French cooking but uninhibited by tradition. Its historic inferiority is a contemporary virtue of sorts -- German chefs feel less bound to specific customs or ingredients than many of their French and Italian counterparts. There is a strong preference for local ingredients, but it isn't a fundamentalist position. The night I was there, Lumpp served his langoustine with Asian mushrooms, soy gelée and coconut sauce, but he is just as happy cooking venison shot by the owner's son and butchered on-site. Harald Wohlfahrt, the three-star chef down the road at the Schwarzwaldstube, put it this way: ''Every product enters the kitchen equally.''

Wohlfahrt has watched the evolution unfold over the decades. In 1977, Willi Finkbeiner sent him to learn from Eckart Witzigmann, a culinary pioneer in Munich who had introduced nouvelle cuisine to a skeptical German public. It turned out to be an inspired step by the hotelier. As Germans became richer and had more money to spend on fine dining, it became possible to imagine moving beyond sauerkraut and sausage. ''In Germany, it was first really going well in the '70s,'' Wohlfahrt says. ''The eating culture benefited enormously from that.'' In 1980, Finkbeiner made him the head chef at his restaurant, the Schwarzwaldstube.

Compared with Lumpp, who describes his rise as an underdog's climb through adversity with the help of state-run institutions, Wohlfahrt comes across as someone who arrived on the scene full-fledged, dispatching terrines with authority. Yet he, too, is a product of state cooking schools, apprenticeship and master-chef certification. It was after he emerged from that system that he pushed himself relentlessly until he got his third Michelin star.

Wohlfahrt, 57, has since defended his three stars for more than two decades. He has developed meals for European astronauts in orbit. He has cooked for the Dalai Lama and the Clintons and, the week before I met with him in March, George Clooney. His triumphs are proudly trumpeted on the hotel's Web site, and I was repeatedly told by the staff that the hotel was included in Patricia Schultz's best-selling omnibus travel guide, ''1,000 Places to See Before You Die,'' which implores readers to ''witness his signature grilled pigeon with chanterelle mushrooms.'' (Witnessing an evening meal there costs around $200 -- not including drinks.)

He is, in short, the dean of German chefs -- and indeed five of the nine other three-star chefs currently working in Germany trained in his kitchen. He will not reveal, however, who will be the stars of tomorrow. Wohlfahrt forbade me to identify the chefs working under him today, because he's afraid that the ''smooth operators and headhunters'' might turn up and try to lure them away before they are ready to lead their own restaurants. Given the industry's competitiveness and Wohlfahrt's success in training world-class chefs, it's hard to question him. ''It's about discovering the talent and promoting it,'' he says. ''Then they can move on.''

Giggling, joking and the smell of stewing meat filled a kitchen at the Paul Kerschensteiner School in Bad Überkingen, where the Hotel Bareiss and the Hotel Traube Tonbach send many of their top apprentices. Binders sat open on desks, backpacks were lying on the ground and jackets were strewn in wrinkled piles as students gathered at four stations to prepare, with varying degrees of success, Hungarian pörkölt, a stew similar to goulash, over homemade noodles with a side salad.

Each station had a sink and burners. There were posters on the wall showing the proper way to store knives and reminding students about the color-coded cutting boards, red for meat, yellow for fowl, blue for fish and so on. The week before was devoted to frying, and the following week would be given over to grilling. On this afternoon, stewing was the order of the day.

Volker Wilsch, an accomplished chef who has worked in several kitchens with Michelin stars, including under the legendary Witzigmann in Munich, walked from station to station, calmly directing the students. ''The less pressure the better,'' he told a young woman cranking dough through a pasta maker. ''Nina, normally you cut that very small,'' he said to another student. ''Much too much liquid,'' he cautioned a third. He helped someone remove a blade stuck in a food processor.

The students wore the uniforms of the kitchens where they were apprentices, which gave the class the air of an all-star game. Robert Stauder, 20, who cooks at a restaurant called Speisemeisterei in Stuttgart, wore a shirt with a black silhouette of a fish with wings, an emblem he confessed to not quite understanding. ''It's art,'' he shrugged. ''It doesn't have to make sense.'' Stauder was preoccupied with trying to counter the excess tomato paste threatening to overpower his dish.

''We put in red wine and garlic, but we just can't get the flavor out,'' said Julia Pöllmann, 22, his partner, whose shirt bore the Hotel Bareiss insignia. ''We've tried everything.''

The students at the Kerschensteiner School, like their counterparts in other industries, are known as azubis, an abbreviation of ''auszubildende,'' which means something like ''trainees.'' You still see people in Germany, whose apprenticeship system has its roots in the guilds of the Middle Ages, wandering about in broad-brimmed hats and old-fashioned vests; they aren't historical re-enactors but craftspeople who can make you a wooden chair or, if they're wearing top hats, clean your chimney. Seven students in Wilsch's class wore tall paper chef's hats; one was foppish and floppy; otherwise they were unremarkable.

The dual-training system is evidence of the close cooperation between business, the state and workers that helps account for Germany's success, both in niche industries and big multinational enterprises like Siemens and Mercedes. Vocational schools, usually offering a course of study lasting between two and three and a half years, are financed and run by the states. Would-be apprentices apply not to the schools but to businesses, which decide how many future employees they need to have trained. Some specialties have national academies: aspiring hearing-aid technicians go to Lübeck, for example; piano builders to Ludwigsburg.

The system is not without its drawbacks. It has been criticized for steering the children of the wealthy into universities and ***working-class*** kids into lower-paying jobs; there have been complaints that managers rarely choose minority applicants for the most coveted spots. Compensation in the form of stipends can be quite low, too: azubis in the elite cooking program receive between $750 and $900 a month from their employers, and still have to pay for their room and board. It's not easy to live on that, but it compares favorably with American college graduates leaving school tens of thousands of dollars in debt and lacking marketable skills. ''Instead of learning purely theory or just performing handwork,'' Lumpp says of the German practice of alternating on-the-job training and classroom instruction, ''you get both pillars, handwork and theory.''

The Kerschensteiner School was founded in 1951, but since 1992 it has also had a special program to train students who have received university-ready high-school degrees for culinary and hospitality work. One driving force behind the program, still unique in Germany, was Hermann Bareiss, who runs the hotel of the same name and whose personal philosophy is that top hotels and restaurants need top employees. The Kerschensteiner School has three distinct tracks, which prepare students for a range of occupational possibilities, from working in a roadside tavern to an international hotel chain. As the director explained it to me, one group learns that there is red wine and white wine. The next group explores differences between rieslings. The students from the elite program study wines from Napa Valley. They learn two foreign languages and otherwise prepare for the very different work required by the luxury environment.

The dropout rate is low, just 3 to 4 percent. Last year's national junior cooking champion, Alexander Neuberth, was a recent graduate. Wilsch, the teacher, says he has high hopes for a young woman in another class who is apprenticed to Douce Steiner, the only female chef in Germany with two Michelin stars and also a former student of Wohlfahrt's.

The school's curriculum tries to cover all aspects of the restaurant-and-hotel business -- for instance, training chefs and servers together so they understand the demands of the kitchen and of the diners. From handling the clients to kitchen hygiene, aspiring chefs learn more than how to make a soufflé. For example, while Wilsch's students were washing up after their stews, the apprentices in a classroom downstairs were learning about what their instructor called the ''nice little creatures,'' salmonella, staph and botulism, from a certified chef and restaurateur with a degree in nutrition science.

When it was time to compare the outcomes in the cooking classroom, we waited several minutes, an eternity in restaurant time, for the last group to be ready. ''We have four different results,'' Wilsch declared, surveying four plates of pörkölt. It was an understatement. The gravies ranged from red to brown; the garnishes varied from whole leaves of parsley to unidentifiable tiny green slivers. Some pasta resembled linguine, some looked like double-wide fettuccine. ''What's wrong with yours?'' Wilsch asked a pair of student cooks.

''We don't have any sauce left,'' one said. ''We weren't sure what to do.''

''You could put broth in,'' Wilsch suggested. ''We have plenty of broth around.''

''My mistake,'' the student said.

Another group had experimented with pink-tinted pasta -- which clashed with the paprika-red goulash. ''The noodles themselves are pretty,'' Wilsch said encouragingly.

His classroom is a safe place, he says, in which to try and fail. ''What's nice here is that in contrast to the businesses, there's no boss yelling, no guest waiting,'' Wilsch would tell me later.

The first thing you see upon entering the Hotel Bareiss is a vase filled with red roses next to a bronze bust of the founder, the late Hermine Bareiss. An oil painting of her watches over the breakfast buffet. A room is named after her husband, Jakob, who died during World War II. The widowed Hermine founded the hotel in 1951, just as tourism in the Black Forest began to swell. Special trains from the industrial Ruhr Valley would disgorge oxygen-starved workers seeking a few days away from the pollution of the coal mines and steel mills. In 1966, as the hotel was still growing, Hermine sent her son Hermann, who studied cooking and worked in restaurants and hotels from London to Paris to Cairo, an ultimatum: ''Move home,'' she told him, ''or I'm selling.''

Hermann did, and he eventually presided over the expansion of the hotel, which today has 230 beds and 260 full-time employees, along with a spa and sports facilities. When I visited him there on a recent Sunday afternoon, he recalled interviewing a young, awe-struck Claus-Peter Lumpp, who had never been inside a swank hotel. Lumpp caught Bareiss's attention with stories about cooking with his grandmother. ''He was exceptional already as a trainee,'' Bareiss said. ''He took joy in his work.''

Bareiss was wearing a gray suit and a purple tie with matching handkerchief and cuff links. His white hair was combed back; you might cast Christopher Plummer to play him in ''The Bareiss Story.'' Hermann's son Hannes, a former student of Wilsch's at the Kerschensteiner School, is already helping him run the business. Though the Hotel Bareiss doesn't churn out widgets, it fits the definition of a mittelstand firm, one of the privately owned small- and medium-size companies that employ some two out of three German workers. The archaic sense of the term dates to medieval times, and essentially means the bourgeoisie, or the middle class between the aristocracy and the peasants. Today it refers to companies with anywhere from a dozen to a few hundred employees, and it evokes certain old-fashioned business virtues: an aversion to debt, a paternalistic sense of responsibility for employees and a focus on long-term planning.

One of the Finkbeiners at the Hotel Traube Tonbach described the attitude of these family-owned enterprises as ''thinking in generations rather than quarters.'' That means reinvestment, but because the families lack the resources of publicly traded hotel chains or new Emirati or Russian wealth, it also means picking your battles when making business plans. Hermann Bareiss told me that his family couldn't afford to compete on what he called ''hardware'' -- marble floors, gold fixtures, even artificial islands. Instead, it has chosen to compete in the realm of ''software,'' by which he meant his workers. The waiters I overheard that morning in the breakfast common room, switching from eloquent French to German to English and back, were turned out by the Kerschensteiner School for just that purpose.

The globalization of the travel industry has made the environment much more challenging for a hotel in Baiersbronn. There are no more trainloads full of steelworkers showing up in town; they can fly cheaply to Rome or London on easyJet or Ryanair instead. ''We don't have Alps or top winter-sports areas,'' Bareiss said. ''There's no sea or beaches. Just a low mountain range.'' As it has been for his mittelstand counterparts who make the tiny steering device rather than the car, the elevator motor rather than the skyscraper, specialization is necessary to stay at the forefront. The specialization, born of cutthroat competition with the Hotel Traube Tonbach, was gourmet cooking. Neither Wohlfahrt nor Lumpp was, so to speak, a free-agent signing out of Paris or Geneva; each was a product of the farm team, having worked his way up from apprentice to three-star chef. Now they are teaching the others their secrets.

The Bareiss and the Traube Tonbach have been locked in competition for more than six decades, but both sides seem to realize that the relationship is increasingly symbiotic. In an age of easy travel to so many exotic, more famous places, it's hard to imagine anyone taking the trouble to get to Stuttgart and then drive more than an hour into the deepest corners of the Black Forest to get to one three-star restaurant. But someone might make the effort to visit two. With the Hotel Sackmann and the Hotel Dollenberg, a guest could come for a weekend and have two three-star dinners and two lunches at starred restaurants. The region has entered a virtuous cycle, where little restaurants can also get fresh fish delivered twice a day. Who knows where the next star might come from?

On the other hand, there isn't a concept binding the German restaurant scene together like molecular cooking or farm-to-table. There isn't a unifying trend that everyone has to come here to try, just excellent cooking learned through an efficient system. I told Wilsch at the Kerschensteiner School that the stereotypical young chef in America is an art-school dropout washing dishes, then chopping onions and slowly revealing a knack for cooking.

''Creativity,'' Wilsch immediately blurted out, approvingly. The haphazard development of young American cooks still appealed to him, the mystique of their self-made geniuses set against the technical mastery of his highly trained young craftspeople. There's a different quality when ''the chef is self-motivated,'' he said, ''not forced into fixed cupboards.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/04/07/magazine/one-tiny-german-town-seven-big-michelin-stars.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/04/07/magazine/one-tiny-german-town-seven-big-michelin-stars.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM50)

Guten Appetit: From top: Plating a seafood salad with truffle vinaigrette at the Hotel Traube Tonbach

coquille St. Jacques at the Hotel Sackmann

vacherin with Granny Smiths at Restaurant Bareiss

monkfish for two at Bareiss

a filet of John Dory sautéed in garam masala at Bareiss. Opposite page: Chef Claus-Peter Lumpp in the kitchen at Bareiss. (MM52)

PHOTO (MM53)

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOODCOLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES, GABY WOJCIECH/GETTY IMAGES, FOTOSEARCH, PHILIPPE DESENRCK/GETTY IMAGES) (MM54) German Precision: Preparations on the seafood salad at the Hotel Traube Tonbach. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER GRANSER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM56) CHART: SOW'S STOMACH, ANYONE?: A sampling of Germany's less-than-glorious culinary past. (MM54)

**Load-Date:** April 7, 2013

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[***Not Just the Inner City: Well-to-Do Join Gangs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PP70-0038-D0W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 10, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Page 10, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1347 words

**Byline:** By SETH MYDANS, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, April 9

**Body**

In suburban Hawthorne, social workers tell of the police officers who responded to a report of gang violence, only to let the instigators drive away in expensive cars, thinking they were a group of teen-agers on their way to the beach.

In Tucson, Ariz., a white middle-class teen-ager wearing gang colors died, a victim of a drive-by shooting, as he stood with black and Hispanic members of the Bloods gang.

At Antelope Valley High School in Lancaster, Calif., about 50 miles north of Los Angeles, 200 students threw stones at a policeman who had been called to help enforce a ban on the gang outfits that have become a fad on some campuses.

Around the country, a growing number of well-to-do youths have begun flirting with gangs in a dalliance that can be as innocent as a fashion statement or as deadly as hard-core drug dealing and violence.

The phenomenon is emerging in a variety of forms. Some affluent white youths are joining established black or Hispanic gangs like the Crips and Bloods; others are forming what are sometimes called copycat or mutant or yuppie gangs.

The development seems to defy the usual socioeconomic explanations for the growth of gangs in inner cities, and it appears to have caught parents, teachers and law-enforcement officers off guard.

Police experts and social workers offer an array of reasons: a misguided sense of the romance of gangs; pursuit of the easy money of drugs; self-defense against the spread of established hard-core gangs. And they note that well-to-do families in the suburbs can be as empty and loveless as poor families in the inner city, leaving young people searching for a sense of group identity.

Furthermore, ''kids have always tried to shock their parents,'' said Marianne Diaz-Parton, a social worker who works with young gang members in the Los Angeles suburb of Lawndale, ''and these days becoming a gang member is one way to do it.''

A member of the South Bay Family gang in Hermosa Beach, a 21-year-old surfer called Road Dog who said his family owned a chain of pharmacies, put it this way: ''This is the 90's, man. We're the type of people who don't take no for an answer. If your mom says no to a kid in the 90's, the kid's just going to laugh.'' He and his friends shouted in appreciation as another gang member lifted his long hair to reveal a tattoo on a bare shoulder: ''Mama tried.''

Separating their gang identities from their home lives, the South Bay Family members give themselves nicknames that they carry in elaborate tattoos around the backs of their necks. They consented to interviews on the condition that only these gang names be used.

The gang's leader, who said he was the son of a bank vice president, flexed a bicep so the tattooed figure of a nearly naked woman moved suggestively. Voicing his own version of the basic street philosophy of gang solidarity, the leader, who is called Thumper, said, ''If you want to be able to walk the mall, you have to know you've got your boys behind you.''

From Cool to Dead

For young people who have not been hardened by the inner city, an attitude like this, if taken into the streets, can be dangerous, said Sgt. Wes McBride of the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department, who has gathered reports on the phenomenon from around the country.

''They start out thinking it's real cool to be a gang member,'' he said. ''They are 'wanna-bes' with nothing happening around them to show them it's real dangerous, until they run afoul of real gang members, and then they end up dead.''

In California's palm-fringed San Fernando Valley, said Manuel Velasquez, a social worker with Community Youth Gang Services, a private agency, ''there are a lot of kids who have no business being in gangs who all of a sudden are going around acting like gang members.''

''They play the part,'' he went on. ''They vandalize. They do graffiti. They do all kinds of stuff. But when it comes down to the big stuff, it's: 'Wait a minute. That's enough for me. I want to change the rules.' And then they realize it's a little bit too late.''

There are few statistics on middle-class involvement in gangs, and officials are reluctant to generalize about its extent or the form it is taking. But reports of middle-class gang activity come from places as disparate as Denver, Seattle, Tucson, Portland, Dallas, Phoenix, Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha and Honolulu.

Sgt. John Galea, until recently the head of the youth gang intelligence unit of the New York City Police Department, said that although there was no lack of youth violence in the city, organized street gangs as such were not a serious problem.

The South Bay Family, in Hermosa Beach, has evolved over the past five years from a group of bouncers for a rock band to a full-fledged street-wise, well-armed gang. But for the most part, white gangs, or white members of minority gangs, have just begun to be noticed in the past few months.

'Parents Are Totally Unaware'

''I think it's a new trend just since the latter part of 1989, and it's really interesting how it's getting out to suburban areas,'' said Dorothy Elmore, a gang intelligence officer for the Portland Police Bureau in Oregon. ''We've got teachers calling up and saying: 'We've got some Bloods and Crips here. What's going on?'

''It's definitely coming from two-parent families, ***working class*** to middle class to upper-middle class, predominantly white,'' she went on. ''The parents are totally unaware of the kind of activity these kids are doing.''

In Tucson, Sgt. Ron Zimmerling, who heads the Police Department's gang unit, said that ''kids from even our country-club areas were suddenly joining gangs.

After the drive-by shooting last summer in which a white teen-ager was killed, he said, he asked a black gang member about another white youth who had attached himself to the gang. ''I don't know,'' the black member replied. ''He just likes to hang out.''

The phenomenon is better established but still relatively new in the Los Angeles area, the nation's gang capital.

''We have covered parties where I'm totally shocked at the mixture of people who are there,'' said Mrs. Diaz-Parton, of Community Youth Gang Services in Lawndale. ''Your traditional Hispanic gang member is next to this disco-looking person who is next to a preppie guy who looks like he's getting straight A's on his way to college.''

Bandannas and Baseball Caps

Irving G. Spergel, a sociology professor at the University of Chicago who studies gangs, emphasized that the phenomenon accounts for a very small part of the nation's gang problem, which is centered in inner cities. He said the 4,000 to 5,000 neo-Nazi skinhead groups around the country, which have their own style and ideology, were a separate and worrisome problem.

More trivial, but still troubling to school officials, is a trend toward gang fashions in some high schools and junior high schools. In Los Angeles, Phoenix, Tucson and several California suburbs, students have staged demonstrations to protest bans on wearing certain colors, bandannas, jewelry or baseball caps that can be a mark of gang membership.

Bare chests, tattoos, Budweiser beer and a televised hockey game seemed to be the fashion one recent Saturday evening at an extremely noisy gathering of members of the South Bay Family in a small house in a middle-class neighborhood near the Pacific Coast Highway in Hermosa Beach. There were knives and a deer rifle in evidence, and some said they had pistols.

Asked about the gang's philosophy, Bam Bam, the son of a professor at the University of Southern California, shouted, ''Right or wrong, your bros are your bros!''

''Another thing that goes good here is peace,'' said Road Dog loudly.

''Peace by force, man,'' shouted Porgy, who said his father was vice president of a plastics company.

''No drug dealing!'' shouted Tomcat, the son of a stockbroker.

''Quit lying to him, man,'' said Little Smith. ''There's drugs everywhere.''

On a more reflective note, away from the crowd in a small back room, Porgy said: ''There is no justification. We do what we do because we want to. I don't blame my mother. She did the best she could.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Gangs that started in the inner cities are gaining members and imitators in the well-to-do suburbs.

The South Bay Family in Hermosa Beach, Calif., has evolved over the last five years from a group of bouncers for a rock band to a full-fledged street-wise, well-armed gang. (The New York Times/George Birch)

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[***Writing a Novel in the Deli, Making Revisions in the Bar***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43VR-77F0-0109-T4T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1601 words

**Byline:**  By MEL GUSSOW

**Dateline:** CAMDEN, Me.

**Body**

In his five novels, from "Mohawk" through his latest book, "Empire Falls," Richard Russo has proved himself to be an alchemist, transforming the quotidian -- everyday people and seemingly ordinary events -- into the quintessential.

To the passing stranger, the fictional Empire Falls might look like a ghost town. The textile mill and shirt factory that once made it a thriving Maine community have long since disappeared, leaving a main street of sleepy nonchalance. But as illuminated by Mr. Russo, the town is full of vivid characters and is the embodiment of the dreams and disappointments of its citizens and, on a metaphorical level, of the country they live in.

With "Empire Falls," Mr. Russo moves from New York State, the setting of "Mohawk" and "Nobody's Fool" (a novel that became a Paul Newman film), to Maine. That route follows the author's own journey. Born in Johnstown, N.Y., 52 years ago, he grew up in nearby Gloversville. For five years he has lived here in Camden, a picture-perfect, harborside community, the antithesis of Empire Falls, which, he says, is closer to such inland Maine towns as Lewiston, Madison and Skowhegan.

For many years, Camden has been a home for writers, painters and photographers, and now Rick Russo is the most notable resident artist. As unpretentious as any of his principal characters, he is a familiar figure on Camden streets.

The unofficial Russo tour of the city begins at the Camden Deli, a small cafe where every morning he sits at a corner table and writes in a composition book. Before lunch he moves to Fitzpatrick's bar and grill near the pier, and revises what he has written that morning or on previous days. Around the corner from Fitzpatrick's is the Owl and Turtle Bookshop, where signed copies of "Empire Falls" have been selling briskly since the book's publication.

Later in the afternoon he returns home and puts his revisions on a computer. This is a routine he follows like a ritual. Having previously written in college cafeterias in stolen hours between teaching classes, he finds a kind of aesthetic tranquillity amid the tumult of daily life. When Mr. Russo is writing in a public place, people don't bother him, at least "not more than once." And "if the phone rings, it's not for me."

One Sunday morning he altered his schedule to sit in the sunroom of his home (where he lives with his wife and their two daughters) and talk about himself and his work. Asked how much one would know about his life from reading his novels, he said, "There are things in my novels that are very autobiographical and there are things that are just wholly imagined." With a typically hearty laugh, he added, "And I'm probably not going to tell you which is which."

Undeniably he knows the territory from personal experience. Aspects of Mr. Russo and his late father, James (a decorated war hero and a plumber), run through all the books. Jimmy Russo is there in Sam Hall in "The Risk Pool"; as Sully, the character played by Mr. Newman in "Nobody's Fool"; and in Max Roby, an unemployed house painter and the father of the protagonist, Miles Roby, in "Empire Falls." They all have, he said, a certain "roguish, rakish quality." Mr. Newman already has his eye on playing Max if a movie or a mini-series is made from "Empire Falls," Mr. Russo said.

"There's a certain spirit to my father that I tend to capture in various guises," Mr. Russo said. "He was one of the most generous men I've ever known about any kind of unenforceable obligation" to a friend or an acquaintance. "My father wasn't good at enforceable obligations, like husband to wife. As soon as you told him he had do something, that was the end of that."

His parents were divorced when he was in high school and he and his father became closer over the years. When he was home on vacation from college, he joined his father on the job as a laborer and also hung out with him at local bars: "One of the hard lessons I've learned in my life with my father and any number of people is that you can't really ask them to do what they're not designed to do. You can only fiddle with their software."

He found that he enjoyed the ***working-class*** life. "Sitting on a stool at a bar next to my father, listening to his stories," he said, "I was beginning to know all the people that he knew and have affection and respect for them as he did. There were times when I could imagine doing that for the rest of my life." Eventually those times and the people he met were transformed into his art.

Rick Russo himself is present in many characters in his novels, most particularly in Miles Roby in "Empire Falls" and in Miles's devotion to his teenage daughter. Although he once wanted to be a college professor, he has settled for a life as the manager of the Empire Grill, with the futile hope that he may eventually own the restaurant.

A classic underachiever, Miles is also a good man and a figure of some nobility. "One of the reasons I think he is heroic," Mr. Russo said, "is that in an age of whiners, he is not a whiner. He's made his choices. As much as he would like to blame circumstances for things that did not work out, he's much more likely to blame himself. He's been a grown-up for a very long time."

Mr. Russo said the book was inspired by two visual images. The first was a van that he saw that had "The Silver Fox" stenciled on it. That inscription brought to life the character of Walt Comeau, a small-town braggart who has run off with Miles's wife but remains an ostentatious regular in the Empire Grill. The other image was of Mr. Russo's younger daughter, Kate, leaving for school carrying a heavy backpack, a young woman "with too much weight to bear." Kate was the model for Miles's daughter, Tick, who is at the heart of the novel.

"Writing this book I had a sense that my own truest destiny is as a father of my daughters," he said. "I couldn't have brought that to life in Miles if I didn't feel it so deeply."

As a novelist Mr. Russo was a late starter, although in common with his father and his grandfather, he has always been a storyteller. He did not begin writing until he was nearly 30, and then largely as a distraction from finishing his doctoral dissertation at the University of Arizona. His subject was the early American novelist Charles Brockden Brown. He thought that the graduate students in creative writing were having much more fun than he was. So he wrote a short story and then took classes in fiction writing.

Several semesters and at least one published story later, he decided he had "a novelist's temperament: my imagination goes outward." He wrote a novel, about a bitter middle-aged woman in Arizona, and showed it to a professor who said that only one part of the book came to life, a flashback to a small town back East.

"I was trying to become a worldly and sophisticated young man and to distance myself from my parochial past," Mr. Russo said. The professor's remark was "a horrible blow," but he realized that it was also the truth and that he had "about 100 stories about people I knew unlike this imaginary woman."

"Nobody leaps into the air from the air," he continued. "We all leap into the air from something solid," in his case, his small-town past. He discarded the first novel, "destroying the evidence," and began writing "Mohawk," about people in a place like Gloversville, and he purged all literary pretension from his writing.

Nevertheless, "Mohawk" was rejected by a score of publishers before it was printed as an original Vintage paperback. It was followed by "The Risk Pool," which paralleled the story of Russo, father and son, and was dedicated to James Russo. His next book, "Nobody's Fool," with the charming Sully at the center, became a turning point with the release of the Robert Benton film (starring Mr. Newman). After an academic comedy, "Straight Man," Mr. Russo moved on to "Empire Falls."

Although the environment -- the bleakness of the former mill town -- is important, the author thinks of the book as more about class than about place. "People often confuse the two," he said, "but what strikes readers as place is very often closer to class, to the rhythms of a life."

It wasn't until he was more than halfway through the novel that he decided to give greater prominence to the mill owner, C. B. Whiting, introducing him and his family in a prologue. Whiting became the Russo equivalent of an F. Scott Fitzgerald character, "a man who believes the past can be outrun, that the self can be reinvented to achieve an effect."

That sense of reinvention is pervasive in the novel and in the author's life. Last year, in a commencement address at the Penn State campus in Altoona, he told the graduates that education was like "entering the witness-protection program -- you come out a different person with a different identity, and that's all part of the American dream."

For him, "Empire Falls" is a major step ahead. "It challenged me to do some things I had never done before," he said. "It forced me to think about history and myth and to do more research. I really had to understand what was behind those mill closings. That doesn't mean that I won't depend on my life as a primary source of material, but I have to expand into the world if my work is to have relevance."

In an essay, he wrote about his annual autumn climb with his daughters up Mount Megunticook in Maine. Sitting on a mountaintop looking at Camden and its harbor, he came to the conclusion that "a middle-aged man with two smart, beautiful college-bound daughters just might -- despite his hereditary inclinations -- find himself guilty of optimism."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The novelist Richard Russo. (Amelia Kunhardt for The New York Times)(pg. E1); Richard Russo at his home in Camden, Me. He says he writes in public places because when the phone rings, "it's not for me." (Amelia Kunhardt for The New York Times)(pg. E4)

**Load-Date:** August 29, 2001

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[***Autism Has a Town Struggling With Fear;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VNV-HYT0-007F-G537-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With Causes Unclear, Parents Doubt Safety***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VNV-HYT0-007F-G537-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

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**Dateline:** BRICK TOWNSHIP, N.J., Jan. 25

**Body**

Holding her tiny 6-month-old daughter close to her shoulder, Heather Howarth talked about Government scientists who had come into her town to study whether anything in the environment was causing local children to develop autism, a disorder that affects a child's ability to communicate and function socially.

"My husband heard about it on the radio, and he called to tell me, 'If you let her drink the water, I'll kill you,' " Mrs. Howarth said, pulling a white sweater up protectively over her baby's head as she stood outside a shopping center here. "I heard they found 400 cases of autism here."

There are not 400 cases of autism in this coastal town in Ocean County. There might be 40, but scientists are still verifying the number. And no one has said that there is anything wrong with the town's water that might be causing autism.

But since last week, when news spread that the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and another Federal health agency were investigating the incidence of autism in this town of 72,000, many people here have become fearful that something about Brick is harming its children.

The alarm began when Bobbie and William Gallagher, who have two autistic children, noticed that there appeared to be many other children in their town with the same disorder. After some amateur epidemiological canvassing of their own, the Gallaghers and some of their friends with autistic children persuaded Federal authorities that an investigation was warranted.

A few years ago, it would have been unlikely that these parents would have got such a prompt and attentive hearing from state and Federal officials. But the belief that clusters of cases of cancer and other illnesses might be caused by something in a community's air or water or soil is a recent phenomenon that has quickly developed the power to arouse both panic among people and action on the part of politicians -- although there is no scientific evidence that such clusters are anything more than statistical flukes.

Although autism had never before been linked to environmental causes, fears were easily roused here partly because this part of New Jersey has many toxic waste sites that the state and Federal governments ordered cleaned up. In nearby Toms River, parents of children with cancer persuaded state health officials to conduct a comprehensive environmental study of Dover Township, which includes their town, to see whether these cases were somehow connected. The study is continuing.

"It's scary," said Joanne Renz, a mother of two boys, ages 5 and 3. "I was listening to the news on the way to work and heard about it. Toms River is just down the street from us, and you see they've got problems with the water. We always drink the tap water here, but it makes you wonder. Knock wood, my two boys are O.K."

Researchers for the C.D.C. and the Agency for Toxic Substance and Disease Registry, an agency created when Superfund toxic waste sites were designated for cleanup all over the country, said news media reports that they had found Brick Township's autism rate to be 12 times higher than the national average were unfounded.

The investigation is not finished, and besides, scientists say there are no reliable figures to determine a normal rate for autism.

But that has not stopped concerned parents and couples who are expecting children from flooding the office of Mayor Joseph C. Scarpelli with panicked phone calls.

"Should we move out?" asked a man whose wife is pregnant. Another parent asked: "We just closed on a house. Should we cancel our contract?"

Mr. Scarpelli said, "We're telling people, until we narrow it down and get a definite conclusion, it's too early to speculate on the cause."

But while the Mayor tries to quell the panic, others have not. The other day, for example, a law firm in nearby Middletown placed a full-page advertisement in two Brick-area newspapers with the headline, "Is Contamination the Cause of Autism in Brick?" The ad gave a toll-free number to call the firm, which promised to "fight for your legal rights" against "an identifiable polluter."

The maelstrom began with the Gallaghers, whose two children were found to have autism several years ago. When their daughter, Alanna, who is now 8, was less than 3 years old, she would spin wildly until it made her dizzy, and she would line up her stuffed toys obsessively. She could also make only guttural noises at an age when other children were speaking in full sentences.

Autism, which varies in severity and has no known cause and no real cure, is generally diagnosed in children when they are around 3 years old. While autistic children may appear physically healthy, they may stare into space for hours, throw tantrums, show no interest in people and pursue repetitive activities, like banging their heads. As adults, some people with autism are highly functional, while others never learn to speak and may require institutionalization.

Mrs. Gallagher, whose son, Austin, now 6, was later found to have the disorder, began attending meetings of an Ocean County support group. After several months, she said, she noticed that many families in the group were from her town, a ***working-class*** community bisected by the Metedeconk River.

She and her husband, a commercial fisherman, began to think that there might be something more than coincidence linking all these cases. More than two years ago, they decided to investigate, on their own, the extent of the problem in Brick.

The Gallaghers and Angela and Kevin Fryczynski, whose son Kevin is also autistic, first asked the local school system, which has special services for austic children, for the names and addresses of families with autistic children, but school officials refused. So, working with addresses from families in their support groups, they plotted on a map where in Brick the autistic children lived. As it turned out, they were spread out.

After distributing a flier and then putting an ad in a local newspaper, the couples determined that at least 19 families living in Brick had autistic children who were born and conceived here. They approached politicians with their findings.

United States Representative Christopher H. Smith of Trenton said the couples' research persuaded him to urge the C.D.C. to investigate. Although the study was not scientific, Mr. Smith said he did not want to ignore any evidence that people might be in danger.

"I came to the point of view that it would be irresponsible not to pursue it and get experts to look into it, but with science, not speculation," Mr. Smith said.

With the urging of Mr. Smith and United States Senator Robert G. Torricelli, Federal health officials agreed to investigate the number of autism cases and to try to determine whether something in the area could be causing them.

But even if it turns out that there are 40 cases of autism in Brick, there is still no measuring stick to compare that number with, said Dr. Coleen Boyle, chief of developmental disabilities for the C.D.C. in Atlanta. The Brick study, along with one the C.D.C. is conducting in the five-county area that includes Atlanta, could provide such a standard, Dr. Boyle said.

By the fall, the C.D.C. and the toxic substance registry hope to finish identifying all the children in Brick between the ages of 3 and 10 who have autism, and where they were born and conceived. While they told people at a recent town meeting that they know of 40 children who have been found to be autistic, they have verified the diagnoses of only 15 and are working on the rest. When they have those findings they will determine how to proceed.

As another part of the study, researchers from the toxic substance registry are analyzing samples of soil and water from industrial sites and residential areas, and locations of local chemical spills and waste dumping. Those sites include a town landfill that was placed on the Superfund list and closed in 1972, and a packaging manufacturer that was ordered closed a few years later after it was fined for polluting the Metedeconk River, which now provides the town's drinking supply.

But the researchers emphasize that the cause of autism is still unknown.

Some studies have found that with fraternal twins, in only 10 percent of cases in which one child had autism did both have it. With identical twins, when one had it, the other had it in two-thirds of the cases, leading scientists to think there is a strong genetic cause.

"But what about the other third?" asked Dr. Eric London of the National Alliance for Autism Research outside of Princeton. "The current belief is that you need a genetic predisposition, and something else. What that something else is, we don't know."

Various factors have been studied, Dr. London said, including toxins, viruses, diet, drug or alcohol use by the mother during pregnancy, and even the effects of certain inoculations. But no cause has been proved, he said, "which is why this alleged cluster in Brick is so important to study."

The Mayor said he believes that the availability of special services for autistic children -- including tuition at a private school paid for by the public school system -- has drawn families with autistic children to Brick, and that that has inflated the numbers.

"Some people don't want to believe there are any environmental problems," Mrs. Fryczynski said. "Maybe they're worried about the property values. But you know what I say? We live here, too, and my property values will go up or down or all around like everybody else's, and I have two children, and I want to know what's causing this problem."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Bobbie Gallagher, with her son, Austin, above, helped persuade Federal authorities to study autism in Brick Township. At left, she and her husband, William, appeared before a CNN camera crew. (Photographs by Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Bobbie Gallagher trying to calm her 8-year-old daughter, Alanna, who is autistic, while she makes dinner in the family's home. At left are Mrs. Gallagher's daughter Chelsea, who is healthy, and mother, Jeanne Evans. (Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)

Map of New Jersey highlighting Brick Township; Residents worry about toxic waste sites in their part of the state. (pg. B2)

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[***Market-Rate Rents In Manhattan: <arrow up>***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-48N0-0005-G15M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DENNIS HEVESI

**Body**

THE Manhattan residential rental market is roil-ing, sometimes jetting spikes in prices to previ-ously unseen heights, and the impact is beginning to be felt in the other boroughs.

For those seeking shelter, not much is cheap in New York City's rental market these days, but the increases are most dramatic for unregulated units that make up about 600,000 of the city's 2 million apartments.

In terms of average rent rates and new construc tion -- standard measures of the industry -- the 26- county New York metropolitan region remains static, according to Federal data, barely showing signs of recovery from the deep real estate depression of the late 80's and early 90's.

But -- spurred by a healthy increase in jobs in the city last year, by continued robust activity on Wall Street, by the computer-driven growth of the so-called "new media" industry downtown and by bustling renewal projects like the redevelopment of Times Square and the 42d Street corridor -- Manhattan is a torrid rental market.

Whether that temperature can be sustained, and whether the steamy prices seeping into choice locations beyond Manhattan portend what one scholar called a "virtuous cycle" of renewal, or a time bomb for dislocation of tenants in the city's poorer neighborhoods, remains to be seen.

Still, "The big news is that the city is coming back," said Susan Wachter, a professor of real estate and financing at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Business. "And this is exciting because not all cities are coming back after the great East Coast real estate crash of the early 90's."

All the activity is churning a market still taut after an extended period during which there has been scant new construction of multiple-unit housing throughout the city. Permits for the building of only 5,991 apartments in all five boroughs were issued last year, according to the Department of City Planning. "And we really need to be creating about 40,000 units a year to keep the stock replenished," said Arthur Zabarkes, dean of the New York University Real Estate Institute.

And so, between increased economic activity, a gain of 28,200 jobs from May 1995 to May 1996, according to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, and a dearth of vacant apartments, the rental squeeze is on.

Susan Foster has been pinched.

Ms. Foster and her daughters, Ali, 13, and Erin, 12, were looking for "a big change," and certainly got one this month when they moved from a rural part of Pennsylvania, "with a population density of four people and four cows per square mile," to Manhattan.

A former undersecretary for intergovernmental affairs in the Carter administration, Ms. Foster, 48, had been living in a converted barn on a 155-acre dairy farm, 80 miles southwest of Harrisburg, when a job offer from her old boss, former Housing, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph A. Califano Jr., enticed her to the big city.

"I was, of course, looking for a nice 6,000-, 7,000-square-foot home, just like the farm, for $2,000 a month," Ms. Foster said. "I called my friends in New York and, after they got done laughing, they told me I should think about downsizing." Eventually, Ms. Foster rented a three-bedroom apartment in a fashionable building on Riverside Drive -- for $3,650 a month.

Ms. Foster, who will be vice president of the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University, said she had expected to run into "hard-sell, fast-talking, shark-like brokers from whom you had to protect your children."

Instead she found "some really decent human beings I was happy to do business with, except they charge an exorbitant brokerage fee" -- 15 percent of the first year's rent.

Gone, obviously, are the days of prospective tenants haggling for a lower rent, of offers for six months free occupancy, of the leasing agent saying, "I'll throw in a new refrigerator." Joyce West, vice president of the Charles H. Greenthal Residential Sales Corporation, said: "There was a time in the 70's and early 80's when things stayed on the market for years. Every building we managed had lots of vacancies."

Now, in Manhattan, the rental scene is one of bidding wars, C.I.A.-like security checks, four letters of reference and, in Ms. Foster's words, "a stamp on your forehead that says approved by the I.R.S."

THESE days, said Nancy Packes, president of Feathered Nest Inc., one of Manhattan's largest rental companies, "we're seeing overall rent increases of 30 percent since the low point three years ago." In rarefied habitats, she said, some apartments rent for $15,000 a month, up to $3,000 more than only a year ago. Ms. West spoke of "large units bringing, sometimes, $20,000 to $25,000 a month -- that's $300,000 a year!"

The downtown market "is one of the hottest in the city," Ms. Packes said. "It, similarly, is getting all-time high prices, particularly lofts." A two-bedroom, 1,500-square-foot loft could rent for $4,500 to $5,000, she said. "We just did a rental at 240 Centre Street, the old police headquarters, a three-bedroom there for $6,000."

Kevin Singleton, vice president of the Rockrose Development Corporation, had one word for the market: "Frenzied."

Rockrose has not quite completed construction of a 148-unit building at 100 Jane Street in the West Village, and two-thirds of the building is already rented. "We started renting on June 7 and, as of today," Mr. Singleton said last week, "there are 50 apartments left."

"Because of construction," Mr. Singleton said, "we would show people an apartment on the fifth floor, tell them the same apartment is available three floors higher, and they would rent the apartment unseen. Can you imagine?"

Manhattan renters, it would seem, are growing accustomed to the once unimaginable. Despite high prices, said Ms. West of the Greenthal group, "The first six months of this year we more than doubled the amount of leases that have been signed."

Through the first six months of this year, according to a survey conducted by Feathered Nest of about 1,500 regulated and market-rate apartments -- many of them sublets in co-ops and condos -- rents for studios on the Upper East Side averaged $1,361, 3 percent more than the $1,317 only seven months ago. On the West Side, studios averaged $1,459, up 8.7 percent from $1,342 at the end of 1995. One-bedroom apartments on the East Side are currently averaging $2,067, up 4.9 percent from $1,970 last year; while on the West Side, one-bedrooms averaged $2,037, up 1 percent from $2,019 in December. The survey looked at a total of 343 one-bedroom apartments on both the East and West Sides.

For two-bedrooms on the East Side, rents are averaging $3,315, compared to $3,281, a 1 percent increase. The average two-bedroom on the West Side is up 6.8 percent, to $3,406 from $3,190.

And the three-bedroom market, according to the survey, which looked at a total of 48 apartments, is showing startling disparities. Three-bedroom apartments on the East Side are actually down 10.1 percent, to $4,687 from $5,214 at the end of last year. But three-bedrooms on the West Side are up a whopping 44 percent, to $5,910, compared to $4,100 in December.

Ms. Packes attributed the East-West divide to "a longterm trend since the 1980's toward the appreciation of the West Side."

Particularly on the East Side, she said, very affluent families are now finding it cheaper to buy apartments than continue renting. For moderately affluent people, the West Side, with its ornate, prewar housing stock, is now more desirable for renting, Ms. Packes said.

"For your young, single studio-dweller, the West Side is hotcakes," she said. "For families with children who don't have the capital to buy yet, it's two- and three-bedrooms on the West Side all the way."

The market "is definitely strong, and vacancy rates are very, very low," said Gary Jacobs, executive vice president of Glenwood Management, a company that builds, owns and manages thousands of units, mostly on Upper East Side.

Generally, Mr. Jacobs said, "we average 6 percent increases on a one-year lease, 8 percent for a two-year lease, but sometimes we get far more than a 30 percent increase -- when a formerly below-market stabilized apartment becomes available."

Dr. Wachter at the Wharton School has devised her own method for assessing the strength of the market. Using the bi-monthly TRW-Redi Inc. Realty Report, which is based on public deed filings, Dr. Wachter looked at the prices of rental buildings that sold in April or May of this year and compared them to prices paid for the same buildings when they were previously sold in 1993 or since. Dr. Wachter found:

-- A four-story building on East 13th Street, sold in April for $3.15 million, had previously sold in February 1994 for $2.9 million.

-- A four-story building on West 83d Street sold in May for $1.85 million, triple the previous price of $620,000 in May 1993.

-- A five-story building on East 66th Street sold in April for $4.11 million, nearly four times its previous price of $1.25 million in August 1993.

The surge in building prices may be prompted, Dr. Wachter said, by the possibility that the New York State Legislature will modify or even not renew rent regulation in June of next year. But more immediately, she said, the deals indicate "that the rental market is recovering from its 1993 doldrums, that people are willing to buy at prices we haven't seen since before 1993."

And, obviously, they are willing to buy because there are people willing to rent. "Niches in Manhattan are soaring, driven by affluent baby boomers," said James W. Hughes, dean of the School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University. "At this stage, nationally and certainly in New York City, family-raising baby boomers are the center of the housing market pork chop."

BUT a prime cut of the market, particularly in these not-so-lazy days of summer, is the throng of diploma-clutching college graduates joining trainee programs throughout the city's financial community.

Fresh-faced Jessica Uccellini, a slim, sparkly energy force ready to burst upon the city, fits the profile.

Ms. Uccellini, 22, just graduated from Georgetown University and, in September, will join a training program at Chase Manhattan Bank. With counsel from her father, a real estate broker in their hometown, Troy, N.Y., Ms. Uccellini started looking for an apartment in May. "New York has proven to be unlike any other real estate market, according to my Dad," she said. "He said it's very undisciplined, anything goes."

One broker, recommended by friends of the family, "showed us beautiful apartments," Ms. Uccellini said, "but they were way above my price range" -- $1,800 to $2,500 a month, with assistance from her family. "She was showing me apartments for $2,700, $3,200, even a one-bedroom for $3,700." The apartments in Ms. Uccellini's price range were "horrid," she said.

Eventually, she placed a bid. "The reason New York has proven such an enigma is that, No. 1, they negotiate rents, which is not something I had ever heard of before; and my dad was surprised about that," Ms. Uccellini said. "Second, we had my credit checks done, sent them deposit checks, and it turns out they got a better offer, $50 more a month.

"It's very strange to think you're going to be living somewhere and then, three days later, 'No, sorry, we had a better offer.' "

Another "really strange" thing about the Manhattan market, Ms. Uccellini said, is that there is no multiple listing service, "so a broker's knowledge of available rental places is only as extensive as her network of friends or other brokers."

After family consultations, the Uccellinis decided to try other brokers, one of whom, Karen Rathje of the Corcoran Group, lined up nine apartments, all within 15 minutes' walk on the West Side. The fourth one on the list -- in the Apthorp on Broadway between 78th and 79th Streets, a block-square Renaissance Revival building with a fountain in its grand courtyard -- reminded Ms. Uccellini of "a chateau in France." And a one-bedroom was available for $2,100 a month.

"I was in awe," Ms. Uccellini said. "My mother said, 'We just won the lottery.' "

With $2,100 a month for a one-bedroom evoking lottery-prize elation, prospects for the Manhattan market are difficult to gauge. Cathe LeBlanc, director of the rental division at the Corcoran Group, believes rents may have peaked. "Prices are not going to drop overnight," she said, "but I'd say in six months to a year you're going to find a lot more negotiating going on."

Ms. LeBlanc views apartment rentals and sales as bedfellows on an old mattress. With rents so high, many tenants now see buying as the better option, and with sales prices rising, potential buyers might be afraid of being left behind.

"It could go one or two ways," Ms. LeBlanc said. "A lot of the apartments currently being rented in co-ops and condos may go on the market for sale, instead of rental again, which will keep the rental market fairly tight. Or, owners may keep renting because the return is so high. If that's the case, I think you'll see a lot more apartments to choose from and negotiating on rental prices."

The current price pressure in Manhattan is rippling through other sections of the city.

In Brooklyn Heights, for example, said Brian Lehner, a rental agent for the William B. May Company, one-bedroom apartments currently rent for between $1,200 and $1,800, two-bedrooms for $1,400 to $3,000, and three-bedrooms for $2,200 to $3,500 "and more."

Even in less tony Fort Greene, Brooklyn, said Katherine Lilly, owner of Realty on the Greene, "good one-bedrooms are going for at least $1,000," two-bedrooms for between $1,000 and $1,800, and three-bedrooms from $1,500 to "well over $2,000."

"I would say," Ms. Lilly added, "that rents are 15 percent higher than three years ago, and they are renting much quicker to better qualified people -- a lot of music and movie industry people, a lot of people from out of state."

Susan Goldy, president of the Bronx Board of Realtors, said that as Manhattan goes, so goes Riverdale, "with a lag time of three to six months and a differential of 20 percent; and there's probably a 20 percent differential between Riverdale and the rest of the Bronx." In Riverdale, Ms. Goldy said, one-bedrooms are renting for between $750 and $1,100, two-bedrooms for $1,000 to $1,600, and three-bedrooms for $1,400 to $1,800.

Earl Washington's clientele at United Realty Services on the Grand Concourse includes many ***working-class*** people and welfare recipients. With signs of renewal in the Bronx -- "We've gone through the burn-outs, the vandalism, the landlords abandoning buildings," Mr. Washington said -- rents have racheted up in recent years. Rents brokered by his agency range from $475 to $850 for a one-bedroom to between $875 and $1,200 for a three-bedroom apartment. "For deregulated apartments, you're probably looking at 10 to 15 percent increases over the last three years," Mr. Washington said.

In Queens, according to Joseph Mottola, head of the Long Island Board of Realtors (which includes the borough as well as Nassau and Suffolk Counties), one-bedrooms are going for $600 to $800, two-bedrooms from $650 to $900, and three-bedrooms from $900 to $1,400. And those prices hold even for so-called ***working-class*** neighborhoods like Jackson Heights, East Elmhurst and Corona, said Edward Butts, owner of Butts Realty. A three-bedroom apartment in those communities, Mr. Butts said, "goes anywhere from $900 to $1,200."

And on Staten Island -- where Thomas Maira, owner of Maira Real Estate, said, "If there are 20 apartment buildings here, I'm just unconscious of them" -- a two-bedroom in a building close to the Verrazano Bridge is currently listed for $1,200.

The city's rental stock comprises both regulated and unregulated apartments. The approximately 600,000 unregulated apartments include those in buildings built after 1973, certain co-ops being rented by their owners (in many cases sponsors who attempted to convert buildings into co-ops or the institutions or other owners who bought them out), apartments that have been released from the restraints of rent regulation, frequently because their rent rose beyond $2,000 a month, and apartments in buildings with five or fewer units.

Apartments under rent stabilization (rent control, the other type of regulation, applies to only about 101,000 units), are currently subject to an 8.5 percent increase when a lease is signed after a vacancy, and to decontrol if they are vacant and have attained a $2,000 a month rental. In addition, apartments can be deregulated if they rent for $2,000 and their occupants have had a combined income of $250,000 for two years in a row.

CONTINUED price pressure on the boroughs beyond Manhattan could have an impact on poorer sections of the city where rent-regulated and subsidized apartments are particularly hard to obtain. What that impact will be is a subject of debate.

"I think it can be the best thing that happens to the other borough neighborhoods," Dean Zabarkes at N.Y.U said. "The person who comes to New York and can't find a Manhattan apartment is now going to look elsewhere. The beneficiaries will be New Jersey, Queens, parts of Brooklyn and good old Riverdale. The Concourse will see it."

In 1993, however, the city's Housing and Vacancy Survey indicated that less than 2 percent of all apartments with rents below $500 were vacant. And last month, the city's Rent Guidelines Board approved the largest rent increases in seven years -- 5 percent for a one-year lease and 7 percent for a two-year lease -- for tenants of the city's 1 million stabilized apartments, who currently pay an average $660 a month.

At the same time, Federal rent subsidies for low-income tenants in about 100,000 apartments begin coming up for renewal -- or expiration -- starting this year. If subsidies expire, some of those apartments in middle-income neighborhoods could go to free-market rates while others, in poorer communities where tenants cannot afford to pay more, could be abandoned as landlords see their rent streams narrowed.

"The city could lose from 30,000 to 50,000 low-income units over the next five years," said Victor Bach, director of housing policy and research at the Community Service Society, a nonprofit anti-poverty agency. "Given the limited supply of decent housing available on the open market, we're likely to see a lot more doubling up among low-income families and, perhaps, unprecedented levels of family homelessness."

Dr. Wachter at the Wharton School sees the ripple effect of increasing rents as prompting "a virtuous cycle -- rather than a vicious cycle -- of redevelopment and renovation, leading to additional supply, which helps cap the rental pressure."

"But it's not all good," she concedes. "It squeezes people."

**Graphic**

Photos: Cathe LeBlanc of Corcoran Group says rents may have peaked. Kevin Singleton of Rockrose in apartment at 100 Jane Street. (Photographs by Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. 8); Jessica Uccellini, 22, exults at the Apthorp at 79th and Broadway; with her family's help, she rented a 1-bedroom for $2,100 a month. Kevin Singleton of Rockrose Development at 100 Jane Street; two-thirds of the unfinished building is rented. Susan Foster and daughters Ali (left), and Erin found a 3-bedroom for $3,650 a month. (John Sotomayor/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

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[***THE BLACKOUT: LOOKING BACK; In Calm Blackout, Views of Remade City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:499V-BW30-01KN-236K-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

When the lights went out on Thursday, Imani Kuumba was in an eyeglass shop on 116th Street in Harlem. She was also in a very different New York from the one she lived in when the last major blackout in 1977 turned her South Bronx neighborhood into a harrowing zone of plunder and mayhem.

In 1977, "it was complete chaos, just total chaos," Ms. Kuumba recalled. "They grabbed the flashlights and started looting." This time, the eyeglass-store owner and the other shopkeepers along 116th Street quickly ushered their customers onto the street and pulled down their iron gates.

The police showed up so fast, she said, "it was like they knew beforehand this was going to happen." And through the night, "the people took it in stride," she said. "They barbecued in the dark. They sang. They were listening to KISS and partying. I think they felt that this was just another event, something that occurs in New York, and it would be over soon."

Tall buildings have crumbled in New York since the last blackout. Drug scourges have come and gone. The economy has boomed and flattened and struggled to boom again. Millions of people have moved out and in and changed the face of the city forever.

Through it all, though, the blackout as metaphor for the civic psyche appears to have survived. And this time, Kenneth T. Jackson, the president of the New-York Historical Society, says he thinks it may be saying, "This is a city that seems to be under control."

In 1977, New York had reached an arson-scarred, drug-infested, economically challenged nadir. The blackout looting then was breathtakingly panoramic, often against a background of rock-throwing and flames. Today, the first snap of a blackout easily awakens fears of terrorist attacks. But this notwithstanding, Mr. Jackson said, "when we think of the city we think of theordered city."

The reasons for this are writ large -- a crime rate that in a development no one in 1977 would have been foolish enough to predict has plummeted to its lowest point in decades, with a third the murders of 1977; an economy that even after more than two years of trouble provides 600,000 more jobs than that of '77; and a population that thanks largely to a continuing transfusion of immigrants by the thousands tops eight million, or about a million more than at the time of the last blackout.

But the reasons are also writ small, in commonplaces of New York life that would have been unthinkable in 1977. For one thing, you can smell the roses, or at least the city parks' more varied assortment of flowers.

In innumerable locations they sprout unencumbered by the chicken wire that used to protect them from flower thieves, when they were grown at all.

In a growing number of neighborhoods, security-relaxed shopkeepers are not bothering to install the metal grating that has been a fixture of the urban street scene since the 60's.

In the subways, when a train bears the number 2 or the letter D, you can take it at its word. And when neighborhoods undergo change, it is often upward, at least economically. In the new hit musical "Avenue Q," a couple decide to leave their funky-with-good-feeling block for a fancier clime -- the Lower East Side, which may never before have been such an object of aspiration.

Thus, the near lack of untoward incidents during this blackout may reflect a lot.

"We have worked over the years to build an infrastructure to protect this city, and provide services," Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg said on his weekly radio program Friday morning. "Most of the time most of the things really do work, and that's why last night will go down as a safe night in New York City, a night where people got along."

Compared with 1977, he said, "I think you can make the case that people in New York City are happier, get along better, cooperate with one another."

Those sentiments are widely shared, and for no small reason. The decade of the 70's was the time of the city's greatest population loss -- "the arch decade of white flight," in the words of John H. Mollenkopf, director of the Center for Urban Research at the City University Graduate Center, and also the first decade in which black and Puerto Rican middle-class families left the city along with whites.

A poll taken by The New York Times and CBS News just after the '77 blackout yielded this headline: "Nationwide Poll Finds 6% Think New York Is a Good Place to Live."

That was before an influx of young artists and professionals pushed the borders of gentrifying New York not only to the far eastern reaches of the Lower East Side, but also across the East River to such nonbrownstone Brooklyn neighborhoods as Williamsburg and even parts of Bushwick, the impoverished community most ravished during the last blackout.

At the time of the '77 blackout, the city routinely held auctions of the thousands of abandoned buildings and empty lots that it had seized in tax foreclosures. It was not unusual for an empty building in Bushwick or another poor neighborhood to sell for $25, to whoever wanted to take on the ultimate handyman's special in the company of packs of wild dogs.

Today, a growing ***working-class*** cluster of Ecuadoreans and other new immigrants are filling many of Bushwick's weathered three-story wood-frame homes, and Bushwick Avenue, in its heyday known as "Doctors' Row" for the occupants of its handsome brownstones, is beginning to buzz again.

Meanwhile, houses and co-ops in the city's wealthier neighborhoods, along with those around the region, have risen more in value than homes in virtually any other part of the country. Last year, the city issued more permits to build single-family homes than in any year since 1985, although the long-term effect of steep property tax increases that went into effect in the city this year remains to be seen.

That building boom has done much to account for a doubling in construction jobs since 1977 to more than 120,000.

Tourism, which drew fewer than 17 million people to the city in 1977, is expected to attract twice that many this year, something that helped increase the number of service jobs in the city since '77 by well over half a million.

The quiet of Thursday's blackout may well have little to do with any of this. The '77 blackout struck about 9:30 p.m. during a nasty heat wave, but this one came shortly after 4 p.m., with hours of daylight remaining. The Police Department -- with near-record numbers of officers -- had a chance to mobilize a visible presence in almost every corner of the city. By night, a cool breeze accompanied the dark.

Still, Dick Netzer, a professor emeritus at New York University's Wagner Graduate School of Public Service, said there was more to the calm than this. "I think it's a consequence of a much greater sense of some kind of empathy among New Yorkers for each other," he said, "and a sense that criminal acts are really wrong. I think there's a building sense of civility. It's such a difference."

He credited this to a generally prosperous decade, a tough policing policy developed during the administration of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, and "the social bonds coming out of 9/11."

From the streets of poorer neighborhoods, even those like Harlem, which are now home to touchstones of prosperity like Old Navy and Starbucks, other reasons are offered for the peace. Among them are an overwhelming, debilitating poverty that has outlasted a near decade of prosperity, and Mr. Giuliani's extraordinarily successful campaign to cut welfare rolls, which have fallen by more than 50 percent from their 1977 totals of close to a million.

"People are becoming accustomed to not having," said Ms. Kuumba, an administrative assistant with the city's Office of Children and Family Services. "They don't have it; the city's not giving it to them anymore; they're not going to have it and they never will. So come what may. There's just complacency."

The 2000 census, according to Professor Mollenkopf, counted 1.7 million New Yorkers living below the poverty line, which at the time was defined as an annual income of $17,603 for a family of four. Of these, a million were subsisting on half that or less, which Professor Mollenkopf said "is just about destitution, I would say."

But in the new New York, even poverty has a different face. The huge population drop in the 70's -- an estimated 440,000 from the start of the decade until the '77 blackout -- left neighborhoods empty, burning and occupied in good numbers by people who did not have the wherewithal to get out. Along with the many struggling to hold things together, there were also the ranks of the looters who took over the streets of so many communities on the evening of July 13.

Some streets, in neighborhoods like Brownsville in Brooklyn, can still take on that feel. But on most others, like many of those in Bushwick, immigration has brought variety, dogged hope and a feeling of greater safety. "If you compare New York's poorest neighborhoods with neighborhoods in cities like Detroit andChicago, they're not depopulating by and large," said Philip Kasinitz, chairman of the sociology department at the City University Graduate Center. "It means that even the poorest neighborhoods basically have a critical mass not just for city services, but for basic retailing."

From their windows, those people watch the street for trouble, and this, to some degree, helps crime fall. On Thursday night, Professor Kasinitz said, "people felt comfortable being out on the street."

"Not just the young people drinking and looking for trouble," he said. "They were out, but so were a lot of others."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Looters in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn running down Broadway during the 1977 blackout. (Photo by Tyrone Dukes/The New York Times); People took ice to elderly relatives on Friday afternoon at the 17-story Mitchell Houses in the South Bronx. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. 30) Chart: "Lights Out, Now and Then"How this blackout compares with the two previous major ones. 1965TUESDAY, NOV. 9 -- 5:16 p.m.How long: Up to 13 hoursLoad lost: 20,000 megawattsWhat failed: The electrical grids had become increasingly interconnected to meet growing demand for power. A single relay near Niagara Falls malfunctioned, causing a critical overload that cascaded across neighboring points on the grid. 1977WEDNESDAY, JULY 13 -- 9:34 p.m.How long: Up to 26 hoursLoad lost: 6,000 megawattsWhat failed: After 1965, measures were in place to allow neighboring power grids to disconnect. After lightning shut down the transmission corridor to New York City, other systems disconnected. New York's generation alone was not adequate to meet demand. 2003THURSDAY, AUG.14 -- 4:11 p.m.How long: Within 44 hours, power had been largely restoredLoad lost: 62,000 megawattsWhat failed: An enormous reversal of the power flow in the Midwest overloaded one or more power lines, taking them out of service. Parallel lines became overloaded and 100 power plants soon shut themselves down. The series of events occurred within about five minutes. (Sources by James T. Sparrow, director, Blackout History Project, Center for History & New Media, George Mason University; Prof. Richard Hirsh, History of Technology and Science & Technology Studies, Department of History,Virginia Tech; North American Electric Reliability Council)(pg. 30)

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[***Oh, to Be Wealthy, Beautiful and Hip In Elite Manhattan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-80R0-0005-G1XG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By BERNARD WEINRAUB

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**Body**

THE ZIP CODE, COAST AND network are all new. Darren Star, the 33-year-old creator of the Fox shows "Beverly Hills 90210" and "Melrose Place," has landed some prime real estate on the CBS fall schedule with his new hourlong ensemble drama,"Central Park West." Like "Seinfeld" on NBC and "N.Y.P.D. Blue" on ABC, the series is set in Manhattan, but in a slightly different stratosphere.

While "Seinfeld" and "N.Y.P.D. Blue" strive for at least a quasi-realism, Mr. Star has no such aspirations. What counts for him, as it does for his mentor Aaron Spelling, is fantasy.

Mr. Spelling's series, including "Dynasty" (1981-89) and "Fantasy Island" (1978-84) reflected the money-is-everything mentality of the 1980's in which they were broadcast. Mr. Star's series also focus on the rich and beautiful. But the fantasies, in tune with the grimmer 90's, are grounded in slightly more realistic settings, and the characters occasionally wrinkle their perfect brows over issues like abortion and AIDS.

"We're trying to keep a level of reality to this show, but we're not making a documentary about Central Park West," Mr. Star said in an interview in his Spanish-style home nestled on a hill near Hollywood. "It's not the reality of people pushing baby carriages on Central Park West. The show intends to depict a glamorized, romanticized image of New York that television never cared to do."

The series, for which Mr. Star will write and serve as executive producer, revolves around a group of generally rich and beautiful people in their 20's and 30's, most of whom live on Central Park West. The cast includes Mariel Hemingway as the editor of a hip magazine patterned after New York or Vanity Fair; Tom Verica as her husband, a struggling novelist who teaches at a fancy girls' school; Ron Leibman as the magazine owner, and Lauren Hutton as his socialite wife. There are also a stockbroker; a handsome, rich assistant district attorney with plenty of blue blood; a ***working-class*** sales clerk, a woman with a past, from Staten Island, and a conniving columnist who covers the downtown club scene. The series is scheduled to run on Wednesday nights at 9.

"I can already see myself being knocked for this," Mr. Star said. "People are going to say this show has nothing to do with New York as it really is. I say, 'That's fine.' Neither do Woody Allen movies. It's entertainment. It's half-romantic, half-reality, and very sophisticated. And that's what I want. I think certainly there's going to be human drama to these stories that's closer to reality than what's happening on 'Melrose Place,' which is kind of out there."

The series is being made entirely in New York, in such locations as Central Park, SoHo, Greenwich Village and Lincoln Center. Mr. Star's clout is so remarkable that CBS has agreed to share the ownership and production with him and split the profits. The arrangement makes him a rookie in the league that includes Steven Bochco, who has had a similar deal with ABC and who is now moving to CBS. Mr. Star is no longer involved in the production of "Beverly Hills 90210" but remains a creative consultant on "Melrose Place," with some producing and editing responsibilities.

To Mr. Star, Central Park West, like Beverly Hills, is less an address than a state of mind. "Central Park West evokes a certain feeling about New York, an upscale sensibility," he said. "Young, successful, a little hip, not too hip, like downtown. The Upper East Side and Park Avenue evoke a different sensibility."

Mr. Star is a believer in the philosophy of Mr. Spelling, 72, whose company and the Fox network produced "90210" and "Melrose Place." The Spelling credo for such shows as "Dynasty," "The Love Boat," "Charlie's Angels" and "Fantasy Island" was simple: you can't be too rich, too beautiful, too mean or too outrageous.

"Sure, Aaron's not fond of casting unattractive people, and if you can find attractive actors who are also appealing, there's nothing wrong with that," Mr. Star said. "You don't look at an actress and say, 'Oh, she's incredibly beautiful. Let's cast her.' But, I mean, do you know any unattractive movie stars?"

Mr. Star seems to have aspirations that reach beyond his two Fox shows. He said the idea for "Central Park West" was a result of his own yearning to break away -- just a bit -- from presenting, on screen, his L.A.-based fantasies. "I've always had a real passion for New York," Mr. Star said. "I'm from the East Coast. And, in terms of television, I was thinking about doing something I haven't seen before."

Among dramas, Mr. Star said, "What we've seen on television about New York are cop shows, which is about the gritty underside of the city." His new show, he said, "is really looking at the city through a lens of glamour and sophistication."

Others involved with the series have notable credentials in sophisticated television and film work. Allen Arkush, a prominent television director who has worked on such series as "Fame," "Moonlighting," "Shannon's Deal" and "St. Elsewhere," has been hired as a co-executive producer of the show and is directing several episodes. Jeffrey Kurland, who handles the costumes for Woody Allen's films, was hired to do the same job for the series. Mr. Arkush said the series had no apologies for its upscale portrait of New York.

"We won't err on being too glamorous," Mr. Arkush said. "Sure, it's a romantic view of Manhattan, the kind of Manhattan you see in 'Breakfast at Tiffany's,' or even 'Fatal Attraction.' One of the movies we watched was 'The Sweet Smell of Success,' a terrific movie about the seductiveness of success. That's the New York that fascinates us."

Mr. Star's success, and his fascination with glitz, seems rooted in his very comfortable childhood in Potomac, Md., a Washington suburb heavily populated by families with new money and large homes. His father is a podiatrist and his mother a freelance writer. As a child, Darren was consumed with movies and worked as an usher at a neighborhood theater. At 13 he got a subscription to Variety with money given to him for his bar mitzvah.

The high school he attended, Winston Churchill High School in Potomac, was the model for the one portrayed in "90210."

"It was a bunch of wealthy kids who did things at the end of the year like vote for best car," recalled Andrea King, a Hollywood screenwriter who has known Mr. Star since their high school days. (Ms. King was the basis for the character of Andrea, the smart school newspaper editor, in "90210.")

Mr. Star attended the University of Southern California and then the University of California in Los Angeles, where he majored in creative writing. After working as a waiter at Hamburger Hamlet and as a publicist, he sold his first screenplay, "Doin' Time on Planet Earth," at the age of 24. (The movie quickly disappeared. "I wouldn't go searching for it," he said.) At the time, he was living in an apartment complex in West Hollywood, which he later used as the inspiration for "Melrose Place."

He wrote another film, "If Looks Could Kill," a sort of teen-age James Bond adventure, which had a brief, unsuccessful run in movie theaters. He also wrote several screenplays at Warner Brothers, Tri-Star and Paramount and developed a reputation as a skilled writer of films about teen-agers.

It was Barry Diller, former chairman of Fox, who came up with the idea of a television series set in a high school. Mr. Spelling was brought in to produce, and Mr. Star, then 28, was enlisted to write the pilot. The series began in the fall of 1990.

"I loved it," Mr. Star said. "Television is such a hungry medium. To write one day and see it produced the next was incredible to me. I became involved in every aspect of production, from casting to editing to really producing the show. I knew this could never happen in features. I'm anxious to write and direct movies eventually, but I'm sort of addicted now to the pace of television."

Though all of his shows are extensions of his fantasies, Mr. Star said, the world of "Central Park West" was the one he'd like to live in. "If I could make my life a fantasy, it would be a fantasy of living on Central Park West, and not around the pool in 'Melrose Place,' " he said. "This is my fantasy. This city is magic to me."

**Graphic**

Photos: City Slicker -- Darren Star, right, overlooking Central Park West, the setting of his new dramatic series. (William E. Sauro/The New York Times); Pretty Faces -- Tom Verica as a novelist and Mariel Hemingway as a magazine editor in "Central Park West," which begins this fall. (John Seakwood/CBS)(pg. 28); Heather Locklear, Kristin Davis and Andrew Shue in the season finale of "Melrose Place," the Fox show created by Darren Star. (Doug Hyun/Fox)(pg. 33)

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[***A Green Coal Baron?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4STH-VCJ0-TW8F-G03S-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CLIVE THOMPSON

Clive Thompson, a contributing writer for the magazine, writes frequently about technology.

**Body**

When I met with Jim Rogers one day this spring, he tossed back two double espressos in a single hour. A charming and natty 60-year-old, Rogers is the chief executive of the electric company Duke Energy. But he has none of the macho, cowboy stolidity you might expect in an energy C.E.O. Instead, he lives to brainstorm. He spends more than half his time on the road, a perennial fixture at wonky gatherings like the Davos World Economic Forum and the Clinton Global Initiative, corralling ''clean energy'' thinkers and listening eagerly to their ideas. The day we met, he was brimming with enthusiasm for a new approach to solar power. Solar is currently too expensive to make economic sense, according to Rogers, because the cost to put panels on a roof is greater than what a household would save on electricity. But what if Duke bought panels en masse, driving the price down, and installed them itself -- free?

''So we have 500,000 solar units on the roofs of our customers,'' he said. ''We install them, we maintain them and we dispatch them, just like it was a power plant!'' He did some quick math: he could get maybe 1,000 megawatts out of that system, enough to permanently shutter one of the company's older power plants. He shot me a toothy grin.

Even in this era of green evangelism, Rogers is a genuine anomaly. As the head of Duke Energy, with its dozens of coal-burning electric plants scattered around the Midwest and the Carolinas, he represents one of the country's biggest sources of greenhouse gases. The company pumps 100 million tons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere each year, making it the third-largest corporate emitter in the United States.

Yet Rogers, who makes $10 million a year, is also one of the electricity industry's most vocal environmentalists. For years, he has opened his doors to the kinds of green activists who would give palpitations to most energy C.E.O.'s. In March, he had breakfast with James Lovelock, the originator of the Gaia theory, which regards the earth as a single, living organism, to discuss whether species can adapt to a warmer earth. In April, James Hansen, a climatologist at NASA and one of the first scientists to publicly warn about global warming, wrote an open letter urging Rogers to stop burning coal -- so Rogers took him out for a three-hour dinner in Manhattan. ''I would dare say that no one in the industry would talk to Lovelock and Hansen,'' Rogers told me. Last year, Rogers astonished his board when he presented his plan to ''decarbonize'' Duke Energy by 2050 -- in effect, to retool the utility so that it emits very little carbon dioxide.

Perhaps most controversial, though, Rogers has long advocated stiff regulation of greenhouses gases. For the last few years, he has relentlessly lobbied Washington to create a ''carbon cap'' law that strictly limits the amount of carbon dioxide produced in the United States, one that would impose enormous costs on any company that releases more carbon than its assigned limit. That law is now on its way to becoming reality: last fall, Senators Joe Lieberman and John Warner introduced a historic ''cap-and-trade'' bill that would require the country to reduce its co2 emissions by 70 percent before 2050. Earlier this month, the bill failed to advance, but its sponsors will most likely reintroduce it next year once a new president is in office; meanwhile, a half-dozen other rival bills are currently being drawn up that all seek the same thing. One way or another, a carbon cap is coming.

Prominent environmentalists, thrilled, credit Rogers for clearing the way politically; many are his friends. ''It's fair to say that we wouldn't be where we are in Congress if it weren't for him,'' says Eileen Claussen, head of the Pew Center on Global Climate Change. ''He helped put carbon legislation on the map.'' This should be a golden moment for Rogers: he has godfathered a bill that could significantly reshape the electricity industry, help balance the world's climate and establish his legacy as a visionary C.E.O. -- a ''statesman,'' as he puts it. Instead, he is very, very worried, fearful that the real-world version of his dream legislation may end up threatening the company he has spent so many years building.

Though the details are devilish, the basic cap-and-trade concept is simple. The government makes it expensive for companies to emit carbon dioxide, and then market forces work their magic: those companies aggressively seek ways to avoid producing the stuff, to try to get a competitive edge on one another.

This is precisely how the government dealt with acid rain, back in the late '80s. Acid rain, like global warming to a great extent, was caused by dangerous byproducts from burning coal: the chemicals sulphur dioxide and nitrogen oxide, or ''sox and nox,'' as they were known colloquially. Environmentalists in the '80s tried to get Ronald Reagan's Environmental Protection Agency to crack down on sox and nox, but an antiregulatory mood prevailed. So a group of politicians and forward-thinking environmentalists turned to the marketplace instead.

Through legislation, the government first set a limit, or cap, on how much sox and nox could be discharged by the nation's coal-burning utilities. These companies then regularly received allowances based on their historic levels of emissions. At the end of a predetermined period, every company had to possess enough in the way of allowances to cover the gases it released or face stiff penalties. Over time, the cap and the number of allowances were slowly reduced.

A system like this creates a carrot and a stick. An electrical utility that reduces its pollution below the cap has leftover allowances to sell to other companies. In theory, a virtuous cycle emerges: a company that invests money to clean up its emissions can more than recoup its outlay by selling unused allowances to its dirtier, laggard competitors. Furthermore, entrepreneurs have an incentive to develop cleanup technologies. And sure enough, following the Clean Air Act amendments in 1990, innovations emerged quickly, ranging from new coal blends to chemical ''scrubbers'' that removed sox and nox from the smokestacks. Government and industry officials predicted that solving the problem of acid rain could cost $4 billion in new investment -- but the marketplace was so efficient that only an estimated $1 billion was needed.

A cap-and-trade program for co2 would try to harness the same dynamics. There are several bills under development -- Lieberman-Warner is the most advanced, and the one most likely to pass next year -- but they all take roughly the same approach. Greenhouse-gas emissions are capped in key carbon-dioxide-producing industries like gas, oil and electricity. Allowances are issued and companies are free to sell them to one another. Then the cap and number of allowances are ratcheted down over time, sparking, it's hoped, the same Cambrian-like explosion in the development of cheaper, cleaner technologies.

If Rogers is keen on the idea of cap and trade, it's because the acid-rain fight was one of his formative experiences as a C.E.O. His first job was a three-year stint as a journalist in Lexington, Ky. -- ''I was a journalist, so I'm allowed to be a little cynical at times,'' he likes to joke -- before heading to law school and working as a public advocate in his home state of Kentucky. In 1988, by then 40 years old, he switched sides -- the Indiana electrical utility PSI Energy teetered on the verge of bankruptcy, and Rogers was offered the job of turning it around.

Part of what ruined PSI was a $2.7-billion write-off of its nuclear plant when local environmentalists forced PSI to halt its construction after the Three Mile Island accident. Rather than demonize the environmentalists, Rogers instead decided to ''put on a flannel shirt'' and meet with them in a cafe in Madison, Ind. Phil Sharp, a U.S. representative for Indiana at the time, recalls the activists' astonishment. ''They couldn't believe it,'' he says. ''They were always used to taking on the big utility companies. Then he came in and instead of saying, What craziness is this, he said, O.K., let's talk.'' It was partly self-protection, of course; Rogers knew that public opinion could ruin a company. Aware that the environmentalists were also worried about acid rain, Rogers decided it was a problem he should head off.

When cap and trade was proposed as a solution to acid rain, most energy executives whose companies burned coal hated the idea and lobbied fiercely against it. It wasn't merely that they tended to resist regulation. They also didn't believe it would work: they didn't trust that the necessary technology would evolve fast enough. If it didn't, they worried, very few firms would have extra allowances to sell, and the price of those on the open market would skyrocket. Companies might go broke trying to buy extra allowances to meet their cap.

Rogers was the outlier. He loved the elegance of the market-based approach, and he had a nerd's optimism that the technology would bloom quickly. ''And we were right,'' he says. ''So that's what gave me the faith that this approach works. All you have to do is set the market up right.'' PSI spent only $250 million to clean up its smokestacks, and allowances were ''cheap and plentiful,'' Rogers says.

Even as acid rain was being confronted in 1990, climate change was entering the public debate. By this time, Rogers was friends with a number of environmentalists and decided to dive into the science of global warming. He began inviting climate experts from Harvard, NASA and various research firms to brief him. ''Pretty soon, I could see that the science was persuasive,'' Rogers recalls. Many policy makers behind the acid-rain cleanup suspected that a cap-and-trade program could whip the carbon problem too. Rogers agreed. ''What's unusual about Jim is that he recognized these problems not as a woe-is-me burden but as real growth opportunities, opportunities to change his industry,'' says Tim Wirth, president of the United Nations Foundation and a former senator from Colorado who helped write the acid-rain legislation. ''That allows him to be cheerful in the face of the opposition.''

And there was plenty of opposition. Back then, merely acknowledging the existence of global warming was a thought crime among coal-burning energy executives. But as early as 2001, Rogers told a meeting of fellow C.E.O.'s in the industry that they should all work to pass a federal carbon cap. ''They were stunned,'' recalls Ralph Cavanagh, an energy program director at the Natural Resources Defense Council, who was present at the meeting. ''That was the first time I had heard a major energy executive say anything like this. But because he was chairman of their energy committee, he wasn't just a flaky maverick.'' Sharp, a longtime friend, chuckles when he remembers how much ire Rogers generated. ''They hated him,'' he says. ''Nobody would invite him for golf.''

Rogers's environmentalism has a weird flavor to it. Most people involved in the cap-and-trade process talk about their polar-bear moment -- the instant when they realized the earth is imperiled. (John Warner, the Republican co-sponsor of the Lieberman-Warner bill, told me his inspiration came when he visited a forest he worked in as a teenager and found it decimated by a change in weather patterns.) In eight months of meeting with Rogers, listening to his speeches and watching him in action, I kept waiting to hear about his polar-bear moment, but it never came. Rogers's environmentalism is practical, enthusiastic and intrigued by clean-tech innovations, not given to heartstring-tugging rhetoric about vanishing species or redwood trees.

Rogers does, however, talk frequently about ''the grandchildren test.'' ''I want them to be able to look back and say, 'My granddaddy made a good decision, and it's still a good decision,' '' he says. Though he's only 60, Rogers already has seven grandchildren, and he frequently takes them on trips around the world. He told me, when we met for dinner in Charlotte, N.C., how he asked his 10-year-old granddaughter Emma what she wanted to do when she grew up; she said she wanted to ''protect endangered species.'' He found it striking that such a young child would already have a sense of the precariousness of nature. ''She's an old soul, let me tell you,'' he says.

When asked why Rogers ended up taking such a contrary approach to his job, friends point to the fact that he never trained as an engineer -- the background of most energy executives. He isn't as insular, Sharp points out, so he's interested in what critics have to say. ''Usually what people do is circle the wagons,'' Sharp says, ''but he listens.''

It is also true that Rogers's green focus has a purely strategic element. Anyone who was paying attention to public opinion on climate change could see that the government would, sooner or later, have to limit carbon emissions. So why not plan for that -- start thinking about how your company would respond, start making friends in Washington? Rogers sunnily agrees that this was a large motivation for his environmental work. ''I wanted to get out ahead of it,'' Rogers told me the very first time I met him last August, in Washington, which he was visiting nearly weekly to brief and cajole senators.

''It's the old saw -- 'If you're not at the table, you're going to be on the menu,' '' he says. Last June, Rogers delivered a speech to the Senate environment committee, led by Barbara Boxer, which was beginning to assess the Lieberman-Warner bill. ''I want the Senator Boxers, Senator Lieberman or Warner -- I want them to feel confident that they can turn to me as an energy expert and trust me,'' he said then.

To get a sense of the awesome challenge posed by ''decarbonizing'' electricity, go to one of Duke's largest coal-fired plants, near Charlotte. When I visited last summer, I first wandered into the building that houses the furnace, a long tubular mass of steel with surprisingly graceful, almost art-deco lines. Then I climbed a flight of metal stairs to the rooftop, ascending through 120-degree air that left my shirt damp with sweat. Off to one side were the ''scrubbers'' -- enormous metal contraptions that capture some of the acid-rain components by pumping the coal fumes through great waterfalls of limestone slurry. The process produces gypsum, a safe and inert mineral, which Duke sells for use in drywall. Looking down from the roof, I saw huge piles of limestone that dwarfed the trucks scurrying around them. Then it hit me: of the half-dozen structures in the coal plant, the majority are devoted not to producing energy but to cleaning it up. Or put another way, burning coal is trivially easy; it's cleaning up the emissions that requires all sorts of work and machinery.

''Sometimes I tell people that Duke is really just a company that processes chemicals to produce clean air, and we get electricity as a byproduct,'' Rogers said with a laugh when we met in his office afterward. If it's this difficult to strip out acid-rain chemicals, I can hardly imagine what prodigious feats of engineering will be necessary to remove co2 from electricity production.

Rogers, however, maintains that it is possible to cut Duke's co2 emissions to half of today's levels by 2030. That would put the company in line with the goals set by the Lieberman-Warner bill or any of the other cap-and-trade alternatives, which mostly call for a 70 percent reduction in emissions by 2050. Rogers put a pad on his desk and began sketching a pie chart to show me how he'll do it.

Currently, nearly all of Duke's emissions come from its coal-fired plants. But those plants are aging; by 2050, every one of them will have to be replaced. If the company is going to replace them anyway, Duke might as well phase in ''clean'' sources.

It isn't quite that simple, of course. No low-carbon sources are currently big or cheap enough -- and it's not clear when they will be. For example, Rogers calculates that Duke needs two new 2,200-megawatt nuclear plants. (One of them is currently under development in South Carolina.) But these plants are hellishly difficult to construct. They're so expensive -- many billions apiece -- that historically they have required government guarantees, because Wall Street is loath to invest so much in such politically fraught projects. Rogers suspects that public opinion will shift in favor of nuclear energy eventually, because it offers huge amounts of reliable power with no direct co2 emissions.

What about renewable energy, like wind and solar? Rogers says that by 2030 they could make up as much as 12 percent of Duke's energy supply, but they won't be a big factor for another decade, because sunshine and wind are too irregular and the plants to harvest them are still too small. This year, Duke signed a 20-year deal to buy the entire electric output of the largest solar farm in the country, SunEdison's plant in Davidson County, N.C. -- it generates all of 16 megawatts, compared with 800 megawatts from a coal plant.

He drew another wedge in the pie chart for coal: it will shrink from producing nearly two-thirds of Duke's power to just over a quarter. Rogers predicts coal will never go away, because it's cheap and more accessible than any other energy source. The technology to remove co2 from the smokestacks and ''sequester'' it affordably is, he estimates, 10 to 15 years away. Duke is planning to build an experimental plant in Edwardsport, Ind., that will ''gasify'' coal, a tentative first step to capturing carbon. But Duke embarked on this venture only after securing a government subsidy of $460 million. Even if someone manages to make carbon sequestration feasible, Rogers worries that there's a limit to what the public will tolerate. ''We don't know what happens if the carbon leaks back out of the ground, and we've never done it successfully on scale,'' he told me. Later, he said, ''So you'll get the next version of Not in My Backyard -- it'll be Not Under My Backyard.''

When Rogers finished, his pie chart was neatly divided into the various fuel options. This plurality is a key part of his vision: no single energy source will save us. None is so plentiful or without costs that it dominates the others. ''There's no silver bullet,'' he concluded, ''just silver buckshot.''

Interestingly, the one green initiative Rogers says he hopes will emerge most quickly is focused not on generating power but on conserving it. Last year, he concocted the Save-a-Watt plan, which would let Duke profit from helping its customers drastically cut their energy use. Like roughly half the utilities in the United States, Duke is regulated; it can charge more for power only if it builds a new power plant and persuades the regulator to approve a rate increase to pay for it. But the fastest way to reduce a carbon footprint is by improving efficiency. Under Save-a-Watt, Duke would, for example, distribute ''smart'' meters that automatically turn off customers' appliances during periods of peak power use. For its first experiment, Duke plans to cut the consumption of its customers in the Carolinas by 1,800 megawatts, which is equal to the output of two new coal-fired plants. The regulator would then let Duke charge higher rates for the electricity its customers do use to pay for all the efficiency technology. Save-a-Watt thus turns the power business on its head: rather than charge customers more to build plants, Duke will effectively charge them not to do so.

''I would rather spend $8 billion implementing efficiency than spend $8 billion on building a nuclear plant,'' Rogers told me. Nuclear power has enormous construction and political risks. Efficiency doesn't. After Rogers spoke with Bill Clinton at a private retreat last year, the former president was so fired up that when he later went onstage at the annual Clinton Global Initiative conference he raved about Save-a-Watt, declaring it ''a simple, brilliant idea. It has the capacity to fundamentally change what we do in the United States.''

As the Lieberman-Warner bill took shape last spring and summer, Rogers ought to have been feeling triumphant. Instead, he was increasingly uneasy with what the senators were doing. He was particularly alarmed by the way they planned to hand out co2 allowances.

Among the many mind-numbing details in cap-and-trade politics, the allowances -- permission to pollute, essentially -- are the most charged. In the acid-rain trading market, the government freely gave the worst polluters the largest allowances, under the assumption that they faced the biggest challenges and needed the most financial help. But the Lieberman-Warner bill, like virtually every other cap-and-trade bill in the works, gives away only 75 percent of the allowances; the government auctions off the rest. Year by year, the percentage of allowances that will be auctioned off steadily rises, until nearly all of them are. In essence, with the stroke of a pen, the government creates a new and valuable form of property: carbon allowances. And for the government, we are talking about staggering amounts of money, the biggest new source of cash in years. Carbon allowances are projected to be worth $100 billion in the first year alone, rising to nearly $500 billion by 2050. To put that in context, an estimate prepared by the Congressional Budget Office predicts that the annual revenues from auctioning allowances will be equal to 15 percent of what the I.R.S. takes in.

Rogers sees this as a financial disaster for Duke. By his calculations, Duke would spend at least $2 billion in the first year alone and have to raise its rates immediately by up to 40 percent to cover that. Worse, coal-fired utilities would not get the special treatment they did under the acid-rain legislation. This time around, a large number of allowances would be given away to nuclear and hydroelectric utilities that already produce very little carbon dioxide. Those companies would not need their allowances and so could sell them for a healthy profit in coal-dependent states. The Lieberman-Warner rules, Rogers says, will effectively impose a ''hidden tax'' on those states -- and they're primarily the heartland states, where energy costs are already pinching industry and ***working-class*** families.

What especially enrages him, though, is how the government wants to spend the cash it raises from the allowances. As Lieberman-Warner worked its way through the Senate environment committee, senators attached assorted riders: $800 billion over the life of the bill for tax refunds to help consumers pay for their higher electric bills, $1 billion for deficit reduction and billions more in handouts to state governments. In industry speeches, Rogers characterized the bill as a ''bastardization'' of cap-and-trade economics. (He later apologized.) In conversations with me, he expressed special disdain for Barbara Boxer, the California senator who shepherded the bill through the Senate environment committee.

''Politicians have visions of sugarplums dancing in their head with all the money they can get from auctions,'' Rogers told me last month. ''It's all about treating me as the tax collector and the government as the good guy. I'm the evil corporation that's passing through the carbon tax so Senator Boxer can be the Santa Claus!'' If the government was going to collect cash from carbon auctions, Rogers figured, at least it ought to invest that money in green-tech research. ''A billion dollars for deficit reduction,'' he vented. ''A billion dollars! What is [Boxer] smoking? I thought we were solving carbon here.''

For all of Rogers's careful effort to position himself as a forward thinker -- and an advocate for the Midwestern coal states -- that did not gain him any slack. Congressional insiders who watched Rogers lobby the Senate committee say that regional politics actually worked against him. The Democratic deal makers who promised to deliver the votes for the bill were ''a left-center coalition'' of senators, most of whom come from urban and coastal states that do not rely heavily on coal. (Boxer, for example, hails from California, which gets only a small percentage of its energy from coal.) ''And a lot of people, Jim Rogers in particular, really didn't play in the negotiations,'' says a Congressional aide close to the Lieberman-Warner negotiations who did not have approval to talk to the press. ''The members on the Democratic side aren't particularly responsive to his concerns.''

So by this spring, Rogers found himself in the curious position of fighting tooth-and-nail against a bill he spent years pushing for. It is entirely possible that Rogers is right, and that the auctioning of allowances will lead to economic shocks. Many economists worry about the price of allowances rising out of control. ''Clean'' technology might not emerge fast enough. Nuclear power could flounder. Desperate to move away from coal, utilities might switch to burning natural gas, driving up its price and thereby substantially inflating the cost of heating American homes.

As Rogers went on the attack, critics countered that he sounded less like an environmental statesman and more like an old-school C.E.O. fighting for government pork, arguing baldly that what's best for Duke is what's best for the country -- that cap-and-trade will only work if it's set up in a way that best benefits Duke. John Rowe, the chief executive of Exelon -- the country's largest nuclear power company, which will profit handsomely by selling its allowances -- argues that it's only fair to hit Duke and others with higher costs. Customers in nuclear states have paid higher electric bills for years, because nuclear power is inherently more expensive to generate, Rowe points out. Duke could have switched to nuclear decades ago but didn't, so now it must pay the price.

''Duke's customers had a big cost advantage for a very long time,'' Rowe told me. ''And our feeling is you're not entitled to have that made virtually permanent.'' And he added, ''This is sausage making, but Lieberman-Warner makes a pretty good sausage.''

The truth, perhaps inevitably, is that as carbon-cap laws become closer to reality, almost no one is happy. Coal-burning energy firms fear they'll be destroyed. Environmentalists worry that the energy lobby will gut the bills.

This conflict was laid bare at Duke's annual shareholders' meeting in early May. Rogers started things off by devoting a full hour to his 40-year plan to decarbonize Duke. But when it was time for the question period, a dozen environmentalists lined up at the microphones and took up another hour lambasting Rogers for his new coal plant, now being built in Cliffside, N.C. If Rogers was really committed to breaking away from co2 emissions, why wasn't he pouring the money into renewables?

''Business as usual for even another decade will be disastrous,'' said Jim Warren, executive director of the North Carolina Waste Awareness and Reduction Network. A 25-year-old shareholder pleaded with Rogers to stop buying coal from mountaintop mines and foreswear nuclear energy. ''What you invest in today, my generation has to pay for in the future,'' she said. ''Please do not steal from your grandchildren and leave us with a mess to deal with.''

But most of the shareholders, who numbered 250 or so, rolled their eyes as the environmentalists spoke; some openly heckled. ''I would just like to caution our company not to get on this global-warming bandwagon,'' one shareholder stood up to say. ''I've read a lot of scientists, and there's no agreement.'' Rogers remained unwaveringly polite to the opposition, though -- at several points shushing the hecklers, and thanking each speaker who laid into him.

When I saw Rogers a few days after the event, he grimaced at the memory of it. He is annoyed by opposition to his new coal plant; he also seems genuinely puzzled that local environmentalists don't see the big picture as he does, that they don't trust his 40-year plan to slash Duke's carbon output. He maintains that the new plant will partly replace two older coal-fired ones, and because it is much more efficient, it will produce 30 percent less co2. ''Our overall carbon footprint is going to go down,'' he insisted. His frustration is the flip side of his desire to talk endlessly to critics of coal; he says he believes he can persuade anyone, which is probably why he seems so alarmed when he fails.

Yet many local environmentalists no longer believe Rogers, and they have precisely the opposite view of how the future should unfold. They view the Lieberman-Warner bill not as too strong but as too weak. They point out, correctly, that Duke stands to reap tens of billions in free allowances, even under the existing bill, money that will subsidize the burning of coal. ''This bill gives huge windfall profits to a company that buys a lot of coal, like Duke,'' says Frank O'Donnell, the head of Clean Air Watch, an environmental group. ''I happen to think that it's immoral. In a sense, you're paying the polluter. You're rewarding the very companies that are the source of the problem.'' He says he doesn't believe that coal-dependent companies will move fast enough unless they feel the tighter pressure of even more aggressive carbon caps. Rogers is simply ''greenwashing'' his company, saying all the right things so he can wear the mantle of the revolutionary without having to make the hard sacrifices.

Allegations like these perturb Rogers no end. Many protesters, he told me, are an ''eco elite'' who don't understand the need ***working-class*** people have for affordable energy. But then, in another breath, he admits he also understands why they view him askance.

''There's an interesting contradiction in my position,'' he said. ''I've struggled with it. On the one hand, I want to smooth out the transition for the customers, because we've got low prices. But on the other hand, and this is sort of the awkwardness of it, the other truth is as prices go up, people's behavior is modified.'' Change needs to come, but how fast?

''That's the art in this, and not the science.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: THE INVISIBLE HAND ON THE SCALES: In a cap-and-trade system, the government caps the amount of carbon dioxide that energy companies can emit. Then it distributes a new kind of currency -- carbon allowances -- that each firm must possess to be allowed to release their CO2. If Utility A figures out how to reduce its emissions faster than required -- by using cleaner fuels, say, or investing in meliorative technologies -- it can trade (sell) its unused allowances to Utility B. The cap is lowered regularly, and because market forces reward those that make the biggest cuts, the system should produce a race to see whose carbon footprint can shrink the fastest. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HAPAK

JOHN FOXX/GETTY IMAGES)

DRAWINGS (DRAWINGS BY GEOFF MCFETRIDGE).

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[***All About/Hypermarkets;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PS70-0038-D4GC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Will American Shoppers Think Bigger Is Really Better?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PS70-0038-D4GC-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Somehow the usual comparison - more than five football fields, end zones included - fails to convey the huge expanse of the Carrefour store in Philadelphia. Transplanted to Manhattan, it would cover nearly two city blocks; transplanted to Egypt, Carrefour and a bit of its parking lot would cover the same area as the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

Carrefour is the biggest example in the country of a new retailing breed, the hypermarket. These stores sprang up in the late 1980's as the fulfillment of the bigger-is-better, shop-'til-you-drop spirit. They are combination supermarkets and department stores - with everything from breakfast cereal to pillow cases to refrigerators, all in one place and all discounted.

But the concept is floundering. Only a few hypermarkets, like Bigg's in Cincinnati, have prospered, retailing analysts say. Most, like Carrefour in Philadelphia, are struggling.

The reason: The big store is just too big. The typical supermarket is about 40,000 square feet; the hypermarket is as big as 330,000 square feet, the size of Carrefour. ''A grocery store is like a family farm, a supermarket is like a big corporate farm, and a hypermarket is like the whole state of Iowa,'' said Walter H. Heller, a vice president for Progressive Grocer magazine.

A Tricky Hybrid

Department Store And Supermarket

For such huge stores, the conditions for success are delicate. They require enormous numbers of customers, nearby or willing to drive long distances. And the mix of goods has to be just so - enough higher-margin general merchandise to balance the thin-margin groceries that lure customers.

Instead of combining the best features of other stores, some hypermarkets combine the worst. Hypermarkets lack the razzle-dazzle of a Macy's or a Bloomingdale's, which can entice shoppers to while away an afternoon. And unlike supermarkets, hypermarkets do not appeal to busy consumers who want just a few items. ''A lot of people don't want to walk, but especially older people,'' said Christopher R. Ohlinger, president of Service Industry Research Systems Inc. ''In a hypermarket, by the time you've bought some aspirin, some Kleenex, and a bottle of milk, you could easily walk a mile.''

About a dozen or more hypermarkets have opened in the last several years. Some, like Carrefour and Bigg's, are owned by the French, who invented them. Others are owned by the K mart Corporation and Wal-Mart Stores Inc., which opened its fourth hypermarket in February in Kansas City, Mo. Progressive Grocer counts 65 hypermarkets in the United States, but includes stores as small as 150,000 square feet.

Most hypermarkets do not release figures on sales and profits. Progressive Grocer estimates that the industry's annual revenues are at least $2 billion, maybe as high as $3 billion. Few of the stores are profitable and many may be suffering large losses, retailing analysts say.

The stores are expensive to build, stock and staff: a typical supermarket costs more than $5 million, but a hypermarket can exceed $50 million. And there is a glut of supermarkets and department stores, the hypermarkets' main rivals.

A hypermarket requires at least 500,000 households within a 20-minute drive, and easy highway access, Mr. Ohlinger said. It needs potential customers in their 20's and 30's, earning $25,000 to $55,000 per household annually, with at least two children. But only 37 metropolitan areas have more than 1 million people; only 19 exceed 2 million.

Probably the most important ingredient in the hypermarket recipe is a profitable product mix. From 30 to 40 percent of the products are food and related items, like paper towels. Food has a narrow 1-percent margin, but with turnover of 20 times a year or more, it can pay a hypermarket's bills. Breakfast cereal is off the shelf in two weeks, while patio furniture remains for three months or more. High turnover for food and general merchandise is the goal. The answer is often ''food-compatible items'' - like compact disks, cameras, garden tools, jewelry and hair dryers - that can fit into a shopping cart.

One Success Story

French Owner Learns What Ohioans Want

Not all hypermarkets are troubled. Even in Cincinnati, a city covered with Kroger supermarkets, Bigg's has prospered. Its first hypermarket opened in the Cincinnati area with 200,000 square feet in 1984 and the second, with 250,000 square feet, in 1988. A third store, with 240,000 square feet, opened in Denver last year.

The Cincinnati stores are in a nearly perfect area. Within 10 miles of them, there are 565,000 households, with an average annual income of $33,000. They can draw customers from a 60-mile radius because freeway access is good, said Pierre A. Wevers , executive vice president of Hypershoppes Inc., the French-owned parent company of Bigg's. More than 1,500 cars stream into a Bigg's parking lot every hour.

After a rocky two years for its initial store, managers at Bigg's were able to adjust the product mix. Bigg's learned that Ohioans would not buy tires at a hypermarket; they buy them at automotive stores. They do not buy as many books as managers anticipated, but they do load up on sporting goods and patio furniture.

Executives also had to find ways to compensate for the store's awesome size. They saw weary shoppers slowing down and leaning heavily on their carts. So in the second store, Bigg's installed a 10-table restaurant and restrooms.

Disappointing Revenues

In a Philadelphia Store, Turnover Is Crucial

If Bigg's had much in its favor, Carrefour did not. After two years, it had 1989 revenues of about $64 million, far below the $100 million some analysts had predicted. Carrefour did edge into the black last December.

Carrefour's location seemed ideal, with more than 800,000 households in Philadelphia and nearby, affluent Bucks County. But 85 percent of the 35,000 weekly shoppers are within five minutes of the store and from ***working-class*** neighborhoods. The upshot: average purchases at Carrefour are a slight $40 per visit.

The product mix is skewed heavily toward general merchandise. At about 64,000 products, Carrefour carries as much merchandise as a discount retailer. But with 16,000 food items, it has fewer than the typical supermarket's 25,000. Its sales of less than $200 per square foot rank well below those of comparable supermarkets and discounters.

With half the square footage devoted to food, Michael S. Gianetti, manager for perishables, is reluctant to seek improved sales by adding groceries. ''At some point, carrying thousands more food items just becomes unmanageable,'' he said.

Carrefour has been able to make a small profit by keeping inventories lean and increasing turnover to six times a year - mainly by adding more records and tapes and ready-to-assemble furniture. But managers calculate that general merchandise will have to turn over 10 times to reach satisfactory profitability.

Will hypermarkets ever catch on? The experience so far is discouraging, but companies keep trying. K mart is scheduled to open its second American Fare store today in Charlotte, N.C. ''People's ideas of what constitutes 'too big' is changing all the time,'' said Timothy M. Hammonds, senior vice president of the Food Marketing Institute, a trade group. ''Hypermarkets may just be ahead of their time.''

THE FRENCH FORMULA

In France, hypermarkets have thrived with decades of official encouragement. For example, the Government directed a rail line to the door of the Euromarche hypermarket in suburban Paris. But now the stores are starting to meet resistance from small shopkeepers.

Carrefour, which built the first hypermarket in 1962, has 73 stores in France. Its success has spawned numerous imitators. In 1988, the French made nearly half of their $96 billion in food purchases at the nation's more than 780 hypermarkets, according to the International Association of Chain Stores in Paris.

But the Government, which has used zoning laws to keep rival retailers away from the stores, is turning cooler. In the last few years, Government approval of hypermarkets has leveled off to about 20 a year, and those have tended to be smaller.

''The shopkeepers are protesting that hypermarkets are taking business away from them,'' said Etienne P. Laurent, president of the chain-store group. And since there are more small shopkeepers than hypermarket managers, ''the Government is having second thoughts.''

**Graphic**

Photo: The Carrefour store in Philadelphia, biggest hypermarket in the United States. (The New York Times/Sal DiMarco Jr.)

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[***Assault as Autobiography; A Filmmaker Draws on Her Memories of Being Raped at 12***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43P1-VMD0-0109-T1PS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By BERNARD WEINRAUB

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**Body**

Allison Anders was raped in Cape Canaveral, Fla., by three boys when she was 12, an event that this prize-winning independent filmmaker said proved catastrophic for the next 30 years of her life.

"It dominated everything I did, everything I wore, everything I ate and drank, every relationship I had," said Ms. Anders, 46, a high school dropout, a former welfare mother and, in 1995, the winner of a MacArthur Foundation fellowship, often called a "genius grant."

Ms. Anders has built a reputation over the last decade with films like "Gas Food Lodging," "Mi Vida Loca," "Sugar Town" and "Grace of My Heart," movies that often deal with strong, sometimes tormented ***working-class*** women. (Some were written with her former boyfriend and longtime collaborator, Kurt Voss.)

Although her newest movie, "Things Behind the Sun," about the long-term impact of a rape on a young girl, attracted film companies that wanted to release it, Ms. Anders decided instead to accept an offer from Showtime to show it on cable television, hoping to attract a larger audience. The film will be shown on Aug. 18 at 9 p.m. and several times after that.

What gives this autobiographical film an unusual dimension is that Ms. Anders not only decided to return to Cape Canaveral to make it, but also shot the rape scene in the very house where the assault took place.

"When I first drove into town, it was like somebody was directing me -- drive up this street, drive down that street," she recalled the other day over lunch at a West Hollywood restaurant. "The whole block was torn down except that house. And when I saw it, I thought, 'Oh, my God.' I suddenly felt like that 12-year-old girl."

Ms. Anders said she stood outside the house, struggling to take a photograph of it, when an older woman who lived there came outside. "I said, 'I used to live in this house; I'm wondering if I could take some pictures,' " Ms. Anders said. "The woman invited me in. She didn't know me. She didn't know what I had to resolve. I just kind of walked around. She just waited. She knew I had to resolve something."

Months later, the woman allowed Ms. Anders and her crew to use the house for the movie.

Why Ms. Anders was driven to go back and make the autobiographical film in the town -- and house -- where she was raped still puzzles her a bit. Several years ago, she said, a relationship with a man had bitterly fallen apart, and she was so depressed that she yearned to start drinking again after years of being a recovering alcoholic.

Ms. Anders said she phoned her mother, who talked her out of picking up a drink.

"Once I decided I wasn't going to drink, I thought, 'O.K., I've got to go back to that town,' " Ms. Anders said.

She never pressed charges in the rape case, a course followed, she said, by 80 percent of the rape victims she knows. She said the decision to return to Cape Canaveral led her to discover some facts about the assault.

She said it took place at a party in the home of the three young brothers who raped her. There were two other girls there, too. Ms. Anders left a telephone message with the brother of one of the girls. The next day that woman called from Connecticut. Her first words were, "I've been worried about you for 32 years."

Ms. Anders said she also spoke to a sister of the three brothers. The family, Ms. Anders learned, had been beset by abuse, addiction and other problems.

By the time she left Cape Canaveral, Ms. Anders said, her perspective had changed. "I don't believe you ever get closure on anything," she said. "Things leave a permanent mark on you. But now this is not the most important thing that ever happened in my life."

It's unusual for a filmmaker like Ms. Anders to decide to sell a movie to television instead of to a company that would release it in theaters. Though she has directed four episodes of HBO's "Sex and the City" in the last few years, Ms. Anders considers herself primarily a writer and director of feature films.

"My friends told me, if I could get past the vanity of having a theatrical release, so many more people would see this movie on television than they would in a theater," said Ms. Anders, a friendly woman with an exuberant laugh, disheveled blond hair and tattoos on her wrists. What clinched her decision, she said, was a visit to Columbus, Ohio, where her films were being honored at the Wexner Center for the Arts. On a Saturday afternoon visit to a 24-theater complex to see "The Gift," Sam Raimi's film, she and a boyfriend found deserted concession stands and a virtually empty theater.

"It was like a graveyard, and I thought, 'This does not bode well for me at all,' " Ms. Anders said. "If Sam Raimi can't sell a movie in Columbus, Ohio, I thought, how am I going to do it with a woman-centered film. And I just didn't want to compete with the ridiculous opening weekend box office craziness."

Ms. Anders also candidly said that several of her recent films had failed, like "Sugar Town," about the music business in Los Angeles, and "Grace of My Heart," about the pop music world in the 1950's in New York.

"Nobody saw them," she said. "They were out for two weeks and gone. It was an awful feeling. I didn't think my career could handle another one of those."

Jerry Offsay, president of programming at Showtime, said that the movie would probably be shown about five or six times by November and that the audience could reach five million total. In contrast, Mr. Offsay said, a theatrical release of the small-budget movie without stars would probably garner about 400,000 viewers.

"The lines are blurring on these things," said Mr. Offsay, whose network has sought to compete with HBO in recent years with movies like "Bastard Out of Carolina," a story about sexual abuse that Ms. Anders was in line to direct at one point before choosing another project; "Strange Justice," about Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill; and explicit series like "Queer as Folk."

The Anders film was not the only one at the Sundance Film Festival this year that was set for theatrical release but picked up by Showtime instead. "The Believer," written and directed by Henry Bean, will be shown on Sept. 30 at 8 p.m. That film, which won the Grand Jury Prize at Sundance, deals with a Jewish student whose self-hatred drives him to become a neo-Nazi.

Mr. Offsay said the Anders film was "emotional, honest and gut-wrenching, something that would not be shown on free TV and could have a difficult time in theaters." The success of the film, he said, would be based on its critical reviews, on the buzz that it creates and on possible awards.

Casting for the film was beset by problems, Ms. Anders said. Two actresses, Winona Ryder and Heather Graham, committed to play the lead role at various stages but backed out.

The film stars Kim Dickens, a rising stage, film and television actress, as a seemingly hard-edged singer-songwriter from Florida who is managed by a former boyfriend, played by Don Cheadle. Her life has been shattered by a rape that occurred when she was 12. The story involves a rock journalist, played by Gabriel Mann, who comes from Los Angeles to write a story about her -- a situation complicated considerably because as a youth he played a role in the rape. The film also features Elizabeth Pena, Rosanna Arquette and Eric Stoltz.

All of Ms. Anders's films, which can be raw, unsettling and bittersweet, are based more or less on her life. She was born in Ashland, Ky., but spent her early years in Cape Canaveral, where her mother worked as a secretary and her mother's boyfriend was an engineer. Her father left home when she was 5. At 14, Ms. Anders saw her mother remarry and moved with her family to Rockville, Md. Ms. Anders said she was a hippie, ostracized by her classmates, and she finally fled to Los Angeles at 15 with her mother and one of her sisters when her stepfather became abusive.

Her teenage years were, Ms. Anders said, marked by too much drinking, too many sour relationships with men and personal upheaval, including a brief stay in a mental hospital after a breakdown. For a while Ms. Anders lived in England with a man she met on a Greyhound bus. When she became pregnant, the man left her, and she returned to Los Angeles broke and despondent. "He wasn't a terrible guy, just wimpy," she said.

Ms. Anders lived on welfare in a small apartment in the San Fernando Valley in the mid-1970's while attending Los Angeles Valley College. Soon she gave birth to a second daughter. Ms. Anders said she lived on welfare and grants, exchanged baby-sitting with a neighbor who had small children, too, and began considering film writing as a career while watching old movies on television. She started writing a book on teenage movies and, after several years, applied to the film school at the University of California at Los Angeles. She said she was admitted partly because she was 26, making her one of the oldest students there.

She flourished at U.C.L.A., winning fellowships and writing awards, and she worked for a time as an assistant to the German filmmaker Wim Wenders, whom she idolized as a student. In 1987 she wrote and directed (with Mr. Voss and Dean Lent) the film "Border Radio," a bleak story about the Los Angeles punk rock scene.

In 1992 Ms. Anders had her breakthrough film, "Gas Food Lodging," which was based on the book "Don't Look and It Won't Hurt" by Richard Peck. The film -- for which Ms. Anders won the New York Film Critics Circle Award for best new director -- was about a truck stop waitress struggling to raise two daughters in New Mexico.

Like all of her movies, this one struck close to home. Ms. Anders's two daughters are now 26 and 24; she lives in the San Fernando Valley with her 11-year-old son. Another acclaimed Anders film was "Mi Vida Loca" (1994), about Latina gang members in the Echo Park neighborhood of Los Angeles.

In 1995 Ms. Anders won a MacArthur Foundation fellowship that gave her $255,000 over five years. "Boy, do I miss it," she said with a laugh. "I mourn those checks."

Ms. Anders, who lives in Los Angeles, said her next planned film was "Paul Is Dead," an original screenplay about a teenage girl who retreats into a fantasy world to escape a harsh home life. "It's autobiographical," Ms. Anders said with a shrug. "But, then, what isn't?"

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Don Cheadle and Kim Dickens in "Things Behind the Sun." The filmmaker, Allison Anders, below, drew on her own rape at age 12 for the story. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times); (Brandon Click/Showtime)

**Load-Date:** August 7, 2001

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[***THE FUHRER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R3W0-0038-D2KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 8, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** By THOMAS KENALLY; Thomas Keneally is an Australian novelist. His books include ''Schindler's List,'' about the rescue of Polish Jews during World War II, and, most recently, ''The Playmaker'' and ''To Asmara.''

**Body**

THE KNIGHT, DEATH AND THE DEVIL

By Ella Leffland.

718 pp. New York:

William Morrow & Company. $22.95.

Ella Leffland wrote this engrossing novel under Albert Speer's cold, cagey imprimatur. ''This is what you are trying to work out with your writer's sensibility,'' he told Ms. Leffland when she spoke to him about the baroque excesses and contradictions of Hermann Goring's life. ''I think the novelist's way is the most reasonable approach.''

Goring's life overflowed with the sorts of ironies novelists like to work in. The assured and handsome young war ace who takes over the Red Baron's squadron on the Western Front in World War I later becomes the impotent chief of the Luftwaffe who cannot protect his cities from storms of fire. The disenchanted war hero, captivated by a beer-cellar speech from the lips of a ***working-class*** demagogue named Hitler, is condemned to death by that same voice in the last days of World War II. While cities burn and old and young are reduced to dust, Goring hunts boar, sifts continuously through little velvet bags of gemstones with his fingers, fondles the pet lion that wanders among the paintings in his great villa.

Then, if further touches are needed, the mansion is named Carinhall in remembrance of his first wife. In its halls, his second wife moves in reverent acquiescence to the dominant notion of the house - that Carin, lying in a mausoleum in the garden, will always have primacy in the soul of Unser Hermann, the Reichsmarschall.

Finally, there is Goring's addiction to narcotics, beginning with morphine he received during the treatment of the near fatal wounds acquired in the first rank of Hitler's doomed Munich putsch in 1924. He beats the monster cold turkey in a Swedish sanitarium, but then succumbs again years later when, as one of Germany's leaders and nearly too busy to take time to have his teeth attended to, he accepts some painkillers from a Berlin dentist.

Dope will color all his decisions, all his dealings with generals and power brokers. It will betray him into taking an increasingly desultory hand in influencing Hitler and governing the direction of Germany, its economy and its war. At last, in 1946, under unrelenting surveillance in prison in Nuremberg and expecting to be hanged at midnight as a war criminal, he bites into the final oblivion, a cyanide capsule he has kept concealed within his body, and surges away out of reach of his judges.

Research alone does not make a book. But the reader is aware of the authoritative quality of Ms. Leffland's writing. Besides all the primary and secondary sources, and all the intimately researched backgrounds, she draws on her interviews with Adolf Galland, commander of fighter forces under Goring; with Klaus Riegele, Goring's nephew; with various aged people who had known Goring in the home of his youth at the village of Veldenstein in Prussia; and with Goring's old bodyguard Werner Hohmann.

This authority, and Ms. Leffland's narrative energy in handling the Goring enigma, carry the novel and make it a considerable success. It is as if her velocity as a narrator sweeps the book's faults along in her wake and tends to lose them in the substantial dust of her passage. It would be nice to say that it loses them entirely, but that is not the truth.

As if Ms. Leffland believes we need reminding that characters are speaking or thinking German, the people of her novel too often begin sentences like television mini-series Germans with the prescriptive ''Ja,'' ''Nein'' or ''Danke.'' ''Ja, we want peace, but we want something else too.'' ''Ja, interesting, the Ambassador said to himself.'' More important, to move the tale along, she has to resort to wooden commentary far removed from the bite the novel is meant to deliver, the truth beyond the mere documentary truth. ''Certainly he wanted Austria to go National Socialist, but he would see to that by continuing to back the Austrian National Socialists.''

And the Goring we meet is often the seen-from-the-outside public figure of biography rather than an intimately measured and illuminated figure of fiction. Scenes between Goring and his second wife, Emmy, have the feel of publicly observed and trite domestic joy. It is as if no shadow from other directions, from Goring's drug taking and gourmandising, or even from Emmy's friendship with the Jewish actress Rose Korwan, falls over the marriage bed.

Likewise, we hear from other characters that Goring has accumulated a fortune by buying forfeited properties cheaply. But we do not experience the shifts of reason and emotion that make it possible for an aristocrat, a self-perceived man of honor - his ideal the steady and impermeable German knight portrayed by Durer in the picture that gives the novel its title - to grow so outrageously venal. Ms. Leffland explains in an afterword that she has taken fictional liberties with some of the lesser characters, but something seems to hold her back from making plausible fictional guesses about the main ones.

But what she has delivered is still a rich and satisfying work. Among other things, she gives us a credible sense of why Nazism inflamed so many imaginations. We feel with Goring and others the drag of that dark seduction, the sense of ''entrance to something extraordinary, something absolutely new and breathtakingly alive.'' Ms. Leffland's handling of such Nazi dramas as the creepy reconciliation of randy Dr. Goebbels, Minister for Propaganda, and his wife, Magda - a couple ''lodged deeper than ever in the core of the mythos'' - is impeccable.

And, as related by Ms. Leffland, the connection between Hitler, the hard-nosed plebe, and Hermann the knight is consistently ambiguous and always fascinating. Hitler declared Goring his successor, trusting the future to him. But he could never bring himself to give him as much of the present as Goring wanted and could have expected. He let other and less beloved men such as Ernst Rohm, Albert Speer, Heinrich Himmler and Erhard Milch take jobs and portions of power - military, executive, economic - that Goring looked to retain. It seemed that Hitler was somewhat aware that there was something in his own aura that made Goring tell him ecstatic lies. Many of the crucial lies were about aircraft production and about what the Luftwaffe could do (Yes, they can destroy the Royal Air Force and the English cities, whichever you choose; yes, they can manage the Stalingrad airlift and save the German Army there). Yet, as Goring's credit fell, his knightly devotion to Hitler, and the power of the oath he had taken to him, seemed to remain constant.

Ms. Leffland largely succeeds therefore in the mandate left-handedly given her by Speer. She goes a large distance in giving us the resonance of the Goring life. Those who have spent either much or little time looking at this era will be fascinated by the richness of the picture and the authenticity of this massive work.

'HERMANN, WHY AREN'T WE BOMBING LONDON?'

Goring was at Carinhall when he received the Fuhrer's order to bomb residential London. . . . Afterward, he said dejectedly to his wife, ''In Berlin the people have been shouting after me, 'What's going on, Hermann? Why aren't we bombing London?' But I . . . believed that if we didn't reply, the British would realize it's useless to drop bombs on cities.'' . . . ''But why have they begun doing it in the first place?'' she asked. . . . ''Because of stupidity. Not theirs, ours. Some bombers were directed at sector stations at the outer edge of London, and a couple strayed off their course. . . . And Churchill knows it, he knows it was an error! . . . I say we must stick to our policy and not retaliate.'' . . . Nevertheless, on September 7, when the attack on London was to commence, the Reichsmarschall . . . looked out at the glittering sea, up at the clear sky. . . . Gradually there came a roar from above and . . . the blue of the sky was literally blotted out until the great winged armada had finally passed on.

The next day, Goring . . . telephoned Hitler at the Obersalzberg: ''It will be a matter of only a few days, mein Fuhrer.''

From ''The Knight, Death and the Devil.''

**Graphic**

Draiwng of Hermann Goring (Mark Summers)

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[***ENCOUNTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-83Y0-0005-G0V7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When In Rome, Get A Haircut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-83Y0-0005-G0V7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Sophisticated Traveler Magazine

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6;  Part 2;  Page 61;  Column 1;  Sophisticated Traveler Magazine ; Part 2; ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1420 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL MEWSHAW;

Michael Mewshaw, the author of "Ladies of the Court" (Crown), is finishing a novel set in Rome and Prague.

By MICHAEL MEWSHAW;   Michael Mewshaw, the author of "Ladies of the Court" (Crown), is finishing a novel set in Rome and Prague.

**Body**

Having lived in Rome for a dozen years, I fly back once or twice annually and always go through the same rituals of readjustment. I slug down a cappuccino, I order a bowl of spaghetti con vongole -- and I have a haircut. This last act may seem strange, but in fact it signifies that I've truly returned. Rome is a city scaled to human dimensions and can only be summed up by a person. For me, that person is Sandra Kennedy, a hairdresser whose pluck, talent for improvisation, cleverness, self-deprecating humor, beauty and tensile strength are the embodiment of a metropolis that calls itself eternal, yet displays the frenetic energy of a fruit fly living only for the moment.

When I first met Sandra, almost 25 years ago, my hair was dense and dark, and I had sideburns down to my shoulder pads. A couple of times a year she clipped my mane. She also tended to the coiffeur of my wife, Linda, which in those days resembled Anouk Aimee's windblown look in the 60's romantic French film "A Man and a Woman."

After we had two sons, visits to Sandra's salon became a family affair. By then my locks were white and not nearly as thick, but Sandra looked after them with unfailing solicitude. I was always amazed by the grace with which she dealt with people who believed they never changed. In fact, it was she, always well groomed, working in stylish clothes -- no dowdy smocks for Sandra -- who remained unchanged. Moving from client to client, head to head, conversation to conversation, Sandra was, for my family, as for many others, a fixed point in our otherwise chaotic and kaleidoscopic Roman life.

That Sandra is a foreigner -- she immigrated to Italy from Australia more than 25 years ago -- does not render her a less representative figure. To the contrary. As with many of the world's capital cities, Rome is largely populated by people from other places, and be they from the provinces or from distant lands, the majority are passionate converts whose commitment to where they live exceeds the zeal of natives. Blond and blue-eyed, with an enameled exterior and a warm, caring heart, a lively wit and a perceptive take on people, Sandra chose Rome over London, Paris, New York and Los Angeles, and by that choice she defined the abiding appeal of the city in the very act of defining herself.

Trained as a high-fashion hairdresser, Sandra Kennedy left her hometown of Melbourne in the mid-60's and settled in London, which in those days was reputed to swing "like a pendulum do." It certainly swung for Sandra, who worked for Vogue and later for Vidal Sassoon; in the course of an average day she might be called on by Elizabeth Taylor for a comb out. But as Sandra explains, her deepest desire was "to live in a Latin country," and so in 1968 she moved to Rome, which at the time had become a center of high fashion and film making. Nicknamed Hollywood on the Tiber, the town teemed with movie stars, and Sandra found herself living the fantasy of those self-willed romantic women who run through English language fiction in a straight line from Henry James's Daisy Miller to Tennessee Williams's Mrs. Stone. She landed a few bit parts in movies and started a business in her home, where she did the hair of Clint Eastwood, Peter Finch, Peter Lawford, Vic Morrow and Carroll Baker. Eventually, after she managed to negotiate her path through the city's notorious red tape, she got a permit to open her own elegant salon on Via Barberini, near the end of Via Veneto, and the customers, including Gore Vidal, Joseph Losey and Morris West, kept coming.

But as close readers of novels set in Italy might have warned Sandra, the moral of most stories about foreigners, especially women, who are expatriates in Rome is that they wind up deluded, spiritually destroyed or dead. Sure enough, the blind forces of history, economics, politics and terrorism fell upon her. In the late 60's and early 70's, a series of labor disputes and national strikes immobilized the city, and customers couldn't reach Sandra's salon. The Red Brigades, a gang of urban guerrillas, began kneecapping, kidnapping and occasionally killing elected officials, and tourists stopped traveling to Rome. The dollar plunged in value against the lira, the cost of living soared, and movie companies decided it was too expensive and dangerous to film in Hollywood on the Tiber. Then Sandra's landlord announced that he wanted her to vacate the premises so that he could rent to a higher-paying tenant. He reiterated his demand in the time-honored local fashion by breaking into her shop in the middle of the night and smashing all her equipment.

FAINTER SOUL MIGHT have fled, but Sandra Kennedy wasn't about to be run out of town. Taking to heart the local aphorism, "Only for death is there no solution," she adapted to changing circumstances and started over. In a reflection of the demographic shift away from areas that used to signify la dolce vita, Sandra moved across town and opened a shop on the Via di Santa Cecilia in the ancient rione of Trastevere. Friends cautioned her that nobody who was anybody would come there. Far from the formally chic areas around Via Veneto, Trastevere -- literally "across the Tiber" -- was in those days a tough ***working-class*** neighborhood, suspicious of outsiders, staunchly Communist in politics and seedy and rakish, even if picturesque, in appearance. In its labyrinth of streets, laundry fluttered from overhead lines, housewives leaned out of windows walloping grit from carpets, old ladies watered the cobblestones in front of their apartments and boisterous boys kicked soccer balls.

In a painful early baptism by fire, Sandra was badly injured in the course of a purse snatching. Still, she stuck it out and dealt with the trouble on a personal basis, without calling in the police. This helped win the approval of the neighborhood. "The Italians came through for me," Sandra says. "They passed the word not to touch me and I was to be left alone." Eventually much of the neighborhood became gentrified and modestly well-off, and these days C.I.A. agents and N.P.R. reporters call Trastevere home.

It never hurt her, Sandra concedes, that she was blond and single. "Italians love women. They love to flatter them. Of course, it can get annoying. But as long as I smiled, and my smile had a sliver of ice in it, I was all right."

The key to survival and success, she acknowledges, was not just to learn the language, but to master the prevailing mores. "In the beginning it was my Anglo-Saxon mentality versus their Latin culture. I realize now sometimes I was wrong. I'd go to the bank, for instance, and they'd ask me to sit down and have a coffee. I'd get angry and say, 'I'm here to do business, not socialize.' Now I'm the one to offer coffee."

HAIRDRESSING FOR WOmen and haircutting for men are only a minor part of the services Sandra provides for a clientele that ranges over a broad spectrum representing every aspect of Roman life. True, she still deals with celebrities, movie stars, directors on location, a contingent of international journalists and television correspondents, and diplomats from every continent. But she also has plenty of Italian customers, including priests and nuns, and a pride of scholars from the American Academy comes down from its marble tower to have a trim, a tint or a touch-up and a quick fill of news and gossip. In recent years at Sandra's, I remember bumping into Gjertrude Schnackenberg, the famously beautiful poet. Her husband, the philosopher Robert Nozick, sat reading essays on the sublime while Gjertrude had her hair done. If I had ever had any doubts that this was an altogether different tonsorial establishment, that encounter ended them.

For reasons Sandra can't quite understand, many of her current Italian clients are teachers and psychiatrists. But then she herself has become proficient as a pedagogue and a therapist. "People bring me all sorts of problems," she says, and in this baroquely complicated city plagued by a byzantine bureaucracy, she often finds herself serving as a community liaison. "I remember the problems I had. So I'm happy to explain the system or introduce people to doctors or lawyers." (In my case, she kept an eye out for tennis players and arranged many a match for me.)

"The only thing I stay away from is real estate," she says. "The apartment situation here is impossible. Otherwise, I love Italy. It is my home. I can't think of living anywhere else. But remember, I'm living in the real Italy, not the fantasy."

**Graphic**

Photo: Sandra Kennedy -- therapist and ombudsman as well as hairdresser -- at work in her salon on Via di Santa Cecilia in Trastevere. (Brooks Walker for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 14, 1995

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[***Suffolk Helps Working Poor, but Who Pays?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43NW-0Y60-0109-T15G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 5, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1740 words

**Byline:**  By JOHN RATHER

**Body**

STATISTICALLY, the house's lone occupant is most apt to be a widow or divorced woman who can no longer care for herself. She is ill or infirm, almost certainly doesn't drive, and is not of a certain age but well beyond it. Her finances are stretched to the limit. Costly private care is not an option.

Into this Long Island life of growing dependency -- and into other, similarly trying family situations in a numbing array of variations rooted in age, illness, disabilities and economic status -- comes another person under different stresses.

She too is most likely to be a woman. She gives basic patient care, changes sheets, washes dishes, sees that medicine is taken on time and then moves on, driving her own car if she has one, or else riding a bus or even walking to the next patient.

And for this, the for-profit or not-for-profit agency that employs her as a home health care aide, drawing on reimbursements from federal, state and local governments, will pay her an average of $7.50 an hour when she is with patients. There are no benefits.

"These people are doing the hardest jobs in Suffolk County, and teenagers starting at McDonald's earn more," said David A. Bishop, a Democratic county legislator from West Babylon and the sponsor of a newly enacted county wage law for workers whose employers hold county contracts for $10,000 or more.

Home health aides in Suffolk said they were falling behind despite working long hours.

"How is it that after working full time most of my adult life, here I am not able to pay my bills?" Ruth Green of Copiague, a home health care aide for six years who earns $7.50 an hour, told the legislators prior to their 16-to-2 vote on July 27 to approve the measure, overriding a veto by the county executive, Robert J. Gaffney.

Rosa Sanchez, a home health care aide from Babylon who also holds a second job at a center for battered women, said she worked 61 hours, seven days a week, and still could not make ends meet. "I raised three children on this low wage with no health insurance at all," she said. "Hopefully this higher wage will mean other people don't have to do that."

Last week, it was difficult to find anyone who disagreed that home health care aides were underpaid and deserved a $9-an-hour minimum wage, or $10.25 an hour without medical benefits. That was the amount the county legislators mandated for them and other low-paid workers, including day-care employees, bus matrons and others. Employees of companies that receive some of the $3 to $4 million in annual county subsidies and tax incentives are also covered.

But the new law, the first of its kind in New York and due to take effect next July, leaves open the question of how the higher wages will be paid for. Mr. Gaffney and Mr. Bishop estimated the annual cost at $10 million. Some in the health care business said that was too low.

"The county hasn't a clue about how much all of this is going to cost," said Robert L. Callaghan, president of New York Nursing Care in Hauppauge and chairman of the New York State Association of Health Care Providers, a statewide group. He estimated costs could go as high as $30 million a year.

"We have no objection whatsoever to increasing wages," Mr. Callaghan said. "It would in the long run be beneficial to our industry. Our only concern is, how do we get reimbursed? That is the missing part of the puzzle."

Mr. Bishop, backed by a coalition of labor, political and religious groups that campaigned for the Suffolk law, said it would be up to the state and federal governments to increase grants for Medicaid and other assistance programs to provide for the higher wages.

"By law the state and federal reimbursement rates are supposed to rise with the local costs, particularly when local costs rise to meet a crisis," said Mr. Bishop, who described the crisis as a shortage of home health care workers that required a wage increase to retain and attract workers.

"The question now is, can we put together a coalition with the political muscle to get the federal and state governments to live up to their obligations?" Mr. Bishop said. "The battle now moves to Albany and Washington."

Supporters are banking on the influence of organized labor, which backed the law. In Suffolk, the Long Island Federation of Labor A.F.L.-C.I.O. of Hauppauge, which represents 140,000 union members, argued for it. Jack Caffey, the federation president, said there was ample time to settle payment questions. "This is not a situation where the bill goes into effect next week," he said.

Other members of the Suffolk coalition included the Working Families Party and Catholic Charities of Long Island, which increased the salary of its employees earning less than the minimums set by the law before advocating for its passage.

Mr. Bishop said that if state and federal financing did not increase, the county faced "the painful process of backtracking on the law or paying locally."

Under the Medicaid formula, the federal government pays 50 percent of costs, the state pays 40 percent and the county pays the remaining 10 percent. Without federal and state adjustments to cover the higher wage, the Suffolk share would have to increase.

Opponents of the measure said its passage meant Suffolk was stepping into the unknown. In his veto message, Mr. Gaffney said more study of the economic impact of the measure was needed. He questioned whether the higher wage would help workers or cost them their jobs as service providers reduced or no longer sought county contracts.

"We don't know how it will affect this segment of the work force," Mr. Gaffney, a Republican, said in the veto message. "We cannot in good faith enact a law when so many questions remain unanswered."

Frederick B. Pollert, director of the County Legislature's Budget Review Office, said his office spent "a fair amount of time trying to quantify the fiscal impact" but found it impossible because of the complexities of government subsidy programs and how they interact.

Mr. Gaffney has announced plans to appoint a committee to phase in the law and iron out details.

Mr. Callaghan of the health care providers association said for-profit companies that provide social services under county contracts fear the weight of the higher wages will fall first on them.

"Our problem is a lag of two years from the time we pay our aides to the time we are actually reimbursed," he said. "To carry that lag with the higher wage would be virtually impossible, so it may force agencies to go out of the business of providing services to Suffolk County."

"Our only hope now is that Mr. Gaffney and the Suffolk legislators can straighten this all out," he said.

Karen Boorshtein, associate executive director of the Family Service League of Huntington, a nonprofit agency that holds more than 40 county contracts for a variety of health and human services programs, said coming up with money for raises without greater government reimbursement would be a hardship.

"As it stands right now this is an unfunded mandate," she said. "We certainly support the living wage bill and think it's the right think to do. We just feel that we need to secure the funding to implement it."

Mr. Bishop said that would not be a problem, even if the county had to pay. "The county has a huge $2 billion budget," he said. "We fund projects all the time. We will find a way to get them through."

Mr. Pollert said that if $10 million in additional costs were passed through to the county, it would add $18 a year to an average homeowner's property taxes.

Mr. Bishop said the alternative to the legislation was to continue to allow low-income employees to be exploited. "Everybody says you can't change the system," he said. "That means leaving something immoral intact."

The Economic Policy Institute, a nonprofit think tank in Washington, said the official government poverty line of $13,423 for two adults and two children was far below where it should be in Nassau and Suffolk. The group released a nationwide study last week indicating that the minimum income to meet expenses for a family of one adult and two children was $52,114 in 1999 in Nassau and Suffolk, the highest in the country.

Census figures show the average annual wage in Suffolk was $35,517 in 1999. In Nassau, it was $38,321.

According to 1997 census estimates, the most recent available, 7.6 percent of Suffolk residents, or 105,078 of the county's 1.3 million residents, were living below the federal poverty line. In Nassau, 75,486 residents, or 5.8 percent of the county's 1.3 million people, were below the line.

A person working 40 hours a week, 52 weeks a year, would earn $15,600 at the $7.50-an-hour wage common for home health care aides. That will rise to $18,720 a year at the new $9-an-hour minimum wage. The federal minimum wage for all workers is $5.15 an hour, or $10,712 a year for a full-time worker.

There was agreement last week that home health care aides make up the bulk of the up to 3,000 low-paid workers Mr. Bishop estimated would benefit from the law. Supporters of the law said the low wage explained the growing shortage of these workers in Suffolk and through the state.

"There is a huge crisis going on right now," said Erica Bozo Gomez, an organizer for the Working Families Party. "And the only way we are going to be able to fix it is to pressure the state into recognizing the need for better wages for these health care workers."

Supporters said the wage law in Suffolk would go far in compelling statewide action. Other wage measures have been proposed in Westchester and New York City. Some 60 wage laws have been enacted in other states. On Long Island there is a pending proposal in the Village of Hempstead, but no plans by Nassau to follow suit.

"It certainly is something worth looking into," said Judith A. Jacobs, presiding officer of the Nassau Legislature. "But due to the serious financial straits that Nassau County finds itself in, we don't have the luxury of addressing this item at this moment in time."

Dan Cantor, executive director of the Working Families Party, said Suffolk was an ideal location for enacting the law. "The Suffolk bill reflects the county's blue-collar soul," Mr. Cantor said. "Suffolk is an expensive place to live, but it's not a fancy place."

"The typical Suffolk family is a middle-class, upper-***working-class*** family where no one is getting rich," he said, "so there's a lot of sympathy for people who are working hard but not making it."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: OUTSIDE THE Suffolk Legislature's building after it passed a bill to increase wages. (Phil Marino for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2001

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[***Tuscany Without the Crowds - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XYD-K321-2PBB-2066-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 7, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2713 words

**Byline:** By DANIELLE PERGAMENT

DANIELLE PERGAMENT is a frequent contributor to the Travel section.

**Body**

IT was a cold, foggy morning in Tuscany, and La Foce, a 15th-century villa that sits on 2,000 acres of rolling fields overlooking the storied Montepulciano vineyards, was eerily quiet.

I walked the stone pathways in the manicured garden. Around me, cypress trees creaked, ripe oranges swayed soundlessly from bare branches and a scattering of white flowers clung to a stone wall for warmth. Far below, a miniature Fiat truck made its way up the hillside, chugging along the empty, winding road.

The last time I was in Tuscany, it was July. Fields were ablaze in that golden yellow you see on postcards, bikers in neon Lycra were swarming the roads, and tour buses jammed the medieval piazzas. And I'd had the brilliant idea of inviting 120 non-Italian-speaking friends to the tiny village of Pienza for my wedding. ''Beautiful, hot and full of Americans'' was how one ungracious guest had put it.

But now, the temperature had dropped to 40 degrees and the color palette had shifted to the shockingly bright green that appears in these hills only in the winter and early spring. Steely gray fog rolled slowly across the valley, and a blanket of silence suggested a landscape that had gone into hibernation.

Forget the magazine covers that promise ''The Undiscovered Tuscany!'' ''The Hidden Tuscany!'' ''The Secret Tuscany!'' When a place has been attracting admirers for more than a thousand years, no square inch is undiscovered. The real Tuscany, as locals have been telling me over the years, is found in the dead of winter, when the crowds are thinner and the rooms, flights and restaurants are pleasantly cheaper.

That's what brought me -- along with my husband and our new baby -- back to the Val d'Orcia in December. We came to visit friends who live here and to experience a Tuscany populated only by Tuscans.

Bordered to the north by the hills of Siena and to the south by the imposing arc of Monte Amiata, the valley is known for a few things: the cypress trees that line its winding roads (no calendar of Italy is complete without a picture of them), the creamy saltiness of its pecorino cheese, and Brunello di Montalcino, a king of Italian wines. Basically everything I care about in life.

The Val d'Orcia is also a Unesco World Heritage Site (take that, Chianti). ''I love the Val d'Orcia in the winter -- you get a much truer Tuscany,'' said Benedetta Origo, who, along with her sister, Donata Origo, owns the La Foce estate, where their family used to live. Their mother, Iris Origo, wrote ''War in Val d'Orcia: An Italian War Diary, 1943-1944'' -- the de facto textbook of the area.

''This time of year, the clay turns to mud,'' Ms. Origo said. ''I put on my boots and go for long walks along the quiet paths in the forest. It's rather poetic. And you can always expect to see a family of wild boar.''

In fact, the wildlife is a big part of the charm of the area. ''The landscape is lush and full of boar, hares and pheasants, whereas in the summer, you don't see animals, and fields are plowed and brown.'' This is John Voigtmann, an American expat who turned a crumbling stone barn into La Bandita, an eight-room boutique hotel that sits atop the most-photographed of those cypress-lined roads. With its sleek four-poster beds and infinity-edge pool, it is one of the rare modern-design hotels in the area. ''This is the time of year you see real Tuscans sitting in a cafe, drinking a grappa,'' Ms. Origo added. ''Maybe people are a little friendlier. The Val d'Orcia comes back to its own life.''

In that spirit, we set out on a brisk Wednesday morning for the medieval town of Sant'Angelo in Colle for lunch. As we drove to the tiny hilltop village, it started to drizzle, then pour. Winter in Tuscany is damp and pleasantly cool, with temperatures dipping as low as 30 degrees, though it rarely snows in the valley. And the landscape turns to a vibrant shade of jungle-y emerald -- the only place I know that gets more colorful in the winter.

The village -- sand-colored stone palazzi and worn cobblestone paths, all drenched in mist and rain -- sat like a slumbering animal on top of the hill. I tried to remember if I had been there before. After a dozen trips to the area, I still have trouble telling one beautiful medieval mountaintop village from the next.

There wasn't a soul in sight. We parked our car on the road (there was no shortage of spaces) and dashed into Il Leccio, a restaurant and wine bar.

Il Leccio is a trattoria, meaning a casual, pasta kind of place, but the starched tablecloths, crystal wineglasses and armor mounted on the wall made me feel as if I should have been summoned to the table by a man in white gloves. The menu is full of Tuscan fare, but Il Leccio is best known for its wine cellar (4,000 bottles deep) and as the unofficial cantina of Tuscany's legendary wine producers.

On any given winter day, you might sit next to the man who made the vintage on your table. Winemakers flock here to talk about the harvest, complain about rain and order a bottle -- of their own, naturally. In fact, as we were digging into our spinach and ricotta ravioli in a butter and sage sauce, we noticed that Gianfranco Soldera, the superstar producer behind the cult Soldera Brunello, was seated across from us.

Inspired by all the talk of vintages and varietals, we decided to drop by a nearby winery after lunch, the Ciacci Piccolomini d'Aragona, a family-run vineyard that produces Tuscan mainstays: rosso, brunello and a supertuscan. In the summer, this would have been vacation suicide. The region's top vineyards are often impossible to get into from June to September, clogged with busloads of tipsy tourists. But after a 15-minute drive down a deserted muddy track that trundled through the forest, we found ourselves walking alongside gargantuan oak casks, alone except for a young tour guide, Martina Frullanti, our footsteps echoing off the vaulted stone ceilings.

We had the whole place to ourselves. It was all very ''Welcome to my own private Tuscan estate, please tie up your horse outside.'' After Il Leccio, I could hardly try any more wine, but we bought two bottles of the estate's 2003 brunello. ''This is a big wine,'' explained Ms. Frullanti. ''It's best in the winter.''

So goes a common refrain: the flavors of Tuscany actually taste better this time of year. First, Tuscan cuisine is winter fare: big red wines, lots of porcini mushrooms, black truffles, chestnuts, and hearty pastas with meat sauce. In addition, Tuscans eat what's in season, and the best stuff ripens between October and March.

November has the olive harvest. Once they're picked, the olives are pressed immediately, giving the oil a green, spicy flavor unique to those first few weeks. Pecorino cheese is creamier in the fall and winter, when the sheep eat grass, not hay (a local secret). Winter also coincides with hunting season, so even the cinghiale (wild boar) is fresh, not frozen as it is the rest of the year.

Winter, in other words, is eating season in Tuscany. To test this out, we visited Il Casale, a strange and almost fantastical farm near Pienza, run by perhaps the most eccentric family in the valley. To get there, we drove down a long dirt road overgrown with brush until we saw what looked like a typically lovely stone villa. But as soon as we stepped out of the car, we were greeted by shaggy dogs, peacock squawks and the unmistakable smell of farm. The source of the odor was an open barn, just behind the villa, humming with shuffling sheep.

Everything produced at Il Casale is organic; the animals roam freely around the grounds, and they create almost no waste (pigs eat the whey left over from the cheese). Even ''our veterinarian is homeopathic,'' said Ulisse Brandli, a charming if curmudgeonly Swiss expat who moved to Tuscany in 1991 with his wife, Sandra, and has since raised five sons and hundreds of animals.

Mr. Brandli speaks emphatically and at great, great length about the virtues of small farms. Once you see firsthand how the food is made, he said, ''it will taste different to you.'' As we were talking, half a dozen pigs, muddy and playful, came trotting up. These were the renowned cinta senese pigs, indigenous to Tuscany, named for the white belt around their bellies, and famously flavorful. Not that I could imagine eating one, once I saw how cute they were.

Before we left, we loaded up our car with honey, olive oil and a small wheel of Mr. Brandli's freshest batch of pecorino. We sliced into the cheese later that day over a simple lunch of crusty bread, foggy green olive oil and a bottle of rosso di Montalcino. The cheese was decidedly creamier, akin to the difference between Greek yogurt and the nonfat kind.

Amazingly, there are things to do in Tuscany that don't involve food or wine. The following morning, my husband and baby stayed behind at the hotel as I drove to Bagno Vignoni, a medieval village built on thermal waters from an aquifer and popular since the Roman empire. The town square is a giant pool fed by volcanically heated water bubbling from the depths, steaming in the winter air, and the village has its share of day spas that use the water. A hot bath isn't so appealing during an August heat wave, but on a blustery day in December, it was perfect.

After paying 28 euros (about $37), I wrapped myself in a plush robe and walked up to the rooftop pools at the newly opened Le Terme Wellness & Spa. I settled in a lounge chair next to a few elderly Tuscan ladies with painted nails and weathered faces. Unversed in Tuscan spa etiquette, I followed their lead: when they helped themselves to hot lavender tea from the silver tray, I did, too. When they dunked in the steaming bath, I dunked. And when it came time for them to wrap themselves in their towels and start gossiping, I took out my book, but then closed my eyes and let the chatty voices lull me to sleep.

On another day, relaxed and recharged, it was time to visit Montepulciano, the medieval fortress town that was recently infiltrated by the cast and crew of ''The Twilight Saga: New Moon.'' For some, the town is synonymous with Tuscany, a nostalgic vision of wine shops that date back to the first Pope Benedict and old crinkly men playing bocce in 14th-century sandstone courtyards.

Of course, Montepulciano long ago became a tourist magnet. But on this heavy winter day, you could almost glimpse what the town was like before it became a cliche -- schoolchildren running through piazzas, the smell of wood-burning fires, and a handful of those crinkly old men, their collars upturned, bracing against the chill.

Joined by some Tuscan friends, we wandered down a narrow street to Osteria dell'Acquacheta, a cozy restaurant known for its steaks. During the high season, seats can be booked up to a month in advance. Today, the dark, stone dining room was crowded but it looked as if we actually had a shot at a table.

After a five-minute wait, we were seated next to the open kitchen, surrounded by teenagers, young families and Tuscan businessmen, and watched as Giulio Ciolfi, the gregarious owner with a long, gray ponytail, two leather belts slung on his hips and wildly bushy eyebrows, carved into a side of beef with a machete-like knife.

We ordered a steak and it arrived a few minutes later -- two inches thick, seasoned simply with olive oil, salt and pepper, and grilled so rare it was still cold in the center. Don't ask for well-done; this is how steak is served here.

All the beef comes from the hormone-free Chianina cows that graze in nearby Val di Chiana. The cows are such a source of pride and raised so humanely, our table agreed, that you could eat the steak and still call yourself a vegetarian (at least my husband did). While everyone at my table talked about how buttery and juicy the steak was, I dug into a bowl of homemade fettuccine, drizzled with olive oil and topped with a small mountain of freshly shaved truffles. We also ordered (yes, there's more) a skillet of baked pear with melted pecorino and a Tuscan onion soup served with a crust of pecorino-smothered toast. At the chef's suggestion, we finished with the seasonal dessert: air-light mascarpone cheese covered with slivers of yet more truffle. By the time we finished lunch, it was dark outside.

The next day was our last in the Val d'Orcia, and there was one more place to visit. Monte Amiata, the ancient volcano that dominates every view, is the one part of Tuscany that is meant only for winter, but few make the trek up there. If there really is an undiscovered Tuscany, Monte Amiata is it.

With the baby asleep in her car seat, we drove to the foot of the mountain and snaked our way up -- passing Fascist-era chalets from the 1930s and ***working-class*** villages. The terrain grew increasingly rocky, the forest became denser, and the light dusting of snow at the base had turned into a thick white blanket by the time we reached the top.

It was a completely different world -- people milling about in furry boots, a restaurant selling hot chocolate, and a creaky old metal ski lift that had just started running for the season. We tramped around in the snow and felt totally displaced. A ski resort in the middle of Tuscany is somewhat surreal. Like a vineyard in Jackson Hole, Wyo.

We wandered into Osteria Primo Rifugio, a restaurant in one of those chalets, and found a group of men speaking an unrecognizable dialect and enjoying glasses of grappa by the fireside. ''We like to think we have our own secret world up here,'' said Damiano Pizzetti, the owner. ''You should come back -- we actually don't get many visitors.''

IF YOU GO

From the United States, the easiest way to get to the Val d'Orcia is to fly to Rome and rent a car for the two-hour drive. Continental, Delta, American, Alitalia and others fly nonstop from New York. A recent Web search found an Alitalia flight from Newark starting at about $625 for travel in March. Rental cars (mostly manual transmission) are available at the Rome airport from Avis, Hertz and Europcar.

WHERE TO STAY

Rates below are for the low season.

Piccolo Hotel La Valle (Via Circonvallazione 7, Pienza; 39-057-874-9402; www.piccolohotellavalle.it), which means the ''small hotel in the valley,'' is a modest but comfortable hotel within walking distance of some of the area's best restaurants. Doubles (without a view) from 95 euros, or $126 at $1.32 to the euro.

La Bandita (Podere La Bandita, Pienza; 39-333-404-6704; www.la-bandita.com) has eight guest rooms, an infinity pool, jaw-dropping views and nightly tasting menus. It closes from December through February but will open for parties of six or more. Doubles from 250 euros.

La Foce (Via della Vittoria, 63, Chianciano Terme; 39-057-869-101; lafoce.com) has an assortment of villas, apartments and cottages that make you feel as if you're the guest of an Italian aristocrat. Rooms from 120 euros, while apartments start at 500 euros a week.

WHERE TO EAT

Il Leccio (Piazza Castellare, 1/3-5; Sant'Angelo in Colle; 39-0577-844-175; trattoriailleccio.it; closed Wednesdays).

Osteria dell'Acquacheta (Via del Teatro, 22; Montepulciano; 39-0578-758-443; acquacheta.eu; closed Tuesdays and mid-January to mid-March).

Osteria Primo Rifugio (Primo Rifugio, Monte Amiata; 39-0577-789-705; closed Mondays and Tuesdays).

Osteria La Porta (Via del Piano, 1, Monticchiello; 39-0578-755-163; www.osterialaporta.it) is one of the few trattorias in the area that serves homemade pasta. The specialty is pici all'aglione, pasta in a light tomato sauce with enough garlic to ward off a coven of vampires.

WHERE TO DRINK AND RELAX

Wineries in Tuscany are typically down long dirt roads, with no address. Call ahead for directions.

Ciacci Piccolomini d'Aragona (Molinello, Montalcino; 39-0577-835-616; www.ciaccipiccolomini.com).

Il Casale, between Pienza and Montepulciano (39-0578-755-109; podereilcasale.com).

Poggio di Sotto (Castelnuovo dell'Abate; 39-0577-835-502; poggiodisotto.com).

Uccelliera (Castelnuovo dell'Abate; 39-0577-835-729; www.uccelliera-montalcino.it).

Le Terme Wellness & Spa (Piazza delle Sorgenti, 13; Bagno Vignoni; 39-0577-887-150; www.termedibagnovignoni.it).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

The cover article on March 7, about Tuscany in winter, misidentified the type of fruit that was seen on the bare branches of trees in the garden at La Foce, a 15th-century villa there. They were persimmons, not oranges.

**Correction-Date:** March 21, 2010

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A view of the Val d'Orcia, known for the cypress trees that line its winding roads, in January. (TR1)

RIGHT: La Bandita, a boutique hotel.

FAR RIGHT: Dining at the Osteria Primo Rifugio on Monte Amiata.

BELOW: The thermal baths at Le Terme Wellness & Spa in Bagno Vignoni. (TR6)

FAR LEFT: Woods near the Osteria Primo Rifugio on Monte Amiata, an ancient volcano.

LEFT: Steak at Osteria dell'Acquacheta in Montepulciano, where guests can wait a month for a reservation in the summer. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS WARDE-JONES FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR7) MAPS (TR7)

**Load-Date:** March 7, 2010

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[***LIFE IN MEXICAN CAPITAL: ADAPTING TO THE IMPOSSIBLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F620-000B-Y1V0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1232 words

**Byline:** By ALAN RIDING, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, Aug. 7

**Body**

The summer rains have arrived and the traffic jams take longer than ever to untangle and the noisy buses never seem to move on and the stinging pollution is trapped by the clouds. Yet the 15 million inhabitants of Mexico City remain impassive.

Just how do people cope, foreign visitors ask. How do Mexicans survive in a city that grows by half a million people every year, where most workers spend four hours a day in traffic, where the smog makes Los Angeles seem clean, where noise pollution has yet to be recognized as a problem?

''They adapt,'' Manuel Alonso, a public relations executive, explained. ''Anywhere else, people would be screaming at each other, but here they adapt. They adapt to the traffic, to the bribes, to the discomforts, to everything.''

Alan Riding comment discusses life in Mexico City, where problems of pollution and traffic jams plague its 15 million inhabitants

To some, the stoical response of Mexicans to the environmental disaster that surrounds them echoes the fatalism inherited from their Indian forefathers. Others attribute it to the fact that most Mexicans still come from large families and are used to overcrowded conditions.

City Is 'a Vengeful Master'

''We're accustomed to a tradition of imposition and submission,'' Cristina Pacheco, a Mexican writer, argued instead. ''The city is a cruel and vengeful master who imposes his will. We can't hear, see, breathe or walk anymore. But we know it's useless to complain.''

So the quality of life continues to deteriorate and the only questions debated here are whether Mexico City is already, or soon will be, the world's largest metropolis and whether its population in the year 2000 will be 30 million or 40 million.

Much of the difficulty of living here stems from inadequate public transport in a city that now sprawls over 400 square miles. At the first opportunity, Mexicans therefore buy a car - then a second car - to add to the two million vehicles already clogging the streets. Gasoline costing just 46 cents a gallon is an added incentive to drive.

The Secrets of Survival

Since most Mexicans prefer to live in houses rather than apartments, hundreds of thousands of families have moved to the northern suburbs known as Satellite City, where land prices are still relatively accessible. But only one highway connects this zone with the rest of the city and public transport is almost nonexistent. ''You leave home at 7 A.M., you go bumper-to-bumper for 10 miles and you get to the office at 9 A.M.,'' a commuter said.

For poor workers, though, there is not even the comfortable boredom of a traffic jam. Most ***working-class*** neighborhoods are in the east of the city, while most factories are in the northwest. As a result, over a million workers must cross a large expanse of the capital twice a day, struggling with crowded buses and subway trains that begin to move long before dawn.

But there are secrets to survival in Mexico City. ''One is not to move,'' said Beatrice Trueblood, an American book designer who lives surrounded by trees in the southern neighborhood of Coyoacan. ''My office is seven minutes away by car and I hardly move out of this area. Anyone who wants to see me has to come here.''

The sheer struggle of moving around the city, though, is helping to revive the spirit of village life. ''You try to find a certain oasis, then you don't move out,'' Mrs. Trueblood explained. The more affluent, who have the choice, try to work, shop, send their children to school and go out at night near their homes.

One result is that friends living and working on opposite sides of town may go months without seeing each other. ''I used to be embarrassed to invite people home because of the sacrifice involved in getting there,'' recalled Manuel Alonso, who fled to the clean air of the suburbs 15 years ago and has now been forced back to the city by the problem of getting there.

President Stays at Home

Except on special occasions, even President Jose Lopez Portillo has stopped going to the National Palace in the heart of the city and works instead in his official residence of Los Pinos. When he must go to the palace, he travels the three miles by helicopter rather than add to the traffic jams by having the police clear his way.

The Mayor of Mexico City, Carlos Hank Gonzalez, does travel daily to his office on the main plaza facing the National Palace and he, at least, remains optimistic. ''We should reach the year 2000 with better conditions than those that exist today,'' he said recently.

He cannot be faulted for lack of ambition. Over the last four and a half years, he has repeatedly pledged to resolve the city's problems of land tenure, drinking water, education and garbage and to alleviate its traffic, public transport and pollution problems by the time he leaves office in December 1982. And he has spent accordingly, raising the capital's annual budget to $4 billion from $1 billion since 1977.

Mayor Is Fond of Statistics

A tall elegant millionaire of German descent, the Mayor batters visitors with statistics to convince them that his policies will work. ''The subway was 25 miles long in 1977,'' he said, ''and will be 70 miles long in 1982. It had 60 trains then and will have 210 in 1982. It carried 1.3 million passengers a day in 1977 and will carry 6.5 million by the end of next year.''

Surface transportation will be resolved by adding 7,000 government-owned buses to the 8,000 private buses, he went on, while 34 new avenues that crisscross the city are already accelerating the flow of traffic. ''When all this public transport is in operation next year, we'll then start making it expensive to use a car,'' he added.

Yet when asked why Mexicans do not respond more aggressively to the problems of living here, his explanation was less technical. ''There is a supreme institution in the republic,'' he said. ''It is called the mother. This is not a joke. We respect her a lot. The Mexican can be a so-and-so, but he is very caring of his mother. I believe that a man brought up with the love of a mother is less evil than one who is not.''

Despite all its problems, Mexico City remains a magnet, not only drawing about 1,000 peasant migrants from the provinces every day, but also holding back families who might logically find life more comfortable in another city. ''The Government wants to decentralize its offices and no one wants to go,'' an official said. ''Even businessmen demand to be paid extra to leave the capital.''

Mexico City remains a diverse and vibrant city. ''I love the city like a vice,'' Cristina Pacheco said. ''I understand its corruption, I feel its decay. I don't try to escape it. I confront it head on.''

''The secret is not to minimize the pain, but to maximize the pleasure,'' insisted Nilda Morell, a 33-year-old publishing executive who lived for 15 years in New York. ''I get great pleasure from the city. Everything smells, feels, tastes and has color. Everything is flexible here because there are so many problems. No one minds if you're late for an appointment because people understand.''

Indeed, ''if you don't let anything upset you,'' in Miss Morell's words, pleasures abound in Mexico City. It has excellent restaurants, it has memorable museums and, almost weekly, a world-class orchestra or ballet company is on tour here. And, perhaps most important, it is a city where the principal entertainment is still conversation.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of traffic jam in Mexico City (Mexico)

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[***TERROR IN OKLAHOMA: PUBLIC OPINION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-84D0-0005-G170-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Americans See Strangers in Their Midst***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-84D0-0005-G170-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON

By DIRK JOHNSON

**Dateline:** LOMBARD, Ill., May 13

**Body**

It is the season of lilacs and Little League in this middle-class Chicago suburb. Radio Flyer wagons roll down sidewalks. At the train station, commuters clutching briefcases hurry home for a barbecue. Down at the ice cream stand on Main Street, customers relax on sun-dappled benches.

And over at the bowling alley, a right-wing militia meets twice a month.

"You think that all these groups are living out in the middle of nowhere," said Matt Tabbert, a 35-year-old special education teacher here. "And then you find out they're meeting twice a month over at Lombard Lanes. And you say, 'Now wait just a minute, this is scary!' "

His wife, Vickie, a 36-year-old school administrator, put in: "You wonder if you know who these people are, if they're working with you, living in your neighborhood. It's really kind of creepy, thinking that they're part of the mainstream."

Nearly a month after the Oklahoma City bombing, the shock of domestic terrorism has given way to fretful wonder among Americans about the shadowy groups that gather to rail against a Government they see as hostile.

Interviews in recent days with about 100 people around the country,from California to New England, from Texas to the Northern Plains, found a sense of deep anxiety among most of them over the militias, whose existence was not widely recognized until after the attack in Oklahoma.

And however they might grouse about politicians, or Washington in particular, people in the wake of the bombing seemed to be especially careful to draw a distinction between frustration with given policies and antipathy toward the institutions of American government.

"Listen, I don't like to pay my taxes either, but the Government is hardly my enemy," said Dee Fisher, a 47-year-old hotel sales manager in Omaha. "I'm worried about these groups. You get enough of these disgruntled people together, and you've got real trouble. I'm afraid Oklahoma City was just the beginning of what we're going to see."

But although the vast majority seemed to deplore the militias, often describing them as "weirdos" or "kooks," more than a few, while maintaining that they did not condone violence, spoke up for the groups as a bulwark against gun control, restrictive land-use policies and a general intensifying of power in Washington.

"The militias aren't such a bad idea," Grog Hayden, a 40-year-old electronics technician who owns about half a dozen firearms, said as he sipped coffee at a cafe in Hollis, N.H. "The founders of our country didn't trust the Government either. And our Government now is taking away our rights, one by one."

A few tables away, Paul Hill, a retired aircraft mechanic who collects Social Security benefits and receives treatment for a heart ailment at a Veterans Affairs hospital, complained of the "Gestapo mentality" of a Federal Government that has "turned on its own people." Militias, Mr. Hill said, are a patriotic reaction to tyranny.

"People can see the handwriting on the wall," he said. "It smells like what happened in Germany. Are we going to wait until the horses are all running down the street before we close the barn door?"

Listening, the Rev. John Terry looked into his cup of coffee and shook his head in dismay.

"We're living in a very negative and angry time," said Mr. Terry, who is on sabbatical from the Congregational church in Hollis. "Maybe it's that the great American dream just isn't happening for a lot of people. I don't know. But I find it troubling that there are militias in New Hampshire, that there are people in this town who belong to them."

Barbara Corman, a 40-year-old technical writer who was sitting among the coffee drinkers in the cafe, said she shuddered when she heard angry right-wing talk.

"I'm Jewish, so there's that extra fear," she said. "Where is all this anger coming from? I don't have a clue. And I'm not sure what we can do about it, either. If you violate the free speech of the right wing, you're violating free speech for everybody."

Most people said that other than expanding the powers of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, a notion that seemed very popular, they saw little recourse for the Government.

"What else can we really do?" said Mike Pudela, a 35-year-old Lombard resident who works for a financial brokerage. "Go door to door and check on everybody? I don't think we want that."

Before the Oklahoma bombing, some people said, they used to laugh off the incendiary talk of those who say they hate the Government. But now it strikes them a bit differently.

Nick Boorman, 34, an engineer on a plane bound for Seattle, said he had always dismissed the "macho talk" he heard on job sites as nothing more than mouthy bravado.

"But now you can see what can really happen," he said, "and you wonder just a little bit, 'Could this guy really be involved in something dangerous?' It scares you."

Outside the bricklayers union hall in ***working-class*** South Boston, Stephen Moran, 36, a tunnel digger, said he was not about to brook anti-Goverment talk. "These militia people don't like the way things are in America, then move," he said.

President Clinton seemed to be winning approval for his handling of the investigation into the Oklahoma City bombing. But no one said it would affect their vote next year.

And a larger number of voters said they were more impressed with Attorney General Janet Reno, who immediately after the bombing declared that prosecutors would seek the execution of those responsible.

Most people interviewed seemed reluctant to look for a connection between the militias and the nation's move toward conservatism. Nor did they seem to think that radio talk show hosts, however inflammatory, were stirring action against the Government.

"When it comes to something like Oklahoma City and these militias, we're not Democrats or Republicans, we're Americans," said Eddie Taylor, a 31-year-old mortgage banker taking a lunch break in Tranquility Park in downtown Houston under the shade of a live oak and perusing a book titled, "How to Raise Millions."

If anything, he said, the rise of the militia movement has to do with a weakening of the moral underpinnings of society. "It's like the gangs," he said. "You've got all these young people who had no support at home, not knowing quite how they fit in, looking for something to belong to and looking for something to blame their problems on."

Leslie Osborn, a 24-year-old Omaha woman who works in her father's bicycle shop, said she resented the idea that conservatives had any common cause with anti-Government fanatics.

"This is not about conservatives; its about crazies," she said. "Family values does not mean killing people by blowing up buildings."

Jack Adams, a retired headmaster of a private school in Santa Barbara, Calif., who described himself as an "enlightened Republican," said that the kind of violence seen in Oklahoma was simply "the work of the deranged" and that "you can hardly point to any political ideology."

But a few people said they could not help but wonder whether the Republican campaign against government was sowing some seeds of malice toward those who carry out the nation's laws.

"It's an us-against-them mentality, and a search for scapegoats," said Jim Edmonds, 56, who works in a Chicago bank.

As a black man, he said, he has felt the resentment of some white co-workers who believe he was hired simply to fill a quota, an assumption he said was fueled by the talk of politicians opposed to affirmative action.

"I'm one who was not surprised to hear about these militias," he said. "There is an orchestrated movement in this country to make minorities out to be lesser, to be inferior."

Sitting on the steps of the Art Institute in Chicago, Chris Czuba, a 31-year-old computer programmer, said he was baffled that some people seemed to think of the Government as a kind of alien presence.

"Don't people realize," he said, "that we are the Government?"

**Graphic**

Photos: Paul Hill, A critic of the Government's "Gestapo mentality." -- "It smells like what happened in Germany. Are we going to wait until the horses are all running down the street before we close the barn door?"; John Terry, Engaging Mr. Hill at a cafe in Hollis, N.H. -- "We're living in a very negative and angry time. Maybe it's that the great American dream just isn't happening for a lot of people. I don't know." (Ed Quinn for The New York Times) (pg. 1); "When it comes to something like Oklahoma City and these militias," said Eddie Taylor of Houston, "we're not Democrats or Republicans, we're Americans." (F. Carter Smith for The New York Times); Leslie Osborn, working in her father's bicycle shop in Omaha, said she resented any notion that conservatives have any common cause with organizations that profess hatred for the Government. (Jeff Beiermann for The New York Times); "You get enough of these disgruntled people together," said Dee Fisher of Omaha, "and you've got real trouble. I'm afraid Oklahoma City was just the beginning." (Jeff Beiermann for The New York Times); At a cafe in Hollis, N.H., Barbara Corman and Grog Hayden found themselves at adjoining tables but on opposites sides of the debate over paramilitary groups and the angry views they express. (Ed Quinn for The New York Times) (pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** May 14, 1995

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[***A Man Who Doesn't Forget Friends;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-88T0-0005-G094-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***State Party Hierarchy Is Slowly Filling With Pataki's Allies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-88T0-0005-G094-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 29, 1995, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 25;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk;  Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1479 words

**Byline:** By PETER MARKS

By PETER MARKS

**Dateline:** PATCHOGUE, L.I.

**Body**

In John Powell's swift rise to power, no night could have been sweeter, no event more emblematic of his new clout. On the dais in the Knights of Columbus Hall last month sat Gov. George E. Pataki, Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato and other members of New York's Republican royalty, all eager to pay tribute to Mr. Powell at his swearing-in as Suffolk County's new Republican chairman.

That such a provincial event could attract such a star-studded crowd was a testament not only to Mr. Powell's political skill but also to Mr. Pataki's political will.

Mr. Powell, 34, a former highway laborer who worked his way up the ranks of the Republican Party in the Town of Brookhaven, was one of the first local Republicans in the state to support Mr. Pataki for governor. After the election Mr. Pataki backed Mr. Powell in his bid to move up to the county post, replacing Howard DiMartini, who was close to one of Mr. Pataki's chief antagonists within the party, Ralph J. Marino, the former Senate majority leader.

"This man did not endorse me in 1994 -- he endorsed me in 1993!" Mr. Pataki declared of Mr. Powell, as 2,000 party members cheered. "I will never forget that."

Slowly but surely, the political friends of George Pataki are ascending to crucial political jobs around the state, both as rewards for their early endorsements of Mr. Pataki and as a means of reinforcing his support in the heavily Republican suburbs and upstate counties that helped him win.

Days after Mr. Powell's installation in Suffolk, Anthony S. Colavita, the Republican chairman of Mr. Pataki's home county of Westchester, resigned under pressure from the Governor and was replaced by State Senator Nicholas A. Spano, a longtime associate of Mr. Pataki's who, unlike Mr. Colavita, had been quick to endorse him. Other early backers have received top administration jobs: Alexander Treadwell, the former Republican leader of upstate Essex County, for instance, has become Secretary of State and a key political adviser to Mr. Pataki; Anne McDonald, another strong Pataki supporter, was elected to succeed Mr. Treadwell as county chairman in February.

The changes at the top of some of the most influential county Republican organizations in the state also reflect the growing influence of the Republican county leaders in the Pataki era. While the jobs have always been power centers, Mr. Pataki's election has given the Republican leaders a level of access in Albany that, in 20 years of Democratic control, they had never known.

Joseph N. Mondello, the longtime G.O.P. chairman of Nassau County, said that for the first time in his career, he is received as an honored guest in the governor's offices, his advice and recommendations listened to. In fact, Mr. Mondello says, he had never been in the governor's offices until a few weeks ago, even though he was named chairman of Mr. Pataki's transition team.

"It was the first time I was ever on the second floor of the Capitol," Mr. Mondello said, sounding more like an awestruck tourist than a politician. "I met with George and got to see the office that he works in. I even got to see F.D.R.'s desk."

Mr. Mondello says backing the winning candidate for governor gives the county chairmen a political boost, too, making them look like winners to the people back home.

"You know what it is: It's all perception," Mr. Mondello said, adding wryly, "I've never had so many friends in my life. My phone rings incessantly. I mean, I'm beloved."

Mr. Mondello had endorsed Mr. Pataki even though a favorite son from Nassau, County Executive Thomas S. Gulotta, also considered seeking the G.O.P. nomination. After the election, Mr. Mondello said, he turned down an offer from Mr. Pataki to head the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

The county leaders say that when it comes to dispensing jobs in the new administration, they are the local representatives in the patronage system.

"They do go to me," John W. Nolan, Republican chairman of Saratoga County, said of the aspirants to state jobs from his county. "I put the credentials through to the appointments secretary. But that doesn't mean they get it. I have input, but it's not automatic."

Mr. Nolan endorsed Mr. Pataki in February 1994, well ahead of the pack, and his county of 190,000 people gave Mr. Pataki a 12,000-vote plurality in November. A job in Albany was probably his for the asking. But that, he said, was not what he was after.

"I did not put in any resume for any job," said Mr. Nolan, a retired high school teacher who has been county chairman since 1986. "I guess I'm an idealist. What I felt my job was was to support the Pataki administration." To that end, Mr. Nolan defends the Governor's actions before hometown crowds and sends notes of encouragement to Mr. Pataki. "I let him know that people are with him, that he's got to hang tough," he added.

Politicians from both parties say it is not surprising that Mr. Pataki would want trusted associates in sensitive political jobs around the state and that county leaders who are perceived as having been slow to come aboard or less than enthusiastic in their support would have been vulnerable. "It is par for the course," said Hank Morris, a Democratic political consultant. "Guess wrong and you have to fight for survival."

The politics within each county organization also play a large role in who is elected county leader, of course, and Republican leaders say Senator D'Amato, Mr. Pataki's chief political patron during the campaign, also has a major voice in such matters.

The need to put friends in high places is even more critical, they say, when the governor is newly elected and encountering intense opposition to his policies. As much as anything, the new leadership in Suffolk and Westchester has the task of building on the excitement generated by the fall election and developing a stronger following among voters for Mr. Pataki and other Republican candidates.

"As soon as George Pataki became Governor, it was clear he needed to build a very strong base, especially in the big counties," said Mr. Spano, who will retain his Senate seat while he serves as Westchester's G.O.P. chairman. "We have to have leaders in place who understand that we need to build a Republican Party in New York State, and that it can't be done in the capital. It has to be done in the vineyards."

Mr. Powell's election as Suffolk chairman is perhaps the best example of how the Republicans are trying to build on their recent success by cultivating new leaders. The former highway laborer comes from a long line of ***working-class*** Democrats. He has earned a reputation as a streetwise organizer with a flair for fund raising; a few weeks ago, he held a fund-raising event in Melville for Robert Gaffney, the County Executive, that brought in about $450,000, Mr. Gaffney said.

"I feel I've come from the ground up," Mr. Powell said in an interview in the county Republican offices in Bohemia. "I'm not a political insider. I came from the people."

Mr. Powell got his first taste of politics in the mid-1980's, when he reinvigorated a Republican club in his home community of Medford. Soon, he was earning a name for himself as an energetic young worker who could relate to the blue-collar voters that Republicans in Suffolk County were trying to court.

Rose Caracappa, a Suffolk County legislator from Selden, said she first encountered Mr. Powell during a campaign about eight years ago when he showed up at her headquarters offering to help.

"I remember telling him, 'I don't have any campaign literature,' " she recalled. "He said, 'Don't you worry.' He brought out an army of 30 to 40 people and we went walking the district every single day until dark. I told him, 'You have a future.' "

After one term in the state Assembly, Mr. Powell left elective office to become Brookhaven Town leader.

"I pretty much make all my judgments on instinct," Mr. Powell said, adding that his decision to back Mr. Pataki was made from the gut as well. The candidate, he said, came to see him in Brookhaven months before the campaign began. Mr. Powell immediately sensed a winner. "I started going around saying, 'Pataki.' People were saying to me, 'Who's Pataki?' "

By the time of Mr. Powell's unanimous election as Suffolk chairman last month at a county G.O.P. convention in the Knights of Columbus hall here, the Governor's name was not only a household word, but a symbol of success for the party in Suffolk, where Mr. Pataki won by a margin of 85,000 votes.

Still, if Mr. Pataki's appearance that night was a sign of solidarity, some observers say that the era of good feeling between the Governor and the county leaders may fade rapidly if Mr. Pataki's policies prove unsuccessful or unpopular.

"They're still having their political honeymoon," observed Mr. Morris, the Democratic political consultant. "We'll see how they feel a year from now."

**Graphic**

Photos: Gov. George Pataki, left, with Suffolk County's new G.O.P. chairman, John Powell, who was flanked by Representative Michael Forbes and Senator Alfonse D'Amato. The Powell children, from left: John, Alexandra and Anthony. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times); "Four Who Have Been Rewarded" Alexander Tredwell, Joseph N. Mondello, Anne McDonald, Nicholas A. Spano.

**Load-Date:** April 30, 1995

**End of Document**



[***SHOPPER'S WORLD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R3V0-0038-D2HW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Puerto Rican Carnival Masks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R3V0-0038-D2HW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 5; Page 6, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1306 words

**Byline:** By MARK KURLANSKY; MARK KURLANSKY is working on a book about contemporary Caribbean problems, to be published by Addison Wesley next year.

**Body**

EVERY February monsters run loose on the streets of the pastel town of Ponce, Puerto Rico. They pick on women, children and pets, attacking with arms stretched over their heads trying to bop their victim with a dried pig's bladder. From their demonic heads, horns sprout. In fact, it seems the monsters have more horns every year.

Ponce, Puerto Rico's second city and one of the most beautiful in the Caribbean, has a carnival in February, culminating on Feb. 17 this year. The monsters roam the streets for most of the month. In Spanish, the bladder is called a vejiga, and the monsters are vejigantes.

Not a glimpse of human flesh can be seen on a vejigante. He wears a hooded flowing robe, gloves and painted shoes, all of which match the mask colors. Similar characters appear in festivals in northern Spain, in the Dominican Republic and in Belgium. But the ones in Ponce have heads - papier-mache masks - that have gained an international reputation.

At a time when the surviving cultural identity of this Spanish-speaking American commonwealth is a daily debate, the factory workers and laborers in Ponce who make vejigante masks in their spare time represent a flowering of Puerto Rican folk art. Though old-timers say that the carnival is not what it once was, the masks keep getting better.

Designing these papier-mache monster heads is a tradition that continues among Ponce families. Many of the mask makers come from the crowded seaside district known as Playa de Ponce. Ponce mask makers welcome visitors and gladly sell directly to them when they have masks available. Visiting them is a way of exploring this town of narrow, brightly painted houses, stately, ornate turn-of-the-century pink and white buildings and curving little streets.

Juan Alindato, a retired dockworker who is now 69, lives in one of the small wooden houses in the old part of the waterfront. He learned the craft from his future wife's mother shortly before he was married 38 years ago. In those days masks were simple, human-size faces with perhaps two or three horns. Mr. Alindato sold his early works for $1 each.

Today his masks are more elaborate, long demonic faces with toothy grins and numerous horns. Ponce masks are becoming increasingly elaborate, especially regarding the number of horns. Some have dozens. Some horns twist around. Others shoot straight up. Horns sprout more horns in wild, antlerlike bursts.

Mr. Alindato's son, also named Juan, is 34 years and has been making masks since he was 14. Some of them have four feet of horns above the face of long-snouted creatures with toothy, Doberman-like muzzles. One wonders what oversize monsters his son will be making in another decade. Mr. Alindato's grandson, the youngest Juan, is only 7, but he has been playing with mask materials for five years.

Unlike most Ponce mask makers, the second Juan Alindato earns his living entirely from masks. He sells them from his home for up to $150, and they sell in San Juan shops for as much as $350. In fact, like the horns, the prices keep increasing as the work of the leading artisans gets displayed in folk art museums around the world. Some Ponce masks have sold for $700.

Miguel Angel Caraballo, 49, works in a tuna cannery. He sells some masks for several hundred dollars out of his home. In stores they cost more. As a boy he loved carnival, and a neighborhood woman taught him the craft. In January, when he starts filling his February orders, he seems a happy man, grinning as he applies layers of paper, rubbing on glue. He is an exacting craftsman and a meticulous painter. His masks are animals: roosters, boars, horses, but of course always with horns - more and more horns.

The international attention that these mask makers have been getting, along with encouragement from the Puerto Rican cultural establishment, is producing some excellent work for collectors. But a vejigante does not want to wear a mask all day that has four feet of horns even if it is only papier-mache. It is cumbersome and tiring. Increasingly, residents are showing up in February wearing rubber masks, often with characters from such sci-fi hits as ''Star Wars.'' The mask makers and the cultural establishment are troubled over this development.

Maria Bonet, wife of the elder Alindato, comes from a mask family. Her mother, her brother and several cousins are all mask makers. She gets upset about rubber masks. ''We cannot let the tradition fall away,'' she said. But it is getting more difficult to find masks that are well made, inexpensive and comfortable to wear. Egberto Oquendo, 56, makes such masks. An electrician by trade, he only makes them for the carnival in February and sells them himself for a top price of $30.

His work is cruder than that of Miguel Caraballo. The papier-mache gets lumpy, and the painting is less careful. But he has a great sense of whimsy and gives individuality to the faces.

His larger masks have movable lower jaws. They fit so well that the mask jaw moves as the person speaks. Mr. Oquendo, whose father was also a well-known mask maker, remembers when such masks were common. The vejigantes would smoke cigarettes and blow smoke from their opening jaw.

One of the most respected mask makers in Ponce is Leonardo Pagan, a retired furniture upholsterer. Although he has several styles of masks, his specialty is the diablito, a sad-eyed devil with a human-size face and three horns. Diablitos are always red with black, traditional colors easily made before commercial paint was available.

There used to be a belief that the devil would visit those who made diablito masks, so few people made them, and the masks were in great demand. A diablito maker had to keep a cross in his workshop for protection. But Mr. Pagan seems to love his work and giggled as we discussed the personality of various diablitos drying on his fence.

Mr. Pagan learned his craft from a neighbor called Juan Careta (John Mask), who died almost 50 years ago but is still remembered as one of the great mask makers. Masks are made by layering paper on face molds. The molds used to be made of clay, but now cement is used. Individual facial details to give the mask a personality are added with stiff cardboard, paper or painting; one mold makes many different faces.

Mr. Pagan still uses Juan Careta's diablito mold. Remembering how he learned as a child, Mr. Pagan passes on the tradition, encouraging children in his housing project to work with him, giving his small, fenced-in yard full of devils and hard-working, laughing children the atmosphere of Santa's workshop just before Christmas.

IN SEARCH OF CARNIVAL MASKS

Ponce

Here are some suggestions for shopping for masks in Ponce: Keep in mind that from mid-January to mid-February some mask makers are working on commissions to vejigantes and have few extra masks to sell. Others make masks only at this time of year. Streets and houses are not always marked so it takes some asking around in the neighborhood. You can also make your own discovery by going into ***working-class*** neighborhoods and asking for a mask maker.

Miguel Angel Caraballo, 24 San Tomas, (a modern residential neighborhood near the old beach in Playa de Ponce); from $60 to several hundred dollars.

Juan Alindato (father), 18 Calle Puerta Vieja; from $26 to $75.

Juan Alindato (son), in Villa de Carmen (a new development near the old street where his father lives) on Calle 10, house No. AB-12. Leonardo Pagan, Bariado Portugues (a housing project near the center of town) apartment No. 73; $26 to $600.

Egberto Oquendo, 20 Calle Jardines; from $5 to $30.

San Juan

If you are willing to pass up the fun of searching, you can try Puerto Rican Art & Crafts at 204 Fortaleza Street in Old San Juan. This store buys from all the best Ponce mask makers and offers quality masks at high prices, from $50 to $350 or more.    - M. K.

**Graphic**

Photos: Egberto Oquendo works on a mask at his house in Ponce, above. Juan Alindato models one of his masks, as a daughter looks on (Pg. 6); Miguel Angel Caraballo and his son, Miguel, making masks (pg. 24) (Len Kaufman); map of Puerto Rico (pg. 6)

**End of Document**



[***UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST: THE OVERVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0K70-002S-X12N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RUMANIANS MOVING TO ABOLISH WORST OF REPRESSIVE ERA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0K70-002S-X12N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 28, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1409 words

**Byline:** By CELESTINE BOHLEN, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BUCHAREST, Rumania, Dec. 27

**Body**

Seeking to dismantle the legacy of Nicolae Ceausescu, the executed dictator, Rumania today lifted some of the controls that have made this country one of the most repressive in Europe.

The new provisional Government abolished a requirement that all typewriters be registered with the state, and legalized abortion, an offense for which violators were jailed. And under a decree published today, Rumanian citizens are freed of the obligation to address each other as ''comrade.''

But even as calm descended on the capital after five nights of gunfire, the Government invoked ''revolutionary'' conditions as it instituted special military tribunals to track down, try and punish armed Ceausescu supporters.

Caution Returns at Night

Although Bucharest was quiet tonight, pedestrians picked their way home cautiously, accustomed to the frequent and random sniper shots of recent days.

But during the day, crowds strolled leisurely past the hull of the burned-out national library on Palace Square, and past the offices of the Communist Party's Central Committee, scene of fierce fighting over the weekend, to look at the tanks parked there.

In the subways, self-appointed youths checking people's documents and searching for weapons have set up shop for the long haul, even as the threat from the renegade security forces of Mr. Ceausescu seemed to lessen. Today, for the first time, there were no spontaneous demonstrations in the center of the city of the kind that have filled the streets here since the ouster of Mr. Ceausescu last Friday.

Scenes of Trial and Death

The Government-controlled television tonight again showed tapes of the former ruler's trial on Christmas Day, during which he angrily dismissed the charges against him and vowed to take his case to the ''***working class***.''

Today, for the first time, a full view of the body of Elena Ceausescu, the President's wife, was shown on television. Both she and her husband were laid out on army cots, their bloody coats loosely draped around them.

Workers at Free Rumanian Television said today that the tape of the Ceausescu trial, first shown in still pictures on Monday night, had to be edited to delete the faces of the judges because of their fears of retaliation by Ceausescu loyalists. A Government spokesman today refused to disclose where the executions had taken place.

A witness to the executions, who asked not to be identified, said in an interview that soldiers in the firing squad ''could not restrain their hate'' and ''fired immediately, with abandon.''

There have been widely varying estimates of the number of people killed in the years that Mr. Ceausescu was in power, with the tribunal that condemned him to death hearing a figure of 60,000. However, specifics and dates of the killings remain elusive. There seems general agreement that thousands have died, many of them since the revolution began in the western city of Timisoara almost two weeks ago.

These days, some Rumanians are troubled by the heavily propagandistic character of the television and the newspapers under the countrol of the Council of National Salvation, the formal name for the revolutionary leadership. They are carrying Government decrees and exhortatory articles with little commentary, investigative reports or analysis, leading some to question whether the new council is abusing its control over the media.

Also, they note, some essential rights - like freedom to travel outside the country - have not yet been clarified. Debates on these and other issues among the 37 members of the ruling council are not publicized, and some groups, particularly students, are demanding more openness at the top.

With the Communist Party in tatters after the collapse of the Ceausescu leadership in this month's uprising, the role to be played by former Communists in the new Government has become an important issue.

Students and dissident intellectuals have expressed dissatisfaction at the appointment of several onetime Communist officials, including the President, Ion Iliescu, a former Cabinet minister and party secretary, to top jobs in the Government. Mr. Iliescu spoke by telephone today with the Soviet President, Mikhail S. Gorbachev, and thanked him for backing the revolution, the press agency Tass reported from Moscow.

Mr. Iliescu and Mr. Gorbachev reportedly are friends from their college days in Moscow.

And the new Vice President, Dumitru Mazilu, told reporters that people with a record of collaboration with the Ceausescu regime would have no role in the new Government.

New Plans, New People

''Such people who are not clean, we will not work with them,'' said Mr. Mazilu, a former diplomat who was placed under house arrest after he criticized Rumania's human rights record. ''We have a plan for a new Government, with new people.''

However, the problem is a delicate one in a country where four million people are past or present members of the Communist Party. Rumanians and Western diplomats agree that the new Government will have to draw on the pool of former Communist bureaucrats to keep things running.

And today, at a news conference, a spokesman for the Foreign Ministry ruled out any kind of a witch hunt in the bureaucracy. ''We believe we will have to proceed very carefully,'' said Corneliu Bogdan, a new Cabinet minister. ''There are some people who expressed their views and suffered, and some complied. We have to remember that not everyone can be a hero.''

''The first question will be competence,'' said Mr. Bogdan, a former Ambassador to the United States, who in recent years had been regarded as a dissident. He added that it is inaccurate to describe new political parties springing up as anti-Government. ''There can be no opposition party because there is no party in government,'' Mr. Bogdan said.

No Confusion at the Top

The council, he said, is made up of a ''remarkable consensus, one of the great unique features of the Rumanian revolution.'' He denied that there was any confusion in the new Government, which will serve until elections in April.

''We have a program, but we need tranquillity,'' he said.

From its makeshift headquarters at the Foreign Ministry, the Government has been issuing a stream of decrees this week. The army has been put in charge of the Securitate, the security force many of whose members remained loyal to Mr. Ceausescu. Harsh residence laws that restricted mobility have been dropped, and the Government has promised to pay back to its citizens money taken out of their paychecks for ''economic development'' in recent years.

Since 1966, Rumania has practically banned abortions, first for women with less than four children and later for those with less than five. The law, drawn to promote population growth in this country of 23 million, was hated by most women here, some of whom resorted to dangerous self-induced abortions. Because the law also penalized doctors who treated women who had performed abortions on themselves, hospitals often turned away patients or treated them under a different guise.

''It was the most horrible law,'' a young Rumanian woman said. ''Even pregnant women did not want to be checked, which meant a lot of people who needed care were frightened to get it.'' Abortion is a primary means of birth control throughout Eastern Europe.

Also halted was a hated modernization program that had razed villages and destroyed old buildings in Rumania. In its place, a program has been created to preserve national monuments, and a call has been issued for historians to write ''the true history of the country.'' Another measure adopted today resurrected the Rumanian Society of Philosophy, an 80-year-old institution that had been dissolved under Communist rule.

Feeding Rumanians First

But for the population, the most visible changes have come from swift measures taken to ease the harshness of life under Mr. Ceausescu. Food saved for export will be used at home.

And today in Bucharest, crates with Cyrillic lettering filled with chickens headed for the Soviet Union showed up at local stores, along with oranges and lemons.

Rationing was immediately lifted after Mr. Ceausescu's ouster last Friday, and Rumanians did not wait for instructions to turn up the heat in their apartments, celebrating the end of a painful austerity program.

Today, the Government announced ''emergency measures to strike at the lingering threat from members of the Securitate, who until Tuesday were waging urban guerrilla warfare against the army.

**Graphic**

photo of a Rumania soldier trying to calm rampaging crowd (AP) (pg. A12)

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[***Denver Stands Out in Mini-Trend Toward Downtown Living***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VF1-CBR0-007F-G2GN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 29, 1998, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 10; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1624 words

**Byline:** By JAMES BROOKE

By JAMES BROOKE

**Dateline:** DENVER, Dec. 28

**Body**

From her fifth-floor apartment in a freshly converted flour mill, Dana Crawford surveyed the abandoned railroad yards at the core of downtown Denver and envisioned lofts and more lofts.

As carpenters built 350 apartments and bulldozers opened utility trenches for 3,500 more, Ms. Crawford, a developer, waved to a cluster of vacant red-brick warehouses near the freight tracks and predicted, "All these warehouse buildings will be turned into lofts."

Within a mile of Union Station, Denver's Beaux-Arts historic core, the city is halfway through a decade-long downtown investment of $1 billion in three sport stadiums, an aquarium and urban shopping complexes. Following retail and entertainment development, downtown is now embarking on $1 billion in residential construction. A total of 1,334 apartments are being built or converted downtown, more than the total of the last four years.

Denver's move toward downtown living is part of a national trend, according to a new study of 24 large American cities by the Brookings Institution and the Fannie Mae Foundation research groups. In a reversal of a trend that started after World War II, each city forecast growth in the number of people living downtown.

By 2010, the study reported, downtown populations are expected to quadruple in Houston, to 9,500 people, to more than triple in Cleveland, to 21,000, and to nearly triple in Denver, to 9,250. Growth is also expected in larger cities, with Chicago's downtown population forecast to increase by a third, to 152,000.

But the migration is especially striking in Denver, a sprawling city of houses and low-rise buildings.

"Denver fits the pattern of a Western automobile city, so for a Sun Belt city, what is happening here is very inspiring," said Brad Segal, an urban consultant who is on the board of the International Downtown Association, an organization of city planners specializing in downtowns. Noting that delegations from cities as diverse as Albuquerque, N.M., and Baltimore have recently toured downtown Denver to get ideas, Mr. Segal added, "Most of the cities I work in want to be like Denver."

Planners caution that the move downtown, here and elsewhere, is a mini-trend in the face of continuing suburban expansion. Indeed, while the city of Denver's population grew by 2 percent, or 12,000 people, since 1980, to about 500,000 people, its suburbs grew by a third in the same time, adding 505,000 people.

But looking ahead, Mr. Segal and other urbanists believe that demographics and accumulated wealth are pointing to radical transformations in American downtowns in the coming decades. Virtually none of the people moving into downtown Denver have children living at home. They are singles, childless couples or older people, the "empty nesters" whose children have left home for college and careers.

By 2010, 72 percent of American households will not have children at home, said Dao Nguyen, a research analyst who helped prepare the Brookings study, who added, "That could be a boon for cities."

In Colorado, the fastest-growing population segment in coming years is forecast to be households of people 54 years old and over.

"The baby boomers' watermelon is going through the demographic snake," Mr. Segal said, "but there is also this watermelon of wealth."

In addition to the continuing transfer of wealth from the World War II generation to the baby boomers, a new change in taxes is expected to help "empty nesters" cash out of the suburbs. Last year, a change in Federal tax laws raised to $500,000 from $125,000 the portion of earnings from the sale of a primary residence that is free of a capital gains tax.

"An older couple can put half the money in a downtown apartment, and save the rest for travel or a second residence," said Larry R. Grace of the Trillium Corporation, a major downtown developer here.

Banking on this phenomenon, developers for Trillium plan to break ground next year on 700 apartments, the first of as many as 4,000 that are to be built over the next decade on 50 acres behind Union Station.

The apartment demand is there. A recent survey of a sample of the 110,000 people who work in downtown Denver found that 60 percent of those surveyed were interested in living downtown. Waiting lists immediately form when renovation projects are announced under a city program to provide downtown apartments at rents affordable for ***working-class*** and middle-class people.

On the free market, prices have soared. In one decade, Lower Downtown has been transformed from skid row to LoDo, a chic neighborhood that is Denver's second-most-expensive housing market.

"I wanted to get $3,000-a-month rent," Mike McPhee said of renting his 1,900-square-foot LoDo apartment earlier this year when he moved to a smaller place. "The real estate agent brought in five different guys, none of whom had any trouble with that kind of rent."

Mr. McPhee's price was $19 a square foot a year. In 1987, John Hickenlooper, a downtown pioneer, rented commercial space in an adjacent building for $1 a square foot a year. Sales prices for finished LoDo lofts have jumped from $82 a square foot in 1990, when Mrs. Crawford renovated the first loft here, to $300 a square foot on some of the higher-priced lofts.

In a sign of the neighborhood's cachet, the new residents include Leo Kiely, president of the Coors Brewing Company, and David Bailey, president of Norwest Bank of Colorado. Frederick Mayer, who made his fortune in oil and gas in the early 1980's, just completed building a multimillion-dollar town house.

"When someone can live anywhere they want, and they choose to live in Lower Downtown, it's a statement about how the city is changing," said Jim Olson, the Seattle architect for Mr. Mayer's town house.

LoDo's runaway appeal comes from a constellation of factors: declining urban crime, rising congestion of suburbs, a powerful regional economy, and a host of entertainment venues within walking distance, including dozens of new restaurants, a 9,300-seat theater complex, a new baseball stadium for the Colorado Rockies, a new football stadium for the Denver Broncos and a basketball and hockey stadium for the Nuggets and the Avalanche.

Crime, long a barrier to older people's moving into city centers, has dropped in Denver, as in much of the rest of the nation. Here it declined 25 percent in the last five years.

"This is one of the safest police districts in Denver," said Peggy Houser, who was out on a recent evening with her husband, John, a retired businessman, to watch the lighting of Union Station for Christmas. "It is a real neighborhood."

As highway commuting distances lengthen, some Denverites dream of the walkable city.

"We just got rid of one car," said Larry Kravetz, the owner of a small securities firm, who now walks from his new loft to his office, five blocks away. "We feel like we are on vacation the whole time."

Mr. Kravetz, who moved his family to LoDo this summer from a southern Denver suburb, sounded a note increasingly heard here, describing the suburbs as "sterile."

Six blocks from his loft, Joyce Meskis, owner of the Tattered Cover bookstore, agreed, saying, "A city's soul activities -- the art center, the theaters, the museums, the main library -- all of that usually centers around the urban core."

For example, a LoDo resident could choose one recent week from among these activities, all within walking distance: book signings by three authors at the Tattered Cover, a performance of the musical "Rent" by a touring Broadway cast at the Denver Center for the Performing Arts, a performance of "The Nutcracker" by the Colorado Ballet and "600 Years of British Painting," at the Denver Art Museum.

Last month, Pavilions, a $107 million shopping and entertainment complex, opened on the 16th Street pedestrian mall downtown. Covering two blocks, it offers 40 shops, 15 movie screens and dining at the Hard Rock Cafe and Wolfgang Puck.

LoDo has emerged as the city's gallery and restaurant center, with 18 galleries and about 100 bars and restaurants.

Offering variety and sophistication, downtown Denver increasingly promotes itself as a stimulating antidote to the suburbs. A new advertisement for a loft development cajoles, "Kiss the 'burbs g'bye."

"LoDo has legitimacy, it has currency, it can't be cloned in the suburbs," said Gerald Erlich, a veteran LoDo real estate broker.

Redolent with history, this neighborhood of three- and four-story red-brick buildings was built on the site of Denver's first gold rush settlement, 140 years ago. LoDo's transformation has been helped by Colorado's economic boom. Through August, the state ranked third in the nation, after Nevada and Arizona, in the number of residential housing permits issued in proportion to population. Fueled in part by high-tech expansion, the office vacancy rate in downtown Denver has plummeted to 7.5 percent today from 30 percent a decade ago.

While metropolitan Denver's unemployment rate has dropped to 2.8 percent, not all boats have been raised. With gentrification, the adult homeless population in LoDo has shifted a few blocks to the north.

David DeForest-Stalls, director of the Spot, an alcohol- and drug-free center for streets youths and runaways, said young people increasingly know they are not always welcome downtown. And he criticized the heavy concentration of bars in LoDo.

But Tom Noel, a Colorado historian who has studied Denver's entertainment habits, past and present, said the situation was nothing new.

Noting that tourists now came from Wyoming and Kansas to visit LoDo, he added, "It's going back to the old idea of Denver as the drinking capital for the hinterland."

Downtown Denver, Mr. Noel said, is simply returning to its roots: as a noisy, sometimes raucous, people-filled urban village.

**Graphic**

Photo: In the transformation of the Lower Downtown area of Denver, known as LoDo, buildings are being converted into popular, and pricey, lofts. (Kevin Moloney for The New York Times)

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[***AT THE MOVIES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VD6-0NC0-007F-G124-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Englishman Rides Into Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VD6-0NC0-007F-G124-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By Bernard Weinraub

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**Body**

Stephen Frears said with a laugh: "I must have been mad. Imagine. An Englishman doing a western."

"The Hi-Lo Country," a western drama that opens on Wednesday in New York and Los Angeles and around the nation in January, was in many ways a challenge for Mr. Frears (above), the 57-year-old director of the respected films "Dangerous Liaisons," "The Grifters," "My Beautiful Launderette" and "Prick Up Your Ears."

Mr. Frears, who began his career as an assistant to the British filmmaker Karel Reisz, said that at first he was intimidated by the prospect of directing a film that evokes some of the landmark westerns of the 1940's and 50's.

"Fifty years ago, anyone in Hollywood knew how to make a western," he said. "Now you need a degree. The world has moved on so fast."

"I had to start from the very beginning," he said. "I had to literally learn everything. I had to learn about what this society was like. I had to learn about this very detailed world. Western films are sort of half mythology, half what it was like in the West. I had to learn why people filmed westerns the way they did."

When he ran into a problem on the film, he said he thought of Clint Eastwood. "I thought, 'Oh my God.' I turned to my assistant and said, 'What would Clint do now?' "

Not to worry. To Mr. Frears's delight, "The Hi-Lo Country" has already received strong advance notices. The film is set in a prairie town, Hi-Lo, N.M., mostly in the days after World War II. It is about two best friends, played by Woody Harrelson and Billy Crudup, who are a dying breed of cowboy, and the relationship they have with a married woman played by Patricia Arquette.

The film is based on a 1961 novel, "The Hi-Lo Country" by Max Evans, which was inspired by true events. The movie took decades to get to the screen. Over the years the project drew the attention of, among others, Sam Peckinpah, Charlton Heston, Ali McGraw, Lee Marvin and Slim Pickins. Nothing happened.

Then, some years ago, the actor L. Q. Jones, a friend of Mr. Peckinpah and a regular in his films, gave Martin Scorsese a copy of the novel while playing a role in his 1995 film "Casino." Both Mr. Scorsese and his producer, Barbara De Fina, were taken with it, largely because it depicted the changing postwar West, a world that had not often been seen on the screen.

Mr. Scorsese, one of the movie's producers, was too busy to direct so he gave the script to his friend Mr. Frears. Mr. Frears was nervous about taking on the project, but Mr. Scorsese and Ms. De Fina assuaged his concern by arguing that some of the best American films had been directed by foreigners, like "Midnight Cowboy," directed by John Schlesinger, who is British, and "Witness," the work of Peter Weir, who is Australian.

What finally made Mr. Frears accept was the screenplay by Walon Green, who shared the writing credit with Mr. Peckinpah on the Peckinpah classic "The Wild Bunch"

"After Walon wrote his first draft, Max Evans told him, 'I've been waiting 35 years to read this; you're the first one to get it right,' " Mr. Frears said.

Mr. Frears acknowledged that his experiences with big-budget Hollywood films in recent years had been disappointing. His two expensive films, "Hero," with Dustin Hoffman, and "Mary Reilly," with Julia Roberts, were box office failures.

"I have no capacity at all to make these big films; I admire people who do that," Mr. Frears said. "Both those films, they were in a mess. And it was like making films in the middle of a circus. I'm not good at those kinds of things."

"The Hi-Lo Country" is most certainly a Hollywood-style film. But it was made by an independent company, Gramercy Pictures. Its $20 million cost was relatively modest.

Asked what was hardest about making the movie, Mr. Frears paused.

"Try filming 600 head of cattle," he said.

Macy's Moves

For most of his adult life, William H. Macy has been a hard-working if relatively unknown stage and film actor. Then came "Fargo," the 1996 Joel and Ethan Coen comedy-drama in which Mr. Macy played a scheming car dealer. His performance not only earned him an Academy Award nomination but placed him on a new career path as well.

"When I moved here in 1990 I was working pretty steadily, but I was the 4th guy, the 5th guy, the 10th guy in a movie," said Mr. Macy, 48. "Then 'Fargo' kicked me up to the grown-ups' table."

With some understatement, Mr. Macy added, "I'm a pretty busy boy now."

Mr. Macy (above) appears in "A Civil Action," a drama that opens on Friday in New York and Los Angeles (review on page 1). The film deals with an eight-year battle by ***working-class*** families in Woburn, Mass., who contended that two large corporations had contaminated their town's drinking water with chemicals and caused the deaths of five children and one adult. Mr. Macy has a relatively small role in the movie. "I'll always take a great script over a huge part," he said. "My goal is to find a huge part in a great script." He recently starred in "Psycho" and the fantasy "Pleasantville" and has been in an array of other movies, including "Boogie Nights," "Wag the Dog" and "Air Force One."

In the new year, Mr. Macy will be making several films as well as starring in a Turner Network Television comedy-drama, "A Travesty," adapted from a novella by Donald Westlake. Mr. Macy wrote the script for the film with his friend Steven Schachter.

"It's about a film critic who mistakenly kills someone," Mr. Macy said. "It's funnier than all get out."

But if there is any writer that Mr. Macy has been identified with, it is David Mamet. Mr. Macy has appeared in several Mamet plays -- "American Buffalo," "The Water Engine" and "Oleanna" -- as well as the films "Homicide," "Things Change" and "House of Games."

Mr. Macy offers no deep insights on his bond to the playwright.

"I learn the lines, exactly," he said. "I don't make anything up. And I talk loud. That'll do it." With a laugh, he said: "Mamet refers to me as being Hebraically challenged. I'm a novelty to him."

The two met in the 1970's at Godard College in Vermont, where Mr. Macy was a student and Mr. Mamet was teaching theater.

"He was a brilliant teacher and theoretician; his esthetic was a wondrous thing," said Mr. Macy, who is married to Felicity Huffman of "Sports Night" on ABC. "He raised the bar for all of us. He said acting was a noble profession, and it's the actor's job to tell the truth and the audience goes to theater to hear the truth. That's a lot different than show biz."

Born in Miami and brought up in Cumberland, Md., the son of an insurance agent, Mr. Macy said he began acting in plays and never looked back.

"It was the one thing I was successful at," he said. "I was a rotten student. And I basically had two skills, acting and carpentry. But it was acting that always made me feel really good."

Mr. Macy is completing "Mystery Men," a science-fiction film about what he calls "loser superheroes."

"I play the shoveler," he said. "I fight crime with a shovel."

Asked if this was a comedy, Mr. Macy responded, "Dear God, I hope so."

Laughter Medicine

In the last four years Tom Shadyac has emerged as one of Hollywood's most successful directors.

A onetime comedy writer and stand-up comedian, Mr. Shadyac (left) has a track record for comedy hits that makes him sought after by stars and envied by other filmmakers. His first feature as a director was Jim Carrey's breakout hit, "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective." That was followed by "The Nutty Professor," starring Eddie Murphy. Then came another Carrey success, "Liar Liar."

Now Mr. Shadyac has directed Robin Williams in "Patch Adams," based on the true story of Hunter (Patch) Adams, an unorthodox and dedicated doctor trained at the Medical College of Virginia who believes that humor, compassion and empathy are sometimes as important to patients as medicine. The film opens on Christmas Day.

Although early reviews have found fault with the film's sentimentality, Mr. Shadyac strongly rejected that criticism.

"Look at the reaction of audiences at test screenings: it connects very deeply to them," said Mr. Shadyac, who is 40. "People are responding very strongly to this picture."

Mr. Shadyac said the same criticism was made of classics like Steven Spielberg's "E.T." and Frank Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life."

"I say this on bended knee about those films," he said.

Mr. Shadyac had some special reasons for making "Patch Adams." In the movie, the character played by Mr. Williams wants to create a free hospital. Mr. Shadyac's father, Richard Shadyac, is the national executive director of the St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital in Memphis and is in charge of fund-raising. The hospital gives free treatment to many children with cancer.

"I connected to the material in a very personal way," he said. In addition, Mr. Shadyac's mother, Julie, who died during the filming, had been wheelchair-bound for years; she was a semi-quadriplegic as a result of a misdiagnosis resulting from a slipped disk.

"It was tough to watch, and it's one of the reasons I responded to this material," Mr. Shadyac said. "Through all her physical difficulties and challenges, she used humor to disarm tension."

"She literally made jokes on her death bed," he said. Mr. Shadyac dedicated the film to his mother.

**Graphic**

Photos

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[***SPAIN'S LIVELY LITERARY REVIVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KW50-0008-N0N8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2837 words

**Byline:** By Barbara Probst Solomon; Barbara Probst Solomon, a novelist and essayist, has recently published a book about Spain, ''Short Flights.''

**Body**

DESPITE sever unemployment, cultural life in Spain is booming. Spaniards now have a firm sense of national pride; a recent flurry of articles in the European and home press characterized Madrid as the new cultural mecca, and tastes now are more eclectic. Unexpectedly, Anagrama, a small, prize-winning independent literary house, found it had a year-long super best seller with John Kennedy Toole's ''Confederacy of Dunces.'' Good writers are making their prose more accessible. Both Eduardo Mendoza and Manolo Vazquez Montalban have experimented with the detective novel, now a very modish genre.

Fernando Savater, Spain's most popular young philosopher, also wants his ideas to be understood by the general public; in addition to his essays, he writes plays, novels and detective stories. Bypassing linguistics with casual aplomb as though all that jazz had never happened, Mr. Savater has assumed real prominence by dusting off the old-fashioned study of ethics and presenting it to the Spaniards as being just what they need. Both physically and intellectually all over the place, Mr. Savater jets around Spain, talking to newly created lecture-circuit audiences. Instead of citing imperialism as the enemy, he points out to his countrymen (as did generation of thinkers prior to Spain's Civil War) that their primary enemy is Spanish fatalism. What most excites Mr. Savater is that his generation of writers has found a brand new and enthusiastic public at home; the lecture circuit is a new phenomenon for Spain.

At last, Madrid has regained the life style with which the city was comfortable before the Civil War - Socialists and aristocrats mingling, a very literary press, gossip and good conversation. Although the success of the Socialists occasionally makes them seem exasperatingly smug, a special symbiosis exists between them and Madrid. Precisely because of this, the Government has been perplexed that the established writers have chosen this time to seize their privacy and get on with their own work; prominent officials grumble that the intellectuals are selfish and lacking in civic responsibility.

I believe the reason none of the established writers, such as Carmen Martin Gaite, Juan Garcia Hortelano, Miguel Delibes and Camillo Jose Cela, has followed the Latin American example of becoming a part-time diplomat and political spokesman is complicated. Since, for so many years, Spanish intellectuals were the orphans at some sort of international tea party, it is extremely important for them to give all their energies to writing in order to reach the new, large readership at home. The enthusiasm for Latin American writers peaked here about a decade ago; there is less general interest in their work now, as well as a tendency to let the Government represent Spanish writers in political and cultural matters regarding Latin America; individual participation in conferences is way down. Also, major Spanish publishing houses such as Bruguera and Seix Barral began to go bankrupt because of the inability of Mexican and Latin American publishers to pay them for foreign rights, which meant they could no longer manage the huge advances they had been giving Latin American writers.

Even several years ago it would have been almost impossible to publish in Spain a piece as explicit as the Barcelona-born Juan Goytisolo's account, published by the literary magazine Quimera, of the breakup in the early '70s of the Latin-American left's political-literary dominance over the issue of Castro's imprisonment of writers. In its heyday, the vogue for Latin American writers in Spain included formidable talents - Mario Vargas Llosa, Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Jose Donoso, Carlos Fuentes, Octavio Paz, Severo Sarduy and Julio Cortazar. In what was apparently a series of violent verbal battles, Mr. Goytisolo and Mr. Vargas Llosa led the anti-Castro faction. Criticizing Mr. Cortazar and Mr. Garcia Marquez for succumbing to left-wing rhetoric and flashy political high life, Mr. Goytisolo described the former's metamorphosis from literary stylist to a writer of pro-Castro verse as ''sounding like a tango with lyrics by Vishinsky.'' Ruefully, he writes of Mr. Garcia Marquez, ''Without our recognizing the changes taking place, the international Garcia Marquez who was to become the intimate friend of political heads of state and espouser of presumed 'advanced causes' was about to be born.'' Ironically, in Spain, it took Franco's death to finally emancipate intellectuals from the emotional blackmail dealt out by the authoritarian left.

How much of the present cultural flowering is due to the Socialists now in power? Some of their improvements have been a benign form of window dressing. As they have been unable to afford what it would take to make profound social and economic changes, they have pushed culture, which gives them immediate results at bargain prices. Thus, there are free concerts and a new children's theater in Madrid's Retiro park, and plans are under way to begin next fall the construction of a big new music center there. Some projects of real intellectual merit have also been initiated. Arab, Jewish (some from Israel) and Spanish scholars have been meeting at the universities of Granada and Madrid. For the first time in this century, there will be the much-needed pooling of their investigations concerning the Middle Ages, which, in Spain, was an amalgam of these three cultures.

To fully comprehend the significance of Madrid's emergence as one of the major centers of the Spanish-speaking world, one has to first go back a bit and put into perspective what the legacy of the left has been in Madrid and Barcelona, two cities with very different histories during the 1960's and '70s. Although Marxism clearly is on the wane throughout Europe, the Spanish cultural-political process has been unique. Unlike Latin America and most countries of Europe, Spain never really had many well-known Marxist intellectuals. But over the past two decades the shadowy, Paris-based Spanish Communist Party developed what appeared to be a stronghold in intellectual and university circles. Some were attracted to the party for idealistic, anti-Franco reasons, others assumed that their choice in life was limited to the Roman Catholic Church, the Opus Dei or the party, and quite a number of intellectuals gravitated to the Communists - with their cultural links to Mexico City, Paris and Havana - because they ran the best literary agency in town. In this period, which was a mishmash of Franco propaganda and Communist pseudo-underground propaganda, Barcelona, not far from the French border, prosperous, and with a thriving publishing industry, seemed the natural headquarters of the left. The occasional visiting Latin American writers and intellectuals rarely went deeper into Spain. As the major publishing houses then had all sorts of economic ties with firms in Latin America, most of the intellectual excitement centered on the sort of international literary-political third world cultural junkets popular during that period.

But as most of this generalized left consciousness had little to do with the concrete specifics of Spain, two basic facts were ignored by the left. Before Franco, the Spanish ***working class*** had always been Socialist, and Barcelona, despite the enormous talent of its individual artists, had always had a conservative industrial tone. Indeed, a series of amazing myths took root during this unreal time. The notion of geographical goodness and evil had enormous currency. Thus, Barcelona, near France, was ''good'' and had lost the Civil War to Madrid, a city that was ''Spanish and Fascist.'' In those days nobody seemed interested in statistics; during the Civil War there had been many Fascists in Barcelona, just as there had been many who had defended the Republic in the rest of Spain.

AFTER Franco's death in 1975, when elections became legal and the Communist Party failed to attract the ***working class***, these myths collapsed. Then, suddenly, being near France counted for nothing. New York became the foreign cultural mecca, the second language for everyone under 40 was now English, and the latent anti-French feeling that has always existed in Spain exploded into real rage because of France's blocking of Spain's entry into the Common Market and its failure to help control terrorist attacks against Spain by Basque separatists. Manuel Gutierrez Aragon (Carlos Saura, Victor Erice and he are now the three most interesting movie directors) shares the prevalent dislike for things French. ''Their movies are too dead, too literary. My generation learned from John Ford and Francis Ford Coppola.'' Laughing, he said, ''Sometimes I think that Spain makes the best bad movies in all of Europe.'' Then he added, ''But Hollywood made the best bad movies of the 1940's and think how wonderful they were.''

During the '60's and '70's intellectual buzzwords for ''bad'' included anything too Spanish - gypsies, flamenco music and bullfighting were dismissed as ''folklore.'' In the more eclectic 1980's, intellectuals wanting to indulge their secret passion for bullfights have come boldly out of the closet; last November, the organizers of the Seville Film Festival - after dutifully opening with Jean-Luc Godard's ''Prenom: Carmen'' - felt relaxed enough about themselves to run as homage to the actress Juanita Reina a series of her somewhat cornball flamenco movies of the 1940's. There is enormous diversity and opportunity for artists here. Carlos Saura pointed out to me that if he left Spain for Hollywood, he would lose his ability to be completely in charge of his films. Opera, which never had much of a following, is all the rage among the young.

Most of this general burst of creative energy has centered around Madrid precisely because many people who normally would have been drawn to Barcelona have been discouraged by Catalan becoming the official language there. Ironically, those who feel the most victimized by the switch away from Spanish are the Barcelonans themselves. Groaned one writer, ''It was one thing to shout 'Down With Franco' in Catalan, quite another to have to listen to 'Dallas' in it.'' The serious problems caused by imposing Catalan as the region's official language haven't yet been sorted out.

But what has been the political history of Madrid? In the '60's and '70's the place certainly was a cultural backwater, and, perhaps because of that, the Communists never gained the toehold they had in Barcelona. In those sleepy, slow-moving times, one person might tell of having had tea with Garcia Lorca's sister, another had a story about Luis Bunuel's brilliant brother Alfonso, and a third, sighing wistfully, mentioned that in the old days Madrid had had a great newspaper called El Sol. During long, dusty afternoons the novelist Juan Benet (who hadn't yet become ''the Proust of Spain'') would caution me: In writing about the Spanish opposition, indicate to your readers that though the Communists organize well underground, the Socialists would probably be very strong over ground. ''So, where are these Socialists?'' I asked skeptically. Mr. Benet's own father had been killed during the Civil War and Juan was steeped in its history. (The publication of his long novel about the war - ''Herrumbrosas Lanzas'' - was one of the major Spanish literary events last fall.) Puffing on his Dunhill pipe, staring out the window, as though imaginary legions were about to descend on us from Calle Serrano, Juan would wave his hands and say, ''Just leave a tiny space in your piece for them. . . . They'll come, they'll come!''

They came. And now Spain suddenly seems bathed in a sort of optimistic cultural glow. The British are enthusiastic about a new group of Madrid architects; there has been much talk in the art world about the verve of the peppy Madrid Figuratives; and the brand new feisty newspaper, La Luna de Madrid, recently ran a questionnaire: Is this the city of the future? Despite the down-to-earth replies, including ''nope,'' there is no doubt that Madrilenos are delighting in their city's cultural renaissance.

Museums, previously empty, are packed. One of the most successful shows is that of Guillermo Perez Villalta at the Picasso room of Madrid's Bellas Artes. Luis Gordillo, Gerardo Delgado, Chema Coba and he are the main figures in the current explosion in art. Mr. Perez Villalta, like several of the others, was trained as an architect. Born in Tarifa, a hair's breadth away from North Africa, he paints in a style that blends long, almost North African vistas, Murillo, a dash of Max Ernst, recalling Andalusian architecture, in which Arabic, Gothic, Roman, and Spanish styles were jumbled together to produce marvels. His retort to an American artist who had suggested that he expand a single element - ''As we are a poor country with limited space, we accumulate many ideas in a single picture'' - is less to the point than Spain's abiding affinity for the Baroque, in which paintings within paintings are commonplace. During the 20th century we have come to think of Spain as synonymous with a simple style in art - stark browns and blacks - but that really has to do more with Cubism and the 1920's than with anything intrinsically Spanish.

CERTAINLY, Spanish architecture has been a continuous celebration of the idiosyncratic. El Gran Teatro Del Liceo, Barcelona's magnificent opera house, built by 19th-century industrialists and aristocrats as a place to see and be seen, is a wonderful example. Inevitably, the history of the place has included mob violence, political intrigue and a turn of the century Anarchist bombing. Death and *Amor* have also been given their due. Death was accommodated in the secluded mourning boxes from which the wealthy could enjoy their opera-going while being hidden from the general view. The main tier of boxes, with their adjoining private salons - some have private bars, others have Japanese divans, nearby bathrooms complete with bidets - were perfect for the second. The most coveted of them, right next to the proscenium, to this day maintains its strict bylaws which prohibit the presence of wives. One of its present six owners, Antonio Pares, the president of the Barcelona Ritz, showed me its adjoining ''second box,'' which has a secret door leading directly backstage, all the easier, in former lush times, for the ballerinas' visits. ''Do you think, under the Socialists, these bylaws might be changed?'' I asked. Mr. Pares shook his head, ''No - not even in Socialist Spain. After all, some things remain sacred.''

And, I thought, despite Barcelona's temporary transition difficulties, this is a city that has produced one of the world's greatest architects, Antonio Gaudi, contains the wonderful treasure trove of old books at the flea market of San Antonio and has urban planners who make sure that dream spaces continue to be built. Thus, the designer of the new plaza in front of the Sants railroad station has created slopes in order to provide children with rain puddles, while an iron cat stalks above the station roof. And still another square has been built solely as homage to a splendid lone grandfather of a palm tree. Sometimes, it is best just to wait and let history unfold.

Bookish Barcelona Unsuspecting visitors arriving in Barcelona on a weekend frequently complain that the place is a ghost town - here everyone heads for the country. But for book lovers in the know, Sundays can be a gold mine. The Mercado de San Antonio, which during the week is a bustling meat and produce market, transforms itself into one of the oldest and most traditional book flea markets in Spain. The open-air bookstalls remain a browser's paradise. As Barcelona has always been a city both of publishers and of bibliophiles, all sorts of treasures turn up. One of my friends recently uncovered a real gem - a complete collection of the old Catalan Modernist review, Peli Ploma, as well as a mint-condition 1920's musical score published by the Wagnerian Association of Barcelona. Wonderfully illustrated editions, both in English and in translation, of the travels of Richard Ford and George Barrow often turn up. ''The Divine Comedy'' with Gustave Dore's illustrations is another collector's item that can be found here. Recently, there has been a heavy demand for posters and other memorabilia from the Spanish Civil War. In addition to books, one can occasionally find old records, etchings and mountains of glorious postcards - mostly turn- of-the-century erotica and naive and sentimental photographs. Children have their own submarket: they hawk their own second-hand books and are busy swapping, selling and buying comics, which is a huge market in itself. Barcelona takes its books very seriously. One disappointed Catalan bibliophile recently shook his head and sadly remarked, ''To think that last year we let our great Cervantes collection slip out of our hands! It was bought by the Biblioteca Nacional in Madrid.''- B. P. S.

**Graphic**

photo of Juan Benet page 35; photo of Juan Goytsolo page 35; photo of Eduardo Mendoza page 35; photo of people browsing through bookstalls in Madridphoto of books

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[***As Opinions Harden, The Joking Subsides***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VB8-3V80-007F-G2VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** RICHMOND HEIGHTS, Mo., Dec. 15

**Body**

Santa Claus pushed himself off his throne and stroked the bridge of his big, cherry red nose. "I think President Clinton is a sleaze," he said. "Definitely, they should impeach him. Frankly, I don't care what they do, as long as they get rid of him."

His chief helper sidled over from behind the cash register in her velvety uniform and beefeater hat. "I'm sorry, I don't care what Santa thinks," said Lisa Jackson, a 45-year-old grandmother of three from St. Peters. "I sure hope they don't impeach the President. He's only got a year left. The people are trying to tell the Congress what they want, but the Congress won't listen."

In nearly three dozen interviews conducted over two days at places around the St. Louis suburb of Richmond Heights, including the St. Louis Galleria mall, where Jack Sim, 63, of nearby St. John, was portraying Santa, there was no consensus on impeachment. The greater number of people wished some face-saving compromise could be found to let the President finish out his term and a sizeable minority wanted the President punished to the fullest extent of the law with immediate dispatch.

What was striking was the hardening of attitudes and the relative dearth of those occupying the middle ground. In similar interviews around the country in recent months, many people expressed torn emotions, indecision and reluctance to take a stand. This time -- in Richmond Heights, at least -- the middle ground seemed to have all but evaporated and the positions of those in the two camps had grown more partisan and more intense.

Similar interviews in recent months, for instance, would have elicited a handful of new Monica Lewinsky jokes and many people would have attempted to ease their discomfort with wisecracks. The joking seems to have stopped here.

Richmond Heights is a small suburb, just 10,448 strong, five miles west of St. Louis. From its highest point on Clayton Road, St. Louis slides down toward the Mississippi River, the stumps of the downtown office towers framed in the great bell curve of the Gateway Arch. "We're that new buzz word, the inner-ring suburb," explained Patrick Brennan, the Mayor of Richmond Heights. And yet, for a small suburb it is uncommonly diverse, economically, politically and racially.

The population is 8,623 white, 1,587 black, with the remainder comprising relatively tiny groups of Asians, Hispanics and American Indians. The median family income in 1989, the most recent Census figure available, was $42,431, the median value of a house, $82,300.

But there is wide disparity here. Houses on its west side, near the tonier suburbs of Clayton and Ladue, are great edifices of brick and stucco set on grand, sloping lawns and costing into the millions of dollars. On the south side, there is a small ***working-class*** neighborhood, mostly black, left from the days when the suburb's chief employer was a brick factory. In the center are winding suburban roads lined with duplexes and single-family homes, that gradually ratchet their way up from middle- to upper-middle class as the suburb reaches westward.

The town is predominantly Catholic in the middle-class neighborhoods on the central and south side, nearest St. Louis, and the voters are mostly Democrats, Mr. Brennan said. "You know what they say about St. Louis," he said. "People identify themselves by their parishes and what high school they attended. They still do, even today, even here." To the west, in the fancier stretches, the vote turns Republican and the churches become Protestant, the Reformation seeming to occur somewhere around Hanley Road, one of the busier north-south arteries.

Richmond Heights elections do not require candidates to declare their party affiliations. The voters tend to elect a mix of Democrats and Republicans and to swing back and forth from one Presidential campaign to the next, said Richard Bauer, a spokesman for the St. Louis County Board of Elections. Currently, Republicans represent the suburb in the Legislature and a Democrat, Representative William Clay, in Congress. In 1996, President Clinton received 51.4 percent of the vote and Bob Dole, 38.9 percent. In 1992, Clinton received 51 percent, George Bush, 31.7 percent, and Ross Perot, 17.3 percent.

In interviews this week, a kind of steeliness seemed to settle on peoples' faces -- even Santa Claus -- when they were asked about impeachment. Nearly all of the respondents proved to be well versed on the process. And most everyone seemed to understand the nuances of the opinions on both sides.

Also striking was the near-total absence of affection or respect for the President. Even those who more fervently argued against impeachment had little but cold indifference for President Clinton. Only one person praised the President's stewardship.

"If the Republicans really go ahead and impeach him, like it seems they will, then I think he ought to resign instead of putting the country through a trial in the Senate," said Candy Prentice, 43, a bookkeeper. "It breaks my heart, but I think it's the best way for him to go."

All but three of those interviewed said they had made up their minds months ago. The three who changed their minds all had moved against the President.

"That speech Clinton gave last Friday did it for me," said Chuck Schierer, 26, a third-year law student at Washington University. "He is still not willing to tell the truth. He can end this anytime he wants, you know, by resigning. So I say he's played games with us for eight months, now it's time to play games with him."

At the Richmond Heights V.F.W. Post 3500, flying the flag over Big Bend Boulevard since 1950, six veterans from Korea and World War II were sitting around drinking coffee and beer, talking about the St. Louis Rams victory last weekend. It seemed an unlikely place to find Clinton sympathizers.

Not so. Only one of the men favored impeachment. "He's a draft dodger," said Vince Rankin, 83, who parachuted into France on D-Day with the 82d Airborne Division. "He's not fit to be President."

But the other five contended, just as strongly, that the President had been trapped into lying about his sex life, which was nobody's business. "A man's sex life and his religion are his own business," said Ed McEntee, who served in the South Pacific during World War II. "I think it's all a politically motivated thing. The Republicans are trying to cancel out the last Presidential election."

In an examining room at the Clinic of Internal Medicine, Dr. David J. Tucker, an internist, perched on one of those stools on wheels.

"I've given it a lot of thought and I'm not in favor of impeachment," Dr. Tucker said. "I don't want the country to go through that. I don't think it's necessary and the people don't want it. It's not that I'm pleased with the President's conduct. I think a true gentleman would have resigned by now, and I still think that it's the best way out."

Dr. Tucker looked out the window. "Let me put it this way," he said. "I don't want President Clinton to be impeached, but I wouldn't want to have him over for dinner, either."

Eric Hill, a Rams linebacker, was walking into the Galleria mall not far from Dr. Tucker's office. To him, it was all about what an impeachment trial would do to the country, and to the stock market. "The economy is going to suffer," he said. "Look at the market. It was down last week and it's down this morning again. I don't think that's a coincidence."

Halfway across town, at the Tropicana Lanes, five retired women were meeting for Monday morning bowling. "We're not in a league," said Maureen Krabbe from nearby Crestwood. "We're a league of our own." Opinions here were firmly held and decidedly against the President.

"I absolutely think he should be impeached," said Jean Graham, a retired bookkeeper from nearby Kirkwood. "The problem is that people don't realize that even if he's impeached, it doesn't mean he would be removed from office. There would still be a trial in the Senate."

At an adjacent lane, Lois Hert, a waitress from Arnold, Mo., quietly disagreed. "To a certain extent, I'm sick of it," she said. "I think everyone's sick of it. But I think the Senate and the Congress have got better things to do with their time than this. Don't they? I hope they do."

Mayor Brennan, a Democrat, sat behind his desk, an "Irishman for Hire" sign on the wall and a model of the town's under-construction, $10 million community center nearby. "The contractors asked me what the target date was, and I said two weeks before the next election," he said, laughing.

"I, myself, think it's a farce," he said, referring to the impeachment process. "There is ridiculous behavior on both sides. I think it's particularly ridiculous that the investigators have been allowed to do what they've done. But I can't pretend to speak for the entire community."

At the Richmond Heights Public Library, which will move into new spacious quarters when the community center is finished, one of the librarians, Linda Underwood, was returning books to the shelves. "You know, I think the President is a very good person," she said, sadly. "Look at him. He's off in the Middle East, doing the job we elected him to do.

"I think it's despicable what they're doing to him," she said. "It's so clearly a political thing. They've been trying to get him ever since he got into office and now, I'm afraid they're going to finish the job."

**Graphic**

Photos: Jack Sim, above left, portraying Santa Claus in Richmond Heights, Mo., said the President should be impeached. Linda Underwood said it was "despicable what they're doing to him." Dr. David Tucker said he did not want Mr. Clinton impeached but, "I wouldn't want to have him over for dinner, either." Mayor Patrick Brennan, at left, said impeachment was not the hottest topic in town. (Photographs by Bill Stover for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 16, 1998

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[***The Great British Breakfast***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R810-0038-D0WH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 5; Page 19, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1404 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW L. YARROW

**Body**

LONG before anyone worried about cholesterol, there was the English breakfast, and undoubtedly long after all the medical controversies have subsided, the morning repast of eggs, sausage, bacon and buttered, marmalade-laden toast will live on in London. It may not be a meal to be savored for its culinary delights, but it can be a feast for the eyes and ears at some of London's decidedly atmospheric morning eateries.

Indeed, one of the principal pleasures of breakfasting out while traveling is to discover a city as it's waking up, to watch its bleary-eyed, coffee- or tea-chugging inhabitants before they go off to work or shop or otherwise go about their business.

Just as London itself is a city of many neighborhoods and many moods, so are its restaurants where breakfast is the meal of the day. Amid the ham-and-egg joints, Wimpy's hamburger restaurants and early-morning pubs, one can find Edwardian elegance in Knightsbridge, Dickensian grittiness near the Smithfield meat market, art-and-theater-crowd trendiness near Covent Garden and an all-hours hideaway for night-crawling club-hoppers in Soho.

Hyde Park Hotel

Short of an audience with the Queen, it's hard to picture a grander setting to begin the day than the Park Room at the Hyde Park Hotel on Knightsbridge. Surrounded by marble columns, twinkling chandeliers, pastel murals, marvelous antiques and an incomparable view of Hyde Park, one might well imagine that the Empire is still purring along. The room itself could inhabit a museum of decorative arts, if not for the periodic intrusion of a grilled kipper, a tureen of croissants or an overly attentive waiter. Breakfasts are large and pricey, but the more food the better, since the excuse of eating allows one to linger in this oasis of turn-of-the-century gentility.

Each wing of the U-shaped dining room has about a dozen tables that face huge picture windows overlooking the tree-lined dirt promenade known as Rotten Row. On Sunday morning - the best time to make a reservation at the Park Room - a steady procession of horses trots past on the park's great equestrian roadway.

Inside, the clientele is generally as sedate as the setting. Well-dressed scions of the British upper crust and a smattering of Continental and American travelers speak in subdued tones or pore over their Sunday newspapers. The closest thing to flamboyance here is likely to be a diner gingerly wagging his finger for service.

The biggest of the three breakfasts offered is a feast called the Knightsbridge that, for $31.25, includes scrambled eggs wrapped in Scottish smoked salmon, melon with lemon sorbet, brioche, rolls, juice and champagne. The English breakfast ($20) features fruit, cereals, kippers and Finnan haddie, and the obligatory assortment of silver bowls full of marmalade, jam, honey and preserves accompanies the Continental breakfast ($15.50; all prices calculated at $1.65 to the pound).

(The Hyde Park Hotel (telephone 235 2000) is at 66 Knightsbridge, and breakfast is served from 7:30 to 10:30 A.M.)

Fox & Anchor

Disraeli once observed that there are two Englands, and the persistent reality of the country's class distinctions is cast into sharp relief by a quick ride on the Underground from Knightsbridge to a delightfully rough-edged ***working-class*** pub near the Farringdon Street station called the Fox & Anchor.

This dark, narrow restaurant, a few blocks from the cavernous Smithfield meat market, would be more comfortable in a Dickens novel than in the real-life precincts of late-20th-century England.

The neighborhood is a melange of quiet squares and bustling, cobbled streets where bummarees (or meat carriers) push two-wheel carts filled with beef and poultry and white-coated doctors come and go from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which was founded in 1123.

However, the Fox & Anchor is anything but an old curiosity shop. Breakfasts, which are about $3.25 to $10.75, consist of giant slabs of ham and seas of eggs, not to mention kidneys, black pudding and pints of ale. The very fact that ale and other alcoholic beverages are served from 6 to 9 A.M. only begins to explain this eatery's rather quirky charms. Because of its proximity to the meat market, the restaurant has a special liquor license to serve market workers whose nocturnal working hours make it their lunchtime when most Londoners are just waking up.

But the porters and other market workers who sidle up to the bar at 7 A.M. are not the only regulars here. Young doctors, nurses and medical students from St. Bartholomew's also fill the restaurant's tables and red plastic banquettes. The paneled walls are decorated with equestrian prints, mounted plates and a ferocious-looking stuffed fox perched next to a rusty anchor.

(The Fox & Anchor (253 4838) is at 115 Charterhouse Street, and breakfast is served from 6 to 10:30 A.M.)

Cafe Casbar

If cappuccino and art posters are more to one's liking than black pudding and stuffed foxes, a good destination might be the Cafe Casbar. This small, sleek cafe is in the heart of Covent Garden, and its look and menu are obviously geared to the district's many artists and theater people. The restaurant's neighbors include several galleries, a theater-rental warehouse, wine bars, teahouses and record and book shops. A few blocks away, of course, are the Royal Opera House, many West End theaters and the assemblage of boutiques, antiques stalls and restaurants that make up Covent Garden Market.

A glass counter filled with takeout salads and pastries greets one at the door, and the small multinational menu runs the gamut from bagels and brie sandwiches to muesli and English bacon. Affirming its impeccably arty credentials, the restaurant, which calls itself a ''cafe/gallery,'' has adorned its white brick walls with black-and-white photographs, gallery posters and flyers for London's hottest rock-music clubs. As is true at similarly hip-looking eateries, say, in lower Manhattan or West Hollywood, all the waiters look like actors or art students and the patrons are generally young and look like they (too) work in the theater.

(The Cafe Casbar (379 7768) is at 52 Earlham Street, near the Covent Garden Underground station. Breakfast is served from 9 to 11:30 A.M. on weekdays and from 10 to 11:30 A.M. on Saturdays; closed Sunday.)

Harry's All-Night Cafe

Although London is hardly a city that goes to bed early, the rather dubious American innovation known as the all-night breakfast has not yet caught on in England. A notable exception - notable, at least, for those with a penchant for eggs or pancakes at 3 A.M. - is a place called Harry's All-Night Cafe. This hole-in-the-wall Soho restaurant, on a small, dark thoroughfare a few blocks from Regent Street, serves English and American-style breakfasts from 10 P.M to 9 A.M. on weekdays (till 6 A.M. on Saturday and 8 A.M. on Sunday; closed Sunday night). The reason for such hours - presumably aside from the inevitable demand from insomniacs and jet-lagged travelers - is Harry's proximity to assorted nightclubs. Indeed, on most weekdays, only the small downstairs dining area is open until 3 A.M., when the clubs close and crowds arrive to fill the upstairs.

The downstairs area has only a couple of booths and tables as well as stools facing blue formica counters that wrap around the room.

A large mural that extends toward the bar and kitchen includes an assortment of such celebrities as John Lennon, Liza Minnelli, Groucho Marx and Marilyn Monroe lined up in front of Harry's.

Orange globes and tiny white lights built into suspended platform-like fixtures illuminate the room, and a small sign near the door - ''Consider our local residents; please leave quietly'' - suggests an ever-lurking potential for rowdiness.

Harry's diners are definitely cut from a different cloth from those who might be found at either the Hyde Park Room or the Fox and Anchor. Its mostly young crowd could have been transplanted from Avenue A in Manhattan.

This is a smoky, noisy but friendly place, good for a clandestine late-night meeting or a sudden after-hours craving for ''American waffles,'' with cream, syrup and strawberries ($6.50). The menu also includes steak and eggs ($11.50), deep-fried potato skins with sour cream and salad ($6), pancakes ($5) and the standard English breakfast of eggs, bacon, sausage and chips ($8.25).

Harry's (434 0309) is at 19 Kingly Street, a 10-minute walk from the Piccadilly Underground station.)

**Graphic**

Photos: Fox & Anchor, near Farringdon Street Underground station, at breakfast time; The exterior of the pub; Harry's All-Night Cafe attracts a mostly young crowd to Kingly Street, Soho; The chef cooks breakfast at the Fox & Anchor; the product of his labors: sausages, tomatoes, eggs, bacon, black pudding and fried bread; Breakfast in the Park Room of the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, left; Cafe Casbar, in the heart of Covent Garden, right (Jonathan Player); map of London showing locations of eateries

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[***Blacks Hit by Housing Costs Leave San Francisco Behind - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43N0-2J90-0109-T54Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 2, 2001 Thursday

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By EVELYN NIEVES

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 1

**Body**

At 21 years old, Shanika Long is giving up on San Francisco, the city she was born and reared in and would rather still call home.

Her mother tells her of a time when blacks owned certain parts of town, when the Fillmore District, for one, was a vibrant neighborhood with, she recalls, "a black-power-type mentality."

But, like the Fillmore's nickname, Harlem West, those days are history. And Ms. Long, a clerk at the Labor Ready agency for temporary workers who has a 3-year-old daughter, says she wants to live where black people can afford to buy houses and rear children.

"I'm moving out and I'm feeling like I'm being pushed out of San Francisco," she said. "The community now is, like, dead."

African-Americans, like Ms. Long, are leaving this city in droves. Over the last 10 years, as public housing and low-income projects have been torn down and as rents and house prices climbed to record levels, African-Americans have left San Francisco like no other city.

Census figures show that while the city's overall population increased more than 7 percent in the 1990's, the number of people who list their race as black fell from 79,039 in 1990 to 60,515 last year (with an additional 6,561 reporting some black heritage combined with another race, the first time the census allowed people to check a mixed-race category). That leaves the city of 776,733 with a black population of 8.6 percent.

Other cities have had notable declines in their black populations over the last decade -- Washington, for example.

But blacks in other cities appear to be migrating to the suburbs in a pattern of upward mobility. In San Francisco, many are leaving because they have no choice. Gentrification during the dot-com boom gave the city the distinction as the most expensive in the country.

Landlords in black neighborhoods, much like others, cashed in, raising rents and evicting long-term tenants. The recent technology bust has had little effect in lowering housing prices, real estate experts say. And since blacks have always been a relatively small minority here (13 percent of the population at its height in 1970) the consequences are striking.

The result, in one of the few major cities with a black mayor and a liberal political sensibility in sync with a majority of African-Americans, is a San Francisco with whole neighborhoods where it is rare to see a black person. It is a city where blacks have little clout, few cultural institutions and only one remaining neighborhood, the homely, lonely Bayview-Hunters Point, best known for a sewage treatment plant and radioactive Superfund site.

For many blacks here, San Francisco is the sweetheart who loved 'em and left 'em, who promised the moon and stars only to forget them when new blood came to town.

In the Fillmore, there has been much talk over the years of establishing a jazz district in honor of the jazz scene that emerged in the neighborhood from 1940 to 1950. It was the heyday of the community, when the black population of the city grew tenfold as thousands of blacks came to San Francisco looking for war jobs, many of them at the Navy shipyard at Hunters Point. But the jazz project has been in the planning stages for years with little action.

In 1997, Mayor Willie L. Brown Jr. promised to bring Bayview-Hunters Point thousands of jobs, a new stadium for the San Francisco 49ers and a megamall to go along with it. Voters approved the project in 1997, agreeing to finance it with $100 million in bonds. But the project was stalled when the 49ers owner, Eddie De Bartolo Jr., became embroiled in legal troubles and lost the team to his sister and her husband. The mall project is still in the talking stages.

Many blacks have little hope of things improving anytime soon. Even the black churches, the soul of the black community, have lost their influence. The Rev. Cecil Williams, pastor of the Glide Memorial Methodist Church, perhaps the sole remaining influential church, with more than 50 social and community programs, says that as blacks have moved, the churches have lost their base.

"Naturally, you're going to lose some of that vibrancy," said Mr. Williams, who blamed "economics, first and foremost -- the cost of living in this city" -- as the reason for the black exodus. His church is thriving, with more than 1,500 members of all races, many of whom drive from as far as Sacramento, 85 miles away. It also attracts busloads of tourists, drawn by the church's popular choir and band.

The mayor, through a spokesman, P. J. Johnston, said that not all blacks were leaving because they could not afford to stay.

"Those who would tell you it's simply a matter of poor people not being able to afford to live in this City obviously don't understand the black community, or the City of San Francisco,' Mr. Johnston said.

Some homeowners, he said, have sold their houses to cash in on the market and moved to more affordable cities. But, he conceded, lower-income renters "have had trouble keeping pace with this rise in housing costs, and many have moved to cheaper digs around the Bay Area."

Some are moving to ***working-class*** cities like Vallejo, Richmond or Fairfield, which have significant black populations and where it is still possible to buy a house for under $300,000. But census figures suggest that blacks appear to be bypassing Oakland, where African-Americans represent over a third of the population. In the last decade, that city, too, has seen a decline in its black population -- from 163,500 out of 399,500 residents in 1990 to 142,400 out of 372, 200 residents in 2000 -- as gentrification forced some low-income blacks to the further reaches of the area.

Black-owned businesses in San Francisco have also left. Fred Jordan, a past president of the San Francisco Black Chamber of Commerce, said: "There used to be 138 African-American businesses along Fillmore Street. Last I heard there were 32 left and very hard to find."

One that remains is Perry's Joint, a coffee and candy shop, on Fillmore Street. Perry Bennett opened the shop eight years ago, hoping to buy into the neighborhood's history. But now only 15 percent to 20 percent of his customers are black, he said.

While the Fillmore has been losing blacks for decades -- federal urban renewal projects in the 1960's displaced thousands of blacks to make way for a boulevard and Japan Trade Center, shops and plazas -- Mr. Bennett started his business at a time when community leaders were talking revitalization. But even in the eight years that he has been around, Mr. Bennett said, he has watched dozens of businesses close and hundreds of customers move.

Like some other African-American business owners in the city, Mr. Bennett complains that blacks lack the unity and community spirit to achieve success here. "If we had that, in the Bayview-Hunters Point area," he said, "where blacks own all the homes, all the apartments and we had a black business district going all up and down Third Street, and we were a constituency that could put someone in office that is going to look out for our interests, we wouldn't be having this conversation."

African-Americans do own most of the houses in Bayview-Hunters Point, but the prices of the modest starter house never kept pace with the rest of San Francisco's; homeowners who wanted to trade up were forced to leave the Bay Area to afford something better.

Sophie Maxwell, a city supervisor who represents Bayview-Hunters Point, said projects in the works should improve the neighborhood. "Economic revitalization is what we're looking at," Ms. Maxwell said. "We're losing numbers so we're trying to identify and work on the assets in this community."

The neighborhood's open space, parking places, vacant lots are all assets that developers are exploring, she said.

Eric Martin, a 43-year-old salesman at the Record Shop in Bayview, said Asians, whose numbers are steadily climbing here, could teach blacks how to move forward.

"The Filipinos come in and they got five families living in one house," Mr. Martin said. "That's how they do it, how they can afford it. Then they buy the house, then they buy another house. They got unity. Brothers ain't like that. It used to be like that way back in the 60's and 70's."

The major obstacle to attracting new life has been the Navy shipyard, which brought so many thousands of blacks to San Francisco during the war. Since the Defense Department closed the shipyard in 1974, the neighborhood has been overshadowed by its aging hulking buildings, several of which are contaminated with radioactive waste.

Some see the toxic waste that has made Bayview-Hunters Point the subject of scorn and ridicule as the one reason the black population has not been pushed out of its stronghold. "It's what's killing this community and at the same time it may be preserving what we have," said Rebecca Logue Bovee, an organizer with the Housing Rights Committee.

Deborah Dean, a 41-year-old cashier at the Record Shop, sees the plans to redevelop Bayview as a plot to drive out blacks, because "blacks don't represent the white tourism image of the city."

"I live where you can hear the games from the new Giants ballpark and everything and you can see the lights," she said. "And it's just a beautiful view. If it wasn't for the toxic waste, they would have taken this hill a long time ago."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article yesterday about an exodus of black residents from San Francisco gave an incorrect surname in some copies for the former San Francisco 49ers owner whose legal troubles stalled development plans in a black neighborhood. He is Eddie DeBartolo Jr., not Bartolo. A map with the article referred incorrectly in some copies to a neighborhood where a jazz district has been proposed. It is the Fillmore, not Filmore.

**Correction-Date:** August 3, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Eric Martin, left, drives 40 miles to work in San Francisco because he says he cannot afford housing in the city. Shanika Long is leaving San Francisco with her 3-year-old daughter because she says she wants to live where black people can afford to buy houses and rear their children. (Photographs by Peter DaSilva for The New York Times) Drawings (William McNulty/The New York Times) Chart: "A City's Changes"Census data show that in the last decade the black population of San Francisco had the largest loss of any ethnic group. San Francisco racial percentages 1990Black: 11%White: 46%Asian: 29%Hispanic: 14%Other: fewer than 1% 2000Black: 8%White: 44%Asian: 32%Hispanic: 14%Other: 2% And the number of blacks living in and around historically black neighborhoods also shrank. Map of San Francisco highlighting the percentage of blacks living in or around historically black neighborhoods.

**Load-Date:** August 2, 2001

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[***An Irish Writer Redeems Black Sheep***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VDT-CY60-007F-G262-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1578 words

**Byline:** Sebastian Barry

By MEL GUSSOW

By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

Although novelists have written plays, and playwrights have written novels, it is rare for a writer to be equally adept at both arts, with one definite exception being Samuel Beckett. But at 43, Beckett's countryman Sebastian Barry seems well on his way to such an accomplishment.

"The Steward of Christendom" (presented last year at the Brooklyn Academy of Music) is a harrowing drama about the redemption of Dublin's last police chief before Irish independence. Mr. Barry's 1998 play, "Our Lady of Sligo," acclaimed at the Royal National Theater in London and at the Abbey Theater in Dublin, is his darkest, most mordant work.

With his second and latest novel, "The Whereabouts of Eneas McNulty," Mr. Barry shows a command of the narrative form and the lyrical sweep of his poetic Irish predecessors. Eneas is the latest in Mr. Barry's empathetic gallery of exiles, a peaceful man who is treated as a pariah in his community. Through the life of his title character, the author depicts the cruel paradoxes in 20th-century Ireland.

Mr. Barry is part of a wave of talented and remarkably prolific new Irish playwrights that includes Martin McDonagh, Billy Roche and Conor McPherson. "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" is the first in Mr. McDonagh's "Connemara Trilogy" about ***working-class*** people in provincial Ireland. Mr. Roche, whose work has not yet been seen on the New York stage, wrote "The Wexford Trilogy," dealing with the grittiness of day-to-day life in his hometown.

Mr. McPherson has moved from the boy's-night-out world of "This Lime Tree Bower" to spectral tales like "St. Nicholas" (a one-man play acted Off Broadway last season by Brian Cox) and "The Weir," scheduled for Broadway this season. These four writers and others, including Marina Carr, are in the great Irish tradition, from O'Casey and Synge through Beckett and on to Brian Friel.

Mr. Barry's plays and his novel are inspired by moments in the lives of the author's relatives, who have been neglected by history and forgotten by their own family. Through his art, he reinvents them as dramatic characters.

In a recent interview, he explored his motivation for writing what he calls ghost plays: "If some of the people in your family have been erased -- for religious reasons or for what they have done -- that means that part of yourself has been erased." His search is for the metaphorical DNA that links him with his ancestors. Through Mr. Barry's work, theatergoers and readers can track the genealogy of his family of characters, as well as the course of Ireland.

The title character in his new novel, based on his great-uncle, is an Irishman without a country. Unable to find work in Ireland before World War I, he becomes a British merchant seaman. Later he joins the Royal Irish Constabulary. Although he is regarded as a traitor to the cause of Irish independence, he is a hero who stoically follows his heart, placing morality above patriotism. In a reading of his work at New York University's Ireland House, Mr. Barry chose a pivotal section in which Eneas is threatened by a childhood friend who demands that he leave Ireland or face assassination. Like his Virgilian namesake, Eneas becomes a wanderer.

Speaking about his great-uncle, an outcast like Eneas, he said, "I was trying to restore him in the book of life, and, ironically, the only way I could do that was to invent a life for him." His fictionalization is, he said, "a lie of a life, but it's the only life I can give back to this man." Descriptive details differ, but the essence remains, the tragic story of a man -- fact and fiction -- trapped by his own and his nation's history.

Similarly "The Steward of Christendom" was inspired by the life of his great-grandfather, a police chief who was demonized by his neighbors as an agent of the British. The title character in "Our Lady of Sligo" is his grandmother, Mai O'Hara, who, along with her husband, waged a private war against the injustices of Irish nationalism. "A fearsome and dangerous creature," Mai died two years before her grandson was born. "I can't say that the play presents her as a wonderful role model," he said, "but it does give her a place in the world. That pleases me, to have done that strange service for my grandmother."

"Eneas McNulty" started out as a play. Unable to complete it to his satisfaction, he put it aside. The problem with making it a play, he said, was that Eneas was not a reflective man. "Confusion, as Friel said, is not an ignoble condition, but Eneas is perpetually confused. That didn't seem to work in a play. It's like forcing a person to speak when he has no intention of speaking." When he picked it up again, it seemed to fit naturally into the novelistic form.

In the manner of George Bernard Shaw, who grouped his work into Plays Pleasant and Plays Unpleasant, Mr. Barry set out to write seven Plays Familial. But he wrote only six. For him "Eneas McNulty" completes the cycle. Now he is thinking about writing what he refers to as a public play, dealing more directly with events in contemporary Irish history.

Mr. Barry traces his interest in theater to his childhood. His mother, Joan O'Hara, is a leading actress with the Abbey Theater; his father was an architect who had written poetry as a young man. As a boy of 7 he was taken to the theater to see his mother work. After leaving her in her dressing room, he was led to his seat in the audience. As he spoke about the momentous day, he seemed to project himself back in time as he watched his mother in Yeats's "Cathleen ni Hoolihan": "I can see the stage very black, and this old, old woman walks toward me and starts to speak, 'I am Cathleen, the daughter Hoolihan.' "

He knew that the actress was his mother but he remembers thinking, "How would I be able to go home with this old, old woman?" It did not occur to him that there was a difference between his mother offstage and in character. He is still perplexed by the magic of the acting process. "In a way, I still haven't sorted that out. The difference now is that I don't want to sort it out." He said he was less influenced by writers than by "that vanished company of Abbey actors."

Subsequently, as an observer of his own work, he marvels how Donal McCann in "The Steward of Christendom," Sinead Cusack in "Our Lady of Sligo" and others transform themselves.

Although he often went to the Abbey as a young man, for years he avoided working in the theater because he considered it his mother's world. While studying Latin at Trinity College in Dublin, he wrote fiction and poetry. Discouraged by life in Ireland and by what he thought was a pervasive air of corruption, he moved to the Continent, spending most of his time in Paris, where he wrote for the next eight years.

When he returned to Dublin, he met the actress who was to become his wife. After she left for a few weeks to work in a series for the BBC, he decided to write a play, in emulation of Garcia Lorca, who was said to have written one in two weeks. The result, completed quickly, was "Boss Grady's Boys." His wife, Alison, read it and suggested he send it to the Abbey, which presented it in 1988 in a production starring Eamon Kelly, who was so pleased with the work that he wrote on a poster, "Well done, Sebastian. You turned Dublin's head."

With his first play, Mr. Barry found the theater to be "entirely addictive." Looking back, he admitted an earlier resistance. "In the arrogance of my youth, I had considered playwriting to be not quite as admirable as poetry or even fiction," he said. "Now it seems to me the strength of a play is that it exists very clearly on that little stage in the back of your mind, and then it exists when it's produced."

His mother has acted in several of his plays. She inspired the character of the daughter in "Our Lady of Sligo." In that play, her mother describes her as "this child of mine, going off in the morning to dance about in next to nothing I suppose in foreign plays, written by fellas with hard little bitter names, Gorky and the like."

Just as he believes that politics are changing in Ireland, opening the country to new freedoms, Mr. Barry sees a greater expansiveness among Irish writers, especially in the theater. "The real sea change is that you don't feel that spirit being diminished in your own country," he said. "Maybe that's what's given rise to this fountain of plays. It's like a stain being taken off a picture. Strange birds can fly unmolested now in Irish writing."

With "The Beauty Queen of Leenane" continuing on Broadway and "The Weir" forthcoming, Mr. Barry said, only half jokingly, that "Our Lady of Sligo" would probably not be done in New York until next season because "there is room only for one Irish play a year on Broadway."

Recently, he has been immersing himself in another theatrical form, collaborating with Martha Clarke on a projected Broadway version of the Frank Loesser movie musical "Hans Christian Andersen." For the show, he is creating a new book, the opposite of the fanciful Danny Kaye film, and, it would seem, a new and more authentic persona for Andersen, one with an antipathy to children.

Asked if there were any way one of his relatives could be worked into the musical, he said, "I have a terrible feeling that in the end it will be a version of my Great-Uncle Harry. I'm not sure I can work any other way." Then, in what could be a description of his creative process, he said, "It's just the harvesting of things you accidentally know."

**Graphic**

Photo: The playwright Sebastian Barry has finished his second novel, "The Whereabouts of Eneas McNulty," which is based on his great-uncle. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E3)

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**End of Document**



[***Enrollment Is Down, Tuition Is Up, and the End Is Near***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FHT-PKH0-TW8F-G37S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 33; A Textbook Case of a Catholic School in a Spiral

**Length:** 1841 words

**Byline:** By ANDY NEWMAN

**Body**

It is 1965, and the brick walls of St. Teresa elementary school, in an area of Queens once known as Irishtown, are bursting at the seams. Fifty-four boys crowd into Sister Mildred Marie's sixth-grade classroom, while her counterpart, Sister John Marie, rides herd over 46 sixth-grade girls. Enrollment has just hit a new high of 1,000.

Now it is 2005, and St. Teresa's, population 176, is all but an educational ghost town. The peeling red ''SILENCE'' sign hanging in the stairwell seems superfluous. There are 19 children in the sixth grade. Next year, there will be none.

By now, the whipsawing forces that led the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn and Queens to announce the closing of 22 schools this month, a forced contraction unprecedented in the annals of New York City Catholic education, are familiar.

Enrollment is down, after decades of flight from the boroughs by the Irish- and Italian-American Catholics who built the parochial school system. The growing shortage of priests and nuns has robbed the schools of their source of cheap labor, driving tuitions up, and in turn driving enrollment down, driving tuition higher still.

But questions remain. How did the broad social changes play out at these particular schools? Why now, after years of decline, did the diocese, and in this case the school, conclude that the situation was beyond help?

Unlike many parishes in the diocese, St. Teresa's, in Woodside, is not flat broke, at least not yet, and has never gone begging to the diocese for money. And unlike many of the other parishes that are losing their schools, St. Teresa's, a pocket of small brick houses and apartment buildings a half-mile square, is still home to plenty of Catholic school-age children -- probably more than a thousand, census figures show -- 350 of whom attend the church's Saturday catechism classes.

But the bottom line is the same as elsewhere, said the school's principal, Martin C. Abruzzo.

''The enrollment drives the financial picture,'' he said in his office last Wednesday, ''and unless we have something to back that financial pool, then the operation must cease to be.''

Mr. Abruzzo, who has run St. Teresa's for 30 of his 66 years, made a face as if he had tasted ashes. ''I hate calling it an operation,'' he said. ''It's a living organism.''

This is the story of the birth, life and death of one school, an attempt to make one closing more comprehensible, if not less painful. It may hold some lessons applicable in some ways to the other 21 elementary schools that will be closed and the 125 in the diocese that will remain open, many of them challenged within an inch of their lives.

Before there was St. Teresa's parish or St. Teresa's Church, there was St. Teresa School.

In the 1920's, northwest Queens was booming. The Woodside and Corona subway line, now known as the No. 7, was up and running, and Irish families by the score fled the slums of Manhattan to move out to ''the country.'' The parish in Woodside, St. Raphael's, needed a school, and decided to build a mission school half a mile east of the church. St. Teresa, a four-story brick-and-white fortress on 44th Street off 50th Avenue, named for the newly canonized Therese of Lisieux, opened its doors to 200 students in 1927. On Sundays, the school doubled as a church. Mass was said in the basement.

After the lean years of Depression and war came the baby boom, and Woodside exploded again. St. Raphael's built another school and St. Teresa's became a full-fledged parish with its own church in 1950. Even with other new schools opening around St. Teresa's, the supply of Catholic schoolchildren seemed limitless, said Msgr. Denis Herron, pastor of St. Teresa's.

''When people were moving they'd first look to see if you could get into school before they bought the house,'' he said. ''People would ask the principal and he'd say, 'No.' Then they'd ask the pastor and he'd say, 'We'll try to sneak them in.' That's how you would end up with class sizes that people now would think are insane.''

By 1965, Monsignor Herron said, every inch of available space had been given over to general classrooms, including the old worship hall in the basement that had become the school's gym.

One member of the class of 1965, Michael J. Hardiman, said that when there was a fire drill, the children filled the sidewalks on both sides of the school, all the way up to 50th Avenue. The school employed not just a nurse but a doctor and a dental hygienist. All while charging tuition of just $40 a year, in part because 19 of the 22 teachers were nuns, Dominican Sisters of Sparkill, but mostly because healthy parish collections paid for the running of the school.

During the late 1960's and 70's, as the baby boomers moved on to high school and the Irish migrated again, to the suburbs, enrollment at St. Teresa fell slowly but steadily, by about 30 students a year. At the same time, the nuns, who worked for stipends of a few thousand dollars plus room and board, were growing scarce. By 1970 they were outnumbered at the school by lay teachers.

In 1972, the school levied its first major tuition increase, to $325 from $80 a year. Enrollment dropped by 80 students the next school year.

When Mr. Abruzzo arrived, in 1975, St. Teresa was down to its last nun. The church fathers asked at his interview if he felt he could keep the school open another five years. Enrollment continued to drop, so tuition kept going up. Mr. Abruzzo said that the trend, while unhappy, did not seem fatal. ''I thought it would level off,'' he said. St. Teresa added music and art programs and started a kindergarten and a pre-K, which slowed the drain.

By 1992, the school was down to 275 students; not many, but at an average of 27 students per grade, enough to keep things running.

By then, Woodside was filling up again, this time with a new crop of ***working-class*** immigrants from every corner of the globe: Bangladesh, Korea, the Congo and all over Latin America. For financial and cultural reasons, not many of them sent their children to St. Teresa, but enrollment finally stabilized, and for the rest of the 1990's, it hovered around 265. Tuition was gradually increased to $2,500 a year.

Then in 2000, enrollment tumbled again. Now there were fewer than 250 students. Mr. Abruzzo, who acknowledges that he knows more about educating children than about marketing, said he was not too worried. ''I thought it would level off again,'' he said. It didn't. From 2001 to 2002, the enrollment fell to 205 children from 239.

St. Teresa's was running out of wiggle room.

Mr. Abruzzo went to the 2002 National Catholic Education Association conference in Atlantic City to attend workshops on marketing and development.

The mood, Monsignor Herron recalled, was growing tense. ''You're sort of heading toward Niagara Falls,'' he said, ''and you say, 'We've got to turn this around, we've got to turn this around.' But it keeps getting closer and closer.''

In 2003, Mr. Abruzzo said, ''We went from a bleed to a hemorrhage.'' Many families who had lost jobs after the 9/11 attack were moving out of the area. Only 165 children signed up for school.

Drastic measures were in order. St. Teresa's raised tuition by $500, to $3,800 a year. Parents were enlisted to beat the bushes. They printed up fliers. They staked out corners near the public schools. ''We stood a respectable distance away,'' said Monica Markowitz, head of the Parents Guild, and buttonholed other parents dropping off their children. They held fashion shows to raise money.

In the spring, St. Teresa's held a Discovery Day in the school gym to let the community know about the school. ''We advertised, we prepared, we decorated,'' Monsignor Herron said. Perhaps 20 people showed up.

In October 2003, a new bishop, Nicholas A. DiMarzio, was installed in Brooklyn and put more pressure on the failing schools.

In November 2003, an Alumni Day drew 1,200 sons and daughters of St. Teresa's from as far as California. They donated more than $30,000. ''Ordinarily you don't expect any kind of contribution from elementary school alumni,'' Mr. Abruzzo said.

But it was easier to attract people from across the country than from across the street. ''When we did exit interviews,'' he said, ''people were moving out of the neighborhood, out of the state or out of the country.''

Following the lead of a handful of other schools in the diocese, St. Teresa's made a $170,000-a-year deal with the city's public schools to rent out its ground floor to Public School 199, whose building nearby was bursting its seams just as St. Teresa's had decades before. St. Teresa's also tapped the parish coffers for a big contribution, $117,000, for the first time in a very long time.

Registrations for the 2004 school year actually ticked up, thanks in part to generous scholarships given by alumni. But a future could not be sustained.

A few months ago, Mr. Abruzzo ran some projections. ''Next year, to get back on our feet'' and meet a million-dollar budget, he said, ''we'd need $500,000, maybe $600,000. Then we would need it again the following year.''

Mr. Abruzzo passed the information on to the diocese. Early in February, Michael Hardiman, class of 1965, now the diocese's vicar of education, called St. Teresa's to break the news that his alma mater would close. ''It was not an easy call to make,'' he said. ''The school has been part of my life.''

While St. Teresa's current students are all promised spots at St. Raphael's School in neighboring Long Island City, the future of the building, which is owned by the parish, is unclear.

At midday on Wednesday, Mr. Abruzzo, a jowly man with bushy, arched eyebrows, left his small yellow office for a brief tour of the school.

He stopped by a second-grade classroom to hear the children recite their pre-lunch prayer. He paused in the hall to greet Dr. Elizabeth Lutas, a cardiologist who visits the school one week a year with her model eyeball and inner ear to teach the children anatomy.

Down a long dim hallway with linoleum floors the color of raw salmon, he pointed out a statue of St. Teresa herself.

He swung through the ground floor, where the air buzzed with five classrooms of kindergartners from P.S. 199, a reminder of the untapped market.

Mr. Abruzzo returned to his office. It is no longer exactly a seat of power. He has no idea what he will be doing come September. He says he cannot afford to retire.

Which reminded him. ''Here's something,'' he said, and picked up a fax that had come the day before from a school in Forest Hills. The letterhead was in Hebrew.

''To Whom it May Concern,'' the fax said. ''We are sorry to hear that your school is merging with another school. Perhaps we can help. If you have any teachers who are looking for a job in a private school, elementary or middle school, we have positions available.

''Sincerely,'' it was signed, ''Rabbi David Abramchik, Principal.''

Principal Abruzzo smiled ruefully. ''At least someone cares,'' he said. '' I don't know what they'll pay. But I'll send in a resume.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: ''Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts.'' The prayer, to be recited before meals, always precedes lunch break for pupils at St. Teresa's, a Catholic school in Woodside, Queens. (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. 33)

St. Teresa School opened its doors in 1927 to 200 children. Diocesan officials said this month that the doors would not reopen in September.

Martin C. Abruzzo, the principal of St. Teresa's, said enrollment went ''from a bleed to a hemorrhage.'' (Photographs by Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. 36)Chart/Map: ''Decline of a School''Like many Catholic schools, St. Teresa's in Woodside, Queens, fell into a vicious cycle. Enrollment dropped, forcing the school to increase tuition, which caused enrollment to drop further.Enrollment Selected years.Graph tracks enrollment in Catholic schools for selected years since 1964.1964: 1,0002004: 176TuitionGraph tracks cost of tuition since 1965.Teachers Selected years.RELIGIOUSGraph tracks number of teachers in selected years since 1964.Map of Queens, New York highlighting St. Teresa's Parish.(Source by St. Teresas School)(pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 2005

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[***The Art of the Deal Fades in Atlantic City;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V9M-HS50-007F-G1WX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Those Who Run Poker Tables Face Pay Cut, and Some Choose to Fold***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V9M-HS50-007F-G1WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DAVID KOCIENIEWSKI

By DAVID KOCIENIEWSKI

**Dateline:** ATLANTIC CITY, Dec. 10

**Body**

It was just before midnight in the perpetual fluorescent twilight of the Taj Mahal Casino poker room when an uproar at a corner table grew so loud that three casino managers ran over to intervene.

The game was seven-card stud; a player with a British accent was holding eight cards.

With his competitors angrily demanding an explanation, the player with the extra queen blamed the dealer. Thomas Gitto, vice president of poker operations, quickly scanned the scene and noticed how the other players' cards had been splayed sloppily around the table.

The dealer, a man in his 40's, sat silent, drumming his fingers on the table.

"Let him play," said Mr. Gitto, shaking his head. "The dealer made a mistake."

In a Hollywood western, that kind of error would invariably lead to a shootout, but in Atlantic City today, where poker dealing is becoming a lost art, mistakes at the card tables have become all too common.

A change in New Jersey's strict gambling regulations last year cut poker dealers' take-home pay by nearly 40 percent, sending many of the most skilled dealers to better-paying jobs at Atlantic City's blackjack tables or baccarat games or to poker rooms in Las Vegas or Connecticut. Dealers who remain at Atlantic City's two round-the-clock poker rooms say the pay cut has left them demoralized. Casino managers complain that the strict regulations enforced by the New Jersey Casino Control Commission have made it that much harder for them to attract and retain skilled dealers.

The State Legislature recently passed a bill intended to increase dealers' pay by letting them accept direct tips from players, instead of the current system of pooling gratuities and splitting them among fellow dealers. But Casino Control Commission officials say they fear that a system of direct tipping, which dealers believe would be more generous, might encourage dealers to cheat, so Gov. Christine Todd Whitman conditionally vetoed the measure.

The Legislature and the Commission are now trying to forge a compromise, but in the card rooms of Atlantic City, where the United States Poker Championship is now being held, players say that unless some change is made, Atlantic City will remain relegated to the minor leagues of the competitive poker circuit.

"It's horrible here," said Layne Flack , 29, a professional card player who flew from Los Angeles last week for the tournament. "Half the dealers don't pay attention or know what they're doing. If Atlantic City wants to get serious about poker, the commission has to do something. If not, it's almost not worth the trouble to play here."

The dispute over tipping policy has strained the complex relationship between dealers and players, because nearly half of the 3,000 people who play poker at Atlantic City casinos on any given day are professionals who earn their living at the card tables. Since poker was legalized in New Jersey, a new generation of card players has become ensconced around Atlantic City: former factory workers, secretaries, college students and the like have migrated to the area, people who earn an average of $50,000 to $100,000 a year working a 40-hour week in poker rooms.

Dealers and players know each other by name or nickname, socialize together in a handful of South Jersey bars. They commute to Atlantic City from the same neighborhoods in ***working-class*** towns like Ventnor, Absecon and Egg Harbor. But most skilled players are also stingy with tips. So when the chips are down, well, the players aren't exactly eager to deposit them in the small plastic tip boxes attached next to the dealer's seat at every table.

"When the players' luck is bad a lot of them blame the dealer," said Okham Rathpakey, who has been dealing at the Taj Mahal for two years. "They swear at you or throw their cards. But when they win, what do they do? Most of them throw you a dollar."

Poker players are so notoriously tight with their tokens, especially compared to the free-spending gamblers who play other games, that they have made poker dealers pariahs among other Atlantic City gambling employees. When the city legalized poker in 1993, state officials decided that dealers should be compensated like their colleagues at the blackjack or craps tables: casinos would pay an hourly wage ranging from $3.85 to $7.50 per hour depending on experience; any tips from customers would be put into a pool and distributed evenly among all gambling employees.

The trouble began when the other casino employees noticed that poker dealers were being paid far more in tips than their players were contributing. They lobbied State Senator William L. Gormley, an Atlantic City Republican, to sponsor a law that ejected poker dealers from the communal-toke pool. (Casino employees call tips "tokes," short for tokens.) Instead, the poker tips were placed in a pool strictly for poker dealers.

Atlantic City's 390 poker dealers had already to contend with high-pressure, tedium, paper cuts, graveyard shifts and a humbling form of repetitive strain injury that compels many of them to tote seat cushions from table to table. So when the new law was enacted in January, and their toke rate fell to about $8 an hour from $16, nearly half of the Taj Mahal's dealers quit or went out on disability, Mr. Gitto said.

Even though the casinos have sought to soften the financial impact on poker dealers by adding a dollar or two per hour to the tip rate, Ms. Rathpakey said her take-home pay immediately dropped to about $300 a week from $450. She has been forced to cut corners to pay her bills and has had to curtail how much money she sends to family members in Laos.

"I tried to work a second job as a cocktail waitress, but I was too exhausted to keep doing it," she said. "So now I just don't buy as much."

Darryl Phillips, publisher of the Web site Pokerwwworld, said Atlantic City dealers had always been considered a cut below those in other poker venues and the drop in pay made matters even worse.

Mr. Phillips has assembled a Poker Dealer Hall of Fame, which features inductees from a half-dozen states: including Las Vegas legends like Al Bass, who once dealt a hand with two royal flushes; and Gary Philips, who not only dealt the largest pot in history ($2.3 million), but also dealt the 1996 world championship outdoors in 20 mile per hour winds.

Not a single dealer from Atlantic City is included, because "Atlantic City dealing is the pits," Mr. Phillips said.

To players, the dealers' lackluster performance means more than just inconvenience and lost time; it means money. Skilled poker players know they must wade through a lot of bad hands before finding a hand worth betting. So in high-stakes poker, where players compete for one another's money but pay the casino $16 an hour to sit at the table, the best dealer is the one who keeps the game moving as fast as possible.

"I'm paying every minute I sit at that table," Mr. Flack said. "So if I see 20 hands an hour I've got a lot more chances to win than if I see 10 hands an hour."

Don't more hands also mean more chances to lose?

"If you thought you were going to lose," Mr. Flack said, "you wouldn't be sitting at the table in the first place."

Virtually every other state with legalized poker allows players to tip dealers directly, said Steve Radulovich, managing editor of Card Player Magazine. Players say common sense, not to mention sound capitalist theory, suggests that any dealer who is being tipped directly will be faster and more courteous.

"The way it is now, every dealer only gets a small portion of each tip, so they don't really care what you put in," said Charlie Indyg an Atlantic City hotel owner who plays recreationally. "But if the dealer keeps it all, they'll deal faster, the players can make more money, and they won't mind tipping more."

New Jersey officials have resisted adopting such a policy because they fear it might encourage corruption, said Dan Heneghan, spokesman for the Casino Commission. When New Jersey voters passed a referendum to legalize gambling in 1976, state officials devised dozens of regulations to prevent cheating and infiltration by organized crime.

The toke pool was intended to place distance between the bettor and the dealer, especially in games like blackjack, where a dealer plays with the casino's money and could conspire to help a player by failing to collect a losing bet.

But every Atlantic City gambling table is now kept under constant video surveillance. Jack McClelland, who is running the national poker championship, said that because poker players are betting and playing against each other, "it's like having eight sheriffs at every table."

The chairman of the casino commission, James R. Hurley, has indicated that he might be willing to drop his opposition to the bill to allow direct tipping, said an aide who spoke on the condition of anonymity. Senator Gormley, who sponsored the legislation of direct tipping, did not return repeated calls, so it was unclear whether he and Mr. Hurley had reached an agreement.

Even with the prospect of higher tips, Michelle Zames said her days behind the card table were numbered. Last year, she had the kind of magical experience most casino employees can only dream of, when she was chosen to play a dealer in the film "Rounders," which starred Matt Damon as a struggling poker player. But the real world of the poker dealer is far more grind than glitz, Ms. Zames said, so she has since taken the entrance exam for the Atlantic City Police Department and is awaiting an opening on the force.

"There's nothing glamorous about dealing," she said. "It's like working at a factory. Same people every day, same thing over and over. Or like a gym, one that doesn't smell so bad. So people ought to at least be paid fairly to do it."

**Graphic**

Photos: Okham Rathpakey dealing poker at the national championships at the Taj Mahal. She said she took a waitress job for a time to make up for a recent drop in tips. (Photographs by Laura Pedrick)

**Load-Date:** December 13, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Just Where Does Connecticut Shop?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43H4-GGK0-0109-T38D-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

THE sudden shakeout in Connecticut's discount retail market over the last two years surprised and puzzled Jesse Moldavsky of West Hartford, a longtime customer of Caldor and Bradlees.

But her switch in allegiance to Wal-Mart helps explain why those two discount chains folded so dramatically and why the state's other major discounters, Kmart, Ames, and Service Merchandise, suffered an economic drubbing they're struggling to reverse.

"After that initial shock, I thought, 'Oh my gosh, how could this happen?' " said Ms. Moldavsky, 48, a professional pet sitter who had shopped at the two now-defunct chains for decades. "And then you start thinking about all the negatives -- how there was never any sales help at Caldor's and Bradlees, the shelves were partially empty, and with a busy agenda you just really didn't want to keep track of when the shipments might come in."

So Ms. Moldavsky now favors Wal-Mart "because the quality of merchandise is higher, the variety is greater, and the staff is very knowledgeable and caring."

Wal-Mart, the world's top discount retailer, and Target, the latest discounter to enter Connecticut, have advantages that have attracted Ms. Moldavsky and waves of other customers. Newer, nimbler, and more adaptive, they go after a younger, more affluent clientele than the older chains. Both also have technological superiority and the ability to speedily change offerings to suit changing tastes.

By comparison, analysts said, the battered survivors are struggling to combat dowdy images and a dwindling clientele.

"We'll continue to see a shakeout in the industry," predicted John Finguerra, who developed the Buckland Hills Mall, as well as the state's first Wal-Mart and Home Depot and one of its first Targets.

Wal-Mart and Target are "right on the cutting edge of technology in terms of assessing the consumer's tastes," Mr. Finguerra said, "and they have a tremendous back-up in ordering from their suppliers who do turnaround on a dime."

Kmart and Ames made little effort to upgrade their stores when Wal-Mart and Target entered the state, said William Kane, a principal with Wellspeak Dugas & Kane of Cheshire, a retail appraisal and consulting firm. The new discounters have larger stores, "better merchandise, and better service," Mr. Kane said, "and that was a welcome mat for middle-income and upper-income families."

Indeed, Ames, Kmart, and Service Merchandise officials all said expansion is not in their plans, while Wal-Mart and Target continue to add outlets. When Caldor and Bradlees shut down, Wal-Mart and Target jumped on the remains. Wal-Mart bought 12 Caldor sites in Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York, including stores in Avon, Derby, New Britain, Old Saybrook, Rocky Hill, and Southington. In March, the United States Bankruptcy Court approved Wal-Mart's bid for 13 Bradlees stores, including ones in Norwalk, Danbury, Guilford Hamden, New Milford, and Waterbury. Target picked up two empty Caldors and three Bradlees stores in the Northeast (none in Connecticut).

Arkansas-based Wal-Mart opened its first Connecticut store in Manchester in 1993. The chain now has 19 general merchandise stores here, including outlets in Manchester and East Windsor; one Supercenter in North Windham, and three Sam's Club membership warehouses in Manchester, Berlin, and Orange.

In January, the chain opened stores in Avon and Bristol. Others will open in Newington, Old Saybrook, Lisbon, and Stratford this year. In the next 12 months Wal-Mart said it will expand in six Connecticut locations, all former Bradlees stores in Danbury, Guilford, Hamden, New Milford, Norwalk, and Waterbury.

Wal-Mart operates 1,736 general merchandise stores, 950 Supercenters, which are twice as large, 476 Sam's Club membership warehouses, and 1,080 international stores.

Wal-Mart has 62 distribution centers and locates its stores around them. That allows for a one-day travel time to restock the shelves of any store in the country , Thomas Williams, a company spokesman, said.

"It's the kind of company that has for years run its business in the most cost-effective and most efficient imaginable way," said Kurt Barnard, president of the Barnard Retail Trend Report.

Minneapolis-based Target came to the state in October, opening three stores in South Windsor, New Britain, and Waterford. Its parent company, the Target Corporation, operates 1,306 discount and department stores in 46 states, including 991 Targets.

The chain features more upscale, hip fashions and housewares than the other discounters and does not carry the "hard" lines -- appliances, furniture and auto services.

"Target is a tremendous clothing merchant," Mr. Finguerra said. Because it doesn't carry the hard lines, "they're able to devote their full energies toward the 'soft' lines and they adapt very quickly to changes in taste and translate them very rapidly onto the floor of the store."

Target also has the potential of keeping its customers for a long time.. They range from teenagers to the 40-year-old market, Mr. Finguerra said. "Since they're able to attract a younger clientele, they're able to follow that customer through the years."

In its fiscal first quarter ending May 5, Target's discount stores reported a profit of $502 million, up from $467 million a year earlier. That division recorded a $2.223 billion profit last year, up from $2.022 billion in 1999.

Troy, Michigan-based Kmart, the successor to the Kresge chain, is one of the oldest survivors in Connecticut, opening its first three stores here in 1973. Now, analysts said, it's battling an outdated, unfashionable image and drooping profits.

Unless discounters establish a clear market niche, they're only "copy cats," said Richard A. Freeman, a former director of the Investment Banking Consumer Group of Salomon Smith Barney. "When you're not the lead dog, you're just trying to follow the pricing and category assortments of the lead dog, and that's a recipe for financial flu."

Indeed, Kmart reported a $25 million loss in its first fiscal quarter ending April 30, after a $249 million loss in 2000.

But Kmart is trying to reverse the trend, replacing top executives throughout the company and initiating a new marketing campaign. It has also revived the Blue Light Special, "a very inspired idea," Mr. Barnard said.

Until it was discontinued 10 years ago, Kmart was known for the blue light located outside every store that flashed every hour signaling a 20-minute bargain-hunting frenzy for selected top-brand products at deep discount. On April 2, the Blue Light returned to all of Kmart's 2,107 outlets.

Kmart is also revamping its distribution systems. A new $100 million distribution center is planned for New York, Stephen Pagnani, a Kmart spokesman, said. The company is also installing new scanning systems at the registers as well as updating its technology.

"There's a way to go," Mr. Barnard said, "but they're going to make it, I'm quite confident."

Currently, Kmart has 17 stores in Connecticut towns, including Manchester, Vernon, Windsor, Waterbury, Cromwell and Southington. The chain has 2,107 stores in all 50 states, Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands.

There are no plans to open or close any stores in Connecticut, Mr. Pagnani said.

Joseph R. Ettore, the chairman and chief executive of Ames, said his chain relies on a market niche that the other three apparently don't care as much about: lower-income ***working-class*** families earning $35,000 to $45,000 a year and "mature" shoppers like Delrosa DelSol, 73, of Hartford, who said she looks forward to Ames' deep-discount weekly circulars.

Ms. DelSol began shopping at Ames' Bloomfield store 20 years ago, even before Ames took over the outlet from Zayre, the defunct regional chain, in the 1980s, and she has no intention of switching to Wal-Mart, Target, or Kmart.

"Ames is like a nice little family store," she said. "Most of the people who work there are from my community."

At 65,000 square feet each, Ames stores are half the average size of a Wal-Mart. "It makes it more convenient for our customer," Mr. Ettore said. "Our customer is time-starved. She wants to get in and get out."

Wal-Mart is not a threat, Mr. Ettore insisted, even though 359 Ames outlets have a Wal-Mart within 5 to 10 miles.

"We've already survived that threat with Wal-Mart sitting on top of us for the last 3 1/2 years," Mr. Ettore said.

However, Ames is still recovering from a 1990 bankruptcy and the admittedly ill-advised 1998 purchase of 155 Hills stores to go with the 301 Ames stores. Earlier this month, Ames announced that it will borrow up to $75 million "for working capital" and "increased liquidity," and to guarantee that vendors get paid.

"In this kind of a lousy economy with high gasoline prices that affect our target customer, our sales have been choppy -- up one month, down one month," Rolando de Aguiar, the chief financial officer, said. "This provides additional availability so that the vendor community and credit community is comfortable that we have enough to handle any bump in the road."

Ames reported a $27.7 million net loss in its first quarter ending May 5, bettering its $29.1 million loss a year earlier. It lost $241 million last year.

Since then, Ames has cut inventory by 13 percent, begun chain-wide expense controls, and sliced $100 million off its planned capital spending. The chain will open only five new stores this year -- none in Connecticut -- after opening 26 last year. Ames has a total of 452 stores in 19 states and Washington, with 22 in Connecticut towns, including Manchester, East Hartford, and Vernon.

Still, Mr. Freeman said, "For Ames and Kmart, these are times for retrenchment, while the big chains like Target and Wal-Mart are expanding through building new stores and buying prime locations of the stores that are closing or going bankrupt."

Mr. Freeman predicted that by the end of the year, Wal-Mart will be "bigger than General Motors and will be the biggest company in the U.S."

Kmart will be able to survive, Mr. Kane said, because it's a large national chain and "clearly they have the clout to stock their shelves, but in Connecticut the stores that will be favored will be Target and Wal-Mart." As for Ames, "The prognosis is that it will be an uphill battle to survive."

Whatever ultimately happens on the Connecticut discount-shopping front, the new competitors have taught everyone a lesson, Mr. Ettore said. "They made all of us smart, and the ones that haven't figured out a way to get smarter are out of business."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The empty Bradlees in Norwalk, which Wal-Mart plans to take over. Left, Jesse Moldavsky shopping at a Wal-Mart in Avon. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times; inset, C. M. Glover for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Minneapolis-based Target came to the state in October, opening three stores in South Windsor, New Britain, and this one in Waterford. Analysts said Target and Wal-Mart are nimbler, more adaptive, and go after a younger, more affluent clientele than some of the older retail chains. (C. M. Glover for The New York Times); When Caldor declared bankruptcy, it closed its stores in the state, including this one in Stamford. Wal-Mart is taking over some of the sites, in Avon, Derby, New Britain, Old Saybrook, Rocky Hill, and Southington. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** July 15, 2001

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[***The Green Power Broker***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4V4V-X610-TW8F-G06C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2525 words

**Byline:** By MARGUERITE HOLLOWAY

Marguerite Holloway, director of the science program at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, is working on a book about nature and cities to be published by W. W. Norton.

**Body**

MAJORA CARTER, one of the city's best-known advocates for environmental justice, was sitting on a picnic table in Barretto Point Park in the South Bronx under the intense lights of an NBC film crew.

On this late September afternoon, after a month of traveling, delivering speeches, serving as host of a Sundance Channel program and a Science Channel pilot, Ms. Carter was noticeably flagging. Yet her signature feistiness was much in evidence when the producer of the documentary for which Ms. Carter was being interviewed asked her to explain why global warming affects not just polar bears but people around the globe.

Ms. Carter responded by describing air pollution in troubled urban areas like Hunts Point, the South Bronx neighborhood where she was raised and currently works.

The producer rephrased her question, in response to which Ms. Carter snapped, ''I don't do that.''

If the producer had a specific response in mind, Ms. Carter added with an edge to her usually warm voice, she should feed her a line, which the producer did not. Then she elaborated on her argument, which is that if richer communities suffered from air pollution as much as poorer neighborhoods do, affluent citizens would long ago have fought for alternatives to fossil fuels.

Two months earlier, Ms. Carter had visited the land of those iconic polar bears, touring the Arctic with former President Jimmy Carter, Senator Tom Daschle and leaders of various political, corporate, scientific and nongovernmental organizations.

''It was the trip of a lifetime,'' Ms. Carter said in one of several conversations about her work. ''Look, there are just a handful of people who get to do that, and I am incredibly grateful to be one of the few. But at the same time, I didn't need to go to the Arctic Circle to see the impacts of global warming. I am living it.''

In just over a decade, Ms. Carter, 42, has vaulted from working as a volunteer for what was a nascent organization called the Point Community Development Corporation and knowing almost nothing about environmental issues to becoming a nationally known advocate for environmental justice.

Her reputation was burnished in 2005 when she won a MacArthur Foundation award for her work at the Point and at Sustainable South Bronx, a nonprofit organization she founded after leaving the Point in 2001.

Now, after seven years at Sustainable South Bronx, Ms. Carter is starting something new. Over the summer, she formed a for-profit consulting company, the Majora Carter Group. Along with her husband, James Chase, who serves as the group's vice president for marketing and communications, Ms. Carter hopes that community groups, institutions and corporations will hire her to help them solve environmental problems and create green jobs -- employment that betters the environment, such as producing clean energy -- so she can put to national and perhaps international use the experience she gained in Hunts Point.

By singling out individuals, the $500,000 MacArthur awards can sometimes engender resentment. Perhaps partly for this reason, Ms. Carter is a controversial figure in certain activist circles. A few of some three dozen people contacted for this article refused to talk about her or to describe their criticisms on the record. But many who have worked with her said her celebrity is deserved.

Ms. Carter's fame is also proving somewhat double-edged for her start-up. She is in high demand for speeches all over the country, yet in the eyes of many she remains synonymous with Sustainable South Bronx, and it is taking time to establish a separate identity.

''Now I go and I talk about what I think I can bring to the rest of the world with this consulting firm,'' Ms. Carter said one afternoon in her new offices at 901 Hunts Point Avenue. ''And it is hard, because I am still so much seen as this ground-breaking visionary who ran community groups. And I am like, that is nice and all, but I am a groundbreaking visionary who has a consultancy.

''It is fun,'' she added. ''I am not complaining. I am just so tired I can't keep my eyes open.''

On the Hustings

Several weeks before the NBC interview, Ms. Carter could be found leaning against a wall outside a conference room in the United Federation of Teachers building in Lower Manhattan, tugging off her brown suede heels and pulling on green Wellingtons -- the very ones, she later confided, that President Carter had scuffed in the Arctic. ''I'll never wash them,'' she said with a laugh.

Ms. Carter had just spoken about green jobs at a conference sponsored by the Center for Working Families, a New York State group formed in 2006, and her speech was emotional, as her speeches usually are. She invoked the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and choked up when she described jobless men and women who have become environmental heroes by finding and holding green jobs in their community.

The talk seemed ill suited to the setting: Most of the people in the audience were activists, politicians and union and other organizers, many of whom regularly fight for social justice and know inside out the issues and struggles that Ms. Carter seemed to be urging them to embrace.

Yet for some, the speech resonated deeply.

''You are such an inspirational person,'' one woman gushed as Ms. Carter suited up for the rain. ''I teared up the whole time.''

''Thank you so much,'' Ms. Carter responded, smiling with the warmth, earthiness and energy that strike many who meet her, qualities that have helped make her such a powerful leader.

Within a few minutes, Ms. Carter was dashing through a downpour to the PATH station in her waterproof black anorak, its hood snug around her dark hair, to address a symposium on green jobs in Newark. Under the netting cloaking the partially restored rotunda in City Hall, Ms. Carter gave the identical speech and choked up at the same point.

''I am proud to have started one of the first green-collar job training programs,'' Ms. Carter declared in rousing fashion. Many in the audience nodded throughout the speech, then applauded wildly.

''She is so inspiring,'' one woman said with a sigh to her son as they headed out into the wet Newark night.

Although just back from Stockholm and jet-lagged, Ms. Carter spent the next 10 days crisscrossing the United States, giving speeches in Washington, Indiana, Tennessee and North Carolina. The Majora Carter Group earned about $60,000 that week, said Ms. Carter, who charges $25,000 for some appearances, but the organization has a way to go before it can hire more people. Currently the paid staff consists only of Ms. Carter, her husband and Isabella Moreno, who is vice president for operations and client relations.

But the team was thrilled about the week's big development. In North Carolina, Ms. Carter had impressed Willie Gilchrist, chancellor of Elizabeth City State University, who plans to hire Ms. Carter to develop a regional plan to create green jobs. The university would be the group's first client.

The new consultancy ''really plays to Majora's strengths,'' said Hugh Hogan, director of the North Star Fund, a New York nonprofit group that supports grass-roots efforts around the city.

''She knows how the system works,'' added Mr. Hogan, who worked with Ms. Carter at Sustainable South Bronx and at the New York City Environmental Justice Alliance. And, he added with a laugh, ''That woman has no fear.''

Anexample of this quality is still broadly disseminated on the Web: video of a Technology, Entertainment, Design conference shows Ms. Carter chiding Al Gore, who is sitting in the front row, for brushing off her offer of collaboration and instead directing her to apply for a grant.

A Girl From Hunts Point

Ms. Carter, the youngest of 10 children, was born in Hunts Point, a community, largely populated by blacks and Latinos, that is part of the infamous South Bronx. For decades it was plagued by poverty and violence, and many ***working-class*** families moved away during the 1960s and '70s.

Ms. Carter's family stayed. Her father worked as a janitor at the Spofford juvenile detention center; her mother raised her many children and then worked at a residence for mentally impaired adults. Although Ms. Carter says neither of her parents was particularly active politically, the neighborhood in which she came of age was steeped in activism.

Seemingly every few blocks, there is evidence of projects that community groups have successfully fought for, including, in the last two years, 2,500 units of affordable housing and plans for an additional high school, according to Roberto S. Garcia, chairman of Community Board 2. The Bronx River Greenway, a plan to establish 10 miles of paths and parks along the waterway, came about because some 60 public and private groups formed the Bronx River Alliance, said Linda Cox, the alliance's executive director.

Ms. Carter, who studied acting and received a degree in film from Wesleyan in 1988, did not become involved in her neighborhood until she returned to live with her parents after graduating from New York University in 1997 with a master's degree in fine arts.

''It was because I was broke,'' she said of her return home. ''It was just a place for me when I needed a place to stay.''

In 1997, she started working as a volunteer for the Point, which had been formed in 1994 to help revitalize the area's cultural and economic life. Just as Ms. Carter started at the Point, the Giuliani administration announced plans to build a waste transfer station in Hunts Point, an area already riddled with waste transfer stations, a battalion of garbage trucks and the asthma-inducing exhaust they produce.

Maria Torres, president and co-founder of the Point, recalled that in the late 1990s an awareness of the local impact of environmental problems was relatively new to the organization, but that Ms. Carter, who had started out doing art and film projects for the group, readily took on these problems.

''She went out and did her research,'' Ms. Torres said. ''And she became very knowledgeable about things.''

First at the Point, then at Sustainable South Bronx, working with politicians and with South Bronx groups like Mothers on the Move and Youth Ministries for Peace and Justice, Ms. Carter successfully fought against the transfer station and lobbied for the creation of the Bronx River Alliance and new public green spaces in Hunts Point.

In 2003, along with Mr. Hogan and Annette Williams, Ms. Carter started a green jobs training program at Sustainable South Bronx. As of this winter, said Ms. Williams, who directs the program -- now called BEST, for Bronx Environmental Stewardship Training -- 112 people will have learned about invasive species, tree husbandry and other subjects related to restoration and ecology. Of these 112 graduates, Ms. Williams said, 95 have jobs and 8 have returned to school.

''It was the only program I ever heard of in my community doing what they were doing at the time,'' said Penny Matta, who works for the Bronx River Alliance and the city's parks department.

As a child growing up in Hunts Point, said Ms. Matta, 37, she was never aware of the nearby river.

''You couldn't see the water from the road and, in that neighborhood, you didn't go down there by yourself,'' Ms. Matta recalled. ''Now I bring my kids to remove invasives on the weekends. All three of my daughters have done water-quality testing with me.''

A Sharp Trajectory

Ms. Carter's recognition of the link between environmental improvement and economic revitalization set the stage for her national prominence. Green jobs are a major campaign in the environmental justice movement. At a meeting last year of the Clinton Global Initiative, for example, Ms. Carter and Van Jones of Oakland, Calif., started a job-generating group called Green for All.

''It was at the time I began to want to move to a national level and so did she,'' said Mr. Jones, author of ''The Green Collar Economy: How One Solution Can Fix Our Two Biggest Problems,'' who got his start as a community activist in 1996 when he created the Ella Baker Center for Human Rights. ''At this point Majora is going to be focusing exclusively on her consultancy, but we are still going to be partners. She took her clout and helped get us up and running.''

To his mind, he added, ''she is the Rosa Parks of the green jobs movement.''

For many who know her, Ms. Carter's trajectory was inevitable.

''I always thought she had the capacity to be a real star, and the South Bronx -- and the Bronx as a whole -- needs a star, someone who makes it a little bigger,'' said Dart Westphal, president of the Mosholu Preservation Corporation, a neighborhood improvement organization active in the north Bronx. ''She is really smart and really beautiful, and she just has a certain star quality.''

Others say that Ms. Carter has achieved some of her fame by taking or getting credit for accomplishments or funding that haven't been only hers to claim, or for projects that have not yet been completed, such as the Bronx River Greenway.

But in the opinion of people like Mr. Westphal, the resentment some feel toward Ms. Carter grows out of the hero narrative that Americans -- and the nation's media -- often gravitate toward.

''Majora is like Paul Bunyan; the stories have become legendary in some cases,'' he said. ''It is not that Majora has done anything wrong; it is that some other people working aren't getting so much attention.''

Omar Freilla, coordinator of the Green Worker Cooperatives in Hunts Point, agrees.

''There is always the tendency to spin what is a group effort into an individual effort,'' Mr. Freilla said. ''The backlash is that people who are part of the community start to resent the attention.''

Ms. Torres of the Point acknowledges that roles do sometimes get muddied in press reports, but says that ultimately Ms. Carter is responsible for setting the record straight.

Sitting in the conference room in her new offices one day not long ago, Ms. Carter discussed the resentment some in her community feel about her celebrity. At first, she became uncharacteristically silent, and neighborhood sounds dominated: cars and trucks, screeching brakes, sirens.

The suite of offices occupies the second floor of a two-story building, above an auto-glass repair shop and just a block from the Bruckner and Sheridan Expressways overpass. Rainbow curtains billowed out above the gray street, making each window a different bright color.

But Ms. Carter has not gotten where she is by sitting quietly.

''There is a light that comes to this community because of what I have done,'' she said, her usual moxie restored. ''I am in a completely different milieu right now, and if I didn't take advantage of that, then I would be a fool. If I wasn't flipping out about being away so much, I would be at the Clinton Global Initiative right now. Because I could do that. Because I know there are people there who would like to talk to me.

''That is what I do,'' Ms. Carter said. ''Am I supposed to feel guilty because I have those advantages?''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Majora Carter on the roof of her apartment building in Hunts Point, near the long-troubled Bronx River, below.(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELLE V. AGINS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGEL FRANCO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

BELOW LEFT, JAMES CHASE)

Ms. Carter, at right, conducting an interview for the pilot of a cable TV series.

(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELLE V. AGINS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Ms. Carter, above, in front of her building on Manida Street

in 1999, right, with colleagues from the Point

on a Sundance Channel monitor, below

and in her Sustainable South Bronx office.(PHOTOGRAPH BY LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN FARLEY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES CHASE)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. CY10)

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[***Lottery Sifts Deep Mounds Of Dreams For Housing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0R80-002S-X40P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1472 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

The envelopes were piled more than two feet high on the floor of Jonathan Poole's office. There were thousands of them - perhaps 4,500 in all - and they filled the small room in a sprawl at least seven feet long and five feet wide.

They came mostly from Brooklyn, the Bronx and Manhattan. In mundane financial language that detailed income, occupation and credit, they evoked the aspirations of many poor and ***working-class*** New Yorkers. The thousands of applicants were seeking one of 53 new apartments being created in three small, formerly abandoned buildings in central Harlem.

The dimensions of New York City's housing crisis are usually described in large numbers and abstract concepts: at least 100,000 illegal tenants living doubled-up with friends and relatives in New York's projects, for example, or the almost 250,000 new units the city would need to have a truly competitive housing market.

Seldom, though, is the acute nature of the housing shortage - or the compelling human need - more concrete than it was one recent morning in Mr. Poole's office on Eastern Parkway in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn.

Lottery Is Elaborate, if Messy

The envelopes had been dumped on the floor as part of an elaborate, if messy, lottery devised by the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development to determine who gets to rent the thousands of new, publicly subsidized apartments being created, most from vacant buildings owned by the city.

Sixty lotteries have been conducted in the last year, as the reconstruction of the first abandoned buildings under several different city programs was completed. The lotteries will be more frequent in the coming months. More than 3,000 new apartments have been created in New York's poorest neighborhoods, and another 13,000 are under construction.

The idea behind the lottery is simple: to assure that any city resident who meets the income guidelines can fairly compete for a new apartment. But the process is complicated, largely to diminish the opportunity for favoritism by the city and by the developers who rehabilitate the buildings.

Four or five months before a renovation is complete, the developers are required to advertise the apartments in a daily newspaper, a local weekly and a Spanish-language publication. The ads tell those interested in renting an apartment to write to a post office box for an application. They are then sent the applications, which, when completed, go to a second post office box.

It was at the second box, in a small post office on Flatbush Avenue in downtown Brooklyn, that Mr. Poole and city officials met to set a lottery in motion one morning recently. Mr. Poole, a partner in a development team that is reconstructing three formerly abandoned buildings on West 111th Street, arrived in his car a few minutes before 10 A.M.

So did four city housing officials, including an assistant commissioner and the director of neighborhood resources. That is double the size of the city contingent that ordinarily supervises a lottery, but a reporter and photographer were along; city housing officials are both proud of the random system they created and sensitive to any suggestion of favoritism.

Together, the developer and the housing officials carried eight large white plastic boxes of mail out to Mr. Poole's car. They filled the trunk and back seat.

Dump, Shuffle, Pull and Log

It took only 10 minutes to drive to his office, and a few minutes more to lug the boxes into a small room. While the city officials watched, Mr. Poole and three employees began the lottery's odd but essential rituals: dump, shuffle, pull and log.

One by one, the boxes of mail were dumped onto the floor. Robert Frazier, one of Mr. Poole's assistants, held the boxes high, so the envelopes would be tossed vigorously on the way down. After all the boxes were emptied, everyone knelt over the huge pile, shuffling the letters methodically.

Then the envelopes were stuffed randomly into five large black plastic bags. Black bags are used so the person selecting the individual envelopes cannot see names and addresses.

''You better check under the couch,'' said Rubin Wolf, the director of the housing department's division of neighborhood resources, who is the overall supervisor of the lotteries. A thorough search produced no wayward letters.

One Letter From Each Bag

Next, Mr. Frazier began the drawing, which lasted the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon. Going from one plastic bag to the next, he took one letter from each, often shoving his hand deep into the bag.

Mr. Poole checked the postmark to see if the application had been mailed by the due date. If so, Mr. Poole wrote a number on the outside of the envelope. Two assistants, Jerilyn Fardellone and Marilee Berberabe, then entered the applicant's name and address, along with the envelope's lottery number, on a log. From this list, in numerical order, the developer will evaluate and interview potential tenants.

Many of them are poor. Some, like a single mother with a small daughter from a nearby section of Brooklyn, are on welfare. Many others, like a single mother from the Bronx who works as a hospital technician and has two daughters in high school, earn salaries of $15,000 to $25,000 a year.

Many standards will be applied during the owner's evaluation. The first occurs immediately. Under an agreement reached two years ago with Borough President David N. Dinkins of Manhattan, now the Mayor-elect, the Koch administration promised that at least 30 percent of the apartments would go to people already living in the neighborhood.

To guarantee that result, Alex Novack, an employee of the Housing Department, sat to the right of Mr. Poole's assistants. Using a book listing every address in Manhattan, Mr. Novack went through the list of those selected in the lottery and noted, in a separate column on the log, which applicants lived in the neighborhoods served by Community Board 10 in Manhattan, the area of central Harlem where Mr. Poole's buildings are. These people will receive priority.

The developer must disqualify those whose incomes are either too high or too low, under the city's guidelines. He can also disqualify people whose credit histories or record of rent payments are questionable.

Later, Mr. Poole or an assistant will interview applicants who meet the initial financial screening. Those who pass that test receive a credit check and a home visit.

The cardinal rules for the developer are that he work from the list, in numerical order, and that each rejection be explained and documented to city officials.

Because many people will not qualify, the city requires that the developer select 10 applicants for each available apartment. Mr. Poole worked with his staff until 4:30 P.M., selecting and logging 720 applicants for the 53 apartments. Mr. Poole said some requirements would probably complicate the search for tenants in his three buildings, between Adam Clayton Powell Jr. and Frederick Douglass Boulevards, which are expected to open this spring. #16 Low-Income Families Sixteen apartments are for low-income families. A two-bedroom unit will rent for $359 a month, for example, and only households with incomes below $18,800 are eligible.

The other 37 apartments are for moderate-income families and have higher rents. A two-bedroom unit will rent for $609 a month, and only families with incomes below $30,800 can qualify.

Mr. Poole said he assumed that many more applicants were seeking the low-income apartments, and thus he wanted to select a large pool of applicants so there would be enough people on the list who qualified for the higher-rent units.

The selection procedure is time-consuming and demanding, Mr. Poole acknowledged, but it does have its rewards. ''Hopefully, by the end,'' he said, ''you've got a tenant who will be a responsible family individual, who is going to appreciate the housing and take care of it and pay the rent.''

The lottery is also among the obligations that the new owners incur in return for the large city subsidies they receive to reconstruct the buildings.

Many private developers receive subsidies of about $40,000 an apartment, in the form of 1 percent loans from the city. In other programs, particularly those involving nonprofit low-income housing, the city pays the complete cost of reconstruction, which can average $65,000 to $80,000 an apartment. In return for the subsidies, the owners agree to rent below market rates and to keep the apartments under rent stabilization.

For the city, the lottery is essential for public confidence in the housing program. ''We have to assure that the process is fair,'' said Abraham Biderman, the Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development. ''It gives everybody in the city, who is paying for this program, the comfort that it is going to the people it is intended for.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Robert Frazier, a developer, and Alex Novack of the Housing Department randomly selecting applications for new apartments (NYT/Neal Boenzi) (pg. B1); Housing Department employees carrying applications from people seeking 53 new Harlem apartments. (NYT/Neal Boenzi) (pg. B6)

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[***The Pop Life;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FN20-000B-Y2Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RIDING THE COUNTRY'S WAVE OF PATRIOTISM?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FN20-000B-Y2Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 13, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 34, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1236 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT PALMER

**Body**

THE phenomenal popularity that country music has enjoyed recently - the success of the movie ''Urban Cowboy'' and its soundtrack album, the No. 1 pop hits for Dolly Parton, Eddie Rabbitt and others, at least nominally ''country'' singers - may have something to do with the general resurgence of political conservatism and patriotic fervor.

At least that is what a number of journalists and other trend watchers have been saying. Merle Haggard, who will be performing tonight at the first Wild Turkey Festival of Country Music in Carnegie Hall, agrees with them.

''I think we're experiencing a feeling of patriotism that hasn't surfaced for a long time,'' the 44-year-old country singer and songwriter said recently, ''and I'm glad to see it. We had dipped to an all-time low on the other side not too long ago. But you have to remember that it's happened before. Every time patriotism comes to the surface, you'll find country music, cowboys and so on becoming popular.

Robert Palmer profiles country singer and songwriter Merle Haggard

''When the Lone Ranger was popular in the early 50's, so was patriotism and so was country music. Pop singers like Tony Bennett and Jo Stafford had hits with Hank Williams songs, and 'The Tennessee Waltz' was real big. Back during World War II, Bob Wills was the highest-paid band leader in America. I've got clips from that period of reporters' asking him to explain the popularity of country music.''

'Laureate of the Hard Hats'

Mr. Haggard rose to prominence in the late 60's, when he wrote and sang ''Okie From Muskogee'' and ''The Fightin' Side of Me.'' The songs were expressions of patriotic sentiments at a time when protest against the war in Vietnam was at its height, and they earned Mr. Haggard a reputation as ''poet laureate of the hard hats.'' But he is more complex than that, and so is country music.

Mr. Haggard's family migrated from Oklahoma to Bakersfield, Calif., during the Depression, and Mr. Haggard was born in 1937 in Bakersfield, in a railroad car his father had converted into a house. When he was a teen-ager, he was in and out of jail for car theft, armed robbery and other offenses, and when he was in his early 20's, he served time in San Quentin for burglary.

He is one country entertainer who has experienced at first hand the vicissitudes of life on society's underside, and his alienation from conventional values was reflected in the titles of some of his earliest hits - ''The Stranger'' and ''I Am a Lonesome Fugitive.'' Musically, these records were pure country - simple instrumentation, sashaying rhythms and straightforward, heartfelt singing.

He has studiously avoided the Nashville brand of glitter and cornpone, and he continues to make hard-core country records when many of his fellow country artists are singing pop tunes with elaborate orchestral backing in order to reach a mass audience.

'It's Happened Before'

''I lived in Nashville for a couple of years,'' he said, ''and I ruined some good songs with strings and all that. But I stick more with the traditional country-music thing, and I try to do it well. I'm turned off by that slick production. I don't see the artistic value of it.

''But it's happened in country music before. Jimmy Wakely, Patsy Cline and a lot of other country singers were making records with strings and big production jobs back in the 50's. Bing Crosby was making pop versions of country songs in 1942-43.''

The references to country music's past are typical of Mr. Haggard. He is probably more aware of the music's traditions than any other country superstar, and he has consistently won the grudging admiration of folk-music enthusiasts whose politics were liberal or leftist by recording and performing loving re-creations of early country-music styles. In the late 60's, he refused to follow ''Okie From Muskogee'' and ''The Fightin' Side of Me'' with more patriotic material.

From Before World War II

Instead, he recorded two albums that were tributes to the most influential country artists of the pre-World War II period. The first, ''Same Train, a Different Time,'' was devoted to the work of the country-blues singer and yodeler Jimmie Rodgers.

The second, ''A Tribute to the Best Damn Fiddle Player in the World,'' recreated the country jazz, or western swing, that Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys pioneered in the 30's and early 40's. A later album by Mr. Haggard, ''The Way It Was in '51,'' found him singing the early honky-tonk music of Mr. Williams and Lefty Frizzell.

Mr. Haggard usually includes songs by these seminal country stars in his performances, and he sings them with admirable fidelity to the original styles. His loyalty to country's folk roots and his refusal to wear rhinestone-studded cowboy suits or other flashy clothes when performing are unusual, especially among country stars who have recorded as many hits as Mr. Haggard.

But tonight's country-music show in Carnegie Hall also includes another staunch traditionalist, Roy Acuff, and as well as the fine Mississippi-born singer Tammy Wynette.

A Radio Series

Tonight's show is not the only evidence of what seems to be a growing interest in country music's roots. WKHK-FM is presenting a 10-week series, ''The History of Country Music,'' Mondays through Fridays at 9:30 A.M., 12:30 P.M., 3:30, 6:30, 9:30 and 12:30 A.M. The shows are brief, but they include recordings by Mr. Rodgers, the Carter Family, Mr. Williams and other early country and folk artists who are rarely if ever heard on today's ''countrypolitan'' stations.

The popularity of country music may be tied to burgeoning conservatism. But this does not mean that country music itself is inherently conservative. The music's core audience has always been white and ***working class***, but in recent years black singers have become country stars, and the country audience has expanded to include listeners whose social and economic backgrounds and political beliefs range across the spectrum.

During the last five years or so, a number of country hits have dealt explicitly with changing social and sexual mores - more explicitly than older country music, and often more explicitly than most contemporary rock and soul. If country generally espouses traditional American values, they are values of the most basic sort - self-reliance, the willingness to work hard, the importance of trusting and acting on one's deepest feelings.

The Long-Term View

One wonders whether country's popularity will continue or whether it will wane as new pop trends emerge. Mr. Haggard takes a long-term view:

''There's a great deal of interest in country music every five years or so. I've seen it happen over and over during the last 20 years or so. It'll probably keep on coming around like that.''

Mr. Haggard is often asked whether he regretted having written and recorded ''Okie From Muskogee,'' which, although reaffirming traditional values, also made fun of hippies and other nonconformists.

''A lot of people seem to have a weird attitude about that song,'' he said, ''but I think it's mostly people in the media. It wasn't meant to be all that serious, and I don't think very many people think of themselves as hippies, whether they have long hair or not.

''I've only been heckled for that song once in all the years I've been doing it. I'm not ashamed of it. Willie Nelson has pretty long hair, but he told me one time that if I was ashamed of the song, I could give it to him.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Merle Haggard and Tammy Wynette

**End of Document**



[***MITTERRAND BEATS GISCARD; SOCIALIST VICTORY REVERSES TREND OF 23 YEARS IN FRANCE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FN60-000B-Y3BP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 11, 1981, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1327 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD EDER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, May 10

**Body**

France today elected Francois Mitterrand, the Socialist candidate, as President for the next seven years in its biggest political shift in a generation.

For the first time since Charles de Gaulle founded the Fifth Republic in 1958, its control has passed from the right and centerright groupings for which it was fashioned to the political forces of the left and center-left.

In celebration of what may come to be seen as a historical event, Paris resounded much of the night to the horn-blowing of cars churning up and down the boulevards. Exuberant crowds danced and sang on the traditional celebration ground of France's ***working class***: the Place de la Bastille.

Unexpectedly Solid Victory

Mr. Mitterrand's victory over President Valery Giscard d'Estaing, by about four percentage points, is an unexpectedly solid one by French standards.

Socialist candidate Francois Mitterrand is elected President of France in country's most significant political shift since 1958

Mr. Mitterrand has won a presidency with strong powers, but he must overcome several hurdles before the degree of his authority will become clear. His program leaves French foreign policy without major change, but it proposes some big shifts in domestic policy, including nationalization of banks and insurance companies, raising wages, creating jobs and decentralizing political power.

Communist leaders, who supported Mr. Mitterrand, said they expected to participate in the changes, but Socialist officials said Mr. Mitterrand would exercise restraint and moderation. Mr. Mitterrand himself sought to reassure those fearing radical change by saying that ''only the entire nation'' could meet the challenges of the day.

Another Election Is Likely Soon

French voters will probably face another election soon. Mr. Mitterrand needs the support of Parliament to implement many of the changes he is proposing, but legislative power remains in the hands of Mr. Giscard d'Estaing and his allies. Mr. Mitterrand has said he will call legislative elections as soon as possible, perhaps as early as June, and the need of Socialist Party for Communist support may give the Communists more leverage.

Two of the Socialist Party's leaders, Pierre Mauroy and Michel Rocard, made a special point tonight of addressing themselves to the voters who supported Mr. Giscard d'Estaing and of trying to reassure them.

Perhaps the most vigorous and certainly the most rapid reaction came from Georges Marchais, leader of the Communist Party. The Communists, who were badly beaten by the Socialists in the first round of the election two weeks ago, supported Mr. Mitterrand in today's voting but with evident reluctance. However, Mr. Marchais tonight treated Mr. Mitterrand's victory as if it were his own and noted that he had opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate it.

He and other Communist leaders promptly announced that they expected to participate in the changes that the Socialists have promised. They have been asking for positions in the cabinet; tonight Socialist leaders were evasive on that subject.

Evidently trying to reassure those who fear radical change and possible Communist influence on his government, Mr. Mitterrand said, ''Only the entire national community can respond to the requirements of the present time.'' He added a message to Mr. Giscard d'Estaing, expressing his respects ''to the man who has led France for seven years.''

There was joyful celebration among the young workers at Socialist Party headquarters, an evident effort by Socialist officials on television to water their glee with sober assessments, and a sense of stunned shock among leaders of Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's campaign.

Leading by Million Votes

The news of Mr. Mitterrand's victory was flashed to the country promptly at 8 P.M., when the polls closed. Various polling services issued projections giving Mr. Mitterrand about 52 percent and Mr. Giscard d'Estaing 48 percent.

An official announcement was made at 10:30 by Christian Bonnet, the Minister of the Interior. Mr. Mitterrand was leading by about a million votes, and the 4-point spread seemed likely to hold.

Mr. Mitterrand, who has maintained a cautious and deliberately anticlimactic style throughout the campaign, waited for more than two hours to make an appearance in Chateau-Chinon in central France, where he voted. Looking as solemn as if he had lost, he made a brief, low-key address calling for national reconciliation.

The television news emphasized the international reaction to Mr. Mitterrand's victory. Messages of congratulation were received from Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britain, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel. Some point was being made of the failure of the United States to send immediate congratulations; the delay was being ascribed by commentators to the ''surprise'' in Washington that Mr. Giscard d'Estaing had not won.

Mr. Giscard d'Estaing, said by his associates to have been taken by surprise by his defeat, secluded himself, issuing only a brief statement. He sent Mr. Mitterrand his respects, thanked his supporters and said he would ''continue to defend the essential interests of our country.''

No Word of Congratulation

This was taken by some to mean that Mr. Giscard d'Estaing intended to remain active in politics. If there was no word of congratulation to Mr. Mitterrand, this may have been partly because of the bitterness of the last weeks of the campaign and partly because such expressions are not customary here.

Jacques Chirac, leader of the Gaullists and a man who is likely to occupy a central position among conservatives now that his rival, Mr. Giscard d'Estaing, has been defeated, issued a brief, noncommittal statement.

Mr. Mitterrand will take office sometime between May 24 and May 27. Because the Fifth Republic has yet to experience a major transfer of power, no one knows precisely when it should take place. Apparently the decision will be up to Mr. Giscard d'Estaing.

The new President will be able to effect some economic measures as soon as he takes office, but for any important legislation he needs the support of the National Assembly, and this is in the hands of supporters of Mr. Giscard d'Estaing and Mr. Chirac.

Accordingly, Mr. Mitterrand has announced that he will call legislative elections as soon as he takes office. He wants to hold them in June.

It is on the results of these elections that the true dimensions of the change in France will be decided. The center-right coalition that has just been defeated clearly sees an opportunity to reverse today's results in the June elections.

Aloof From Communist Party

Mr. Mitterrand managed in his presidential campaign to stand aloof from the Communist Party while benefiting from the votes of its members. But the mechanics of France's legislative elections will require the Socialists to try to reach an agreement with the Communist hierarchy for contesting certain constituencies.

Such an agreement could give new ammunition to Mr. Chirac's and Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's followers in trying to convince swing voters what they could not convince them of tonight: that Mr. Mitterrand will be dangerously subject to Communist influence.

The Socialist leader and his principal associates have reiterated their intention to conduct a firmly democratic Socialist policy. But if even a small part of the electorate, under pressure of a vigorous campaign from the conservative side, begins to regret its vote today, the Communist issue may weigh heavily.

By late this evening most of Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's political lieutenants were saying that they would gear up for a fight in June. A major question is the role that Mr. Giscard d'Estaing will play in such a fight.

A certain amount of bitterness was voiced between Mr. Giscard d'Estaing's aides and those of Mr. Chirac. The latter clearly hopes, at least in the long run, to displace the defeated President as the leading French conservative.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Valery Giscard d'Estaing (Page A8) Photo of Francois Mitterrand

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[***LOW LIFE, HIGH LIFE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FX10-000B-Y1XD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 14, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1351 words

**Body**

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Michael Malone's most recent novel is ''Dingley Falls.'' He is visiting playwright at Yale Divinity School.

THE RAT ON FIRE By George V. Higgins. 183 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $10.95.

THE AVIATOR By Ernest K. Gann. 189 pp. New York: Arbor House. $10.95.

KING OF KINGS By Malachi Martin. 480 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $15.95.

Michael Malone reviews books "The Rat on Fire" by George Higgins, "The Aviator" by Ernest Gann and "King of Kings" by Malachi MartinBy MICHAEL MALONE

GEORGE HIGGINS writes about crooks. He writes best sellers about the cheesy neon underworld of cons, stoolies, junkies, bimbos, hardmouthed hoods and wisecracking women who babble in the bright patois of Hammett and Chandler, Lardner and Runyon. The cast of ''The Rat on Fire'' features the usual characters of the genre: the world-weary integrity-ridden detective, the cop on the take who's besotted with the whore with the heart of cash. And it has the usual obsessive verisimilitude - especially in sartorial detail (''He wore a light blue madras sports coat and a light blue tie embroidered with white birds, His shirt was light-blue and so were his slacks'') and automobile maneuvers, even when they are entirely irrelevant to the plot (''… took a right on Dorchester Ave. and drove the van south for about half a mile. He took a right and then another right ...'').

These right turns occur in Mr. Higgins's downhome turf, among thieves and squealers like the ones who dominate ''The Friends of Eddie Coyle'' and ''The Digger's Game,'' among the Bruins' fans in the mansard-roofed suburbs of ***working-class*** Catholic Boston, among guys called Billy Malatesta or Mickey Sweeney or Terry or Jimmy, when they aren't called ''Clinker'' and ''Tiger Mike,'' guys who went to schools called ''Our Lady of Victory'' where the nuns told them they were thick in the skull and headed for jail.

Like Leo Proctor, the arsonist in ''Rat on Fire,'' Mr. Higgins's hoods are all losers, all stupefied by unpayable debts and intolerable lives. They drink and beat their wives with dull monotony; their kids hate them. Love is scant. They are the fools of men like entertainment lawyer and slum landlord Jerry Fein. Fein is unhappy with his black tenants, who keep coal in the bathtubs and complain about the rats. Since they won't pay their rent, Fein figures to write off his real estate by hiring hoods to burn it down. We don't see any arson actually taking place; indeed, we don't see any action whatever taking place, for in this book even missed appointments are described secondhand, and Higgins seems perversely bent on cutting away the instant any scene begins to unfold. If character is illustrated by action, we don't meet any characters. We certainly listen to them though, a beggar's opera of solo arias. Whole chapters are soliloquies: Proctor on the miseries of modern life, Malatesta the bad cop on the same, Mavis Davis the good tenant, ditto. Fein jaws at a 10-page clip and so does his secretary. Everybody talks in great gabs of colorful loquacity; there isn't a ''yep'' or ''nope'' among them.

Mr. Higgins has been highly and rightly praised for a capacity to capture the tough funny argot characteristic of this genre. But all the praise seems to be giving his characters logorrhea.

\*

Ernest K. Gann writes best sellers about flying and fighting. - 11, in fact, most of them published in the 1950's; the best known is probably ''The High and the Mighty,'' but one still comes across a musty hardcover ''Fate Is the Hunter'' or ''Blaze of Noon'' on a pine shelf beside the jigsaw-puzzle boxes in a summer cottage. Mr. Gann's heroes, whether at war in ancient Masada or World War I France, are usually laconic, fiercely self-reliant loners, cynical sentimentalists, promiscuous with death, faithful to a pal.

Oddly, ''The Aviator,'' seems to belong on that nostalgic cottage shelf, to have the descriptive feel and earnest tender style of popular novels written three decades ago; it might have appeared first in The Saturday Evening Post with brown-tinted illustrations, two tipped monoplanes aloft in the background, girl with windblown hair to the fore. Its subject is a favorite of Mr. Gann's: the flying world of gypsy moths in the 1920's, when barnstormers and mail pilots like Lucky Lindy risked their lives routinely in old wood Libertys and de Havillands, when fliers lived airborne, ''lost themselves in it as a man may sometimes utterly abandon himself to an enchanting woman.''

The enchanting woman in this spare tale is not the siren of Faulkner's ''Pylon,'' but an 11-year-old girl who manages to convince a misanthropic mail pilot to value life as the two labor together to survive their plane crash in the snow-blanketed wilderness of a Nevada mountain.

The pilot's airline company, ''a leftover casualty station from the Great War,'' is run by a one-legged captain, serviced by a one-handed mechanic and staffed by variously maimed or misfit fliers, of whom Jerry is the most withdrawn. Half his face is ''an ugly mass of tortured scar tissue,'' the result of a crash that killed one of his students. He keeps both face and feelings averted from the world until the child's acceptance of her own pain (her back is twisted by the crash) and her affirmation of him (''You are beautiful because you are'') bring him to risk communion with the world.

Heather, the young girl, can be a disconcerting amalgam of inspirational sincerity and glib precocity reminiscent of Shirley Temple in ''Bright Eyes.'' All the ruffles in which Mr. Gann has decked this ''lovely little creature'' encumber a story affecting in the simplicity of its action, as one man contends against death and defeat with the frail weapon of his human will -much like the battle of ''The Old Man and the Sea.''

\*

Malachi Martin writes best sellers about God and demons: one on exorcisms (he's conducted 14), one on power politics in the Vatican (he was an ''organization man'' for Pope John XXIII). A Jesuit priest born in Ireland, Father Martin has studied theology, archeology and Davidic paleography, and holds two doctorates. In ''The Pilgrim,'' written under the pseudonym Michael Seraphim, he divulged Vatican efforts to renounce Pope John's ''Jewish document,'' which retracted the Church's doctrine blaming Jews for Christ's death. After leaving Rome, he worked as a New York cabby and dishwasher. (Someone should write a novel about Malachi Martin.) Now he has written a novel about David, shepherd of Bethlehem, giant slayer, psalmist, lover, killer and king, but mostly killer. ''King of Kings'' is a De Millean cyclorama of biblical gore in which Saul slays his thousands and David slays his thousands and the Philistines slay their thousands and the Amalekites theirs.There is mayhem all over Judea.

David, beautiful, gifted, heroic, is the chosen of his God, Adonai - and of everyone else, from Jonathan to Bathsheba. God had chosen him to gather the Jewish people into a nation, to found them a city, Jerusalem, and in its temple to lay the Ark of the Covenant. Father Martin pivots his vast chronicle not on the struggle between the Hebrews and the Philistines, but on a struggle between their gods, Adonai and Dagon, a struggle that reveals the peculiar ways in which God works His will to good through evil: As David is ''the womb'' of Christ, Saviour to come, so Dagon is Satan's current metamorphosis. After David destroys the Philistine empire, the novel loses tension in the scatter of other tribal battles and family strife. Evident throughout, however, are Father Martin's knowledgeableness, his vivid evocation of the times and his understanding of David as myth, typological figure and historical warrior.

To retell Scripture is an audacious task, as Milton knew when he undertook the third chapter of Genesis. ''King of Kings'' certainly does have length. David lived a long full life. His story is best told, as Father Martin would be the first to acknowledge, in the Books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles. The first version is a bit shorter, too.

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[***The Snake in the Archives***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VM10-008G-F2S4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 11;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1489 words

**Byline:** By Michael Malone;

Michael Malone's novels include "Time's Witness," "Handling Sin" and "Foolscap." He is the head writer of ABC's daytime drama "One Life to Live."

By Michael Malone;   Michael Malone's novels include "Time's Witness," "Handling Sin" and "Foolscap." He is the head writer of ABC's daytime drama "One Life to Live."

**Body**

ORIGINAL SIN

By P. D. James.

416 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $24.

THE latest novel from P. D. James, "Original Sin," is a portrait of Peverell Press, a venerable London publisher situated in Innocent House, a mock Venetian palace on the bank of the Thames. It is a complex, compelling novel with a murder investigation for a plot. Those who admire the book are likely to say it is "more than a mystery," but this fine novel needs no such excuses. How useful can our definition of the murder mystery be if every well-written instance must be praised by saying it "transcends the genre"? It is a porous form indeed if it can stretch from Charlie Chan to "Crime and Punishment," and can include among its practitioners authors as various as Mickey Spillane and the stately Baroness James of Holland Park.

"Original Sin" does not zip by (the first murder is not revealed until a hundred pages into the story), but flows along in 19th-century style, wide, deep, magisterial, like the Thames that so atmospherically fills its pages. Indeed, as in Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend," the Thames becomes a powerful character in this novel. It serves not only to transport the players, hide the bodies and expose the secrets, but to place this narrative quite consciously within a literary tradition and a national history symbolized by the immemorial traffic of the Thames "bearing on its strong tide the whole history of England," from the Vikings and Romans to the great port of sailing ships and smoky Victorian bustle.

It is typical of Lady James to use a single setting (often a city business, rather than the weekend manor house of the Golden Age mystery) as a way to cluster her characters. In "A Mind to Murder" it was an up-scale psychiatric clinic. Here it is an old-fashioned "gentlemen's" publishing company near bankruptcy. Innocent House (on the site of a walk that once led defendants found innocent from magistrate's court to freedom) is a beautiful Georgian building, four stories of glowing marble and a grand hall with a painted ceiling depicting "the curving river plumed with the sails of high-masted ships and small cherubs with pouted lips blowing prosperous breezes in small bursts like steam from a kettle." But it is anything but innocent, and never has been. Lady Peverell, the builder's wife, allegedly threw herself from the balcony, and her ghost still walks the blood-stained courtyard.

After a long first section in which we explore the private lives of all the major characters at the press, murder strikes. Gerard Etienne, the new head of the company, a ruthless bottom-liner (he's climbed the Matterhorn, and listens to Wagner), is determined to hurry the press into the modern age by getting rid of excess baggage. He starts firing superfluous or out-of-date staff (the first to go promptly commits suicide), and cutting from the list unprofitable writers who don't give readers the cheap romances and thrillers they presumably want. Even worse, Etienne plans to sell Innocent House itself and move to a modern building. Is it any wonder he's found gassed to death in a carefully vacuumed archives room, with a cloth snake (the company mascot, called Hissing Sid) around his neck, the head stuck in his mouth?

Who did it? Claudia, Gerald's sleek and smart sister, who urgently needs £350,000 to buy an antiques store for her greedy, irresponsible, shallow and sexy boyfriend? Frances, Gerald's cast-off mistress, last of the Peverells, a lovely, gentle, pious woman, now passionately angry about his betrayal and fiercely determined to keep Innocent House in the family? Blackie, Etienne's faithful, eminently sensible secretary, now mocked and demoted to the periphery of power? Or another in the roundup of the usual suspects?

No one is better than Lady James at describing the particulars of police inspecting a crime scene, questioning the witnesses and analyzing the evidence to identify a killer. In this five-act mystery, it is fitting that the evidence should be literary: manuscripts, letters, diaries, contracts, archives. After a second and a third murder, the plot tumbles quickly into the open, even to a highway chase. It's appropriate, too, that the solution to the murders lies hidden in past events, and is uncovered by meticulous historical research. These crimes descend from the original sins of the fathers. And from brooding on old injustices, old betrayals, unforgotten, unrepented. "If God is eternal, then His justice is eternal. And so is His injustice," an Anglican nun tells Commander Adam Dalgliesh, the exceptional detective who has served as the protagonist of most of Lady James' mysteries. In "Original Sin," murder is long in the hatching. "The tragedy of loss is not that we grieve," an editor at the press reflects following a funeral, "but that we cease to grieve, and then perhaps the dead are dead at last."

Lady James, a novelist of broad gifts and great skill, here is writing in full mastery of her craft and in full indulgence of her predilections. The staples to which we have become accustomed are all present in force, including the textually rich details of architecture and furnishings that at times work in support of the story, and at other times seem to emerge from the author's compulsion to describe all that her eye has seen, whether that is an Anglo-Celtic church on Blackwater estuary or the cool bare lines of a modern flat in the Barbican. As ever, Lady James, the grande dame of fictional forensic pathology, vividly renders the ugly reality of violent death: the smell of a corpse, the look of an autopsy in a sterile post-mortem room, the random residue of lives abruptly stopped.

Our point of view is beautifully initiated by the author's use of an "innocent" observer to lead us into the evils of Peverell Press. We arrive there with a young, sharp-eyed temporary typist, Mandy, and it is she who discovers two of the three murder victims. This "What Mandy Knew" view of Innocent House finds another Jamesian echo in the pivotal testimony of a Maisie-like, preternaturally wise child called Daisy. Allusions and symbols like this abound, and at times tread rather heavily through the plot.

Dalgliesh is back in charge, as dazzling as a movie star, but curiously passive. Far more active are his two juniors, who are sexually attracted to each other, fiercely competitive and convinced that they suffer the disadvantages of their minority status. Detective Inspector Kate Miskin, ***working-class***, bright, hard-working and single, has sacrificed love to ambition. Inspector Daniel Aaron has sacrificed familial duty. His mother wails that "you'd rather be mixed up in murder than be with your parents." We hear a lot about Aaron's views on atheism, Jewish guilt ("You feel the need to keep explaining to God why you can't believe in him," he says) and Jewish suffering. His ruminations are not gratuitous, because it turns out that the history of the Holocaust is central to the plot of "Original Sin."

IN addition to the police, we are re-introduced to some character types we've met in earlier novels. Among others, there is a suicidal spinster and a garrulous, gossipy cleaning lady. There is, as well, some grousing about civilization's decline (shoddy partitions are ruining the proportions of classical rooms) and a conservative cri de coeur about current social ills and bleak prospects for the future. An earl's youthful daughter is as affectless as a mannequin and amoral as a cat. Adolescent vandals on motorbikes destroy the cottage garden of a minister's elderly widow. "My God," she cries, "what sort of generation have we bred?" Indeed, most of the young people in the novel seem to symbolize a callous modernity, devoid of loyalty, manners or traditions, that leaves in its noisy wake a number of broken victims.

The most dramatic example of such a castoff in "Original Sin" is an aging female mystery writer, who, after having provided Peverell House for decades with successful, if increasingly quaint, mysteries, is summarily cast aside by the ruthless new regime. "REJECTED -- AND AFTER 30 YEARS!!!" Esme Carling scrawls in futile outrage on her last manuscript, "Death on Paradise Island." When her body is found floating in the Thames just below Peverell House, it is easy for her former publishers to believe she killed herself; after all, she'd lived for the work they just rejected. But in fact the writer was murdered (an exploitable fact her trendy agent plans to turn to profit) because she had stumbled upon a real mystery far more dangerous than the fictions she'd created. Lady James treats this vain, hard-working woman with gentle comedy and compassion. "She had at least respected the English language and used it as well as lay in her power," Dalgliesh muses. "In an age rapidly becoming illiterate that was something." In the case of P. D. James, a far better mystery writer than her hapless Mrs. Carling, that is something indeed.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** April 2, 1995

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[***Community Shrinks From Crack's Embrace***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1DJ0-002S-X0TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1989, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 3; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1416 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN A. HOLMES

**Body**

With its handsomely restored brownstones, well-organized block clubs and political activism, the southern part of Bedford-Stuyvesant contradicts the popular view of it as a crumbling and dangerous ghetto.

''We know most people on our block,'' said Maurice Reid, 48 years old, administrator of the Center for Law and Social Justice at Medgar Evers College, who bought a 17-room brownstone on Bainbridge Street with his family 10 years ago. ''This is a community. Every place else I've been has had a lot of people, but no sense of community.''

Like communities throughout New York City, however, this part of Bedford-Stuyvesant is engaged in a wearying, day-in day-out struggle with drugs. Crack, residents say, is posing a mortal threat to the neighborhood's fragile stability.

Neighborhood 'Reclaiming Itself'

Dissatisfied with the level of police protection they receive, clergymen, educators and many of the middle- and ***working-class*** people who make up the bulk of the neighborhood are trying to fight back. They have sponsored seminars on neighborhood security for residents, set up block-watcher programs and formed civilian patrols. A nun who is the principal of a Roman Catholic elementary school has spent so much time battling nearby drug dealers that she won an award from the Federal Education Department.

''As the community organizes itself, it is reclaiming itself,'' said the Rev. Fred Lucas, pastor of the Bridge Street African Methodist Episcopal Church, the oldest black church in Brooklyn.

To outsiders, the name Bedford-Stuyvesant conjures up images of decay and degradation - of drug dens, crumbling tenements and ragged urchins romping in rubbish-strewn lots.

But the neighborhood's southern half, loosely bounded by Broadway and Atlantic Avenue on the north and south, and Marcus Garvey Boulevard and Saratoga Avenue to the east and west, is honeycombed with broad streets studded with grand brownstones dating from the turn of the century. Residentially, most of Bedford-Stuyvesant's blight is concentrated in its northern fringes near Myrtle Avenue and on its eastern edge.

The southern blocks embrace the Stuyvesant Heights Historic District, a 13-block enclave of 430 buildings dating from the 1870's. ''Bedford-Stuyvesant is basically a community of blocks,'' said Edwin Marshall, a planner for the city. ''You can walk down one street and find beautiful blocks. But if you go one or two blocks over, you find abandonment and blight.''

The fear of residents is that their community will be caught in the same explosion of violence that has engulfed nearby areas of Brooklyn. Through July, the 81st Precinct, which encompasses the southern half of Bedford-Stuyvesant, recorded 17 murders there. During the same period there were 24 homicides in the neighboring Bushwick section, 30 in nearby Crown Heights and 55 in East New York.

Residents See Misconceptions

''This area has been coming back economically and politically,'' said James P. Sullivan, 45, former president of Community Board 3, which includes Bedford-Stuyvesant. ''The drug problem threatens everything.''

Longtime residents resent what they see as the misconceptions about their neighborhood. ''When I was working, my colleagues couldn't conceive of me living in Bedford-Stuyvesant,'' said Anna Gary, 63, a retired secretary who lives with her daughter and grandchild in a house on Macon Street that was first owned by her parents. ''They visualize you walking out into your yard and confronting guys with guns.''

The black professionals who moved into Bedford-Stuyvesant to take advantage of the neighborhood's low housing prices are also proud homeowners.

The influx of young black professionals has helped stem population loss. From 1970 to 1980, Bedford-Stuyvesant, which is nearly all black, lost almost a third of its 196,600 residents. By 1985, the last year for which figures are available, the area's population had rebounded by only a few hundred, to 133,800.

Sharp Rise in Drug Activity

Southern Bedford-Stuyvesant has 130 block associations, more than 100 churches and a reputation for political strength. Its State Assembly District, the 56th, produced 28,384 votes for Mayor-elect David N. Dinkins, the third-highest total among all the city's 60 Assembly districts.

But the growing sense of vigor and community is jeopardized by the growing drug menace. The police report 232 arrests for sale and possession of drugs in the 81st Precinct during the first nine months of 1989, an 18 percent increase over the same period last year. But reports of drug activity phoned into the 81st Precinct by the public have risen by 40 percent for the same period. The police say this increase indicates both stepped-up drug activity and a willingness of the community to do something about it.

''People in the community are the best informed and the best source of information I have,'' said Deputy Inspector Wilbur Chapman, commander of the 81st Precinct.

For now, cooperation between the police and southern Bedford-Stuyvesant appears good, police and community leaders say. Residents say, however, the police can do more. Some want a tactical narcotics team, a special police unit that conducts intensive sweeps through a drug-infested neighborhood.

Not Hemorrhaging

''I made an impassioned pitch for T.N.T.,'' Inspector Chapman said. ''My rationale was that this is a neighborhood that is taking a stand. I felt that we could hit the pockets where there is trouble and probably wouldn't have to come back for a long time.''

The patrol commander of Brooklyn North, Assistant Police Chief Thomas Gallagher, says that he is sympathetic to the argument but that manpower constraints force him to pay most attention to neighborhoods that are hemorrhaging, rather than those that are merely bleeding.

''I understand the desire to go in and nip it in the bud,'' he said. ''But I would like to reserve T.N.T. for the most needy areas.'' The nearest such operation is in the 83d Precinct, in Bushwick.

Residents find little solace in such reasoning. ''I guess we have to get to the stage where we have shoot-outs on the street before they take action,'' said Mr. Sullivan, the former community board president. ''We need them to do something before the problem gets really bad.''

Nun Chases Dealers

Typical of the community's desire to aid in the fight against drug dealers are the efforts of Sister Mary Jane Raeihle, 49, principal of St. John the Baptist School, a Roman Catholic elementary school on Lewis Avenue.

In the last four years Sister Mary Jane has chased away drug dealers loitering near the five-story school, pressured the city to seal a nearby abandoned building that had become a crack house and told the police about suspicious activity.

''The people in the neighborhood know I inform the police on what's going on,'' Sister Mary Jane said. ''Sometimes they are afraid to be seen talking to me on the street, so they tell me in church after Sunday Mass.''

St. John students even videotaped drug deals on the street near the school and sent copies of the tape to Mayor Edward I. Koch. That resulted in an invitation for Sister Mary Jane and several of her students to meet with Mr. Koch. ''Nothing has changed,'' she said.

'Love for the Children'

Sister Mary Jane said that she and her staff have been threatened and that the school had received at least two bomb threats.

''You'd be a fool not to be afraid,'' said Frank Coughlin, 31, a religion teacher at St. John who has shooed drug dealers away from the school. ''But it's not the first thing you think of. Love for the children and concern for their safety, that comes first.''

As a result of the efforts of Sister Mary Jane and her students, St. John was one of 47 schools honored in June for excellence in drug prevention by the Federal Department of Education.

Parents of St. John students say they think Sister Mary Jane's efforts have borne some fruit. ''I think it's a little better around here,'' said Patrick Bowers as he stood outside the buff-colored school one recent morning with his great-granddaughter, Chakima Bowers, 7, a third grader. ''I don't see as many people on the street as I used to.''

Yet given the allure of crack, and the vast sums to be made from it, some wonder if efforts like Sister Mary Jane's are little more than holding actions.

''They'll never get rid of it; it's too built in,'' said Tracy Kirkland, striding quickly towards St. John, her 5-year-old son, Tyreek, in tow. ''The best you can do is make sure it doesn't get any worse.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Maurice Reid, a college administrator, shown outside his brownstone on Bainbridge Street with his wife, Marilyn, and sons, Kenyatta, and Jamal. (NYT/Michelle V. Agins); Sister Mary Jane Raeihle, principal of St. John the Baptist School (NYT/John Sotomayor); map of Brooklyn (NYT) (pg. B9)

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[***BRAZIL'S BUSY FACTORIES FORGE A LABOR FIREBRAND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FX70-000B-Y2FC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1252 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** RIO DE JANEIRO

**Body**

Sao Bernardo do Campo, a grimy suburb of Sao Paulo, is now the largest industrial park in Brazil, a symbol of what this country has done in two decades of seeking to become a major power.

It has also produced the continent's leading ***working-class*** hero and foremost articulator of the notion that Brazil's progress has been achieved at the expense of its workers.

The experience of other industrialized nations should have prepared Brasilia for the likes of Luis Inacio da Silva, but the Government has treated him like an invader from another planet.

''Our objective on the labor front is to wipe out a powerful movement that has turned to political provocation,'' Gen. Golbery do Couto e Silva, the power behind the 17-year-old military stewardship of Brazil, warned in a recent speech. ''It is a movement led astray by its leaders, who have gone beyond their legitimate field of action.''

Warren Hoge profiles Brazilian labor activist Luis Inacio da SilvaStrike Brings Jail Sentence

The Government has dogged Mr. Da Silva, using tactics from a repressive era that it has abandoned in most other areas of Brazilian life under the present policy of gradually returning the country to democratic institutions.

He has just been sentenced to three and a half years in jail for having led an ''illegal'' strike a year ago and still faces charges punishable by up to 30 years' imprisonment for having allegedly incited ''class violence.''

Mr. Da Silva, more widely known by his nickname, ''Lula,'' has garnered support for his cause in trips to Japan, Europe, the United States and elsewhere in Latin America and recently held a publicized meeting with Lech Walesa, the Polish labor leader. John Cristensen, an observer for the United Automobile Workers at Mr. Da Silva's recent trial, said: ''It's incredible to me that in comparing Brazil and Poland, a Communist country, there seems to be more freedom there than here. Walesa is freer than Lula. There the Government agreed to hold a dialogue with him, here not. That is a basic and astonishing difference.''

Some Brazilian commentators have been upset by foreigners' likening Mr. Da Silva to Mr. Walesa, and in fact the latter's influence over events in Poland far exceeds that of Mr. Da Silva's in Brazil. But the loyal following Mr. Da Silva has inspired here and the extreme reactions he has brought forth in Brasilia from leaders otherwise committed to liberalizing the country have made him a figure to contend with.

Labor Repression Is Target

He has secured his position by the authenticity of his workingclass background and the persistence with which he has focused on the tradition of labor repression in Brazil.

A heavyset man with a curly black beard and a growly voice, he lives in a modest house in a row of similar homes within sight of the automobile plants that turn out a million vehicles a year.

While these production figures have soared, the purchasing power of the Brazilian lower and middle classes has steadily declined, as figures compiled by the union's research arm amply show. The research unit has enjoyed great credibility since proving in 1977 that the Government had manipulated inflation figures to deny workers cost of living increases.

One of eight children, Mr. Da Silva, now 35 years old, was brought to this area from his native state of Pernambuco in the poor northeast of Brazil when he was 4. The trip, in a truck full of migrants, took 13 days. His father, a sharecropper, had come south the year of Mr. Da Silva's birth and become a laborer on the docks of Santos, hauling sacks of coffee.

Finding his father with another woman and five other children, Mr. Da Silva's mother moved to Sao Paulo, where the family lived 10 to a room in the back of a bar. Mr. Da Silva worked at a cleaner's while going to school but then left classes altogether when he was 14 to take a job as a telephone operator and later a lathe mechanic. When he was 18 he lost the little finger on his left hand in an accident with a press.

In 1966 he went to work in Sao Bernardo do Campo, joined the union and by 1972 had been elected its first secretary. He gained the presidency in 1975, was re-elected in 1978 and served in that position until the Government removed and jailed him a year ago as part of its action to end a 41-day strike against the auto industry.

Given this background, Mr. Da Silva not surprisingly does not believe all that he hears. ''The businessmen are talking about democracy and 'social pacts,' '' he said, ''but all they want to do is to democratize their losses now that times are hard, and all their social pact constitutes is asking us to stay put and not cause any disturbances.''

Not even Pope John Paul II overcame Mr. Da Silva's bent for skepticism during a tour that captured the national imagination last July. Mr. Da Silva faulted the Pope for condemning class warfare in a speech to workers in Sao Paulo.

Workers Called 'Marginal'

''The worker in Brazil has always been second-class,'' he said. ''We have been marginalized through our history, and any time we have tried to complain, it has meant police in the street.''

A principal target of Mr. Da Silva's speeches is the Government's liberalization program, known as ''abertura,'' the Protuguese word for ''opening.''

''Abertura is abertura for some sectors of society, but it hasn't given us any participation in economic or political decisions,'' he said.

One of Mr. Da Silva's initiatives that put him at odds with Brasilia was the founding of his own workers' party instead of entering the traditional Brazilian Labor Party. The union heads themselves make the decisions in Mr. Da Silva's party, unlike the older organizations, and it has attracted a good many students and intellectuals in addition to rank and file.

He denied Government charges that Communists had infiltrated his union and his party. ''This cliche of seeing Communists everywhere may have worked in the 60's, but it doesn't work anymore.'' And supposing someone asked him if he were a capitalist, a socialist or a Communist, what would he answer? ''I would say I am a metalworker,'' he said.

20,000 Workers Laid Off

An inflation rate that has soared to 113 percent and a slowed economy that for the first time in the Brazilian auto industry's experience has reduced demand to less than supply have temporarily calmed the combativeness of Mr. Da Silva's metalworkers. There have already been almost 20,000 layoffs by his estimate, and keeping one's job has taken on an importance that improving conditions and raising salaries once had.

His 142,000-member union has just accepted a negotiated salary settlement with the automakers in which the workers will get up to 8 percent above Government indexes that are supposed to reflect increases in the cost of living but generally fall below. The union's customary demands for job security, union representation in management, unemployment funds, union autonomy and the right to strike were ignored.

Despite no signs of any government or business willingness to meet the workers' basic demands and the possibility that he may himself spend the next few years in jail, Mr. Da Silva said he thought the labor movement in Brazil would win in the end.

''In Brazil, like everywhere else, the worker will have to suffer for his gains. We're now where America was in the 1930's, where Sweden, Belgium and Holland were around 1910, and where some other countries were at the end of the last century. They all made it, and the movement is not going to be stopped here.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Luis In acio da Silva

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; In a Realm Less Grand, A 'King' Still Grooves***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4395-BFH0-0109-T2VT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 17, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 26

**Length:** 1634 words

**Byline:**  By MIKE HALE; Mike Hale is an editor of Arts and Leisure.

**Dateline:** NEWPORT BEACH, Calif.

**Body**

BEHIND the stage you can see the kitchen, where cheeseburgers flying Hard Rock Cafe flags are picked up by waitresses in very short, very tight white uniforms. One waitress wears a flashing red taillight right where you'd expect a taillight to be, and the shiny plastic disc bobs in and out behind the seven men onstage like an angry firefly.

This hangarlike restaurant in the parking lot of an Orange County mall is no place to play or to listen to music; the band's snaky, stuttering groove and the singer's smoky voice get lost somewhere up around the tail fins of the Chevy suspended over the bar. And it's an almost unimaginable distance from the factories and pubs of Birmingham, England, circa 1978-1982, which is where most of the songs the band is playing have their roots. But people are dancing, and for Dave Wakeling, the king of ska, that's always been at least half the battle.

The title is lightly worn, no matter how well deserved. (Perusing the Hard Rock menu before the show, Mr. Wakeling mused, "A cup of soup for the king of ska?") As a 22-year-old Birmingham construction worker with radical political leanings and a gift for writing haunting yet catchy tunes, he became a founding member of the Beat, later known as the English Beat. Born the year the Sex Pistols dissolved, 1978, the Beat channeled punk's energy into its own ska-dub-reggae Jamaican hybrid and became, briefly, a major force in British pop. After four years, three albums and little success cracking the American market, the band fell apart.

Now, 45 years old and a Californian for nearly 15 years, Mr. Wakeling -- author of a handful of the best pop songs of the late 70's and early 80's -- goes up and down the coast, playing the clubs, surf bars and beach festivals. But the young, ***working-class*** Brummie is still visible in his compact body and rough-hewn face, and Birmingham is still audible when he talks, rendering Los Angeles as Los ANG-gull-eez. The Beat's image in its heyday was of a crack dance band with a sharper-than-usual political sensibility, and that's how it remains in the fond memory of its cultists. But the real draw was always the way Mr. Wakeling, a singer-songwriter trapped in a punk-ska band, could imbue propulsive numbers like "Mirror in the Bathroom," "I Confess" and "Save It for Later" with his own melancholy romanticism, in both words and melody.

"There's definitely a melancholia, and a beauty through that, certainly," he said, cautiously, while submitting to an interview during his preshow dinner. "Virginia Woolf's notion that everything of beauty is cut with a certain singular sadness. And I like to try to stretch that and do it with a wry grin as well, so that there's a sense of irony about it: Yes, it's a tragedy, isn't it? Can we have a dance?"

A quarter-century after the Beat, along with its 2-Tone Records labelmates the Specials and Madness, got Britain dancing in what was to become known as the first ska revival, there is a flurry of interest in Mr. Wakeling's first band. London-Sire Records, which reissued the long-out-of-print Beat albums in 1999, will put out a new greatest-hits CD later this year, and he confirms that the former Beat members have been talking about a reunion to tie in with it. Mr. Wakeling has been doing his part to stoke this interest, serving up Beat standards on recent tours with his own band (which plays at Irving Plaza in Manhattan on Wednesday).

It helps that ska itself -- the infectious, skittering predecessor of reggae that was born in Jamaican dance halls and recording studios in the late 50's -- had another comeback. He credits this latest wave of ska, spearheaded in the late 90's by groups like No Doubt and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, with stirring interest in the 2-Tone groups. "And at the same time, perversely enough, this 80's retro thing," he said, "which here in Los Angeles, much to my delight, seems to be fueled mainly with either late-teens or early-20's Latinos."

On this April night, his band -- the latest in a series of groups he has assembled since moving here -- is saddled with more than the awful acoustics and the seemingly endless choruses of "Happy Birthday" from every section of the restaurant. There's also its odd and unwieldy name: "The English Beat's Dave Wakeling." This is how Mr. Wakeling, in consultation with the other former members of the Beat, has agreed to bill himself for now.

"In exchange for getting to use the fabulous group name, I'm the only thing out helping the catalog get a mention," he said. "So that's fair, I believe."

The band is a more than reasonable facsimile of the original, easily conjuring the staccato beats, swirling guitars and dark saxophone riffs that defined the Beat as well as General Public, the on-again, off-again group formed by Mr. Wakeling and the Beat's other vocalist, Ranking Roger. (The Beat's guitarist and bass player, Andy Cox and David Steele, went on to found Fine Young Cannibals with the singer Roland Gift; their mix of power pop and Jamaican rhythms came together in one huge hit, the 1989 album "The Raw and the Cooked.") And the band has something else in common with its predecessor: a balanced multiracial makeup (in this case, white, black and Latino), something that in 1978, a decade after Sly and the Family Stone, was still unusual on either side of the Atlantic.

"We were lucky, I suppose, coming from Birmingham, where there had been a loosening of the boundaries between people of different colors," Mr. Wake ling said. "So when we wanted to blend punk and reggae, it never occurred to us that it would be an odd thing to have people of different color in the same group.

"I would love to take credit, like it was a marvelous contrivance. But it was just what was going on around us. It wasn't a big deal, until we went to London and people first commented on it. Then, when we came to America, it was obviously some huge sociological movement."

Also rising out of the Beat's time and place, and out of Mr. Wakeling's affection for the music of Bob Marley, was the band's overt emphasis on politics (not to mention political action, like benefit concerts for the unemployed). Bigger post-punk, new wave names like the Clash and Elvis Costello might have gained more attention in the United States for their songs of protest, but in Mrs. Thatcher's Britain, it was the Beat's anthem "Stand Down Margaret" that captured the mood of recession and nuclear anxiety: "I see no joy, I see only sorrow/ I see no chance of your bright new tomorrow/So stand down Margaret, stand down please, stand down Margaret." "There was definitely a sense of apocalypse," Mr. Wakeling said. "It was like, ooh, you better have a dance, we might not be here next Saturday."

He added: "I fear I have far more to thank Mrs. Thatcher for than I ever could have blamed her for. Every time she opened her mouth, I knew where I stood. Once everybody fully understands what George W.'s saying, I'm sure a lot of people will find they're diametrically opposed to that, too."

After the demise of the Beat (the causes: "The rhythm section going off the boil with each other; us touring too much; me being an egomaniac with perfectionist and self-destructive tendencies. So I was told") and, later, of General Public, Mr. Wakeling came to California to make a solo album. It was backed, minimally, by the ill-fated IRS Records, and quickly disappeared.

As a young man, he says, he had considered going to work for Greenpeace or becoming a Buddhist monk before opting for rock stardom. With his musical career having temporarily slowed, he followed his convictions and spent five years working, often full-time, in Greenpeace's Los Angeles office, organizing benefits, coaching celebrity spokesmen and producing "Alternative NRG," an album recorded with solar power.

Now he's back on the road and in the studio, working with Rick Torres, the mastermind of the Los Angeles techno-lounge group Supreme Beings of Leisure, who is also playing guitar for Mr. Wakeling on his current tour. Mr. Wakeling has an idea for combining studio tracks with samples from his own live shows, "to try and combine the hormones and the adrenaline of the gig with the metronomic precision that's required for the radio now." Mr. Wakeling said he did not want to make music that sounded like England in the early 80's, any more than the Beat wanted to make music that sounded like Jamaica in the early 60's. "It's got to sound like early 21st century Los Angeles," he said. "I don't really want to be the English Beat. I'm using this Beat release to try and reinvigorate interest in my wonderful self."

He has other reasons for putting some distance between himself and his musical past. "I think I'm a bit more soul-grooved than reggae-grooved at the moment," he said. "But I think in some ways that's a reaction of disappointment at the tawdry area that much of dance-hall reggae has taken. I don't quite understand loads of men with highly coiffured braids running around the stage denigrating homosexuals, which seems like a big shock to me after the likes of Bob Marley, who used reggae as a very conscious and uplifting medium."

Whatever form his work takes, it will be worth hearing if it still expresses the vulnerability and knowledge of human weakness of a song like "I Confess," with its moaning opening lines: "Just out of spite/ I confess I've ruined three lives/ Don't sleep so tight/ 'Cause I did not care till I found out that one of them was mine."

"It seems to me that that's where people actually connect," he said. "Not by being really strong and showing off your best side. You can sing in a song about something embarrassingly personal but find a way to put it so it rings those universal bells. That way I think it draws folk together, or closer. That's my notion."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: David Wakeling performing in San Francisco; at far left, the Beat around 1979, with Mr. Wakeling third from the left. (Peter DaSilva for The New York Times); (London-Sire Records)

**Load-Date:** June 17, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Movie Guide and Film Series***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4NVJ-D660-TW8F-G38Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 11, 2007 Friday

The New York Times on the Web

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**Section:** Section ; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg.

**Length:** 2440 words

**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

MOVIES

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, show times and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

'ARE WE DONE YET?' (PG, 92 minutes) Loosely based on the 1948 comedy ''Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House,'' this unnecessary sequel to ''Are We There Yet?'' finds Nick Persons (Ice Cube) tackling marriage, stepfatherhood and the renovation of a rural fixer-upper with more problems than square feet. Despite John C. McGinley's marvelous portrayal of a charismatic con man, this feeble fable of better parenting through home improvement leaves us tempted to inquire, ''Are we done yet?''

(Jeannette Catsoulis) 'AWAY FROM HER' (PG-13, 110 minutes) Sarah Polley's well-observed adaptation of a story by Alice Munro is a quiet tour de force about love and loss, anchored by fine performances by Gordon Pinsent and Julie Christie as a couple dealing with the loss of memory and memories of past hurt. (A. O. Scott)

'BLADES OF GLORY' (PG-13, 93 minutes) In this fast, light, frequently funny comedy about a male figure-skating team, Will Ferrell and Jon Heder stake an early claim to being the comedy couple of the year. (Stephen Holden)

'BRAND UPON THE BRAIN' (No rating, 96 minutes) A baroque entertainment with one foot in silent cinema and the other gingerly toeing the sound waves, Guy Maddin's latest centers on a man who, in visiting the now-emptied foundling home, journeys deep into his childhood. It's wild! It's weird! It's strangely touching and a total must see! (Manohla Dargis)

THE CONDEMNED' (R, 100 minutes) This simple-minded vehicle for the wrestling star Steve Austin follows a bunch of muscle-bound lowlifes as they fight to the death for the benefit of an Internet reality show. Leaden and inept, the movie fails to deliver even the action goods, presenting every fight scene in such quaking, extreme close-up that it's difficult to tell who's pummeling whom. Fortunately, the language of pain is universal.

(Catsoulis)

'DAY NIGHT DAY NIGHT' (No rating, 94 minutes) For most of its 94 minutes, this gripping but evasive portrait of an unidentified 19-year-old terrorist undertaking a suicide bombing mission in Times Square focuses on the face of its star, Luisa Williams. (Holden)

'DIGGERS' (R, 90 minutes) This minutely observed period piece, set in 1976, about clam diggers on the south shore of Long Island, has the brave, mournful tone of a Springsteen song (''My Hometown,'' say) set in Billy Joel territory.

( Holden)'DISTURBIA' (PG-13, 104 minutes) A pleasant, scary, well-directed variation on the killer-next-door theme, with the engaging Shia LeBeouf as Kale, a young man who turns house arrest into an occasion for voyeurism and crime-fighting. (Scott)

'ELECTION' (No rating, 100 minutes, in Cantonese) This intricate gangster entertainment, the first episode in a two-part sequence from the prolific Hong Kong action maestro Johnnie To, offers some acute lessons in the pitfalls of democracy. Also a feast of fighting, humor and fine acting, in particular from Simon Yaw, who plays a soft-spoken, businesslike candidate for chairman of Hong Kong's oldest criminal organization. (Scott)

'FRACTURE' (R, 111 minutes) A glib entertainment that offers up the spectacle of that crafty scene-stealer Anthony Hopkins mixing it up with that equally cunning screen-nibbler Ryan Gosling. (Manohla Dargis)

'GRINDHOUSE' (R, 180 minutes) A double feature, complete with fake previews for schlocky exploitation pictures, that pays nostalgic tribute to disreputable traditions of moviemaking and moviegoing. Robert Rodriguez contributes ''Planet Terror,'' a purposely incoherent zombie gross-out flick that flaunts is own badness the way Rose McGowan (as a go-go dancer named Cherry Darling) shows off her weaponized prosthetic leg. For his part, Quentin Tarantino, more of a connoisseur than his collaborator (and a much better filmmaker), turns out a brutal, talky and satisfying car-chase revenge movie in ''Death Proof,'' starring Kurt Russell. (Scott)

'THE HOAX' (R, 115 minutes) A first-rate performance by Richard Gere drives this true story of Clifford Irving (Mr. Gere), who claimed to be the authorized biographer of Howard Hughes. Shadowed by the paranoia of its period (the early '70s), this movie, crisply directed by Lasse Hallstrom from an excellent script by William Weaver, is less a morality play than an entertaining portrait of a literary gambler. (Scott) 'THE HOLY MOUNTAIN' (No rating, 114 minutes, in Spanish) A scandal when first released, the director Alejandro Jodorowsky's 1973 movie -- a follow-up to his midnight landmark, ''El Topo'' -- is a dazzling, rambling, often incoherent satire on consumerism, militarism and the exploitation of third world cultures by the west. The free-associative narrative follows a Christ-like thief through a series of surreal tableaus, climaxing in an assault on the mountaintop fortress of society's rulers. The mission ends with a postmodern punch line that suggests that movies are drugs too, and that the revolution can't happen until we kick our habits. (Matt Zoller Seitz)

'THE HOST' (R, 119 minutes, in Korean) A loopy, feverishly imaginative genre hybrid -- part carnival of horrors, part family melodrama -- about the demons that haunt us from without and within. The talented South Korean filmmaker Bong Joon-ho directs his monster and humans with equal flair. (Dargis)

'HOT FUZZ' (R, 121 minutes) A British parody of Hollywood-style action flicks from the wits behind ''Shaun of the Dead.'' Think of it as ''The Full Monty'' blown to smithereens. (Dargis)

'IN THE LAND OF WOMEN' (PG-13, 98 minutes) This meek, mopey comedy is the film equivalent of a sensitive emo band with one foot in alternative rock and the other in the squishy pop mainstream. The movie would like to think of itself as a softer, fuzzier ''Garden State.''

(Holden) 'THE INVISIBLE' (PG-13, 102 minutes) This supremely silly retread of the 2002 Swedish film ''Den Osynlige'' proves it's tough to be in love and in limbo at one and the same time. When a rich-yet-troubled teenager (Justin Chatwin) crosses paths with a violently disturbed classmate (Margarita Levieva), we learn that there's nothing quite like a near-death experience to repair those stubborn emotional wounds. (Catsoulis)

\* 'KILLER OF SHEEP' (No rating, 83 minutes) Largely hidden from view for three decades, Charles Burnett's lyrical film about a ***working-class*** family living in a broken-down home in a bombed-out stretch of Los Angeles is an American masterpiece, independent to the bone. (Dargis)

'LUCKY YOU' (PG-13, 124 minutes) Eric Bana plays a poker player with daddy issues (Robert Duvall is his dad), and Drew Barrymore is an aspiring singer who catches his eye in this tepid Las Vegas romance. It's not terrible, just content to break even. (Scott)

'MEET THE ROBINSONS' (G, 93 minutes) Actually, if you see them coming, run in the other direction. (Scott)

'THE NAMESAKE' (PG-13, 122 minutes) Color is the stuff of life in the movies of Mira Nair, the Indian-born director whose newest film, adapted from Jhumpa Lahiri's popular novel, follows two generations of a Bengali family from late-1970s Calcutta to New York City. Her lush palette lends her films a throbbing physicality that invites you to step into the screen and embrace the sensuous here and now. (Holden)

'NEXT' (PG-13, 96 minutes) Nicolas Cage plays a guy who can see into the future in this crummy adaptation of a nifty Philip K.Dick story. Too bad Mr. Cage couldn't tap into those same powers to save himself from another bad role. (Dargis)

'PARIS JE T'AIME' (R, 120 minutes, in French and English) ''Paris Je T'Aime,'' a mosaic of 18 miniatures, each set in a different location in the City of Light, is a cinematic tasting menu consisting entirely of amuse-bouches. After two hours of such tidbits, the palate is sated. But if there is no need for a main course, you still leave feeling vaguely disappointed at not being served one. (Holden)

'PERFECT STRANGER' (R, 109 minutes) There is enough of a grain of truth in this noirish, paranoid thriller set in the New York media world that even after it lurches from the farfetched into the preposterous, the movie leaves a clammy residue of unease. (Holden) 'PRIVATE FEARS IN PUBLIC PLACES' (No rating, 120 minutes, in French) A film from the venerable French auteur Alain Resnais about love and cinematic spaces, elegant camera moves and six heavenly bodies as seen through a mighty telescope. (Dargis)

'RED ROAD' (No rating, 113 minutes) Andrea Arnold's first feature falls into melodrama and implausibility at the end, but along the way it is a remarkably assured and complex piece of work, anchored by the director's formal control and by Jackie Dick's quietly heartbreaking performance as a Glasgow video-surveillance officer with an unhappy past. (Scott)

'SHOOTER' (R, 126 2:06minutes) Muscles bulge and heads explode in this thoroughly reprehensible, satisfyingly violent entertainment about men and guns and things that go boom. Antoine Fuqua directs, and Mark Wahlberg entertains, with and without his shirt. (Dargis)

'SPIDER-MAN 3' (PG-13, 139 minutes) Please, God, make this be the last one. (Dargis)

'TA RA RUM PUM' (No rating, 156 minutes, in English and Hindi) This Bollywood movie about a race car driver (the versatile Saif Ali Khan) takes place in New York, but that doesn't stop it from being a classic example of Bollywood family values. Here, all the city's a stage set, perfect for ''Fame''-meets-''West Side Story'' production numbers.

(Rachel Saltz)

'300' (R, 116 minutes) Greeks versus Persians in the big rumble at Thermopylae, via Frank Miller's graphic novel. As dumb as they get. (Scott)

'THE TREATMENT' (No rating, 86 minutes) Oren Rydavsky's adaptation of the Daniel Menaker novel about love and psychoanalysis in New York has its heart and head in the right place, but not much else, including its sympathetic stars, Chris Eigeman, Famke Janssen and Ian Holm. (Dargis)

'TRIAD ELECTION' (No rating, 93 minutes, in Cantonese) The surfaces gleam as luxuriously in Johnnie To's exemplary gangster thriller ''Triad Election'' as those in a similarly slicked-up Hollywood film, but the blood on the floor here seems stickier, more liable to stain. A brutal look at the shadows darkening the Hong Kong triads, the film picks up the narrative line first coiled and kinked in Mr. To's companion thriller, ''Election.'' (Dargis)

'VACANCY' (R, 80 minutes) This banal horror retread involves a couple of critters (Luke Wilson, Kate Beckinsale) flailing inside a sticky trap for what is, in effect, the big-screen equivalent of a roach motel. (Dargis)

'THE VALET' (PG-13, 85 minutes, in French) If you love to hate the superrich, this delectable comedy, in which the great French actor Daniel Auteuil portrays a piggy billionaire industrialist facing his comeuppance, is a sinfully delicious bonbon, a classic French farce with modern touches. (Holden)

'THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY' (No rating, 127 minutes) Stringent, serious history from Ken Loach, in which the Irish uprising and Civil War of the early 1920s test the loyalties and consciences of two brothers, played by Cillian Murphy and Padraic Delany. (Scott) 'WAITRESS' (PG-13, 104 minutes) Keri Russell is a small-town waitress in a bad marriage who finds solace in pie-baking and adultery in Adrienne Shelly's wry and winning final feature. (Scott)

'YEAR OF THE DOG' (PG-13, 97 minutes) Mike White's touching comedy about a woman who loses a dog and finds herself is funny ha-ha but firmly in touch with its downer side, which means that it's also funny in a kind of existential way. Molly Shannon stars alongside a menagerie of howling scene-stealers. (Dargis) 'ZOO' (No rating, 76 minutes) Robinson Devor's heavily reconstructed documentary is, to a large extent, about the rhetorical uses of beauty. It is, rather more coyly, also about a man who died after having sex with a stallion. (Dargis)

Film Series and Revivals

GENERATION GARREL (Today through Thursday) In France, Philippe Garrel occupies a position in the avant-garde somewhere between John Cassavetes (for his love of garrulous actors and messy dramatic situations) and Andy Warhol (for his love-hate relationship with glamour and stardom). This series widens the focus to include two other members of the Garrel family: his father, Maurice, and his son Louis, both actors. The 23-year-old Louis has the honor of opening the program tonight with a sneak preview of ''Dans Paris,'' the new film by the promising young director Christophe Honore (whose 2004 ''Ma Mere,'' also with Louis, plays on Sunday). Tomorrow's schedule includes Philippe's 2005 ''Regular Lovers,'' a film about the depressing aftermath of the social unrest of 1968. It features Louis in a part that seems like an extension of his breakthrough role in ''The Dreamers,''Bernardo Bertolucci's 2003 film about the strikes of '68. On Wednesday the 84-year-old Maurice takes center stage for Philippe's 1983 ''Liberte, la nuit,'' in which he stars as an aging activist caught up in the protests surrounding the Algerian war. And on Thursday the whole family (including Louis's mother, the actress Brigitte Sy) turns up in ''Emergency Kisses'' (1988), an autobiographical film about a director (Philippe) making an autobiographical film. BAMcinematek, BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, (718) 636-4100, bam.org; $10.

(Dave Kehr)

10 LATIN AMERICAN & SPANISH FILMS FROM THE LAST 100 YEARS (Tonight through Thursday) As part of the High Line Festival, the Quad Cinema will screen movies by Spanish and Latin American filmmakers. The series opens at 7:30 tonight with ''El Automovil Gris'' (1919), a Mexican crime film by Enrique Rosas Priego and presented here by the Mexican theater company El Teatro de Ciertos Habitantes. The 10 o'clock show is Alberto Gout's entertaining 1949 ''Aventurera,'' a lurid ''cabaretera'' melodrama about a girl from the sticks (Ninon Sevilla) kidnapped by human traffickers. Other highlights include, tomorrow, Tomas Gutierrez Alea's ''Memorias del Subdesarrollo '' (1968), one of the finest products of Cuban cinema, and, on Tuesday, Luis Bunuel's 1954 English-language, made-in-Mexico ''Robinson Crusoe'' and Victor Erice's dark and lyrical 1973 Spanish film about the terrors of childhood, ''El Espiitu de la Colmena.'' Quad Cinema, 34 West 13th Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 255-8800, highlinefestival.com; $12; $35 for ''El Automovil Gris.'' (Kehr)

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[***THE 1998 CAMPAIGN: WASHINGTON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TYC-K1W0-007F-G37P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Democrat or Republican, Woman Will Be Winner***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TYC-K1W0-007F-G37P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By SAM HOWE VERHOVEK

**Dateline:** BELLEVUE, Wash., Oct. 23

**Body**

Patty Murray swept into the United States Senate in 1992's "Year of the Woman" in the wake of national outrage over the all-male Senate Judiciary Committee's handling of sexual harassment accusations against a Supreme Court nominee. Six years later, in Ms. Murray's campaign, a woman is once again standing up for feminist values on the campaign trail -- "fighting against leches in the workplace who hit on young women," as she puts it.

But the candidate saying these things is not Senator Murray, a Democrat, who says she must remain an "impartial juror" in case President Clinton is impeached. Instead, it is her conservative Republican opponent, Representative Linda Smith, whose ire is on high alert. "The feminist movement," Ms. Smith says, "needs to stand up against any man who would use women like pieces of meat like our President has."

For just the third time in the nation's history, two women are running against each other for the Senate. In California and Illinois, other women elected to the Senate with Ms. Murray are in serious danger of losing to men this year. But Washington State, which boasts the highest percentage of women in the Legislature of any state, is certain to send a woman back to the Senate. It is just that voters here are facing a choice between two very different women.

In some ways, the race between Senator Murray and Representative Smith, both 48, is a vivid illustration of the increasing political prominence of women, whose numbers are at a record high in both the United States House (54) and Senate (9), though many feminist leaders regret that no woman has yet emerged as a dominant national political figure.

But even as Ms. Murray and Ms. Smith cite their experience as working mothers and talk about the importance of having a woman's perspective in the Senate, it is also clear that they have wide differences over what it means to have that perspective.

Ms. Smith's challenge shows that even as Democratic women in office or as candidates still outnumber their Republican counterparts, the gap has been closing, according to statistics compiled by the Center for the American Woman and Politics at Rutgers University's Eagleton Institute. (In House and Senate elections on Nov. 3, 82 Democrats and 49 Republicans on the ballot are women, an overall number that ties a record set in 1996.)

In short, the politics of women circa 1998 looks much more complicated and ideologically diverse than it did six years ago. Just having more women elected to office does not guarantee that any particular policies will be favored in Congress.

Senator Murray, for instance, is one of the most reliable abortion-rights supporters in the Senate, while Representative Smith is staunchly anti-abortion, and they have clashed strongly over the issue in this campaign, especially on whether to outlaw the procedure that critics call partial-birth abortion.

In a recent debate in Seattle, Ms. Murray said that no woman wants to find out late in her pregnancy that continuing it could threaten her life or health, and she said that criminalizing a decision for abortion at that point would be totally unwarranted.

"We, the Congress, shouldn't be the ones telling her she should go to jail," Ms. Murray said. "That decision should be made between her, her doctor and her faith."

But Ms. Smith castigated Ms. Murray as one of the "radical senators" who favored the "barbaric practice" of late-term abortion. And she has consistently expressed her own opposition to all abortions, including in cases of rape or incest.

Then there is the matter of President Clinton's relationship with a White House intern, one that Ms. Smith, has sought to cast as an albatross around Ms. Murray's neck.

"She said of Clarence Thomas stronger things, that he should not serve, and she said of Packwood very strong things, that he should step down," Ms. Smith said in an interview, speaking of Ms. Murray's reactions to earlier cases involving a Supreme Court nominee and a United States Senator, Bob Packwood of Oregon, facing accusations of harassing women. "You treat this issue equally, and if you've got a man abusing the power, taking advantage of younger women who are subordinates, then you speak out consistently."

Still, there is not much evidence that Ms. Murray has been seriously damaged by Ms. Smith's attacks on the issue. Ms. Murray has said several times that she is "disappointed" in the President's behavior but, unlike Ms. Smith, who has both suggested that the President resign and supported his impeachment, Ms. Murray argues that it is inappropriate for someone who may cast a Senate vote in an impeachment trial to be so adamant on the issue.

Most analysts continue to see much evidence that Senator Murray has the upper hand. The most recent statewide poll, conducted by Mason-Dixon Political/Media Research , shows Ms. Murray leading Ms. Smith by 51 percent to 38 percent. Ms. Smith, who has never lost an election and has toppled seemingly entrenched Democratic opponents, says she is undaunted by the polls.

Ms. Murray has more money, for several reasons, at least one of which reflects just how much partisan stereotypes have been turned topsy-turvy in this race.

While Republicans are often seen as the favored candidates of corporate interests, the reverse is true here, in no small part because Ms. Smith remains a bitter foe of some of the biggest free-trade pacts negotiated by Congress in recent years, a position that riles many business leaders here in one of the nation's most trade-dependent states.

Ms. Smith is a caustic critic of China, which she accuses of flooding the American market with "slave-labor camp goods," and she is the only member of the state's Congressional delegation to vote against continuing normal trade status.

That is a position that her supporters cast as one of tremendous courage, and for which some human rights groups have praised her, but it is also one that Ms. Murray describes as both naive and harmful to the state's economic interests.

"We aren't going to have our wheat or apples in China if we stop trading with them, as Linda has voted to do," Ms. Murray said in the Seattle debate.

Ms. Smith's ability to raise campaign money is also severely hampered by another stand she says she has taken on principle. She is a proponent of overhauling campaign finance laws, and her criticism of Senator Mitch McConnell, the Republican of Kentucky who is a chief opponent of such legislation, has hurt her in the campaign pocketbook.

Mr. McConnell, who heads the National Republican Senatorial Committee, could give as much as $540,000 to Ms. Smith's campaign, which is well behind Ms. Murray's in campaign commercials. But even as it has poured more than $1 million into the campaign of Treasurer Matt Fong of California to unseat Senator Barbara Boxer, the Democratic incumbent, the national Republicans have given only a little more than $100,000 to Ms. Smith.

For all their ideological differences, Ms. Murray and Ms. Smith, who served together in the Washington State Senate, share many similarities in their careers. Both come from ***working-class*** backgrounds and took an interest in a local issue -- schools, in Ms. Murray's case, and high taxes, in Ms. Smith's -- and turned it into a signature cause that helped propel them into office. And both have stunned incumbents in making it there.

Representative Smith, a grandmother of six whose husband, Vern, is a locomotive engineer, waged a successful write-in campaign in 1994 to become the Republican candidate in the Third Congressional District, encompassing Vancouver, where she lives, and the southwestern part of the state. Ms. Smith has relied on an extensive, intensely dedicated cadre of volunteers, which she calls "Linda's Army" and whose members tend to share her conservative, Christian beliefs.

Senator Murray, on the other hand, rode her experience as a school-board member in suburban Seattle to the State Legislature, and, virtually unknown in most of the state, she sailed to a remarkable victory in the 1992 Senate race after the incumbent Democrat vacated the seat when he stumbled over sexual-harassment accusations.

In that campaign, Ms. Murray had been dismissed by a male politician as "just a Mom in tennis shoes" who could not get anything major accomplished, and she turned that tag line on its head, embracing the shoes and turning them into perhaps the most memorable political image of the "Year of the Woman."

While Senator Murray is known for her low-key style, Ms. Smith is a bombastic speaker and she revels in her maverick image. One of a handful of Republicans who voted against Newt Gingrich's re-election as House Speaker, she once likened the Speaker to a fat child who gobbles up everybody else's food (she later apologized).

As the challenger, Ms. Smith has almost surely been hurt by the amount of time she has had to spend back in Washington, D.C., this fall as Congress labored to come up with a budget agreement. It is time she could have used to campaign more and to raise money to get her commercials on the air, but she said that she had no regrets.

"You just have to keep priorities right," Ms. Smith said. "And my job is to try to keep track of what was going on back there.

"I couldn't come home and do that," she added. "So I decided that I would make that choice. It would be a sacrifice but I would rather lose than not do what I am supposed to be doing."

**Graphic**

Photos: Senator Patty Murray, left, a Democrat, campaigning for re-election in Mount Vernon, Wash. At right, Representative Linda Smith with her supporters after a debate with Ms. Murray on Oct. 17 in Seattle. (Larry Davis for The New York Times)

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[***The Method of a Neo-Nazi Mogul***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2CX0-0005-G1SM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** George Burdi

By Stephan Talty;

Stephan Talty's last article for the Magazine, "The No. 1 Summer Song of Love," appeared in August. He is a staff writer for Time Out New York.

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**Body**

Most white supremacists are, by nature, nostalgic and would rather be living deep in the Aryan past. Not George Burdi. He is a racist from the future, and he is impatient for it to arrive.

At 25, Burdi is an archetype of the forward-looking neo-Nazi: he is taking an old idea (hard-core white supremacy), revitalizing it through a young art (rock-and-roll) and bringing it to mainstream America through a newly powerful network (the Internet). His tiny empire, Resistance Records Inc., includes a record label, a magazine, an Internet home page and a weekly electronic newsletter. Burdi, a k a George Eric Hawthorne, is also the lead singer in a rock-and-roll band called Rahowa, short for Racial Holy War.

Remie666 is the on-line name of a 16-year-old Panorama City, Calif., fan of Burdi and Resistance Records. In an E-mail note, he describes himself as "straight AY" -- Aryan Youth -- and in a phone interview he says he uses the Internet to read Burdi's writings, to hear music samples and order CD's of white-power bands, to learn about new white-power novels and to E-mail other racist skinheads. "The Internet has quadrupled the number of white-power skins I'm in touch with," he says.

Another white-power devotee, a 27-year-old computer engineer in Dallas whose on-line name is Bootboy, has also seen the surge. "I have operated a P.O. box and a voice-mail system for four years now," he says. "And I have received more contacts, good ones, over the Internet in four months than I have in all four years. I get E-mail from other white-power skins from Sweden, Norway, Finland, Germany, Holland, Luxembourg."

This is one of the main goals of Burdi and other leaders in the new racist vanguard: to build a global community of young neo-Nazi skinheads. The majority of American skinheads are nonracist and nonviolent, embracing the same ***working-class*** pride and punkish style as their racist counterparts -- who are responsible, says the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, for 34 murders in the United States since 1990. The Southern Poverty Law Center estimates that there are at least 4,000 racist skinheads in the country, the hyperviolent edge of the movement that Burdi is trying to mobilize.

His ideology is hardly new. He holds the conviction that whites must reclaim their Nordic ferocity to protect their interests, that Jews control wide swaths of American life through a secret cabal and that the races are incompatible. "To put black men and women in American society," he says, "which is traditionally and essentially established on European traditions, and to say, 'Here you go, you're an equal, now compete,' is just as ridiculous as assuming that you could move white people to the Congo and have them effectively compete." Later, he elaborates via E-mail: "As I have said time and time again, the progeny of slaves cannot live in harmony with the progeny of slavemasters."

"The information highway is the gateway to the future, which makes people like George Burdi particularly frightening," says Wade Henderson, director of the Washington bureau of the N.A.A.C.P. "They are determined to transport the racial divides of today into the world of tomorrow."

The loudest opposition thus far to cyber-racists like Burdi has been voiced in Germany, where one on-line service last month barred its users from accessing the World Wide Web site of a Canadian white supremacist, Ernst Zundel, an early mentor of Burdi's. Meanwhile, Burdi, a Canadian who recently moved to Windsor, Ontario, just across the river from Detroit, has set out to reshape the racist landscape. "In the history of our country, there's been no one more effective in recruiting youth to the white-power movement," says Bernie Farber, national director of community relations for the Canadian Jewish Congress. "When he was active here, the average age of the movement went from 75 to 17."

Burdi is particularly bullish on the future of electronic racism. "We have big plans for the Internet," he says. "It's uncontrollable. It's beautiful, uncensored."

Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles says that there are now some 75 hate groups on line. "The point is that all those groups have failed to ignite any significant interest in the mainstream," he says. "Now, suddenly, you have cheap, instantaneous communication through computers. Without the Internet, Burdi would be the equivalent of a one-watt light bulb." But with it, says Rabbi Cooper, "Burdi has discovered, Guess what, you can create your own Columbia House."

Already, Resistance Records has figured in two of the most notorious recent hate crimes in this country. The Pennsylvania skinhead brothers who killed their parents in Feb. 1995 fled to the home of a Michigan friend they had met at a concert that Resistance promoted. And one of the soldiers at Fort Bragg in North Carolina who were arrested for murdering a black couple in December had a copy of Resistance magazine in his rented room.

Burdi is the editor of the quarterly magazine, a sort of neo-Nazi life style guide replete with movie reviews ("Pulp Fiction" was "better than a cold beer on a hot Auschwitz afternoon!"), ads for Ku Klux Klan Kollectibles and a roundup of racialist news "suppressed by the mainstream press." The circulation, Burdi says, is 19,000 and growing with every issue. Mark Wilson, Burdi's partner and a co-founder of Resistance Records, says that their record label has a distributor or champion in "every white country in the world." Resistance's 12 bands sold about 50,000 CD's in the label's first 18 months of business -- a minuscule figure by any measure but, taken with the sum of Resistance's offerings, concrete evidence of a new, coordinated marketplace for virulent ideas. It used to be that such ideas were spread via murky photocopies of obscure books and seventh-generation cassettes that were barely audible. Suddenly, the message, like the messenger, comes in a sleek new package.

HE WORDS TATTOOED ON BURDI'S right bicep -- "To thine own self be true" -- tense as he scoops up more Thai chicken in a Detroit restaurant. He is just over six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds, and his high-domed forehead is framed by slicked-back hair and heavy sideburns. Wearing work boots, jeans and a leather jacket, he projects a Brandoesque arrogance. Instead of Brando's vulnerability, though, Burdi displays the tetchy manner of an academic and what he calls an inner rage, which animates him to "do some of my best work."

But he is not a shouting freak in a Gestapo uniform; he can wear a suit without looking ridiculous. His writings may be spiced with the faulty constructions of the overachiever and autodidact, but he is an effective speaker. In fact, until he was about 16, George Burdi was the kind of prodigy that parents dream about.

He grew up in an upper-middle-class family in a suburb of Toronto, the son of an insurance company owner and his wife, neither of whom are racists, says Warren Kinsella in his book "Web of Hate: Inside Canada's Far Right Network." As a child, Burdi says, "I read 14 books in two weeks. In grade five, I was tested and given a college-level reading level and a genius-level I.Q. I read everything from Thucydides to Plato to Nietzsche." He got his first computer at age 10 and began programming it. "I made programs for my mother to keep her recipes and track her calorie intake and a whole bunch of other things," he says.

As is often the case with supremacists of every stripe, Nietzsche was Burdi's starting point. "I came to understand his discussion of the Superman," he says. "And Shakespeare's warning about contemporary wisdom, that the common established wisdom of your era is not necessarily absolute truth." He began to see himself as a kind of modern heretic questioning the liberal status quo. His new heroes were Caesar Augustus, Napoleon, Alexander the Great, "anyone with a strong will to assert themselves and expand the territory of their people."

At De La Salle College, a private Catholic high school in Toronto, Burdi was an excellent student. After the school had a Black Pride Month, Burdi lobbied for equal time. "I said, 'How can we have a Black Pride Month and not a White Pride Month?' " he remembers. "And then there was an element of the population that started calling me a Nazi, and I really didn't understand the connection to what I was saying."

Perhaps the connection was strengthened when during history class, Burdi reported on the Holocaust-denial standard "Did Six Million Really Die?" He grew ever more fascinated with white separatism and began lifting weights obsessively, trying to build himself into another kind of Superman. His family was mystified by the change. In "Web of Hate," Andrew Burdi, George's brother, is said to have told a teacher that George had "gone off the deep end."

At the University of Guelph, some 50 miles west of Toronto, a fellow student handed Burdi a pamphlet about the now-defunct Church of the Creator, an often violent, anti-Christian, white-supremacist group that had followers in dozens of countries, including the United States and South Africa. Immediately, Burdi's thinking jumped from the past to the future, and he became a Creator.

"The parts that appealed to me were the concept of a sound mind, a sound body, a sound society and a sound environment," he says. "In many ways I viewed myself as a racial ecologist. Basically what it says is that every race is primarily concerned with its own growth, its own development, protecting its own culture, having its own piece of land, the welfare of its own young people, so on and so forth."

When he was 19, Burdi discovered a valuable talent: salesmanship. Working at his father's insurance company, he began sending direct mailings to clients who were new parents. "I arranged a deal with Canadian baby photographers to give the parents a free photo of their baby if they let me talk to them about life insurance," he says. Burdi made more than $10,000 in one summer and dropped out of college.

After a trip to the Church of the Creator's headquarters in the Blue Ridge Mountains, Burdi became a full-time white-power agitator.. In 1990 he formed his rock band, and by 1992 he had become the Canadian representative of the church's leadership council. He also took up with Wolfgang Droege, leader of a white-supremacist umbrella group, Heritage Front, and he studied National Socialism with Ernst Zundel.

In May 1993 Burdi and several hundred other white-power skinheads were involved in a melee with antiracist protesters in Ottawa. Burdi was arrested for kicking a young woman named Alicia Reckzin; he was convicted of assault and served one month of a one-year sentence before being released on bail, pending appeal.

After his arrest, Burdi looked south. The lack of hate-speech laws in the United States and its roiling racial situation made it the natural destination for an ambitious young white supremacist. He and Mark Wilson, whom Burdi had met through the Church of the Creator, started Resistance Records in Detroit, along with a few other partners.

"I quickly learned that we didn't have to promote it at all," recalls Burdi, "because the demand was so strong. We started signing bands like one a month. It was going like crazy. Phone was ringing off the hook. Mailbox was full of mail every week."

The mail included lots of fan letters to Burdi's band. Concerts by Rahowa and other white-power groups have become vital bonding experiences for the racist faithful, drawing small but ardent crowds to clubs across the United States and Canada. Burdi, with his bare, sculpted torso and army-style pants and boots, is a commanding figure onstage, bellowing out songs like "Race Riot" in a deep, floorboards-shaking voice: "Tremble in fear, White man/the reaper's in the shadowland/Save your children, lock your door/You can't come out here no more." The teen-agers in the mosh pit fling Nazi salutes into the air, and Burdi engages them in racist call-and-response chants.

White-power concerts sometimes give way to violence. The fight in Ottawa for which Burdi was jailed took place after a Rahowa performance; after an Oct. 1994 concert in Racine, Wis., by six white-power bands, the lead singer for a Resistance band called Nordic Thunder was shot to death after a confrontation in a convenience store with a small group of black men, one of whom was arrested but not charged and later released for lack of evidence.

In an editorial in Resistance magazine last spring, Burdi explained why music is so essential to his cause: "The reason that the so-called movement has been struggling over the years is because it has operated on a rational -- not emotional -- level. George Lincoln Rockwell was successful because he could stir people's emotions. . . . Adolf Hitler is considered one of the best orators in human history, by people that do not even understand German."

Like Burdi, Rabbi Cooper has seen rock-and-roll as the future of white power, and he is worried. "This is a seminal change in how to present racist ideology in a way that will reach middle America," he says. "The idea of utilizing music is of special new concern to us because we can take a half-step back and think of all the wonderful things that have been achieved socially in terms of people in the music field. Music touches the soul, it leaps past the reason."

Most Resistance fans are white teen-agers, some as young as 11. They are often troubled -- the eternal awkward youth. "The vast majority of our customers are disenfranchised young people," Burdi says. "More and more, these young people are coming to us and saying, 'They're teaching us in school that to be white is bad, that I should feel guilty for being white.' In many ways now, in tens of thousands of these young people, we have a captive audience."

White-power cliques are often the equivalent of Crips for white kids -- the gang's ideology is secondary, at least in the beginning. "Sometimes they feel like an outcast and a loner," says Angela Lowry, an intelligence analystfor Klan Watch of the Southern Poverty Law Center. "And suddenly, they join a skinhead group and they belong." Once a teen-ager finds his way into a local clique, Resistance and other groups link him up with other white-power followers and give him the sense of belonging to an international and historical movement.

And Burdi, says Remie666, the teen-age skinhead, is probably going to be the main leader of white-power youth in the future. "He has a lot of power in his voice when he speaks. I think he's a very good influence. I see people listening to him more than anyone else."

Such enthusiasm is daunting to hate-group watchdogs. Rabbi Cooper has petitioned Internet providers to adopt a code of ethics that would outlaw hate speech on their services. "Just scrolling through the various racist sites on the Internet, a person can say, 'Look at how many groups there are -- I'm not isolated,' " says Rabbi Cooper. "In schools, we're pushing our kids to look at that computer screen to do their homework, to do their research. That's the location where they're going to play their games and that's going to be the main area of engagement, the marketplace of ideas."

Not that neo-Nazis go unchallenged on the Internet. Nonracist skinheads in particular attack the Resistance site and other similar ones. They call the racists "boneheads" and consider Burdi a pathetic caricature, citing the time he wore a disguise when he appeared on Geraldo Rivera's talk show. Burdi recently posted a message on the popular news group "alt.skinhead" to advertise the latest Rahowa album, and the response was scathing. "Yay!!!" one person wrote back. "George 'I'm a moron' Burdi admits that all this WP-type" -- referring to white power -- "[expletive] is just another form of cult . . . where they convince you they're the only people they can trust, and then they convince you to give them all your money, and then there are the little 'survivalist' camps."

Burdi himself is unperturbed by such responses. He has learned a lesson of direct mail marketing: 10 percent positive response is victory.

AT THE RESISTANCE OFFICES, CRAMMED into the back of Mark Wilson's house in a ***working-class*** Detroit suburb, the faithful wander in and out. There are the somber musicians from Resistance bands, mostly in their 20's, and a handful of teen-agers -- shy, eager boys and their shyer girlfriends. They wear midnight-blue nylon bomber jackets, T-shirts, camouflage pants and the de rigueur Doc Marten boots. They sit around, smoke fanatically, drink a few beers and wonder what to do tonight.

"Where's Johnny?" someone asks.

"He's getting a Hammerskin tattoo right across here," another teen-ager calls back excitedly, pulling up his shirt and running his hand just below his chest. Eyes widen in appreciation; a girl laughs softly. The office feels vaguely like a sitcom version of a suburban teen-age hangout.

In a corner, working on a computer, Burdi sighs. He sometimes seems underwhelmed by the quality of his recruits and contemptuous of the very youth he hopes to rally. When the young hangers-on clear out, he asks me, with a rare hesitation, if I might like to hear a song from Rahowa's new CD.

He slips in the disk and clicks the player to track 10, "Racial Holy War." He folds his arms behind his head and tilts back in his chair. The music is actually quite lovely, a moody ballad with an almost formal, Elizabethan air. (White-power bands avoid R & B chords.) Burdi's voice is thick, his accent vaguely British -- Pink Floyd is a big influence -- and he sings to a purposeful, imaginary stride: "As I march into battle, my comrades I hail/Tonight the White Race prevails/Death by our swords to the vile, alien hordes/Their every resistance shall fail."

Eyes closed, Burdi mouths the words silently, his face gripped with the same precise, naked passion as a rock star singing about the redemption of love. In another room, Wilson is talking with a record distributor about Resistance's sales figures, but it is clear that Burdi hears nothing except his own song. He once wrote, in an article for Resistance magazine: "When our people finally awaken and join the army of the Holy War that is raging in our generation, the feeling will dwarf being amongst 500 saluting comrades. I close my eyes and picture the Nuremberg rallies, in vivid color, in real life right before me." Perhaps he is picturing such a scene right now, with himself onstage, leading a stadium full of middle-class white teen-agers in a throaty salute to their future white homeland.

It is all quite unlikely to happen. Burdi is successful thus far only in relation to the near-total failure of his predecessors: Hitlerites have not been particularly admired -- or influential -- in America for the past 50 years. What is more likely is that sometime in the future, somewhere in America, a white-power teen-ager will get drunk on beer and George Burdi's songs and will, with his friends, go singing into the night. They might find someone who is different from them, a black man or a Mexican woman perhaps, and go to work with their fists and boots.

Even at the dawn of the 21st century, that is what neo-Nazis do.

**Graphic**

Photos: George Burdi, next to Mark Wilson, one of his partners in Resistance Records. Sean Muller and a fellow white-power musician. (pg. 41); Burdi, here with Wilson and other Resistance colleagues, understands the emotional power of rock-and-roll. (Dana Lixenberg for The New York Times) (pg. 43)

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[***MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X20-007F-G2JJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Trip-Hop Reinvents Itself to Take on the World - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TY6-5X20-007F-G2JJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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By GUY GARCIA

**Body**

WHEN Massive Attack came on the British dance-music scene in 1991 with its debut album, "Blue Lines," the group's bass-heavy beats and brooding spirit of introspection became the sonic blueprint for trip-hop. A studio-concocted blend of hip-hop, ambient techno and reggae that set the tone for fellow Bristol artists like Portishead and Tricky, trip-hop seemed ideally suited to our globally aware, culturally fragmented times. Spawned by the latest recording technologies, yet resolutely human in its message, it was steeped in the ironic film-noir paranoia of 60's spy movies and apocalyptic angst.

Throughout the 90's, Massive Attack has maintained its underground appeal, partly because its music -- like trip-hop itself -- is a constantly mutating, sometimes clashing hybrid of styles and influences. Now Massive Attack is metamorphosing again, this time into a rock band. The group's muscular new sound, which was on display during the group's recent American tour, signaled its continuing evolution from a loose confederacy of DJ's, singers and studio wizards into a more conventional band that performs with live drums and guitars. On songs like "Angel" and "Group Four," both from the group's new album, "Mezzanine," the undulating dance pulse repeatedly morphs into spiraling electric guitar riffs.

The enthusiastic response to the album and concerts was especially satisfying for Robert Del Nada, a k a. 3-D, one of the core members of the group and the catalyst behind its new sound. "It really did bring in all the elements that made us," he said. "Funk, soul, reggae, hip-hop and punk thing -- it was all there."

It also showed that trip-hop has expanded well beyond the confines of its dance-beat origins, reflecting the multiethnic makeup of the genre's urban international audience. Most trip-hop bands are racially and sexually mixed, and their lyrics, while seldom overtly political, are charged with the social and economic apprehensions of the latest CNN headlines. And thanks to the rise of world music and a growing appreciation of native folk traditions, popular tastes are less parochial than they once were, paving the way for mass acceptance of trip-hop's polyglot textures. In fact, at a time when the boundaries between musical genres are increasingly blurred, trip-hop is becoming more diverse -- and relevant even, wrapping its mordant lyrics and sinuous beats around influences as disparate as Middle Eastern folk music, free-form jazz and Burt Bacharach.

"Trip-hop is the new world music," said the reggae singer Horace Andy, a longtime Massive Attack collaborator who contributed lyrics and vocals to several tracks on "Mezzanine." "It speaks to every culture."

It also speaks to musicians who grew up listening to everything from Public Enemy and the Sex Pistols to Joni Mitchell and Pink Floyd and who are searching for open-ended forms of expression that will not limit their choices. In recent months, trip-hop's atmospheric strains have spawned a slew of ambitious new acts, including England's Pressure Drop, the Belgian band Hooverphonic and Canada's Esthero.

"I think music in general has kind of grown up in the past few years," said Mr. Del Naja. "Everyone seems to have understood you could go in any direction that you want, and it's not something that has to be a cliche or generic. People are prepared to experiment."

Last year, Mr. Del Naja joined his fellow Massive Attack co-founders, Grant (Daddy G) Marshal and Andrew (Mushroom) Vowles, in starting their own record label, Melankolic. Among its first releases were "Skylarking Volume 1," a compilation of songs by Mr. Andy, and "Come from Heaven " by the British trip-hop newcomer Alpha, whose music has a breezy, retro feel and features samples of Herb Alpert and the Percy Faith Orchestra.

For some bands, the trip-hop trend has provided a vehicle for exploring other musical terrain. While Morcheeba's 1996 debut album, "Who Can You Trust?" was squarely in a trip-hop mode, the commercial success of that album and a collaboration with David Byrne on his album "Feelings" freed the group to tap its 70's rock roots. As a result, its even stronger second album, "Big Calm," moves away from dance club grooves and takes a more song-oriented approach, incorporating sitar, banjo and peddle steel guitar.

"We never really considered ourselves a trip-hop band, although we jumped on that bandwagon to get a record deal and get some profile," said Paul Godfrey, the band's lead lyricist and self-styled conceptualist. "We've always been way diverse," he said, "and the music that we were creating before 'Who Can You Trust?' was country blues with fiddles and hip-hop beats. So 'Big Calm,' in a way, was really a return to where we came from."

TRIP-HOP'S founders, in fact, now reject the term as outdated and limiting. "It doesn't describe our music at all, " said Mr. Marshall of Massive Attack.

Yet there are certain threads that continue to run through the genre, particularly a tendency toward slow, surging rhythms, minor-chord progressions and lyrics that evoke alienation and fear. There is also a palpable ambivalence toward technology, which can manifest itself in menacing drones and beeps or mellifluous rainbows of synthesized sound. And there is a free-floating sense of dread that has as much to do with race riots and terrorism as the emotional risks of post-modern romance.

On the song "Darkness," from Pressure Drop's album, "Elusive," Anita Jarrett, accompanied by ominous bass lines and a funereal beat, sings: "Something inside, under the skin/ Deep, deep down, Deep within/ You can't feel a thing/ That's what darkness brings."

"When we write tracks we try to represent things going on around us," said David Henley, who along with Justin Langlands makes up the creative core of Pressure Drop. "And in this world that were living in now, of mass communication and people not contacting each other physically as much, a lot of people are feeling quite insular, because they've sort of lost that contact of meeting people and interacting face to face. And I think that's increasing."

For Maurice Bernstein, the President of Giant Step records and a British concert promoter who produced the first American concerts for Massive Attack and many other trip-hop acts, the music's downbeat vibe can at least be partly attributed to the social and cultural realities of the ***working-class*** British communities where the movement was born. "It's coming from their experience," said Mr. Bernstein. "And they're offering an alternative to the groovy Cool Britannia image that usually gets offered to people. This is England the way they see it, and its a very dark score."

Trip-hop bands also tend to eschew traditional song structures in favor of panoramic soundscapes that unfold and evolve with long instrumental passages, more like classical or jazz compositions than typical pop songs. On Pressure Drop's album, "Elusive," woodwinds, trumpet and saxophone give the mix a bluesy, be-bop flavor, while on Hooverphonic's new album, "Blue Wonder Powder Milk," Geike Arnaerts ethereal vocals float over lush string arrangements and gently pulsing rhythms.

The propensity toward longer, more amorphous tracks springs from trip-hop's roots in the ambient techno raves of the late 80's and early 90's, in which music, lighting effects and sometimes psychotrophic drugs were used to induce an ecstatic, trancelike experience that could last all night.

But Mr. Bernstein sees another explanation. "Kids spend most of their time now walking around with headphones on," he said. "The Walkman has become part of our everyday reality. So what people are doing now is writing the soundtrack to their own lives."

For trip-hop bands like Massive Attack, that sense of detachment translates into music that mixes well with visual images, and that compatibility has been noticed by filmmakers looking for fresh sounds to complement their work.

Massive Attack has contributed to the soundtracks of "Batman Returns," "Welcome to Sarejevo" and the sci-fi thriller "Phi." Craig Armstrong, the Scottish composer who arranged the strings on Massive Attacks 1994 album, "Protection," and whose album, "The Space Between Us," was released this year on Melankolic, has contributed to the soundtracks for "Romero and Juliet" and "The Saint." And Hooverphonic's song "2wicky" was featured on the score of the Bernardo Bertolucci film "Stealing Beauty."

Despite such exposure, few trip-hop bands have been able to make their mark in an increasingly crowded market. "All of the musical scenes that there have been in the past 5 or 10 years, each of them seems to be strong in its own right," said Mr. Del Naja. "You've got an enormous drum-and-bass scene, and an enormous techno scene, and then you've got places that play more mellow stuff and jazz. And once in a while something pops up and gets big and everything else stays underground, which is healthy."

What remains to be seen is whether trip-hop, either in its original or mutated form, will ever gain amass following outside Europe's dance-club scene. "Is the next Massive Attack somewhere in America making the U.S. version of trip-hop?" asked Mr. Bernstein. "It would be pretty sad if there isn't. Because that's what it will take to push this to the next level."

Perhaps, but in the United States, where many hit songs reflect the optimism of the American dream, trip-hop's dark streak of realism has failed to catch on with the record-buying public. That could change. If political cynicism and a gyrating stock market continue to take their toll on the public mood, trip-hop may yet prove to be the perfect soundtrack for our anxious times.

**Correction**

A picture caption on Oct. 25 about the British trip-hop band Massive Attack reversed the names of a singer. He is Horace Andy. The article also misstated the title of a science fiction film in which Massive Attack appeared on the soundtrack. It is "Pi," not "Phi."

**Correction-Date:** November 8, 1998, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photos: Massive Attack (from left, Andy Horace, Michael Timothy and Angelo Bruschini) performing in London. Undulating dance beats morph into spiraling guitar riffs. (Kenneth Willardt)(pg. 38); Tricky performing at the Hammerstein Ballroom in Manhattan. (Thomas Dallal)(pg. 41)

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[***Critic's Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TX9-YRF0-007F-G11N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Where Every Meal Is a Fabulous Feast***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TX9-YRF0-007F-G11N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By Ruth Reichl

**Body**

THERE is no bad food in Italy.

That may be an exaggeration, but after three weeks of traveling there, I have come to believe it is true. In small towns and big cities, in tiny trattorias and even tourist restaurants, we ate well everywhere.

It was not what I expected. When I told friends I was heading to Italy in the month of August they were all incredulous. August, they assured me, was a stupid time to go. The whole country would be closed; the place would be packed with tourists. Indeed, my best Italian friend was planning to spend the month in Bali.

"I don't care," I said. Defiantly, I did not take a single restaurant guidebook and made no reservations. We would eat wherever we happened to be when we got hungry; if we ate badly for a few weeks we would certainly survive.

I have learned, the hard way, that you can no longer count on serendipity in France; although it is still home to many of the world's greatest restaurants, if you leave your meals to chance, you may end up eating terribly. I expected Italy to be the same.

But it was not. Italy is still what France used to be: a fabulous feast, a place where good food is always just around the corner.

We started out in a rented house in Umbria, the pastoral region just south of Tuscany. The brochure had made it sound so splendid that I had allowed myself to fantasize an elegant palazzo high on a hill. There was a hill all right, and the house was very pretty, surrounded by fruit and olive trees, with an extraordinary view. There was a pool and a large outdoor oven. The romance, however, ended at the gate -- the town beyond it was a jumble of ugly new buildings.

It took a while to find a grocery store, but we finally discovered that the supermarket was in the middle of the housing project near the railroad station. It did not look promising. When the electric doors opened I nearly gasped: the shelves were lined with artisanal pastas, the cheese and prosciutto looked terrific, the butcher was friendly, and the fruits and vegetables that winked and glistened beneath the fluorescent lights were as fresh as anything you find in New York's Greenmarkets. I bought melons and prosciutto, I bought an entire loin of pork, I bought local potatoes, tomatoes and arugula. Our first dinner, cooked in the outdoor oven, was splendid.

The next day I headed for Narni, a nearby hill town that seems to have been slumbering since the 12th century. Cobbled streets twisted up to the fortress at the top of the village, and the morning market was in a covered loggia.

Everything -- from the melons casually tossing their fragrance into the air to the glowing peaches -- was at the perfect point of ripeness.

"Where should we eat?" I asked the old lady who sold us figs. She pointed a gnarled finger up the hill to the Hotel dei Priori, where we had a wonderful lunch on the terrace of manfrigoli, the thick square-cut strands of local pasta, with a fresh wine that tasted like cherries.

And so it went, everywhere. Italians still eat simply, locally and very well. It is telling, I think, that in two weeks in Umbria I did not stumble upon a single McDonald's. I did, however, stumble upon a great many unforgettable meals.

In Todi, desperately trying to find a place to park, I got stuck at the end of a cobbled dead-end street. As I tried to back up the 45-degree incline, the car stalled. The proprietor of the nearest restaurant watched me, shook his head and then motioned for me to get out of the car. He backed it all the way up to the top of the street and handed it back, without a word. The least I could do, I thought, was patronize his restaurant.

Ristorante Umbria turned out to have a romantic grape-shaded terrace overlooking the valley. We ate a thick, powerful soup of local lentils and sweet little lamb chops grilled over a roaring fire. It was beautiful there, and by the time I had finished the better part of a bottle of Orvieto I had gathered the courage to thank the owner for rescuing me from my car. "It was nothing," he said graciously. "But how did you like the food?"

Two days later, in Spoleto, I happened into a small dusty grocery store with shelves that stretched all the way up to the ceiling. "How long has this store been here?" I asked the cheerful proprietor. "Oh," he replied, "since 1620."

I bought cheese, local salami made of boar, and a bottle of thick, old balsamic vinegar. "Is it good?" I asked. The proprietor shook his head.

"It's not good," he replied. "It is extraordinary."

And so was the restaurant we found in nearby Pigge, on the road to Assisi. From the outside, the Taverna del Pescatore doesn't look like much; its beauty unfolds so slowly that it has an almost magical quality. Bit by bit, you discover a terrace overlooking a clear stream and then the island in the center of it. Only when you are seated do you hear the chirping of birds and the droning of bees. But the moment you open the menu you discover how truly fortunate you are to be there.

It is filled with local specialties like strangozzi di magro, homemade pasta tossed with tomatoes and peppers, and salads of wild greens topped with smoked trout. Crayfish are steamed simply with local olive oil and peppers, and goose is cooked with local chestnuts. The vegetables come from the garden, the fish from the stream. But the real treat here is the beef; the local Chianina cattle, fed on grass, produce lean and flavorful meat.

The wine list is extraordinary, too. And very reasonably priced. We began with grechetto, a pleasant, light white Umbrian wine that is perfect in the summer, and went on to a riserva Montefalco rosso, a powerful red regional wine made from sagrantino, sangiovese and trebbiano grapes.

Lunch took a long time, and when it was done we lingered in the shade of the terrace, eating biscotti and fruit and watching children playing in the water. It was a perfectly languid Umbrian afternoon.

After such peace, Florence was traumatic. It was, as promised, packed with tourists. And all the famous restaurants, were, as promised, closed for the month. When I asked a shopkeeper where we should eat, he said: "Try Il Latini. Tourists seem to like it."

It wasn't much of a recommendation, but we were hungry. The room, with its rustic communal tables set beneath hanging prosciuttos, was certainly attractive. It was also filled with Florentines, so when the man on my right asked the waiter for a recommendation, I leaned in to hear his response.

"Have the bean soup," the waiter said. So I did. It was big, thick, filling and served with a cruet of good olive oil. It was impressive. He recommended the veal chop even more highly, and no wonder; the oven-roasted chop turned out to be the best piece of veal I had ever tasted. With a simple salad of greens, tomatoes and the grated carrots that all Italians seem to put on insalata mista, it made an extremely satisfying meal.

I had been having amazing luck, but when I got to Venice I lowered my expectations. I had never eaten particularly well there, and I certainly did not expect to do so at the height of the tourist season. But after spending a morning rambling through the fish market by the Rialto I was suddenly very hungry. There was not one fish that was not gorgeous, and I was eager to find a restaurant that cooked seafood with style.

I went to Corte Sconta, a former ***working-class*** trattoria. Since my first visit, 13 years ago, it has become very popular with Americans. My Venetian friends assured me that it was no longer very good. They were wrong.

We began with the house appetizer, which arrives in many small courses. The first consisted of fillets of marinated salmon topped with chopped arugula and fresh red currants. It was a beautiful plate, but it tasted even better than it looked. Then there were steamed vongole verace -- clams so delicious I scooped up every drop of sauce. They were followed by sardines in saor -- the sweet and sour sauce that is typical of Venice.

Then the waitress set down freshly picked spider crab, in the shell, with herbs, olive oil and lemon. And finally, a platter covered with squid, sea snails, anchovies, octopus, scallops and a variety of shrimp, from tiny sea crickets to giant gamberi. We went on to pasta tossed with fresh sardines and a single, exquisitely grilled sole.

It was my last day, and I felt sated and happy. More than that, I felt optimistic. Italy is a thoroughly modern country, despite its government's instability, which has moved forward without sacrificing all the good things of the past. At its highest level the country's cuisine is not as imaginative as that of France, but at every level it has remained true to itself.

Italian cooking sticks to its basic principles: you can count on finding excellent ingredients that are treated with enormous respect. Sipping my espresso and munching on lemony little biscotti, I thought what a pleasure it was to be in a country where it is still possible to eat well, without reservations.

La Loggia-Hotel dei Priori, Vicolo del Commune 4, Narni; (011) 39-0744-726-843.

Ristorante Umbria, Via San Bonaventura 13, Todi; (011) 39-075-894-2737.

Taverna del Pescatore, Strada Statale Flaminia, Pigge; (011) 39-0742-780-920. Fax: 011-39-0742-381-599.

Il Latini, Via dei Panchetti 6 r, Florence; (011) 39-055-210-916.

Corte Sconta, Calle del Pestrin, Castello 3886, Venice; (011) 39-041-522-7024. Fax: (011) 39-041-522-75-13.

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[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-39H0-002S-X05J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Some Masterly Work of Microcosmic Stature***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-39H0-002S-X05J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

One of the rewards of high summer in midtown is ''Miniature Environments'' at the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, just across from Grand Central Terminal. As the title indicates, the objects on view are small. Just over 30 of them have been got into the little room, and almost everything in the show asks to be looked at as a watchmaker looks at a watch - at close quarters and with eyes alert.

In almost every case, we look through a tiny window at a world in miniature. Sometimes the comic aspect of life is uppermost in its more rudimentary forms, as is the case with the three tiny tableaux vivants of the New York art world that are contributed by an artist born in 1947 who calls himself Tom Foolery.

If you think that a certain obliquity adds spice to wit, you may prefer the scale model of an enigmatic New York apartment that was made in 1973-74 by Michael Hurson. ''Thurman Buzzard's Apartment,'' it was called, and the idea stuck with Mr. Hurson until 1982 when he wrote a play in which Thurman Buzzard came out from the dark corners of his understated apartment and trod the stage in public.

We learn from Josephine Gear's catalogue essay that Richard Haas's ''Jackson Pollock in His Studio at Springs, Long Island'' (1966) and ''Frank Lloyd Wright in the Studio at Taliesen East'' (1968) have autobiographical echoes, in that they date from the time at which Mr. Haas was not sure whether to settle for art or for architecture as his profession. (In the end, as is well known, he got to work with both, in the elaborate trompe l'oeil paintings that he has made all over Manhattan.) Sometimes, and with the use of no more than a very small space, psychodramas of alienation are played out in an area that looks to be limitless. (Paul Hunter wreaks that particular magic.) Kurt Weill would certainly be surprised to see and hear what is done with his most famous song from ''The Threepenny Opera'' in one of Aimee Rankin's mixed-media constructions. In this and other contexts, Ms. Rankin could be said to try too hard to scare us.

Sometimes the wraparound image comes to us quite straight, as when Susan Leopold lets us into some of the secrets of the New York cityscape but does not tell us what we are to feel about them. On the whole, though, the exhibition tells us that the days of the dinky little diorama are over. In this company, even Joseph Cornell looks effete.

Small is tough, in other words, as piece after piece works on us in terms of grief, cruelty, dereliction or -guess what? - ''the deconstruction of the phallocratic gaze.'' This is a show that asks us to look at the state of the world and at the state of ourselves, and to decide what, if anything, can be done about them. Though somber on occasion, it has its share of wit and fancy.

''Miniature Environments'' remains at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 120 Park Avenue, at 42d Street, through Sept. 27.

'50th Anniversary Exhibition'

Galerie St. Etienne

24 West 57th Street

Through Sept. 8

Fifty years ago this fall, and shortly after the outbreak of World War II, Otto Kallir opened the Galerie St. Etienne at 46 West 57th Street after coming to this country as a refugee from Vienna, where his gallery had flourished until the Anschluss. The St. Etienne is still in business, just a few doors away at 24 West 57th Street, and to a degree that is almost somnambulistic, it has maintained its original character.

At the helm today is Jane Kallir, the founder's daughter. The artists most in favor are those whom Otto Kallir had nurtured to the best of his ability - Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, Oskar Kokoschka, above all. For a long time, they were regarded in this country as, at best, of marginal importance to the grand forward march of modernism.

But in the last 10 or 15 years, they have been pushed far and fast in one country after another in ways for which ''over-promotion'' is the word most often used. As a result, what was once hardly more than a guarded secret among visitors to the Upper Belvedere in Vienna is now mass-market and best-selling calendar material.

One consequence of this is that original material of the first order by those artists is now both very expensive and very hard either to buy or to borrow. Galleries that once cooked with butter and cream, in that context, are now cooking with water, and are rather relieved if the water can be brought to the boil.

The current 50th-anniversary show at the St. Etienne is an act of homage to Otto Kallir, both as an art dealer and as a many-sided and curious man. In purely esthetic terms, the material often looks thin, dispersed and uneven. No one would suppose from the material on view that Klimt was the foremost grand-scale philosophical European painter of his day. Nor do we see him here in his capacity as a painter who had no rival when it came to the portrayal of central European womanhood.

For that, we shall do better with Kokoschka's lithographed portrait of Maria Orska, done in 1922. To the inner life, by turns wild and stately, of his female compatriots, Kokoschka was always a sure guide, just as he got Adele Astaire just right when he happened to paint her.

Someone who comes well out of this show, both as artist and activist, is Kathe Kollwitz (1867-1945). In her work, Kollwitz was not one to look on the bright side of life. But as she was virtually the only gifted woman in the European art world of her day who addressed the tribulations of ***working-class*** women, she had plenty to be gloomy about.

The present show concentrates upon the ''Revolt of the Weavers'' and ''Peasants' War'' cycles that she produced between 1896 and 1903. Whether as preliminary sketches or in their definitive graphic form, they are filled with a righteous rage and a refusal to keep quiet that fairly leap from the page.

As might be supposed, Kollwitz was a model of plain speech, and one of the more rewarding documentary items in the show is the text of a statement about the condition of women's art. Faced with what she called ''the widespread occurrence of sub-standard women's art,'' she said that no good would come of segregating women's art schools from men's. Only when equal opportunities for combined study were open to men and women alike could she hold out any hope for the improvement of women's art. A tough old bird. And what a sharp beak!

As a publisher in Vienna after World War I, Otto Kallir distinguished himself by publishing, in 1919, an album of lithographs by Johannes Itten, a founding member of the Bauhaus, a portfolio of prints by Egon Schiele in 1922, and in 1924 a comedy by Max Beckmann that came with six etchings by the author.

In this, Kallir followed a great tradition personified in Paris by Ambroise Vollard and D. H. Kahnweiler, both of them rightly remembered as dealers who doubled as publishers. His literary interests also led him to buy the contents of the hotel room in Vienna where Peter Altenberg -known to concert audiences for the songs that Alban Berg set to his wispy little texts - had lived for many years. In view of Altenberg's craving for improper photographs of under-age women, it could be said that the selection of his inscribed postcards in the present show is quite amazingly demure.

Kallir comes out in the present show as an aviation buff who not only built his own glider at the age of 15, but who seems to have got it off the ground without damage to himself. Naturally enough, Orville Wright and Charles A. Lindbergh were among the people represented in the show by letters or documents related to their careers.

Autographs of public figures as various as Einstein, Trotsky and Franklin D. Roosevelt bear witness to Kallir's broad general interests, but they also set the show on a slippery slope that ends at the very bottom with documents signed by Adolf Hitler and Heinrich Himmler. Kallir apparently thought it important for the sake of history that documents of that kind should not be lost. Whether we want to gape at them in an art gallery in the year 1989 is another matter.

**Graphic**

''Nipomo,'' 1980, a mixed-media construction by Michael McMillen, at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2Y10-002S-X38M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***2 Distinct Visions of 19th-Century America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2Y10-002S-X38M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 1, 1989, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section C; Page 16, Column 4; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1388 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL BRENSON

**Body**

The National Academy of Design has the best exhibition twin bill in town. It is not that they are the two best exhibitions, although they are solid enough. What makes them so valuable is the way they complement each other and underline essential aspects of 19th-century American art. Each retrospective is devoted to an important academy member.

''Country Paths and City Sidewalks: The Art of J. G. Brown'' is primarily a historical document. John George Brown was born to a ***working-class*** family near Durham, England, in 1831, and immigrated to the United States in 1853; the crucial reasons why he came and why he remained until his death in 1913 are not explored in the catalogue essay by Martha J. Hoppin, the curator of American art at the Springfield (Mass.) Museum of Fine Arts, who organized this traveling show.

Many of the 50 paintings present innocent and trusting country girls or innocent and industrious city boys. Brown was one of the first artists to concentrate on the impoverished New York street kids who grew in number and became an increasing source of concern in the 1870's. Ms. Hoppin writes that these children were widely seen as a threat to society, certainly a threat to any image of America as the promised land.

In Brown's formulaic and insipid work, no one is a threat; hardly anyone is even real. The dignity and goodness of his bootblacks is inviolable, even though many are in rags. Brown's children are beyond jealousy, anger and evil. Nothing they have experienced will prevent them from becoming fine, upstanding citizens. The general public loved them. Brown was one of the most popular American artists of the late 19th century.

He is one of the leaders of what might be called the ''Aw, Shucks'' School of American art. His people work hand in hand, helping one another, sharing stories, asking for nothing more than what they have. In his 1865 commissioned painting ''Claiming the Shot: After the Hunt in the Adirondacks,'' a man rests on a rock, shyly accepting congratulations from other members of his well-dressed hunting party for having slain the stag by his feet. Nature has been tamed, and they are proud. You can almost hear our wealthy yet unassuming hero saying, ''Gee, guys, it was nothing.''

While the oblivion into which Brown's guileless faces disappeared after his death is richly deserved, the oblivion into which the skies and fields of David Johnson eventually fell is unfortunate. Johnson is a very good painter who, like Brown, attained his greatest success in the 1870's. Although he has been appreciated by scholars and included in museum surveys of the Hudson River School and Luminism, he remains largely unknown.

''Nature Transcribed: The Landscapes and Still Lifes of David Johnson (1827-1908)'' includes around 40 paintings - all installed, salon style, in one large gallery - and a handful of drawings. Johnson's subject matter and method have a great deal in common with other Hudson River School painters, but his works are exceptionally restrained. His vast silences do not cry out for admiration, like those of Frederic Edwin Church. His polished and meticulous surfaces seem to swell slowly with air and light.

Johnson, who was born in New York City, remains something of a mystery. His father may have built the first mail coaches. Although he studied briefly with Jasper F. Cropsey in 1850, the general feeling is that he was self-taught. An artist named David Johnson served in the Civil War, but there is no proof that it was he. He may or may not have traveled to the American West. He made some paintings from photographs but the role of photography in his painting is unclear.

His paintings are generally small and always intimate. Gwendolyn Owens, who organized this traveling show for the Herbert F. Johnson Museum in Ithaca, writes in the catalogue that ''his oeuvre consists mainly of paintings ranging from one to two feet in height and two to three feet in width.'' His paintings gain their sense of scale from a seamless accumulation of detail. Impressionist landscapes need to be seen from a distance; a Hudson River School landscape is still coherent when the eye almost touches its skin, The paintings in this show are intelligent. They are also revealing about the esthetic of the Hudson River School and its effect on later American art.

Johnson seems to have wanted his smooth, clean paintings to create a sense of an America that would remain pristine, untouched, in some way virginal, yet responsive to the present and past.

He was attentive to European landscape painting, from the Dutch to the Barbizon painters who were almost his contemporaries.

Just as important, when he painted Lake George, the White Mountains and Natural Bridge in Virginia, he was painting sites identified with historical events or major figures in American history.

The desire to make art in which America can seem like a brand-new slate despite all the culture and history that has been written upon it continues to be so important to the mythology of American art that mainstream art is still largely defined by it.

While Johnson was a searcher, Brown was an illustrator. There is no sense that he thought a great deal about what American art should be. He liked French academic painters and did not understand Corot, whom Johnson considered a master. The contemporary art that interested him was largely Victorian, which probably gave his slick and shallow images, some of them inspired by popular magazines, a stamp of European culture that helped them sell.

Brown was not without talent. In his ''View of the Palisades, Hudson River,'' he painted different kinds of boat traffic, the cliffs of New Jersey and the sky over the Hudson with a certain flair. ''The Country Gallants'' - two boys ushering a girl across a log in a stream - evokes a secret pact between childhood and nature that the artist seems to have been yearning to enter.

The 1878 ''Pulling for Shore'' suggests one of Brown's primary messages. It shows eight men in a boat -six of them with oars, one (elderly) in the stern and one (youthful) in the bow. They are tough, strong, self-reliant, and they hold the boat firm in the waves. In a sea of turbulence, this community of Marlboro men is undaunted. A storm may be brewing around them but they and the values they represent are stable, unthreatened, almost frozen.

Johnson is not didactic. His values live deep in his work. He revered nature and gave himself to it to the point where his personality is almost effaced. There is infinite patience in the way he set about catching textures and shapes and putting into his canvas each of the myriad trees lining lakes and rivers.

His belief in the importance of each individual touch reflects his faith that each detail in nature was touched by God. He was committed both to the particular and to the general. In his fine paintings of fruit, vegetables and flowers, each object is highly particularized, yet a larger force seems to be residing inside them. A panorama like ''Hudson River From Fort Montgomery'' winds from the fresh dawn-lit figures on a path in the foreground to the hazier day-lit hills and sky in the distance. As simple as the image and composition may seem, this is a dense, complex painting.

Together these shows suggest how crucial the idea of quality is to an appreciation of any artist's work. Because Brown's paintings are contrived, incurious and predictable, it is justifiable to criticize them for shallowness and escapism and to treat them as symptoms of the difficulties of American art in the aftermath of the Civil War.

Although Johnson's paintings seem unified and still, they are in fact struggles with issues American artists are still facing. Because his paintings are so resolved and deeply felt, they give shape to a distinct vision. Criticizing them for escapism would be an academic exercise. Brown's paintings are entirely dated. Johnson's paintings continue to give pleasure now.

''Country Paths and City Sidewalks: The Art of J. G. Brown'' and ''Nature Transcribed: The Landscapes and Still Lifes of David Johnson (1827-1908)'' remain at the National Academy of Design, 89th Street and Fifth Avenue, through Sunday. The Brown show will be at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Neb., from Oct. 13 to Dec. 3. For the Johnson show, this is the end of a four-stop tour.

**Graphic**

photo of work by David Johnson

**End of Document**



[***Slurs and Snickering Over, Greeks Are Set for a Vote That Might Surprise***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4830-002S-X3YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 18, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1398 words

**Byline:** By CLYDE HABERMAN, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ATHENS, June 17

**Body**

By the laws of normal political logic, many Greeks say, Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou should be looking for a place to build his retirement home.

The last 10 months have produced streams of allegations about pervasive corruption in his Socialist Government, accusations of illegal arms sales abroad, snickers about his romance with a woman half his 70 years and questions about his durability after open-heart surgery last summer.

Yet as Greece prepares for national elections on Sunday, after a nasty campaign filled with slurs and raw innuendo, Mr. Papandreou has not only run a hard campaign but is also given a chance to cling to the office that he has held since 1981.

The odds, political experts say, are clearly against him and his Pan-Hellenic Socialist Movement, known as Pasok. Every published opinion poll says that Greeks have had enough of payoff charges and turmoil, especially in Athens and other big cities.

New Democracy Out Front

First place, according to the polls, will go to the conservative New Democracy Party of Constantine Mitsotakis, another 70-year-old politician and a long-time Papandreou enemy. Mr. Mitsotakis promises ''katharsis,'' a cleaning of the political process, and punishment for Government officials found guilty of corruption. That pledge, he adds, extends to the Prime Minister, who is accused in payoffs and a $230 million embezzlement scandal.

But a new election law that Pasok wrote to improve its own chances makes it difficult to win an absolute majority of Parliament's 300 seats. It is believed that New Democracy, which drew 41 percent of the popular vote in the 1985 election, will need 46 percent or 47 percent this time to get the required 151 seats.

Not everyone is certain that the stolid Mr. Mitsotakis can make it, and, should he fall short, he would have almost no chance of finding coalition partners. He does not even want them, he said today in an interview.

That impasse is Mr. Papandreou's hope. It would then fall to him, as the runner-up, to try forming a new government, probably by seeking allies among Communists and other extreme leftists who joined forces during the campaign to help defeat him. A left-wing coalition is likely to displease the United States, which was not overjoyed with Mr. Papandreou from the start because of past threats - all unfulfilled - to pull Greece out of NATO and to shut down military bases here.

'Everything Is Possible'

Communist leaders say they are disgusted by the corruption charges, and vow never to align themselves with a Papandreous-led Pasok. But in back-room negotiations, noted a leading poll taker, Panayote Dimitras, ''everything is possible.''

It is also possible that no one will be able to piece together a government, and that would leave Greece's 6.5 million voters with the unwelcome prospect of new elections soon again.

And no matter what happens, they are likely to endure still another round of balloting next spring, for the governing party must be able to count on 180 votes in Parliament to elect a new President. No party is likely to get that without going to the polls again.

As a result, many Greeks, especially businessmen, worry that the country is headed for a period of uncertainty, even drift, when it should be focusing on such critical matters as restructuring the economy to prepare for the barrier-free European market scheduled for the end of 1992.

Important decisions have already been delayed for 10 months by the scandals. Now, they may be put off for another year, some Greeks say.

''It is a prescription for paralysis,'' a trading company executive said.

Unhappiness Over Planning

That Mr. Papandreou may beat the odds to win a third term is testament to his strong populist appeal, especially in the Greek country, and to his effective control of the state-run TV network.

In the cities, voters talk of unhappiness with economic planning - or lack of it, they say. The inflation rate, 15 percent, is three-times the European Community average, even though it has been declining. Foreign debt has swelled to $26 billion, and heavy spending on social programs has created a budget deficit equivalent to nearly 20 percent of the gross national product.

But on the farms, Greeks are much better off now than the pre-Pasok days. Much of it is a result of billions of dollars in subsidies from the European Community, an ironic twist in that Mr. Papandreou never wanted to join the organization.

Sense of National Identity

''Rural people have lots of money,'' said Andreas Christodolides, editor of Exormisi, a Pasok newspaper. ''The E.C. gives it out, but it's the Government that distributes it. That's all the people know.''

Beyond that, Mr. Papandreou appeals to a sense of national identity and pride, with a powerful style that admirers describe as charismatic and detractors call demagogic.

''Papandreou is the closest thing to Peron that I have seen in Greek politics,'' said Nikos Dimou, a prominent writer. ''There's a myth about the man, and a charm, that he exercises on middle-class and ***working-class*** people.''

''Papandreou gives these people new identity,'' Mr. Dimou said. ''These people had an inferiority complex, but he said, 'No, I love you just the way you are,' and told them not to feel bad about preferring bouzouki music because bouzouki is better than Beethoven.

Mr. Mitsotakis, a soft-voiced man who looks ill at ease as a campaigner, strikes no such populist chord. ''A political leader must have the ability to communicate with people, he must have warmth and charm, he must have spontaneity and he must give a sense that you can trust him,'' Mr. Dimou said, articulating a widely-held opinion. ''Mr. Mitsotakis has none of these.'' Distrust of Consrvatives In addition, the civil war of 40 years ago and the military junta of two decades ago make many Greeks distrust all conservatives, even a moderate like the New Democracy leader. Mr. Papandreou has played to this segment of the electorate, warning that ''the enemy is the right'' and that it is trying to seize control once more.

To the dismay of many younger Greeks, the campaign has been a replay of old feuds, dating to the mid-1960's when Mr. Mitsotakis defected from the party of George Papandreou, the current Prime Minister's father.

Little has been said about 1992, future relations with Turkey, ongoing negotiations over new leases for the American bases or where Greece is headed. In fact, few Greeks expect major changes in basic economic and foreign policies even if New Democracy displaces Pasok.

It is politics of personality that has dominated and they have been brutal. By comparison, much-criticized American elections such as the 1988 presidential campaign look like Periclean models of democratic discourse.

Much of the talk was of corruption, centered on a scandal involving George Koskotas, a financier and newspaper owner now in a Massachusetts prison awaiting extradition to Greece. Mr. Koskotas is accused of siphoning enormous amounts of funds from his Bank of Crete, and he accuses Mr. Papandreou and his aides of accepting millions of dollars in payoffs.

As the scandal has unfolded, a dozen Papandreou associates and senior Government officials have been put under arrest or investigation. Mr. Mitsotakis has hammered away at ''this Government of scandals,'' but Mr. Papandreou denies all charges. The Koskotas affair, he insists was invented by American intelligence agents in an attempt to destablize Greek politics.

Meanwhile, the Greek press has been mesmerized by the Prime Minister's public romance with Dimitra Liani, 35, a former flight attendant whom he is free to marry now that a messy divorce from his wife, Margaret, is completed.

Some newspapers carry photographs of a topless Miss Liani frolicking on the beach with young men. In retaliation, a pro-Government daily said it had dozens of tapes, which it did not publish of conversations between Mr. Mitsotakis and a married woman. Then came a book written by the head of the Prime Minister's security guard, telling of other Papandreou love affairs and accusing the Prime Minister of using public money for personal entertainment.

The scandals have no doubt hurt Pasok, but some political commentators believe that a backlash of sympathy for Mr. Papandreou has developed. ''I think the negative advertising has backfired,'' said Mr. Dimitras, the pollster. ''Greeks have had enough of Koskotas.''

**Graphic**

Photo of voters checking a list of polling places in Athens (Reuters)

**End of Document**



[***ONE MAN'S ROAD TO A VOTE FOR REAGAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CT50-000B-Y2Y6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 15, 1980, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1181 words

**Byline:** By NAN ROBERTSON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** DETROIT

**Body**

Dewey Burton has become a happy man, and he will gladly vote for Ronald Reagan for President on Nov. 4. He is 34 years old, short and bull-shouldered, with a gap-toothed grin. An energetic worker at a Ford Motor Company assembly plant in suburban Detroit that turns out luxury Lincoln Continentals and Mark VI's, he is a strong union man, a Democrat by upbringing and conviction.

Now, he says, ''Let me try somebody else's promises for a change.'' In two previous Presidential elections, Dewey Burton has voted angrily, reluctantly, defiantly, indifferently. But he has always voted, because he says he loves his country and because he believes voting is ''not only a privilege of an American citizen, but a duty.'' This time he is voting with unalloyed pleasure.

The Kind of Voter Reagan Wants

AN-A

The New York Times has been interviewing Mr. Burton and his family since before the 1972 Democratic primary in Michigan to show how voter attitudes change with the candidates and the issues in different elections. He is the kind of voter that Mr. Reagan is trying to attract this year in an effort to break the Democratic hold on organized labor's vote.

In 1972, full of rage at his dead-end job and the threat that his son might be bused to school in the Detroit inner city that Mr. Burton came from, he voted, as a protest, for George Wallace in the Democratic Presidential primary. Hundreds of thousands of blue-collar workers like Mr. Burton helped Mr. Wallace to victory that spring in Michigan.

In the general election in 1972 he voted reluctantly for George McGovern. He could not bring himself to vote for the Republican, Richard M. Nixon. Mr. Burton struggled on, wanting to ''be somebody,'' wanting ''to be more tomorrow than I was yesterday, and that's what I was working for.''

In the Presidential primary of 1976, calling himself a ''rebel'' and a ''radical'' in the eyes of his Democratic fellow workers, Mr. Burton finally crossed the line. He voted for Ronald Reagan. He said at the time that he was a ''primary jumper'' who was telling the party, ''If you want me to vote Republican, this is what I want in a candidate.''

''Sure, I've got qualms deep down inside me about voting for a Republican,'' but added, ''A man's got to grow up sometime.'' He saw himself as calmer, with fewer aspirations. He saw the lines blurring between Democratic and Republican voters.

A Forgotten Vote in 1976

His vote, and that of his wife, Ilona, went to Gerald R. Ford in the general election in 1976. So indifferent was Mr. Burton to both Mr. Ford and Jimmy Carter that in a recent interview he forgot which man he had picked until Mrs. Burton came home from her new job in a psychiatric clinic and said to her husband, ''Silly, we voted for Ford.''

The years since 1976 have been kind to Mr. Burton. For the first time, he had a fulfilling job. The Burtons moved to a better house in a better suburb, and he was elected Worshipful Master of his Masonic lodge, togged out in top hat and tails, with a photo in the front hall to prove it.

The Burtons' only child, David, the apple of their eye, has grown into a handsome, manly 13-year-old. His grades at a nearby high school are excellent, and the parents hope that their son will earn the college degree that eluded them.

Even though Mr. Burton was laid off one week each month this summer, was not able to take a vacation and saw many of his friends losing their jobs in a layoff of 3,200 at his plant, he said, ''I've never been as happy.''

3 Years of Apprentice Training

Beginning in 1977, he spent three years in apprentice training to become a journeyman machine repairman. Mr. Burton, a mechanic who has customized and built cars in his own garage, said he loved the training: ''It's not production work anymore. It's creative.''

He recalled that he had been on the assembly line at Ford's Wixom plant since he was 18 years old, doing work he considered boring, brutalizing and endlessly repetitive.

But earlier this year he was given a choice of being laid off or returning to his former job of spray painting on the line. ''So,'' Mr. Burton said, ''I went back to the line. But I'll return to school in January and I should have my journeyman's card within a year.''

As he moved from the paneled family room to the kitchen to prepare the family's supper, Mr. Burton seemed far more relaxed and content than he had in the past. ''Why complain?'' he said airily as he boned and floured some pork chops.

He returned to the subject of politics: ''I still like Reagan. I liked him four years ago. I like him more now. Four years of Jimmy … .'' Then he stopped himself: ''No, that's not fair.'' ''It's the first time in 16 years I've ever been threatened with losing my job,'' he went on. ''A lot of my friends lost their jobs. They won't never come back to the plant. The only reason I still got a job is because I've been working at Ford for 16 years. If Carter's so good for the working people, how come they're not working?''

Reagan Tied to Financial Security

He feels Mr. Reagan will bring ''a financial stability.'' ''Carter's had four years.'' he said. ''He didn't stabilize the country. Don't give me no more promises. Let me try somebody else's promises for a change.''

Once, Dewey Burton was among the malcontents, constantly ''mouthing off'' at his bosses, his wife said. Now he says, ''You don't have to be a stockholder in a company to want them to make money. If the company goes down, you're not even going to have a job you don't want any more.''

He believes that his union local of the United Automobile Workers does not carry the same political influence with the Wixom rank and file that it once did, and that its support for the Carter-Mondale ticket is ''lukewarm.''

Mr. Burton believes his wages, and those of his wife, have always been enough for the family. His gross pay is now $400 a week, $280 take-home. Mrs. Burton took a big cut from her pay at a General Motors auto plant. She now makes $140 a week billing Blue Cross at the psychiatric clinic and takes home $120, but, she says, her new job gives her a peace of mind she didn't have before.

Three years ago, the Burtons bought their $56,000 house in Farmington Hills, a suburb of freshly painted, ample homes and emerald lawns that Mr. Burton describes as ''upper middle class.'' ''Our neighbors aren't auto workers,'' he said. In 1972, the family lived in a tiny bungalow in Redford Township, a white, ***working-class*** suburb on Detroit's western edge. They had bought it for $14,800 five years before.

The parents rarely watch television or read newspapers, as has always been the case. Increasingly, their lives revolve around David. Already a gifted mechanic like his father, he races quarter-midget cars at tracks around the country and, also like his father, who formed a jazz band at the age of 16, David is musical, and plays alto sax in the school marching band.

Otherwise, Mr. Burton said, ''We get up, we go to work, we come home and go to bed. That's our life.'' Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye, ''But if Reagan wins, you can bet we'll throw a party.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo

**End of Document**



[***Trying Times Test a G.O.P. Congresswoman's Moderation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TRM-4HW0-007F-G1JN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIKE ALLEN

**Dateline:** WINSTED, Conn., Sept. 26

**Body**

It's dessert night with the candidates at the Elks Lodge, and Representative Nancy L. Johnson, a Republican, finds herself defending her party's drawn-out handling of President Clinton's fate. Back in Washington, she was on the other side, rankling party leaders with sharp criticism over the release of X-rated evidence against the President.

"I know it's frustrating," Mrs. Johnson tells skeptical couples in this tiny town in Connecticut's Northwest Hills, as red-white-and-blue balloon bouquets bob all around her. "But a fairer process produces a surer result."

Mrs. Johnson, proud guardian of the middle, is now caught there. In closed-door sessions in Washington, she speaks up for constituents who say they have heard enough about Monica Lewinsky and want the country to "move on." But when she returns home to campaign for re-election in a district that has more registered Democrats than Republicans and that went for Mr. Clinton in 1992 and 1996, she confronts a problem that many of her colleagues face: defending the way Speaker Newt Gingrich and other Republican leaders are handling the scandal.

"Both sides are right," she said with a chuckle.

Mrs. Johnson said her constituents strongly favored Mr. Clinton's resigning, but she said that did not mean support for impeachment. "They don't like impeachment because it's so slow," she said. "I have to try to explain that our Constitutional process protects us all, and my party is responsible for leading this process."

Compounding Mrs. Johnson's problem, she is running in a tight race against a Democrat whom she barely defeated two years ago and who has accused Mrs. Johnson of advocating moderation in one breath and embracing the conservative leadership in the next.

Complexity does not always play well in an election, and many voters are skeptical of Mrs. Johnson's go-slow mantra. At the Elks Club, Ruth S. Church, 81, said she had been a supporter of Mrs. Johnson's since they worked on women's issues together 25 years ago, and lauded the endorsement of Mrs. Johnson by the Sierra Club and the National Education Association -- a rare duo for a Republican.

But Mrs. Church said the case had been made against the President. "If we drag it out, President Clinton will become a martyr," Mrs. Church said. "He's a regular alley cat."

In recent years, Mrs. Johnson and other moderate Republicans -- by their count 30 to 60 out of the House's 228 Republicans -- have felt a tad lonely in a party led by firebrands. For 11 years, a "Lunch Bunch" founded by Mrs. Johnson and other moderates has met once a week over pizza and salads to discuss issues like family planning and environmental protection. While these softer voices have long been in the background, they may soon be needed to sell the notion of impeachment to the country.

"As a bloc, the moderates will play a pivotal role on impeachment," said Marshall H. Wittman, the director of Congressional relations for the Heritage Foundation, a conservative policy institute. "They are going to want a more bipartisan process, and the leadership is going to have to keep them in the tent."

So that means listening to Nancy Johnson, 63, who was elected to Congress in 1982 and is now the fifth-ranking Republican on the Ways and Means Committee.

Mrs. Johnson represents a district that is vast and varied, stretching from the comfortable suburbs of the Farmington Valley, west of Hartford, to the opulent retreats in Litchfield County to her ***working-class*** home, New Britain, a dying manufacturing center that proudly calls itself the Hardware City.

During a night of aerobic campaigning after Saturday afternoon votes in Washington, Mrs. Johnson started in Winsted, then hit a black-tie ball held by the Torrington Elks, who have a bar and a bowling alley in the basement of a vast, white-columned lodge reminiscent of a Southern plantation house. Mr. Clinton had few fans there.

"Let's roast him and toast him -- air some laundry," said Bruce B. Strawinski, 44, an investment salesman who teaches karate on the side.

Forty miles away, Mrs. Johnson spent more than an hour trying to be heard over the salsa music at a Puerto Rican tribute dinner, where almost everyone was a Democrat and drank Budweiser from cans. In this crowd, Mr. Clinton was a victim.

"A man is a man," said Omar N. Aguilera, 59, a radio station director with portraits of the President at home and at work. "Everyone has a moment, when there's provocation to you."

That produces quite a tightrope for Mrs. Johnson, who attributes her near loss in 1996 to a Washington workload that caused her to neglect her constituents in the Sixth District. Perhaps more damaging was the nature of the work: she was chairman of the Ethics Committee, and was perceived as trying to protect Mr. Gingrich when Democrats filed charges against him. "If I win by 1,500 votes again, I can tell you, I won't be here in two more years," she told the Winsted crowd.

Mrs. Johnson's Democratic opponent, Charlotte G. Koskoff, argues that Mrs. Johnson is a shrewd foil for Republican leaders, since she talks a maverick line but will support them on the most crucial votes. Asked where she would put Mrs. Johnson on the ideological spectrum, Ms. Koskoff said, "Opportunist."

Ms. Koskoff, 56, a liberal former education professor, gives out T-shirts that say, "This time, Charlotte," and introduces herself to voters by saying: "I'm the gutsy outsider who nearly defeated a seven-term incumbent. I'll fight just as hard for you."

Republicans in the district expect Mrs. Johnson to win more easily this year. She has been running a heavy television campaign, and Ms. Koskoff's has not begun yet. On the campaign trail, Ms. Koskoff says her top priority will be keeping and creating jobs. Saying she will stand up for "working and retired people," she says she will work to regulate health maintenance organizations and protect Social Security and Medicare.

Sam Stratman, a spokesman for the Judiciary Committee, said moderates from both parties would play a crucial role in insuring that the process was viewed as credible. Mr. Stratman said the committee was moving as expeditiously as possible, given the volume of material that had to be reviewed. "We are criticized if we go too fast or go too slow," he said. "Do these serious allegations deserve a close look, or do we look away?"

In Washington, the moderate Republicans do not have -- and do not plan, several said -- a united position on how to handle the possibility of impeachment proceedings. Representative Christopher Shays, another moderate from Connecticut, said he would have "a high threshold" for concluding that President Clinton had committed an impeachable offense, since he was elected twice by voters who probably knew what they were getting.

Mr. Shays said there would be no Lunch Bunch stand on the matter, however. "If moderate Republicans end up voting the same on this, that is a powerful bloc in either direction," he said. "But this is a conscience issue -- a vote that each member will have to live with for the rest of their lives -- and they have to come to their own conclusion."

Thomas E. Mann, the director of governmental studies at the Brookings Institution, said moderates could shape the debate significantly after the November election. Mr. Mann said that until then, with polls showing that the most likely voters favor Republican candidates, the party's leaders would have little incentive to compromise.

"The political imperative is to maintain the intensity of the core constituency," he said. "There is going to be a lot pressure for the moderates to stick with the program."

Mrs. Johnson said she has no hesitation and already counts one success in the debate, after what she could have taken as a humiliating rebuke. Two weeks ago, about 100 members of the Republican caucus were meeting privately at the Capitol and discussing the release of Mr. Clinton's videotaped grand jury testimony in the investigation being conducted by the Whitewater special prosecutor, Kenneth W. Starr.

As she explains it, she was arguing against releasing parts of the tape that she saw as unnecessarily graphic or repetitious. "We don't need more information on the sexual stuff," she said. "We don't need to go into cigars. We don't need to know numbers of times." She admits that at the time, she gave a more abbreviated version of that, and all her colleagues heard was, "Don't release the tape."

"The caucus politely booed," Mrs. Johnson said. "People moaned. They groaned. It was low, but it was significant." Mr. Gingrich then gave what many members took as a sharp rebuttal, saying the American people had the right to know the facts.

Mr. Gingrich's spokeswoman, Christina Martin, said: "The Speaker and Nancy Johnson have a very warm relationship. They work together just fine, and shared a laugh on the floor shortly after the conference."

The whole tape was released. On Friday, the House Judiciary Committee took a different approach when it voted to release a new raft of tapes and documents. Republicans, feeling public opinion turning against them, bent over backward to agree with Democrats on blacking out the most sensitive parts. "This week, lots of people said, 'Boy, you were right,' " Mrs. Johnson said.

Even Mrs. Johnson's opponent, Ms. Koskoff, acknowledged that in retrospect, Mrs. Johnson had been right about sanitizing the release of the Monica Lewinsky material.

"That seems to be almost universal," Mrs. Koskoff said. "People are angry at Republicans for the salacious detail."

**Graphic**

Photos: Charlotte G. Koskoff, the Democratic challenger to Mrs. Johnson. (Susan Harris for The New York Times); Nancy L. Johnson, left, at a candidates' night on Saturday with Donna Boynton, a supporter who wanted President Clinton forced from office. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** September 29, 1998

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[***What Affordable Housing Crisis?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F5B-YK90-TW8F-G259-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1886 words

**Byline:** By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER

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**Body**

LIKE many of their neighbors on the North Shore, Laurie and Andrew Bocca of Syosset have renovation fever.

The Boccas recently enlarged their kitchen with a row of honey-colored wood cabinets and installed a beveled blue countertop that complements their star-spangled curtains. They turned the deck into a foyer, installed new carpeting in the living room and redid a bathroom. Last year they added a bedroom and a half bath.

Just across Jericho Turnpike, a newly renovated stucco colonial with double doors and granite floors on a half-acre lot is on the market for $1,400,000, with property taxes of $15,000 a year. But the Boccas' place is altogether different.

They live in the Syosset Mobile Home Park, an enclave of 70 trailers tucked in an industrial pocket between an office building and Ralph's Ices along Jericho Turnpike. While there are a handful of mobile home parks in Suffolk County, the Syosset park is the only one in Nassau.

A double bed and desk are a snug fit in the Boccas' new bedroom, which increased their living space to 870 square feet. The half bath makes the toilets on commercial airliners seem spacious. But on an island where low-cost housing is practically nonexistent, and along a strip of the Gold Coast where a half million dollars barely buys a starter home, the Boccas, who paid $45,000 for their trailer 10 years ago, feel as if they are living like royalty.

''We are blessed that we have this,'' said Ms. Bocca, 39, pleased that her two children, Angela, 4, and Andrew, 6, will not have to share a room that barely fits bunk beds. As soon as it's cleared out, Ms. Bocca plans to move Angela into the tiny storeroom just past the washer and dryer.

''It's very affordable home ownership,'' Mr. Bocca said. ''You have more pride in yourself than actually renting.''

Moving to a larger home was not an option. Mr. Bocca, 50, earns $37,000 a year as a highway maintenance supervisor with the State Department of Transportation; Ms. Bocca is a stay-at-home mom.

''We had no place to go,'' Ms. Bocca said. ''My husband and I couldn't even afford to rent an apartment in Nassau County.''

''Would I like somebody to drop me a house in the middle of Muttontown?'' she continued. ''I am not going to stand here and lie and say no. But it is what it is, and we should just be thankful for what we have today, here and now.''

Ginnie Vignola, the manager, said the trailer park, which opened 43 years ago, is totally owner-occupied. The trailers fetch $50,000 to $90,000. ''They turn over instantly,'' Ms. Vignola said. ''We don't have to advertise.''

Residents rent the land the trailers stand on for a monthly fee of $550. The fee includes water and sewage hookup, snow removal and taxes. Parents push strollers and children bicycle along the smoothly paved roads in complex, where nearly every home has a short driveway and room for a second car to park on the street. The trailer park is in the top-rated Syosset school district.

Like the Boccas' place, many of the trailers have been redone with vinyl siding, insulated windows, wood decks and additions poking out to the side. Most are tidily kept; others look like rusting hulks in the midst of a junkyard. Trailer hitches poke out from the fronts of the long, narrow cabins; propane tanks that fuel stoves are propped to the side. Electric meters face the road. Laundry is draped over clotheslines.

In September, Teresa Walch finished a master's degree in accounting at the C.W. Post Campus of Long Island University in Brookville and is studying for the examinations to qualify as a certified public accountant.

''I am doing it here in the mobile home park,'' Ms. Walch said. ''And after I get it I plan on staying in the mobile home park.''

Ms. Walch, 42, lives in a three-bedroom trailer with her children, Wolfgang, 10, and Karina, 7. Her boyfriend, Bobby Carman, 43, a tow truck operator, sold his own trailer to move in with Ms. Walch two years ago. To her delight, he added a carport. It practically touches the trailer next door.

''Maybe the children would like a bigger backyard, but I tell them. 'You have the whole area here as the backyard,''' Ms. Walch said.

She said she grew up in a big house with a big backyard in Franklin Square. She doesn't miss it.

''This is probably the happiest place I've lived,'' Ms. Walch said. ''It's a very secure neighborhood. It's very tight. Everyone is ready to pitch in if someone needs help. It is one of the best-kept secrets in Nassau County because of the affordability and the school district.''

The cramped quarters don't faze her.

''You would be surprised how much room there is in the mobile home if you organize it correctly,'' Ms. Walch said. ''From this perspective, more isn't always better. More can bring more headaches, more problems, more to do, more responsibility.''

Elizabeth and Mark Stout bought their 650-square-foot trailer eight years ago. They would like to move to Wantagh or Seaford with their son, Scott, 3, but prices are farther out of reach than ever.

''This is pretty much where we are stuck until we start making the money,'' said Ms. Stout, 31, a baby sitter.

Meanwhile, the couple renovated their kitchen and added new paneling and new rugs, hoping their mobile home has also surged in value.

''People have been telling me they are making lots of profits off of this place,'' Ms. Stout said.

But as much as the mobile homes are a godsend to ***working-class*** families, they are dogged by a persistent stigma. Though the trailer park is set back from the main road and has a no-trespassing sign on a fence up front, passersby gawk as if an alien spaceship had landed on a suburban parking lot.

''They come through to sightsee,'' said Rita Moody, 49, whose two-bedroom trailer was brand new when she moved into it in 1998. ''A lot of people buy an ice and then take the scenic tour through.''

She said her old residence, an apartment in Hicksville, cost her $1,500 a month, plus utilities. Ms. Moody, a widow who is disabled and lives with her daughter, granddaughter and a menagerie of pets, bought the 14-by-6o-foot mobile home outright for $65,000.

''Trailer parks get a really bad rap,'' Ms. Moody said.

Jillian Holmes ticked off the stereotypes she has been confronted with so often that she uses a post office box and is reluctant to tell people that she and her husband, Ed, 24, and their daughter, Alexzandria, 13 months, live in a 9-by-13 extension of her mother's 60-by-12 trailer, a ''princess model'' with a vaulted ceiling in the living room.

''Jerry Springer, trailer park trash -- they are always fighting, and they have no teeth,'' Ms. Holmes said. For the record, she smiled broadly, showing off a full set of teeth.

''Most of the people in Syosset think, 'Oh, they live in a mobile home, they're poor and they are worthless,''' said Ms. Holmes, 22, who works in a bed-and-bath shop nearby. ''That's not true. We all work, we all support each other, but we just can't afford a $500,000 house.''

The hurtful remarks have needled Ms. Holmes ever since her parents divorced and she moved to the trailer park from a three-bedroom house in Bethpage 10 years ago. She said her years at Syosset High School, class of 2001, were a nightmare.

''I was always getting made fun of because I didn't have the designer clothes, the Gucci pocketbook, the piranha bag,'' Ms. Holmes said, mocking the pricey Prada designer label.

She recalled the cruel whispers that swirled through the school bus when it reached her stop. ''I had stuff I bought from Kmart and Target that I could afford,'' Ms. Holmes said.

When classmates talked about vacations in Florida or the Caribbean during school breaks, Ms. Holmes said she pretended she was also going away.

''Most people in this area take for granted the fact that they live in a house,'' Ms. Holmes said. ''They have a maid. People have tennis courts in this area. There are a lot of rude people in this town. They act superior to everybody.''

When they can afford to, she said, she and her husband hope to move off the Island, perhaps to Arizona, where housing is more affordable.

Mr. Bocca said he worried that his children would grow up having to defend themselves, ''being looked upon as undesirables and uneducated.'' Andrew, a first grader, was already having a hard time, he said.

''The bus goes to million-dollar homes and all of a sudden it comes here,'' Mr. Bocca said. ''Kids say things, and he is just treated differently.''

Ms. Bocca said that Andrew was on a bus for children with special needs even though he was not a special needs student. She said that after Andrew was spit on and physically abused, she complained to the district transportation department but was told no other buses were available. Ms. Bocca started driving her son to Robbins Lane Elementary School.

In a phone interview, a district spokeswoman, Randi Sachs, said that no buses were set aside exclusively for students with special needs. Ms. Sachs wondered whether Ms. Bocca ''didn't want her child on a bus with special needs children.''

When she was growing up, Ms. Sachs said, other children teased her because she had pimples.

''You can always find a reason to pick on a kid,'' she said. ''We have children from many different kinds of backgrounds, and we teach tolerance and understanding in every school. We have an exceptional character education program in every school. Our children are taught to treat one another with respect, dignity and compassion.''

Around the corner from the Boccas' trailer, a Nassau County narcotics officer who sometimes uses the alias Ken Lauranzano was building a platform bed in his 12-by-52 trailer.

Asked why someone with a six-figure income and a vacation home upstate would move into a trailer park, Mr. Lauranzano replied, ''I got divorced, what else?''

Before his marriage broke up, Mr. Lauranzano, 45, lived with his wife and two daughters a mile and a half away in Syosset in a $600,000 colonial.

Mr. Lauranzano looked at condominiums and smaller homes in the area before settling on the two-bedroom trailer a year and a half ago. He paid $34,500 and gutted the place, renovating with fake wood laminate floors and freshly painted walls. A flat-screen television is in the living room, across from a white sofa plumped with cushions. In the spring he plans to redo the exterior and install new windows.

''You are living compactly, but I lived in Manhattan for a while,'' Mr. Lauranzano said. ''It's the size of my apartment there and certainly cheaper.''

Mr. Lauranzano said living in the trailer park was also a good barometer by which to judge the character of potential girlfriends.

''If you meet a woman in a bar and say you are from Syosset they think you are living in a $600,000 house,'' Mr. Lauranzano said. He said that when he brought a date home recently, she fled.

Mr. Lauranzano said he liked living close to his children, who often spend the night. In the morning, he drops them off at Robbins Lane Elementary.

''This is my choice,'' he said. ''I'm 20 feet from the Laundromat. It sounds crazy, but it's like a little vacation area.''

Mr. Lauranzano said that more mobile home parks should be built.

''Where else are you going to get a place with two bedrooms for this money?'' he said. ''On Long Island, this is a home run.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Bobby Carman and Teresa Walch with her children, Wolfgang and Karina, outside their trailer in Syosset. ''This is probably the happiest place I've lived,'' Ms. Walch said. And the price is right. (Photo by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

Laurie and Andrew Bocca with their children, Andrew and Angela, in the kitchen of their trailer in Syosset.

Most of the residents in the Syosset Mobile Home Park keep their trailers tidy, and renovated units abound. (Photographs by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** January 2, 2005

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[***IN HAMBURG, CHANCELLOR SCHMIDT'S POLS ENJOY FEELING OF INVINCIBILITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CX90-000B-Y0SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1243 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** HAMBURG, West Germany

**Body**

If there were exchange programs for district leaders, Hein Kulemann would fit in nicely in Union City or South Boston. He seeks votes and gets people to the polls.

Red face, white shirt, emerald-green tie that would pass muster on St. Patrick's Day, he sits at the bar in the union hall next to his office and talks the international language of a professional local pol.

''Helmut was in on Monday,'' he said. ''Right here. We sat in one of the booths. Helmut and Rolf Niese and me. Helmut wanted a couple of herring. He was checking things out. He told me, 'Hein, you've got things in order.' ''

Feature on Hamburg (West Germany) Social Democratic Party district leaders focuses on their optimism about Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's re-election as national elections near

The district is Hamburg's 17th, Helmut Schmidt's own, as safe a Social Democratic constituency as they come in West Germany, a place that, under the parliamentary system, elects the Chancellor as its own representative in the Bundestag, the lower house.

Predicting a Landslide

''He'll do 60 percent this time, maybe a little better,'' said Mr. Kulemann, who will be retiring soon after more than 30 years in the party. ''If we don't, then we'll really hear about it from Helmut.''

The district headquarters, two rooms with a couple of filing cabinets and piles of campaign literature stacked against the walls, is in a section of the city called Bergedorf, 19 minutes from downtown by commuter train. To the extent that it is surrounded by market farmers who usually vote for the Christian Democrats, the district is not the completely typical urban Social Democratic stronghold, but it provides a good example of a community where people want Mr. Schmidt re-elected and how his party goes about assuring it.

The main issue in Bergedorf is Mr. Schmidt's national opponent, Franz Josef Strauss, the Bavarian Premier.

On posters of the candidate along the main road to the city, his eyes have been gouged out by vandals and in the places where they are still intact Hitler-like moustaches have been painted on Mr. Strauss's upper lip, or his nose has been given a chronic drip.

Party People Disapprove

Party people like Mr. Kulemann and Mr. Niese, a schoolteacher who is the local Social Democratic chairman, do not approve, but they say the reaction to Mr. Strauss is visceral here, especially among young people who find him the antithesis of the way they want their country to be seen.

''Not him,'' said a woman selling newspapers at a kiosk. ''I'd be very upset if I thought there were a chance of his winning, but there seems to be none, thank God. So there isn't all that much political excitement around here.''

Without this feeling of an imminent threat, both Mr. Niese and Mr. Kulemann have had to push to keep the interest high. Mr. Kulemann's job is mostly organizational - for example, preparing a ''schleppdienst,'' as he calls it, a towing service for bringing elderly voters to the polls on election day - while Mr. Niese stays closer to theory and the issues.

''The truth is,'' Mr. Niese said, ''we thought we had some trouble for awhile with young voters who have some political ideas. When you've been in power for more than 10 years, they begin to associate you with the status quo. We've had to work to convince them that we're still a reform party with a lot of new ideas. I was concerned about whether we were getting through until when Helmut came up for a tent meeting we arranged. The audience was very young, much better than we expected and the response absolutely fantastic.''

Carter Is Not Admired

Mr. Niese says his voters worry about peace, do not want any unnecessary confrontation with the Soviet Union and do not think much of American leadership. Looking for a polite phrase, Mr. Niese described the attitude in the 17th toward the United States as being one in which ''the general opinion of Jimmy Carter is not the highest.'' He also characterized his voters as people to whom ''it is very difficult to sell the idea that we have to spend more on arms.''

When it came to talking about a recent poll that showed that more than 49 percent of the Social Democratic Party membership nationwide preferred a foreign-policy course between the United States and the Soviet Union, rather than alongside the Americans, Mr. Niese said he knew nothing of the report, but he dealt with it head on.

''Yes,'' he said, ''there are people here who want to take some distance from the United States, who feel our interests have become different. But that's hardly the general tone. Bergedorf is a place that's friendly toward the Americans.''

When Mr. Schmidt is around, the conversation is mostly about local mood and attitudes. Like any good politician, he is interested in getting things built and done that people can associate with his party, but there is also some caution so that the pork-barrel aspects of having the Chancellor as the local Member of Parliament do not get to the point where they can be criticized from the outside. Concern about making changes in plans for a big highway in the area is played down with the assurance that ''Helmut will have somebody make the necessary phone calls after the election.''

Party Tries to React to Change

Mr. Kulemann says that the biggest job over the years has been to move quickly as the district's neighborhoods change. There are about 160,000 people in the district, 59.7 percent of whom voted for Mr. Schmidt four years ago, the best Social Democratic performance in Hamburg. The area is traditionally ***working-class*** and Social Democratic, going back to the Weimar years before Hitler, but it has evolved with the construction of housing projects and many small private homes.

The party subdivides the area into sections of 800 to 1,000 residents, each of which has a party member responsible for links with the local organization. They make sure that voters get not only the usual flyers but things like a booklet of complaint cards, preaddressed to the party headquarters, on which they can check off boxes pointing out things like broken sidewalks and defective street lights.

In the old days, Mr. Kulemann said, no Social Democrat in Bergedorf paid much attention to assisting voters in the preparation of postal ballots, regarded then as a concern of the well-to-do, people rich enough to own a weekend house or to be taking a vacation in October. ''These days,'' he said, ''you have to worry about where your people are going to be on election day -maybe in the Canary Islands - and you have to make sure you don't lose a vote.''

Handbills in Polish

This month, the party fell on a new target of opportunity, printing election handbills in Polish for 350 or so people from Poland who recently settled in temporary housing in the district. The refugees are automatically West German citizens and eligible to vote after three months. If they cannot read German, Mr. Kulemann said, ''we remind them who their friends are in Polish.''

The Chancellor, he said, would be back in town a couple of times before the voting on Oct. 5 to make sure there is no letdown. He has been advised, Mr. Kulemann said, to fix up his speech in one place. ''Helmut said something, made a comparison about something using a kid stealing a motorbike as an example,'' Mr. Kulemann said. ''It couldn't have gone over well around here. It's not only the kids who steal them. Adults too. We told him to drop it. When he's in Bergedorf, he listens.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo

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[***Kansas City's Widely Debated Desegregation Experiment Reaches the Supreme Court***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WR70-008G-F4VW-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1512 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,

By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 6

**Body**

Long before the sun rises, Alex Ruthmann boards a 5:15 A.M. school van for a nearly two-hour, 70-mile trip, past furrowed and dormant fields in rural Butler to the Paseo Academy of Visual and Performing Arts in a ***working-class*** neighborhood here.

The academy is a sparkling $23 million high school that is unrivaled in Missouri.

"I couldn't take all the courses I wanted at my school back home," said Alex, a 17-year-old who takes band, choir, music theory, calculus, chemistry, college-level English and history. "Here, I can do it all."

For a decade, the Kansas City school district has labored with uneven success to attract more whites like Alex, to improve its buildings and to lift overall student achievement under a series of Federal District Court desegregation orders dating back to 1984. The case has produced the costliest plan in the nation and has been among the most bitterly contested.

Now, the case, Missouri v. Jenkins, has reached a crucial crossroad. On Wednesday, Missouri officials will argue before the United States Supreme Court that in the last 10 years the state has contributed the bulk of the plan's $1.3 billion cost -- the state contribution averages $200 million a year -- and has more than adequately helped Kansas City desegregate its 84 public schools. Spending that much money in Kansas City is unfair to the rest of Missouri, the state will argue, and the expenditure is producing only slow progress.

The officials will also contend that the Federal court, in declaring that overall student performance must improve as part of the plan, overstepped its bounds, setting standards that are much broader than most desegregation cases elsewhere.

For its part, the school system, which wants the desegregation order to remain in effect, will argue that the full desegregation plan has been in place only three years -- too little time to show marked academic improvement. Only about a fourth of the city's schools meet the Federal court's recommendation that enrollment be 65 percent members of minorities and 35 percent white.

The Kansas City district can draw students from anywhere in the state, although most come from the immediate suburbs. The participation of the outside students is voluntary.

The case has drawn national attention because of what the Supreme Court's ruling might mean for desegregation here and in the 200 or so other school systems under Federal court supervision. And it poses basic questions about how the success of a court-ordered integration plan is ultimately to be judged.

Among the changes made under the order were the construction of expensive buildings like the $32 million Central High School, with its indoor track and Olympic-size swimming pool. The order also brought salary increases of 30 percent for teachers, smaller classes, and specific academic and job-training themes at virtually all of the district's schools.

Across this district of 37,000 students, 75.9 percent of whom are members of minorities, there is a deep fear that the Supreme Court will rule as it did in two previous desegregation cases, in 1990 in Oklahoma City and in 1992 in DeKalb County in suburban Atlanta. In both of those decisions, the Court eased desegregation orders, resulting in what Gary Orfield, a Harvard University desegregation expert, called a resegregation of some public schools.

"There's no doubt that the Court has put very serious limitations on desegregation remedies and opened ways for courts to dismiss cases even when tremendous educational and social inequalities remain in communities," said Mr. Orfield, who is director of the Harvard Project on School Desegregation. "What will happen in Kansas City if the Court cuts off the system is, the district would be left with a lot of facilities that it cannot support."

Black parents express similar concerns, as well as anger.

"The state should not be excused right now," said the Rev. Robert Stephens, the minister at Peace Baptist Church, whose son attends first grade at Attucks Elementary in the city. Because of the city's already eroded tax base, Mr. Stephens said, losing the state money would mean certain deterioration not just of buildings but also of programs.

"Racism, I think, is still the problem," he said.

Dorothy Shepherd, the principal at Paseo Academy, recalled when Kansas City schools were segregated and underfinanced and when, as a young music teacher here in the 1960's, she had an annual budget of $60 for supplies.

"It was grim," she said as she walked around the high school one afternoon, checking in on students practicing a fashion show in the school's 1,181-seat theater. The school also has a smaller recital hall and a theater where experimental productions are performed.

"Do you think after enjoying all this that I could go back to $60 a year?" Mrs. Shepherd asked.

Like other administrators and parents here, Mrs. Shepherd does not expect the state to help finance the district forever. But she said that without continuing state support, at least for a few more years, the district's gains and efforts to recruit more white students from suburban communities would be undermined.

Paseo was built three years ago, using huge infusions of state desegregation money for capital improvements. It has been one of the more successful schools in attracting white students who, like Alex Ruthmann, are lured to the performing arts school because their own schools lack similar extras.

And so Alex wakes up at 4:30 A.M. every school day to catch his school van, which also picks up three other students from surrounding towns.

"We spent all of last summer investigating whether this would be a good thing for him," said Sally Hatten, Alex's mother and a public school teacher in Ridge Hill, Mo. "I worried about safety. We talked about interracial dating. We discussed being in the minority. He wasn't concerned about any of this."

Indeed, in the hallways, libraries and cafeterias of the Kansas City schools, black, white, Hispanic and Asian students mix freely, all enticed by the district's rich collection of magnet schools.

"The teachers are nice, and there are not a lot of fights," said Jessica Eicholz, 13, a white seventh grader at Martin Luther King Latin Grammar Middle School. The teen-ager, who lives in nearby Independence, takes a cab to school with other students in a 30-minute ride paid for by the district. "I like the environment here," she said.

So does Lori Barber, 13, another white seventh grader, who gets up at 5 A.M. to catch a school van from her home in Oakview, a northern suburb of Kansas City. "I came here because my parents and I thought I would get a better education," she said. "I didn't like the schools in my district."

And added their friend Tiffany McElroy, 13, a black seventh grader from Kansas City, "Teachers here give you respect, and they expect a lot out of all of us."

Jeremy Johnson, a white 17-year-old junior, left a private school in Independence to attend the East Environmental Studies and Agribusiness Magnet High School, which has a working farm where students raise pigs and sheep and then market and sell the produce.

"There aren't any schools like this in Independence," Jeremy said, sitting in an environmental studies class. "My parents were kind of scared at first, since it was the Kansas City school district, because of everything they had heard. When they came to visit, they were really surprised because the school is clean and safe and there is no graffiti.

"They would much rather have me in Kansas City schools than Independence schools because schools here are better."

At all grade levels, the district offers the academic, extracurricular and social services that education analysts say urban schools have lacked for years. In the Attucks Communications and Writing Elementary School, for example, fourth and fifth graders produce a daily newscast of school news that they broadcast over closed-circuit television.

The rich array of programs here, state officials said, has spawned only resentments in other schools across the state that cannot afford all that Kansas City offers. Kansas City officials, meanwhile, say the bitter criticism from state officials has only reinforced the notion among suburban parents that the district is troubled.

Indeed, the state has been an outspoken critic of school officials and the Federal District Court, maintaining that the remedies have been too exorbitant and have come at the expense of the state's other school districts. Although Kansas City has only 4.3 percent of Missouri's total public school enrollment, it receives about 8.5 percent of state education aid.

"The state has been writing the checks and we have no control over where the money is spent," Attorney General Jeremiah W. Nixon said in an interview. "We want to return control of the district to parents and teachers."

But all in due time, said Dr. Walter L. Marks, the Superintendent of Schools in Kansas City. "We need to give the effort here a few more years. This desegregation plan wasn't fully implemented until two to three years ago, and that isn't enough time."

**Graphic**

Photos: Alex Ruthmann takes courses at Paseo Academy of Visual and Performing Arts in Kansas City, Mo., that he cannot get in rural Butler. And three seventh-grade friends, Jessica Eicholz, Tiffany McElroy and Lori Barber, come from different towns but all praise Martin Luther King Latin Grammar Middle School. (Photographs by Jeff Robertson for The New York Times)

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[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5GVB-BHH1-JBG3-600G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Oct. 18) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Oct. 17 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (through Oct. 4) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, brooklynmuseum.org, 718-638-5000. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Martha Schwendener)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Illusions: Staged Photography from the Met Collection' (through Jan. 18) With 40 works, this small, choice exhibition forms a freewheeling survey of the ways and means of staged photography -- the arranging objects or people for the camera -- and the many needs and sensibilities it has served. Its smart installation jumps between past and present, commercial and fine, pre- and postmodern, and is peppered with surprises by artists well-known and not. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (through Sept. 20) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Warriors and Mothers: Epic Mbembe Art' (through Sept. 16) If a dozen masterpiece Renaissance sculptures, done in an unknown and wildly unorthodox style, suddenly turned up in the Italian countryside, the find would make the news. You'll encounter the equivalent of such a discovery in this show of spectacular weatherworn, wood-carved figures, some dating to before the 17th century, that were made by the Mbembe in southeastern Nigeria and taken to Paris by an African dealer in the early 1970s. They caused a sensation among collectors and scholars at the time, and you can see why. But the effort to find more of them proved fruitless. The examples at the Met, which include the original dozen, represent all the fully intact stand-alone Mbembe figures known to exist. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (through Sept. 20) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (through Sept. 20) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Endless House: Intersections of Art and Architecture' (through March 6) This scattered but enjoyable exhibition, drawn from the museum's art collection as much as its design holdings, focuses on the single-family home as a place of experimentation and regeneration; of conflict as well as dreams. Its highlight is a series of drawings and photographs by Frederick Kiesler, the Austrian-American polymath whose Endless House -- never completed -- fused fine art, architecture, furniture and lighting design into a bulbous, unstable whole. Several artists here echo Kiesler's theme of the house as a reflection of the psychology of its inhabitants. None is more powerful than Rachel Whiteread's sober image, made with white correction fluid, of a dwelling in East London: a preparatory drawing for a now lost sculpture crafted by filling the house with liquid concrete. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Jason Farago)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-1996), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through January 2016) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

? New Museum: 'Albert Oehlen: Home and Garden' (through Sept. 13) This fantastic, overdue show skims too lightly over three decades of painting -- from 1983 to 2011 -- as the artists moved from Neo-Expressionist self-portraits to his latest abstractions, in which irony is replaced by a semblance of anguish. In between: some of the first (and best) forays into painting by computer, and a group of canvases whose sublime abandon obliterates elaborate computer-built images. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (through Sept. 20) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation -- who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: 'Art as Activism: Graphic Art from the Merrill C. Berman Collection' (through Sept. 13) This show offers a selection of 71 posters from the 1930s to the '70s that show the role visual art has played in political and protest movements in the United States. Drawn from the singular collection of Merrill C. Berman, an investor from Rye, N.Y., they offer a rich alternate history of the last century, one you probably didn't learn about in your American history textbooks. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Schwendener)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'After Midnight: Indian Modernism to Contemporary India, 1947/1997' (through Sept. 13) This large group exhibition of South Asian-born artists is really two shows, a focused one of modernist painting from roughly the time of Independence in 1947 through the 1970s, and a larger, somewhat haphazard selection of multimedia work from the past few years. The best way to approach the second part is one artist at a time, and there are some fine ones, from Atul Dodiya and Dayanita Singh of an older generation, to Prajakta Potnis and Sreshta Rit Premnath of a younger. The placement of films by Nikhil Chopra around the museum's grand New York City panorama makes for a win-win installation. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum of Art: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (through Sept. 27) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

'Please Return To: Mail Art from the Ray Johnson Archive' (through Sept. 25) Along with 10 of his witty, densely layered collages, this small, engrossing show features dozens of altered versions of several basic images or ''templates,'' which Mr. Johnson mailed to friends and strangers, including many well-known artists, asking recipients to change the image and return it to him. One template is an outline of his own profile, to which Ad Reinhardt added small, penciled letters at the lips, spelling ''silence.'' Richard L. Feigen & Company, 34 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-628-0700, rlfeigen.com. (Johnson)

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

Galleries: Chelsea

Elmer Bischoff: 'Figurative Paintings' (through Sept. 12) During the heyday of Abstract Expressionism in the 1950s, a number of painters in San Francisco turned away from abstraction and back to representational painting, thereby founding what came to be known as Bay Area Figuration. Elmer Bischoff (1916-1991) was one of the leaders of the movement. This show reveals a visionary, unabashedly romantic painter working under the influences of Edward Hopper and Albert Pinkham Ryder. He created images of poetic nostalgia and spiritual yearning grounded in robustly applied, richly sensuous paint. George Adams Gallery, 525-531 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-564-8480, georgeadamsgallery.com. (Johnson)

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Galleries: SoHo

'Measure' (through Sept. 12) Starting from a simple prompt -- make a drawing of Storefront for Art and Architecture's exhibition space -- the works in this show explore a variety of methods and mediums for measuring space, time, people, animals, labor, profit and other phenomenon. Reiser & Umemoto's drawing in hygroscopic ink changes color according to the level of humidity; Pneumastudio includes pictures of animals that lived in the area in previous epochs; and a graphic image designed by Juan Astasio for the show's brochure reads, ''Smile, You Are Being Measured,'' suggesting that being measured, like being videotaped, is just another 21st-century condition. Storefront for Art and Architecture, 97 Kenmare Street, near Cleveland Place, SoHo, storefrontnews.org, 212-431-5795. (Martha Schwendener)

Galleries: Other

Aaron Flint Jamison (through Sept. 20) For his current show, Mr. Jamison has emptied the Miguel Abreu Gallery of office furniture, imitating a tradition started decades ago by Yves Klein and Michael Asher. Inside, suspended from the ceiling, he's installed a single sculpture made of cedar and purple heartwood. In the basement is a bulky, Dada-type machine consisting of giant tubes, digital temperature controls and an ''exposure unit'' with two 1,000-watt ultraviolet lights inside a black case. Hacking art with wonky machines and craft, Mr. Jamison's work offers an update to Institutional Critique but also, perhaps, alternative models for living. 36 Orchard Street, between Canal and Hester Streets, Lower East Side, 212-995-1774, miguelabreugallery.com. (Schwendener)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

? Clark Art Institute: 'Van Gogh and Nature' (through Sept. 13) ''Nature is very, very beautiful here,'' van Gogh wrote to his younger brother Theo in the summer of 1890, a few weeks before he took his own life. He was referring to the vistas of forests and grain fields surrounding the town of Auvers-sur-Oise northwest of Paris. He had written almost identical words in other letters, from other places, over the years. Natural beauty was the first thing he noticed wherever he went, and this show of some 50 paintings and drawings, on loan from American and European museums, is filled with his images of it, from early, twilit Dutch landscapes, to sumptuous floral still lifes, to exquisite late drawings of insects and birds. They add up to one of this summer's choice art attractions; a low-key big deal. 225 South Street, Williamstown, Mass., 413-458-2303, clarkart.edu. (Cotter)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edge and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; theglasshouse.org, 866-811-4111. (Schwendener)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? 'Enigmas: The Art of Bada Shanren (1626-1705)' (through Jan. 3) Beginning next January, the Freer Gallery of Art in Washington will go dark for a year and a half while it's 1923 building gets an overhaul. Its Chinese painting collection will be especially missed. And as if intent on leaving a potent memory of it, the museum has served up a sparkler of final show, centered on a charismatic 17th-century superstar whose life encompassed dramatic shifts of fortune, and whose art holds mysteries yet to be understood. 1050 Independence Avenue SW, 202-633-1000, asia.si.edu. (Cotter)

? Museum of Fine Arts Boston: 'Made in the Americas: The New World Discovers Asia' (through Feb. 15) One of the great gifts that multiculturalist thinking gave us was freedom from the tyranny of purity. Simply put, there's no such thing, at least not in art. Everything is a mix, and this has always been true. Globalism, which we take to be so 21st century, is as old as the hills. In this smallish show those hills encompass the Andes, the Alps, the Appalachians and Mount Fuji between the early 16th to the late 18th century. The main setting includes large swaths of North, Central and South America being colonized by various European powers, all of which had lucrative commercial links to Asia, and they were bringing Asia with them to the New World. The result: some of the most brilliant American art ever. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Discovering the Impressionists: Paul Durand-Ruel and the New Painting' (through Sept. 13) This terrific exhibition presents more than 90 Impressionist paintings, including many that haven't been seen in the United States in decades or ever, all of which passed through the hands of Paul Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who put Impressionism on the international map. The paintings alone will make the show a popular draw. But it's the tale of Durand-Ruel's long and hugely influential career, richly detailed in the exhibition catalog, that makes this something more than just another crowd-pleaser. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Johnson)

Last Chance

Bruce Museum: 'Walls of Color: The Murals of Hans Hofmann' (closes on Sunday) This small but substantial and exuberantly colorful exhibition is the first to examine the four projects for mosaic murals that the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) tackled in the 1950s. Only two were executed, but the paintings and collages Hofmann produced in preparation for them sharpened his signature clash of contrasting abstract styles, expanded his scale and set the stage for his last, and best, paintings. 1 Museum Drive, Greenwich, Conn., 203-869-0376, brucemuseum.org. (Smith)

? Frick Collection: 'Leighton's ''Flaming June''' (closes on Sunday) ''Flaming June,'' by Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), a masterpiece of Victorian painting, has come to New York for the first time in more than 35 years, for a solo turn at the Frick. Anyone who's ever perused books of late-19th-century British art will instantly recognize the idyllic image of a young woman in a sheer, incandescent orange dress curled up in sleep on piles of drapery on a marble bench, with a sunstruck Mediterranean in the distance. She's particularly memorable for her disproportionately large right thigh. The painting is languorously beautiful and an exceptionally interesting artifact of Victorian consciousness. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'China: Through the Looking Glass' (closes on Monday) Designed to illustrate the influence of Chinese culture on Western fashion, this visually extravagant exhibition fills both the basement-level Anna Wintour Costume Center and the Chinese galleries on the second floor, and claims a repurposed Egyptian space in between. In terms of real estate, it's one of the museum's largest shows ever. And it feels that way, exhaustingly so, with acres of objects, photographs, film clips and apparel punched up by sound-and-light special effects. In a way, it's all just fashion business as usual, the product of a culture that speaks a language of overkill. In this case, though, a smaller, better show is all but buried: a nuanced historical essay on cultural hybridity, the mixing of styles and ideas over space and time that leaves every culture equal to every other culture in its creative impurity. On Friday and Saturday, the exhibition will be open until midnight. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? MoMA PS1: 'Wael Shawky: Cabaret Crusades' (closes on Monday) Some of the most vivid depictions of a war in the Middle East aren't on television news these days. They're in the local solo debut of the Egyptian artist Wael Shawky at MoMA PS1. The exhibition is made up of three sequential films set in the distant past, beginning in the 11th century when European armies marched eastward to claim the Holy Land. The story is one of almost unremitting violence, and the scenes of battle, torture and execution are appalling to see, which is a surprise, considering that all the actors are marionettes, some of which are on view in the gallery, and an extraordinary sight they are. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

MoMA PS1: 'Im Heung-soon: Reincarnation' (closes on Monday) The South Korean artist and director, who won the Silver Lion at this year's divisive Venice Biennale, presents his latest work: an exquisitely filmed, if somewhat jumbled, meditation on the enduring traumas of armed conflict. One video screen features Vietnamese women who suffered at the hands of the Korean army during the Vietnam War; the other follows women in Tehran who lost children during the Iran-Iraq war. Though the connections between the two conflicts finally remain somewhat obscure, ''Reincarnation'' hangs together thanks to Mr. Im's striking cinematography and inventive approach to documentary -- he intermingles historical footage with fictional re-enactments and bold non-narrative sequences, such as a woman's long black hair swallowed up in a flowing sand dune. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Farago)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'One-Way Ticket: Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series and Other Visions of the Great Movement North' (closes on Monday) In the early 20th century, tens of thousands of African-Americans left the rural South for the industrial North in search of jobs, homes and respect. Officially, this MoMA show is meant to mark the centennial of that immense population shift, though it also marks another anniversary: the first time in two decades that all 60 paintings in Jacob Lawrence's great ''Migration Series,'' now divided between New York and Washington, have been shown together at the museum. Here they are surrounded by period photographs, books and fabulous music in a display as stimulating to the mind and the ear as it is to the eye. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971' (closes on Monday) In 1971, Yoko Ono gave herself an imaginary solo show at MoMA by means of a few cut-and-paste photographs and some strategically placed newspaper advertisements. More than 40 years later, the real thing has come to pass and it was worth the wait. Enhanced by films and a soundtrack, the show is largely archival, with lots of works on paper, including the 151 hand-typed note cards that, in 1964, became ''Grapefruit: A Book of Instructions and Drawings,'' and demonstrate how radical this artist's early experiments with language and performance were. A 2015 sculpture rounds things out. Sure to put you off balance, it's a reminder of what a wake-up-to-life call that art can be, a message that this underestimated artist has been delivering for years. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Neue Galerie: 'Gustav Klimt and Adele Bloch-Bauer: The Woman in Gold' (closes on Monday) The spring release of the movie ''Woman in Gold,'' which is about the restitution of some Nazi-looted paintings by Gustav Klimt to their rightful heir, brought the media spotlight back to the most celebrated of those works, ''Adele Bloch-Bauer I'' (1907). The predominately gold painting made headlines in 2006 for its purchase by Ronald S. Lauder for $135 million, then the highest price paid for a painting. This small show features the portrait (which is on permanent display at the Neue) along with eight other Klimts and an assortment of jewelry and decorative objects typifying the luxurious lifestyle of Adele and Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer, the art collectors who commissioned it. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Johnson)

New Museum: Leonor Antunes: 'I Stand Like a Mirror Before You' (closes on Sunday) Ms. Antunes's installation in the Lobby Gallery of the museum pays direct homage to two women who died in the last century: the Bauhaus-trained textile artist Anni Albers and the filmmaker Maya Deren, best known for her experimental works from the 1940s. Hanging nets made from brass wire and a cork and linoleum floor reference Albers, while Deren's influence can be seen in the theatrical arrangement of objects throughout the gallery and a series of translucent plexiglass screens that divide the space and reflect visitors' images. The only downside is that so much quoting of art history sets up a lopsided contrast working in the deceased artists' favor. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/04/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-4-10.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/04/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-4-10.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART)

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[***MY MANHATTAN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TS8-47P0-007F-G37H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***On Eldridge Street, Yesteryear's Schul***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TS8-47P0-007F-G37H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JONATHAN ROSEN

**Body**

Not long ago, I stood in Straus Square, a little island in the middle of East Broadway, paying my respects to the Forward building, which will soon be converted into condominiums. At 10 stories, it's still the tallest thing on the block, though imprisoned by scaffolding so that I had to cross all the way to Seward Park and peer up to see the enormous rust-red letters still spelling out the name "FORVERTS" in Yiddish at the top of the building. I had to come closer to make out the four faces -- Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Karl Liebknecht and Ferdinand Lassalle -- looking out in humorless relief above the entrance, like gargoyles meant to scare away superstition and the imprisoning past to which they now themselves belong.

I have been told that the Chinese characters that have been added to the building's facade, by the nondenominational church that now operates there, declare that "Jesus Saves," which must infuriate the four terra cotta heroes of European socialism, not to mention the ghosts of old Forward staffers whose secular, socialist passions left them, despite a strong sense of peoplehood, ambivalent about religion of any sort. To add insult to injury, I myself have come to the Lower East Side not to visit the building that once housed The Jewish Daily Forward but to take a tour of the Eldridge Street Synagogue, a five-minute walk away. But having taken the F train to the East Broadway stop near the newspaper building, I am drawn to it and find it difficult to pull away.

I should confess at this point that despite the requisite Hebrew school trip, many visits in later life and at least one walking tour, the Lower East Side has always been an emblem not only of topographical confusion (I don't do well where streets are named, not numbered), but also of a larger sort of confusion. I've never been sure what, if any, relationship the neighborhood has to me. (I understand this is a Jewish problem. I never find myself wondering what relationship SoHo or TriBeCa have to me.) But on the walk west along Canal to get to Eldridge, I pass streets whose very names -- Essex and Orchard and even the once-sinister Allen, where the El and the prostitutes were -- sing with a certain suggestion of meaning, even if I'm not quite sure what that meaning is. This neighborhood was once so crowded with Jews -- in 1895, its population density was second only to that of Bombay -- that their lingering impression seems to have rubbed itself into the very stones as well as the larger culture. There are even tenements on East Broadway, designed by the Herter brothers (who built the Eldridge Street Synagogue), that are engraved with Jewish stars.

Nevertheless, I have what may be an American-born, suburban-bred resentment of the way writers have used the Lower East Side, and neighborhoods like it, as touchstones of Jewish authenticity -- as if to be an immigrant was to be most fully Jewish, with all later generations merely representing the diminution of a primordial state. But the truth is, so many of the contradictions of Jewish life were carved in stone here that the Lower East Side has a sort of irresistible allegorical feel, so much so that when I wrote my novel "Eve's Apple," I had my narrator, who is obsessed with immigrants, get lost as he roams the area -- a dislocated, sentimental soul-seeking connection.

But connection to what? Ambivalence is virtually baked into the Lower East Side, where the urge to preserve old ways and the wish to throw them off, to make a home and to run away are still felt. I cannot speak for the Chinese immigrants who now fill the neighborhood with bursting vitality, but it was certainly true of the Jews who once lived here. One has only to read one of I .B. Singer's American novels -- serialized in The Forward -- to experience the multiple impulses to belong and to remain different. Singer hung out, along with Yiddish poets and leftists and journalists, at the Garden Cafeteria -- now the Wing Shoon diner -- at East Broadway and Rutgers, just down the street from the Forward building. One can imagine the debates about the future, about Communism and Socialism, American capitalism and the death of religion, conducted in Yiddish, the-thousand-year-old language of the Jewish people.

The debates have changed, but at their core will always remain a tension in some sense embodied by the newspaper and the synagogue. One institution preached redemption through politics, the other left messianic rectification of the world to God. Which brings me to Eldridge Street and the grand, beautiful, dilapidated synagogue between Canal and Division, which, like the Forward building, now lives behind scaffolding.

Built in 1887 to rival the elegant Reform synagogues uptown, the Orthodox Eldridge Street Synagogue was the first house of worship in America built by Eastern European immigrants. Its founders were the sort of capitalists railed against by The Forward: Isaac Gellis (the hot dog man) and Sandor Jarmulowsky, whose high-rise bank still stands on Canal Street a few blocks from the Forward building. Nevertheless, many of the 1,000 worshipers who packed into the sanctuary during High Holy Day services were ***working-class*** immigrants, experiencing a taste of Old World religious grandeur financed by American capitalist zeal.

The two buildings are in some sense physical emblems of opposite impulses. The narrow, towering Forward building -- once topped by an electric sign -- thrust itself into the New York skyline, a symbol of progress, a beacon to workingmen and women eager to master the ways of American society and to improve that society with their political passions. Crowned with a large clock, it was a building by which one literally told time. The western facade of the Eldridge Street Synagogue presents the visitor with a gigantic rose window, fashioned of 12 interlocking circles, a clock telling only eternal time. Inside, the soaring walls and ceiling, painted in part with a false sky and stars, suggest the wish for a world apart. The upstairs gallery for women, the rich dark wood, the Moorish windows of stained glass, the hanging brass chandeliers, were evocative of any place but America.

The opulent interior has taken a terrible beating, but if anything the power of the place has only been enhanced by the passage of time. The building reflects the slow decay of a dwindling community but suggests as well something much more sudden and dramatic -- a kind of Pompeian calamity. What in fact happened was that in the 1950's, the depleted congregation simply locked the doors of the main sanctuary and took up permanent residence in the basement, where services continue to attract about 25 worshipers on the Sabbath, a number that doubles on the holidays. In the 1970's, a scholar and tour leader unlocked the doors, gaping up at the 70-foot, rain-ruined ceiling where pigeons roosted in the women's section.

Since then, the Eldridge Street Project has spent some $3 million stabilizing the building and hopes to raise some $5 million more to complete the renovations. Fortunately, the sanctuary still has about it a state of half-forgotten reality, like a dream the basement sometimes had about the grand upstairs world and the days when Cantor Yossele Rosenblatt prayed on the High Holidays and mounted policemen patrolled Eldridge Street to control the crowds and the young Eddie Cantor (who lived at 19 Eldridge Street) sang in the choir. There is also an added poignancy in the knowledge that so many of the European synagogues that inspired the Eldridge Street Synagogue were destroyed in the Holocaust; what was once merely the echo now seems the lonely voice itself.

At the same time, it is clear that the rose windows and other architectural flourishes were as much intended to make the synagogue a competitive counterpart to Christian churches as to evoke Old World Orthodoxy. Now, however, the patched and peeling walls and ceiling, the grand windows plugged with factory glass, the chandeliers merely implied by dangling ropes, the refurbished Ten Commandments above the ark (which had been reduced to five until a local workman carved another tablet), all give the space a sort of post-modern contemporaneity, perfectly suited to its new use as a place for readings and exhibits. In the same way the empty Forward building, with its landmark status, its Yiddish and Chinese, its 20th-century aspirations and 19th-century heroes, is a sort of palimpsest more complicated than its once monolithic facade conveyed.

It's these unexpected reversals that make the neighborhood so complex and so appealing and, I realize, give it its enduring relevance. In its own way, the Eldridge Street Synagogue was a modern enterprise: its first rabbi wanted to incorporate English in the service to encourage participation. The Forward, for all its secularism, had a weekly commentary on the Torah portion for years. The newspaper, a Lower East Side fixture, moved uptown in the 1970's and, despite its Yiddishist origins, created the English newspaper where I work. Though a traditional congregation still prays in the basement of the Eldridge Street Synagogue, it is dedicating its renovated sanctuary to cultural programs, one of which is even called the Garden Cafeteria, named for the old hangout that once thrived next to The Forward.

In a sense it may be a blessing that, at the end of the century, some of the starker distinctions bred by early immigrant struggles at the beginning of the century have grown less keen. Neither the newspaper nor the synagogue has established hegemony in America and that is perhaps a good thing.

**Graphic**

Photo: The Jewish Daily Forward once occupied this building on East Broadway, on the Lower East Side. It will soon be converted to condominiums.

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[***POP MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WNV0-008G-F3M3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Saxophonist Who Doesn't Wear Armani***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WNV0-008G-F3M3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JOSEPH HOOPER

**Body**

BEGINNING IN THE EARLY 80's, the trumpeter Wynton Marsalis rejuvenated and refashioned jazz in his own dapper, neo-conservative image. Thanks to Mr. Marsalis's talent, ambition and marketability, jazz became very hospitable to dexterous young black men who looked great in Armani suits. So who could have predicted that a leading voice on tenor saxophone among the under-50 set would belong to Joe Lovano, a heavyset 43-year-old Italian-American with a receding hairline and a goatee?

It may be considered an act of bad faith to divide the jazz world along racial lines, jazz being America's great monument to racial synthesis. But the simple fact is, Mr. Lovano sticks out. He will play the Village Vanguard for six nights beginning on Tuesday, and if past gigs are any indication, he will sell out the club for virtually every show.

Not since Stan Getz has a white tenor sax player been taken seriously as a prime exponent of the instrument. But Getz enjoyed his peak popularity in the 50's and early 60's, when the top white players profited financially from the racial chauvinism of white audiences willing and able to ignore the black giants of jazz. Today the jazz audience as a whole is even whiter, but the racial preference has been turned upside down. In marketing terms, young black or mixed-race horn players like Roy Hargrove and Joshua Redman, as well a rediscovered elder like Joe Henderson, have a near lock on the middle-of-the-road jazz market, while white players find more visibility at the extremes of the esthetic spectrum, in the pop-fusion of Kenny G. or the arty downtown jazz typified by John Zorn.

Mr. Lovano may have the distinction of being a white man who has made it in a black man's world, but race itself does not make much of a case for musical importance. His recordings attest to that. Whether as a sideman in the drummer Paul Motion's trio or the guitarist John Scofield's quartet or as a leader of his own groups, Mr. Lovano has made his way onto a startling number of exceptional albums over the past two decades. On the tenor, his voice is readily identifiable, affecting without being especially pretty. Often he'll move back and forth between an earthy, barrelhouse tone in the lower register and a drier, querulous one in the upper, the sound of raw cotton rubbing against metal. "He plays modern ideas," the pianist John Hicks says of his sometime collaborator, "but his sound encompasses the history of the tenor sax."

It is the very richness of that history that has conditioned jazz fans to seek out that saxophonist who will usher in the next glorious age. But no younger sax player dominates the current scene in the manner of a Charlie Parker or a John Coltrane. Instead of giants, there are question marks. Mr. Redman, whom Mr. Lovano featured on his most recent album, "Tenor Legacy," is selling CD's by the gross, but is he too young and too glib? Will Branford Marsalis ever end his agonized dance with popular culture?

Clearly the cognoscenti who flock to Mr. Lovano's engagements at the Vanguard want to believe that his free-jazz inflections suggest an alternative to the prevailing orthodox hard-bop. But the Vanguard is a small church and Mr. Lovano's four well-reviewed, modest-selling albums on Blue Note haven't reached much beyond it. His next two releases, "Rush Hour," an orchestral collaboration with the celebrated composer and scholar Gunther Schuller, due out on Feb. 7, and "Live at the Vanguard," which will come out this summer, may well determine whether Mr. Lovano will ever gain a purchase on the popular imagination.

IN PERSON, THERE IS AN ursine solidity about Joe Lovano that would be intimidating if he were not famous in the jazz community for being the gentlest of men. Others may be obsessed with matters like race or commerce; he would rather talk about the joys of communal art that he discovered in 1978 when he moved into his funky-elegant Chelsea loft. "I had my friends, I had musical concepts I wanted to work on," he says. "My loft became one of those scenes."

Two years later, his musical circle expanded to include Judi Silverman, who was trained in classical voice and modern dance. Before long, they and their friends were putting on regular performances at the Washington Square Church in Greenwich Village. "I would sing a piece in leotards and then the dancers and I would do a piece I had choreographed," recalls Judi Silvano, who changed her name after she and Mr. Lovano married in 1984. Mr. Lovano adds, "We played some beautiful things." Where cynics might see a Jules Feiffer cartoon, Mr. Lovano finds a sustaining bohemian idealism. His 1993 album, "Universal Language," features Ms. Silvano's soprano voice pitched at weird angles against his horn -- interesting but, unapologetically, not for everybody.

These days, Mr. Lovano is the General Motors of jazz. He has his two avant-gardish groups, the Universal Language Ensemble and Symbiosis, as well as a quartet and a quintet that hew more closely to the ideal of hard-blowing modern jazz. But the 75-year-old gongs from Wuhan, China, that dominate the entrance to the Lovano loft suggest that nothing that produces tones is truly foreign to him.

This past April, Mr. Lovano was closeted in the recording studio with an assemblage of 23 string, brass and woodwind players and Mr. Schuller, the 1994 Pulitzer Prize winner in music composition. Two years ago, Mr. Lovano had heard one of Mr. Schuller's classical chamber pieces and had conceived the idea of returning with the maestro to his early-60's experiments in Third Stream music, folding improvisation into longer, composed pieces.

Owing to the straitened economies of jazz record labels, the entire process of rehearsing and recording had to be telescoped into two days. Mr. Schuller occupied center stage grandly, if wildly, furiously copying out parts during lunch breaks. Mr. Lovano was partitioned in a glass booth, given the barely conceivable job of sight reading the parts, following Mr. Schuller's baton and improvising with and against the sound of the ensemble being fed to him via headphones. Somehow, he served all masters. He blew through the manic-depressive mood swings and the jostling polyphony of Mr. Schuller's compositions and his arrangements of pieces by classic jazz composers like Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. "Joe just picks up everything," Mr. Schuller says.

BLUE NOTE IS NOT unaware that Mr. Lovano's brainstorm is its marketing opportunity to take him out of the commercial ghetto of hard-core jazz and show him off in a tonier crossover neighborhood. "Does this mean that Lovano is going to be the big success in white jazz?" asks Bob Belden, a tenor saxophonist and arranger for Blue Note. "Probably not. His roots are in his family tradition and in the ***working-class*** communities of the Rust Belt, white and black."

While "Rush Hour" might be seen as an elaboration of the white jazz tradition that emphasized harmony and the melodic line, Mr. Belden is right that no one is going to mistake Mr. Lovano for the tenor saxophone's answer to the trumpeter Chet Baker. Mr. Lovano's roots are in complex, aggressive rhythm. Before his stint as a 23-year-old soloist with the Woody Herman big band, he had played rhythm-and-blues-inflected jazz with the organists Lonnie Smith and Jack MacDuff. He was in the distinct minority of white players on the so-called chitlin circuit of black jazz joints. "That was a trip," he recalls, "but I was accepted because I was in the band."

His most important teacher, however, was his father, Tony (Big T) Lovano, a Cleveland barber and an accomplished club tenor player. "My father had a beautiful, big sound that was coming from the Illinois Jacquet school," he says, "but it also had Lester Young elements when he played a ballad. I had stuff to reach for right there in the room with me. Not just from a record." In his early teens, he sat in for his father on wedding gigs and spent evenings drinking Cokes in the Smiling Dog Saloon, his father's favorite jazz club, absorbing some of the more adventurous jazz that still informs his playing.

In contrast to peers like Branford Marsalis who, for better or worse, have to wrestle with earlier allegiances to rock and funk, nothing but jazz ever registered with Mr. Lovano. The purity, and the severity, of that conception is perhaps most striking on the forthcoming "Live at the Vanguard." Listening to passages where he is playing a keening tenor with one hand and accompanying himself on the gongs with the other, one gets the feeling that Mr. Lovano is moving forward by reaching back to the early 60's, the free jazz of Ornette Coleman. "For a long time, my practicing was more a technical thing," Mr. Lovano says, "and then at a certain point it turned into a meditation." At that level of artistic engagement, issues of race and class, however instructive, dissolve, and what is left is the hard-won, deeply felt music.

**Graphic**

Photos: Gunther Schuller, left, and Joe Lovano at a recording session -- A return to early-60's experiments in Third Stream music. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)(pg. 29); Joe Lovano -- His voice on the tenor saxophone is readily identifiable, affecting without being especially pretty. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

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[***Walking for Themes, Not Exercise;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TJX-YW20-007F-G3CG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tours Reveal the City Through a Variety of Prisms***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TJX-YW20-007F-G3CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

Michael Kabac, walking-tour guide, gestured in the general direction of the bikers lounging across the street on St. Marks Place, then addressed the curious, and quite probably nervous, group of nine tourgoers before him. "These are really neat people, you know?" he said loudly, not that the bikers noticed. "But they have more hair than you do. And as you can see -- they're out tonight."

Out, yes. It was 7 P.M., kickoff time for the Bizarre and Eccentric Tour of the East Village, an evening expose of tattoo parlors, body-piercing emporia, sex shops and vampire haunts in Manhattan.

That was far from the leisurely itinerary of Greenwich Village at Twilight, a literary and historical walking tour of the West Village led by Thorin Tritter from Big Onion Walking Tours. Nevertheless, in Washington Square Park, his tour had its own macabre moment.

"This area was a potter's field, and 20,000 people are buried under your feet," said Mr. Tritter to 27 tourgoers.

There were nervous titters. Kathy Crowley, a Manhattanite on her first city walking tour, studied the tranquil-looking lawn and said, "Who knew?"

And who knew that so many guides are traipsing through the boroughs with so many eager knots of explorers. No agency keeps statistics on the fragmented walking-tour universe, and the Department of Consumer Affairs does not regulate it. But the department's current number of sightseeing licensees, including bus, boat, building and walking guides, is 1,158, the highest ever, compared with 897 five years ago.

Veteran guides estimate that more than 100,000 people took walking tours in the five boroughs last year.

They range from native New Yorkers to empty-nest suburbanites reconnecting with the city to out-of-towners of every description. The people leading the tours include historians, entrepreneurs, nonprofit institutions, licensed guides, unlicensed guides and rank amateurs who are pretty much talking through their hats.

"When I first started teaching urban history in New York 30 years ago, walking tours were unusual," said Professor Kenneth T. Jackson, a history professor at Columbia University who leads tours for his students. "But there has been an exponential growth. There are more walking tours than ever before."

And the offerings are ever more diverse. Excursions range from the Fifth Avenue Gold Coast, a historical walk by Joyce Gold Tours, to Ghosts on Broadway by Street Smarts N.Y. and the Hell's Kitchen Hike by Adventure on a Shoestring. There is Princess Diana's New York by NYC Discovery Tours, and a walk by Radical Walking Tours sampling gay rights and antiwar sites called Central Park: Trees, Grass and the ***Working Class***.

The industry has not yet offered New Yorkers a falling-building tour of Manhattan, but there are John Lennon walks, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis itineraries, pub crawls, celebrity and movie-location jaunts and "gourmet" visits to neighborhood restaurants. There are self-guided tours providing rented compact disk players. And despite the demise of "America's Sitcom," there are now two "Seinfeld" tours: a ride-and-walk effort led by Kenny Kramer, the real-life inspiration for Cosmo Kramer, and an upstart tour by Gotham Walk.

The tours venture into Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Coney Island, Brighton Beach and neighborhoods in the Bronx, Queens and Staten Island. Guides conduct tours in English, French, Hebrew, Japanese, Russian and Spanish.

Walks are available through tour companies, through institutions like the Museum of the City of New York and from a growing number of freelancers like Mr. Kabac. The best guides blend the skills of historian, teacher, showman and safety guard as they shepherd their charges through streets teeming with traffic.

Like their flocks, they confront the wild card of bad weather, not to mention woofing dogs, booming radios, whining sanitation trucks and yowping police sirens.

But they are attracting a growing number of customers because suddenly history is, well, cool, many say. "American society has always been forward-looking," said Dean Yabuki, a historian and city planner from Oakland, Calif., who was taking the "Twilight" tour of Greenwich Village. "But beyond PBS and the History Channel, people are now discovering their own history and culture. They seem fascinated with their past."

In addition, "The word is out, New York is a safer city," said Ginny Matish, a tourist from Chesapeake, Va., who was ambling on the "Twilight" tour with her husband, John, and daughter, Elizabeth, a Columbia University administrator. She invited her parents to take the tour after reading about it on the Internet.

Beyond this, guides say that the swelling hordes of history schleppers are a function of the peak number of visitors these days: Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani recently announced that New York City attracted a record number of travelers in 1997, 33 million, up 3.9 million from 1996.

Currently, many tourgoers are repeat offenders. "This is our fifth Big Onion tour," said Anita Roberts, who was strolling with her husband, David, behind Mr. Tritter through Washington Square. They often journey from North Bellmore on Long Island to take in "a museum or a Broadway show or a walking tour," she said.

"These days, I seem to be on a first-name basis with two or three repeaters on every tour I lead," said Seth Kamil, who founded Big Onion Walking Tours in 1991 and now gives 1,200 tours a year for a total of 40,000 people. The company focuses on New York history and employs 16 graduate-student tour guides with advanced degrees in history.

The city's tours are increasingly competitive, Mr. Kamil said, and copycats abound. "People take one of our tours and say, 'I can do that,' " he said.

Some established tour operators have even had predatory competitors show up half an hour early at a previously announced walkers' meeting point, attempting to hijack the assembling tourgoers, several guides said.

Competition on the bread-and-butter tours has led Joyce Gold -- for two decades the doyenne of city walking guides -- to do more private tours for business and institutional clients, while she continues her public tours in 20 neighborhoods. Ms. Gold has led private excursions for academics and school groups, as well as for the Prime Minister of Belgium, who took a tour of Harlem culminating in a celebratory meal at Sylvia's Restaurant.

"The more tours the better," said Mr. Kabac, the "Bizarre and Eccentric" tour's leader. "It's building the market, the expectation for more of them." A 56-year-old label-and-tag salesman in the garment center, Mr. Kabac likes to give out-of-towners lessons in the proper Noo Yawk pronunciation of "water" and "coffee."

Freelancers keep whatever they collect; generally they can make $500 a week or more, depending on the number of walks and the crowds. Big Onion's graduate historians are paid $50 a tour and say they find the occupation flexible enough to accommodate their academic schedules.

Unlike bus tours, walking excursions allow for greater interaction with people in the neighborhoods. This is great when residents spontaneously invite 30 touring strangers into their homes, a sometime occurrence; it is not so great when walkers are confronted by panhandlers and harassers who see in a tour group a potential audience for the attention they crave.

True, most tours go off without a hitch. But things happen. On the Lower East Side, a gnarled curmudgeon interrupted one tour guide's talk by shouting: "That's a load a bunk! You aren't old enough to know nothing!" The unflappable guide continued.

On a Bowery walk, an inebriated bystander dropped his pants and loudly asked a pretty tourgoer if she would be the mother of his children. She was amused. Her husband was not.

And in Chinatown, a woman on one tour stopped at a market to buy a live turtle as a pet for her son. She picked out a cute turtle, gave it to the counterman, and was stunned to see him chop off the head and feet, split open the shell and hand it to her with a smile.

Mr. Kabac is a strong advocate of tourgoing interaction. On the "Bizarre and Eccentric" walk, Michael Addonisio, a dreadlocked body-piercer at Andromeda Body Jewelry on St. Marks Place, was explaining to the tour group that "you can get everything pierced." The evidence was plain on the wall behind him: huge color pictures of pierced ears, noses, navels and yes, sexual organs.

"Anyone want piercing?" Mr. Kabac asked the group.

"Maybe next reincarnation," said Malachi Sheahan, a tourgoer from Manhattan.

Some people give walking tours as family gifts. On the "Twilight" tour, Ms. Crowley and her husband, John Murphy, presented the excursion as a birthday present to John's brother, Rich, from Connecticut. Sharing the tour were two other relatives and a friend. "The after-tour restaurant, that's going to be the big surprise," John Murphy said.

Despite the potential for tour-glut, guides scoff at the idea that there is any limit to walking the five boroughs. "New York is a city of small villages, and there is an infinite number of possible tours because New York is endlessly fascinating," said Ms. Gold, who has a library of 600 books on New York and has read 500 more. "Right at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, you could talk for three hours and you wouldn't need to take a single step."

**Graphic**

Photos: Thorin Tritter of Big Onion Walking Tours leading a group through the Washington Mews at New York University. Guides estimate that more than 100,000 people took walking tours in New York City last year. (Barbara Alper for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Joyce Gold uses her foot to point out a New York City map, based on a 1660 drawing, outside the Goldman Sachs building on Pearl Street. (Frances Roberts for The New York Times); Jeff Richman leading a tour of Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn, sponsored by the Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment. (Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. B3)

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[***BROOKLYN, BOROUGH OF WRITERS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KPD0-0008-Y14N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

For writers, Brooklyn has never been primarily the borough of the Bridge. Borough of churches, borough of nostalgia, borough of hope (for Dodgers fans), it is above all a piece of geography or, if you prefer, a considerable piece of real estate. Literary visitors have found it an urban alternative to Manhattan's desperate pursuit of the present. Djuna Barnes found work here contributing to The Brooklyn Eagle. Edmund Wilson discovered the erotic life of the ***working class*** in Brighton Beach. James Agee saw Brooklyn as a vast domestic spectacle. To Thomas Wolfe it was a mystery that only the dead truly knew.

For Jewish and Italian immigrants of this century, Williamsburg, Brownsville and Red Hook were the new foreign land, inhabited by natives as exotic as those of any wilderness. Here their children experienced the liberating influences of art (if only in the movies), the stimulus of ambition and the excitements of becoming American. Brooklyn's streets were a classroom whose lessons none of them, from Henry Roth to Joseph Heller, has forgotten. Brooklyn is a difficult place to be from, for it persists as a memory of lost richnesses of language, character and event.

For writers, Brooklyn has never been primarily the borough of the Bridge.

As an unapologetic Brooklyn parvenu, I dimly sensed this wealth. Wandering from Bay Ridge to Greenpoint, I could see a shaping power in its neighborhoods that made me wonder how many writers had begun their imaginative work here. In this centennial year of the Brooklyn Bridge I talked with writers for whom the borough had been important. Every one of them was hesitant at first. They apparently had settled their feelings long ago, in some cases on paper, and they were doubtful about covering the ground again. A few refused to comment, but those who did found they were renewing a task they had never really finished. - Lyle Rexer

JUNE JORDAN

WHEN I say that I feel Brooklyn in a very deep way, I am remembering that I grew up in an all-black community, Bedford-Stuyvesant. We lived in a brownstone that had a very large oak tree in front. It was extraordinarily beautiful to watch from the parlor window when it rained. It was struck by lightning when I was about 9. The city came to remove it, and I remember my mother's grief, and my own. I felt nothing would ever grace our house or the block like that again. And I was right.

Brooklyn is also where so much of Walt Whitman's work started, and although the place is vastly different now, I feel an environmental kinship with him -and a kinship with someone who wanted to be a recognizably American poet.

I have opted to live in Brooklyn, as opposed to being forced to live here, because the social composition seems to me the best we've got going. The scale and style of the architecture are more deliberately suited to small, personal lives, and we all lead small, personal lives. There's more of a family orientation and a determination among the immigrants who have come here that Brooklyn is going to work for them. Brooklyn is about as real a place as you can get.

JAMES PURDY

YOU might think that I chose Brooklyn. I didn't. I moved here because I was desperate to find a room. But one reason I stay here is to be near where everything is supposed to be going on and at the same time not be exposed to the pressure that so many of my friends suffer. They seem to live in a hotbox of tension.

I was pretty soaked up with Brooklyn by the time I wrote ''Cabot Wright.'' The young rapist lives across the river so he can make snoots at Manhattan, which he hates - that is, he loathes his job. Carl Van Vechten was sad that I wasn't as enthusiastic about Manhattan as he was, but he was a millionaire, and I was going under for the third time. He said, now that you are in Brooklyn - he thought it was terrible that I had moved - you can thumb your nose at Manhattan.

I have never been any place where I didn't find something rewarding, but I think Brooklyn is too good for me. One day last summer a friend and I got caught in the rain under the Brooklyn Bridge. I thought this is as overpowering as if we were near the pyramids and the Sphinx.

DANIEL FUCHS

IT was a special time, and a special place, Brooklyn years ago. There was an openness, a tremendous ferment. I used to wander through the labyrinths of Williamsburg like a denizen of a Rousseau jungle forest, startled and delighted by the strange profusion of life. In the nighttime everything was out on the street. It was a poor man's Via Veneto. We saw almost everything that human beings did. It was a world marked by cruelty so pervasive as to be dazzling, of scavengers, pimps, gangsters shot down as they drank soda water at sidewalk counters.

Along with this intense, choked-up tenement life was a desire for space. The big dream was to come out west. Irving Howe called L.A. the new ghetto; everyone you run into in L.A. is either from Brooklyn, Philadelphia or the Bronx. But once you left Brooklyn there was an emptiness. As a matter of fact, I'm writing about these things now. The strange part of this is that it's supposed to be about experiences out here in Los Angeles, but most of it tells only about the people I liked so much back in Brooklyn.

PAULA FOX

FOR the time between books, when one wants the easing of the peculiar isolation of writing, it is a help to live in a place that has some of the more congenial qualities of a small town like this Brooklyn neighborhood I live in. It is comforting to know and be known by one's neighbors. To walk to the grocer on streets lined with old houses that don't hide the stars, to pass beneath sycamore trees, their changes from leaf to bare branch marking the seasons more intimately than the calendar. Manhattan is a few minutes away by subway or car, but there is a sense in which it could be a thousand miles away. All things affect one's work. The amiability and sweetness of my neighborhood, the reminders of the past not yet extinguished encourage, I think, however subtly, that underlying sense of repose that is so necessary for the inner exertions of writing.

ALFRED KAZIN

A GREAT deal of Brooklyn for me has to do with poverty and the life of the immigrant ***working class***. I long ago ceased to believe in what is called socialism, but I've always had a great sense of social antagonism because of my early background. I think I benefited very much from growing up in a cold-water flat in Brownsville with hardworking and rather desperately poor parents. It gave me a sense of what really goes on in American life. So that when a great many Jews of my generation have turned what is called neoconservative and are proud of their connections with power, I look upon them with distrust. Brooklyn gave me a lasting sense of the kind of powerlessness and suffering that are endemic in our society.

Bernard Malamud's father kept a grocery store, my father was a house painter. The greatest early experience of my life occurred during the Depression when I watched my mother, who was a dressmaker at home, leading a crowd of women to put back the furniture removed during an eviction. I never got over that and never will.

My sense of loss comes from the overwhelming feeling I have of remembering my parents. It has to do with people who had nothing and who were entirely anonymous. One of the things about my writing that is very important to me is that I often try to bring back to life the people who I feel, but for me and a few other writers, would be completely forgotten.

JOE FLAHERTY

BROOKLYN is my landscape. It's where I work, it's the people I know. But I've always felt a combination of love and hate. I love its sense of neighborhood loyalty, almost a barn-raising mentality. Great neighborhoods have that quality of the frontier. But there's a rigid code of conduct, the canonization of the ''regular guy.'' Any aberration branded you a flake, a kook, you were putting on airs. It was even dangerous to read Red Smith instead of Dick Young. That was social speeding. For all the joy and decency, the tragedy was a deadening of ambition.

I grew up next to Prospect Park Lake, 20 minutes from Ebbets Field. Around the lake was Empire Boulevard, and on summer nights you could see the lights of Ebbets Field, our aurora borealis.

A great deal of my humor came from street corner competition. I grew up ugly and scrawny, and the only way to attract girls was by those verbal veronicas. Brooklyn is a borough of great talking. Politically they'll vote conservative, but in the bars they'll be as wicked and funny and obscene about politicians as Swift. Updike says that Rabbit was his alter ego, who didn't go to Harvard and stayed in the small town. I'm fascinated by the possibilities left back in Brooklyn, drowned. That's the material I use.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

BROOKLYN was my introduction to the United States. When I came here in 1925 my brother lived in Seagate, next to Coney Island. Seagate was a quiet little village of retired people, Jews, intelligentsia. And Coney Island was Coney Island. When I went out from Seagate to Coney Island, I went from paradise into hell. I couldn't believe that such a quiet place and such a loud place could exist next to each other. When I looked out my window I saw the ships come in from England and Europe, where people were interested in Yiddish literature and the Jewish question. I felt the strangeness of America in a very real way.

All this should have influenced me positively, but it didn't. I felt there was no place for me, no audience, and I became so pessimistic about Yiddish literature that I gave up writing altogether. I had been taught that America was a paradise, but in this paradise were my literary crisis, unemployment and people living a political delusion. Brooklyn was America, and America was a disappointment.

HUBERT SELBY JR.

I REALLY do not know what being born and raised in Brooklyn has to do with my imagination. I assume that the physical environment has something to do with the form it takes. But I do not know what the environment has to do with its development. Perhaps listening to the radio as a child had more to do with the stimulation of my imagination than anything else. Listening to the stories on the radio forced you to use your imagination to join the characters, in the Far East, the Near East, the deserts, the jungles, the plains, the mountains, the North Pole, some imaginary little town in the Midwest. Wherever the characters were, you could be, and perhaps this is the basic function of the imagination, to help us transcend our environment, mental, emotional and physical. Of course, the only real way to do that is spiritually, and that is one of the reasons I strongly suspect that imagination is a spiritual gift. I believe it will be found not only in Brooklyn but even in Secaucus.

MAURICE SENDAK

BROOKLYN was and is a composite of two images. The first was the ancient country, the creaking ghetto, whose wooden houses you had heard so much about that you thought the brick one you lived in was one. But of course we were in America, and we desperately did not want to be like our parents. We wanted to be American. So there were the movies. There was Mickey Mouse, King Kong, Fred Astaire to nourish our fantasies.

Both these images have hopelessly affected everything I've done. My early books were full of big-headed, solemn little creatures. But we all looked like that. I sure as hell did. And our mothers were not calm and slender like Irene Dunne or Margaret Sullavan, but overweight, hysterical and constantly in mourning. For Brooklyn was where information about dead Jews came. About cousins my age who wouldn't have barmitzvahs like me because they were in the ovens. There were mourning people all up and down the stairwell, and crying, and photographs constantly lying on the kitchen table to remind us of what my cousins looked like. That, of course, was the need, the joy of Mickey Mouse. The darkness of the theater, that idiotic face grinning at me, until I screamed like a maniac.

PETE HAMILL

THE light is different in Brooklyn, and you grow up conscious of it. It's an odd sort of Vermeer light. Next, Brooklyn has a beach, which for me was a bit like what it must have been for Camus: It created a sense of freedom. Then there was Prospect Park, this amazingly beautiful park in the center of the city. Unlike Central Park, it was a place you could really lose yourself in. It was a theater of the imagination, and it gave a lot of the guys I knew a lyrical center, the kind Irish writers have because of their landscape.

Where I lived you had a constant sense of Manhattan because the skyline was out our back window. The harbor, the Statue of Liberty, all those symbols. So you knew at some point you had to cross that bridge.

There was also in my generation of guys a sense of loss. We learned how to lose things earlier because we were Dodgers fans. Then we finally lost the whole thing. We can really point to things the way Europeans can point to 1917 and say after this the world changed. For us, it was the Dodgers leaving, the folding of The Brooklyn Eagle and the closing of the Navy Yard.

BERNARD MALAMUD

IN college I wrote in a letter to a friend: ''Brooklyn, you are the universe.'' He laughed in his reply but knew what I meant. Brooklyn, where we lived in a flat above a grocery store, was where I learned how my father and mother worked and endured their lives. I went to Erasmus Hall High School and was taught by gifted teachers who respected and enjoyed the people they taught. The English classes were unusually exciting, in particular those of Florence R. Martin, a poet, and Clara Molendyke. Soon I began to write stories. It was bound to happen.

In the Flatbush Boys' Club on Snyder Avenue I played with blacks who lived across the street. I made my first black friend, and we went to the old Parkside movie house on Saturday afternoons.

Years went by. When I was married I left Brooklyn, and Bill Styron moved in for a spell. But that was another country.

WALLACE MARKFIELD

THERE are two things about Brooklyn: The women never pull the shades down when they get undressed at night, and Brooklyn has the biggest and worst maintained cars. But Brooklyn has its uses. In ''To an Early Grave'' I needed to kill time between Manhattan and a cemetery in Queens. I nearly gave the book up; I didn't know where to have the characters go. Finally I came up with a candy store on a Brooklyn corner. For ''Teitlebaum's Window'' I needed an area that was as close to being 100 percent Jewish as you could get. Brighton Beach was it. It used to be one of my favorite areas, a hideaway. It was a hotbed of communism, socialism, a very political neighborhood. I know it from memories of Brooklyn and Lincoln High, so that became the setting. I could enjoy autobiography without the onus of it.

MARK HELPRIN

''Have you ever heard of Sarganda Street, or Diamond Row, or the Avenues of the Nines and Twenties?'' ''In New York?'' ''Indeed - thoroughfares hundreds, thousands of miles long, that twist and coil and have branching from them innumerable intertwining streets each grander than the one before it.''

''Are they in Brooklyn? I don't know Brooklyn. No one does, really. People always go there and never come back. Lotsa streets in Brooklyn nobody ever heard of, like Funyew-Ogstein-Crypt Boulevard.''

''That's some sort of Hebrew thing. But, yes, they are in Brooklyn.''

GILBERT SORRENTINO

Brooklyn is the words that make it, brilliantly vulgar in themselves and evocative of an absolute mythology. Or: Red Hook exists because I say so; Carroll Gardens does not. The waterfront and piers, the parks and streets of my mind are fixed in a space that rigorously excludes the Belt Parkway or the Verrazano Bridge. The latter have, as it were, permitted the things they supplanted or destroyed the freedom to become, in my work, the potent signs that point to themselves. So that Brooklyn is, for me, the despair and splendor of language to say anything at all about it.

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[***THE SENATE CANDIDATES' NEIGHBORS SPEAK OUT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CR40-000B-Y271-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 29, 1980, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1174 words

**Byline:** By MOLLY IVINS

**Body**

''What do I think about the Senate race?'' said the doorman at 301 East 57th Street. ''I'll tell you what I think about the Senate race.'' And for 10 minutes he proceeded to lay out what was wrong with Jacob K. Javits, with Elizabeth Holtzman and with Alfonse M. D'Amato. Then he added: ''But what do I know? I'm from Jersey.''

Ignorance, misinformation or accident of residence do not prevent the neighbors of the three candidates in New York's Senate race from being full of firm opinions about who should represent the state. From Senator Javits's fashionable block on the East Side to Representative Holtzman's changing neighborhood in Brooklyn to Supervisor D'Amato's village on the South Shore of Long Island, the neighbors argue energetically on behalf of their neighbor-candidates.

New York City residents' views on race for US Senate seat from New York presented

The people on Mr. Javits's block favor him, though a strong minority prefers Miss Holtzman. The Representative's neighbors support her, though some favor Mr. Javits. And Mr. D'Amato's neighbors are strong for him, with only a few confessing even to indecision.

Pro-Javits Neighbors Angry

The Senator's neighbors are still angry over what they regard as below-the-belt tactics used by Mr. D'Amato during the Republican primary, which he won. Howard Ettinger, proprietor of Cleaners 57, said: ''I admire the Senator and support him, and I think he's gotten some very bad treatment from his own party and certainly from his competitor, Mr. D'Amato.''

The Senator's block - 57th Street between First and Second Avenues -is lined with tall, handsome residential buildings, all but one of them cooperatives. According to a co-op manager there, the least desirable apartments are selling for $100,000, and the asking price for one of the fanciest is $800,000.

The buildings all have uniformed doormen, and there are few commercial establishments. Mr. Chow's is a Chinese resaurant so handsome that it looks like an Oriental art gallery, and Neary's, while it is a certifiable Irish pub with pictures of Tip O'Neill and Hugh Carey on the walls - and a special machine to activate the yeast in Guinness Cream Stout - is unusually elegant for the genre.

'It's a Two-Way Race'

In Neary's the barkeep, John Neary, refused to disclose his opinion on the Senate race, but the co-owner, Brian Mulligan, said: ''I think it's a two-way race between Holtzman and D'Amato, but I don't think the Senator should withdraw. New York owes him a lot.''

James Frasher, a patron in Neary's, said: ''It's not that I think the Senator is too old - it's all the things we are told about his health. I believe the City of New York is very indebted to him. He's fought hard and been honest, which we now discover is a rare thing with all this Abscam business. But if his health is no good ...'' ''

On Miss Holtzman's block -Ocean Avenue between Foster Avenue and Farragut Road in Brooklyn -there is a greater economic and racial mixture.

''This neighborhood is not in transition, it has transited,'' said the Rev. William Smith of Our Lady of Refuge Roman Catholic Church. ''It has changed demonstrably in the last six years.

''We have an older Jewish population and a large new influx of Haitians, plus some Hispanics. We hold mass on Sundays in English, Spanish and Creole. Our school is now 75 percent Haitian. We really have no trouble between the groups, though there is some conflict between the Haitians themselves, as to whether they prefer to speak French or Creole.'' Creole is spoken by descendants of the French settlers in Louisiana or of the Spanish settlers of the Gulf states.

A Disparate Neighborhood

Within the neighborhood are many single-family houses, ranging from those occupied by ***working-class*** blacks to near-mansions that would sell for more than $100,000.

''We have beautiful homes on very quiet streets.'' said Father Smith. ''On the other hand, there are some blocks you wouldn't want to walk on.''

Dr. J. A. Coletti, who has a practice in the neighborhood and an office on the corner of Ocean and Farragut, boomed out cheerfully when asked about the Senate race: ''We all like Liz Holtzman, we're all behind her. She is a woman of integrity and intelligence. I belong to the tenants association at No. 1111, and we support her 1,000 percent.''

The older people in the neighborhood also strongly support Miss Holtzman, but a few mentioned how bad they felt about not voting for Senator Javits, whom they had supported for years.

Out on Long Island, the signs at the border of Island Park say, ''Home of Al D'Amato, next U.S. Senator.'' Mr. D'Amato is as much a community institution as clams. ''He's my neighbor, how how can I not support him?'' said William Macklin. ''Twenty-seven years I'm here.''

'We Get Along Good'

Mr. D'Amato lives on Southard Place, in an area of attractive single-family houses and duplexes, just off Hog Island Channel. Many of the small, well-kept front yards are fenced, and many of the houses have little signs or plaques that say ''The Nystroms'' or ''The Marsdens'' or ''The Kremers.''

Ed Molloy, owner of Molloy's Trolley Restaurant, said: ''I've been here for 45 years, and it's grown like every little town on Long Island. It used to be a clamdiggers' town. Then we had a tremendous influx of Italian and Jewish. But we get along good, and it's a fine community.''

Gerry Weber, who was wearing a Veterans of Foreign Wars cap, said: ''Javits has never been a real Senator representing you and I. He proved that with his vote on the Panama Canal.''

There was a brisk discussion in the restaurant over the Senate race. All present agreed with Harry Buffardi, who said, ''D'Amato's done a lot for this town.''

''He put Island Park on the map,'' said another patron. A third added: ''When he first ran, they all said, 'Al Who?' Now everybody knows who Al Who is.''

A Solitary Democrat

One woman said: ''I've been a registered Democrat all my life, but here on the Island everyone is so Republican. I'll probably vote Democratic.'' She may be a minority of one in Island Park.

Mr. Weber said of Senator Javits, ''You get old, you get senile.'' But Isabelle Bandrowski said: ''I heard Javits say in a speech, 'It's not my head, it's my feet that hurt.' I thought that was pretty good.''

Few Island Parkers seem to have heard about the charges of conflict of interest that have arisen about Mr. D'Amato, but most knew about the older allegation that he had been involved in a scheme under which county employees had been required to give 1 percent of their salaries to the Republican Party.

''I personally think they all do it,'' said Elizabeth Eichenbaum. ''It's a known fact in Nassau County. It's not something he started. It's part of the situation, and if you're not part of the situation, you're out.''

''D'Amato stands for the average person,'' said Bob Nunez. This was a recurring theme. ''He's for the little guy, he's not a high-roller, he's not a big shot. He's for the middle class like you and me, the average person who is forgotten and taken advantage of.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Voters speaking out

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[***CAMPAIGN STOP: CO-OP CITY, THE BRONX;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-39V0-002S-X0FX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Co-op City: a Haven Marred as Drugs Slip In***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-39V0-002S-X0FX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 2; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1350 words

**Byline:** By DON TERRY

**Body**

For a generation, the Co-op City housing complex in the northeastern reaches of the Bronx has been a ***working-class*** haven from the high rents and soaring crime rates of the old neighborhood, offering fine schools, wide lawns and central air conditioning.

Over the years the monthly carrying charges have increased and construction defects in the massive apartment towers have multiplied, the development's management said. But the schools remain good and the American Dream strong.

Threatened by Crime and Drugs

Now this hard-earned piece of the good life is being threatened by the citywide menace of crime and drugs. That, at least, is the perception of many residents there, even though Co-op City's crime rate is relatively low. They are calling for more police protection and making this dread of crime the major issue there in the mayoral primary campaign.

Built in the 1960's under the state's Mitchell-Lama law, which provided for low-cost housing, Co-op City is home to more than 50,000 people, 60 percent of them black and Hispanic. It is one of the largest cooperative developments in the nation, made up of 35 highrises, some as tall as 33 stories, spread over 350 acres of landfill that were once the grounds of a failed amusement park.

''The people who live in Co-op City are the backbone of American society,'' said Congressman Eliot L. Engel, who represents the area and has lived there for 18 years. ''They get up in the morning, work hard, and do the same thing the next day.''

''It's the kind of population,'' added June M. Eisland, a member of the City Council from the Bronx, ''that I hope we can keep the city attractive for.''

Dozens of Crack Vials

But signs of trouble are literally underfoot, said Samuel Burke, president of the Black Forum of Co-op City, a black residents civic group.

Recently, as Mr. Burke took his wife and children to breakfast, his 5-year-old son noticed dozens of crack vials scattered on the ground just outside their building.

''I stopped counting at 32,'' Mr. Burke said, his voice laced with disgust. ''To just walk outside my home and see that made me feel rejected. It wasn't something I was accustomed to seeing. I felt threatened. It tells me someone is invading my community, my lovely, lovely community, and I don't like it. You read about that in other neighborhoods, not here, not in Co-op City.''

A loyal Democrat, Mr. Burke said he will probably abandon his party for the election in November and vote for Rudolph W. Giuliani, the former Federal prosecutor who is seeking the Republican and Liberal Party nominations.

'Within the Realms of Safety'

''I'm encouraging lots of people to do the same,'' Mr. Burke said. ''Minorities are really seeking someone to bring this city somewhere within the realms of safety. Things have gotten out of hand.''

Another resident, William Sills, a 65-year-old lifelong Republican, said he would vote for a Democratic candidate, David N. Dinkins, the Manhattan Borough President.

''I'm just a die-hard Dinkins man,'' said Mr. Sills, a retired train motorman for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. ''I think he's the best man for the job by far.''

Co-op City, many say, thrives on politics. Elections for the tenant board of directors that oversees the development are hard fought. And there are several political clubs in this overwhelmingly Democratic complex.

Many Candidates Endorsed

''I think the best word to describe the people of Co-op City,'' said Mrs. Eisland, ''is 'involved.' '

Democratic mayoral candidates Richard Ravitch, a businessman and a former M.T.A. chairman, Harrison J. Goldin, the City Comptroller, and Mr. Dinkins have each been endorsed by one of the clubs.

Mayor Edward I. Koch has not yet been endorsed by a political club there, but he has always been popular in the area. In the Democratic mayoral primary in 1985, he received 12,025 votes in the 81st Assembly District, which includes Co-op City and Pelham Parkway in the Bronx. That was 10,000 more than his nearest challenger.

''I'm sure he'll do very well again,'' said Iris Baez, the leader of the Harry S. Truman club, which endorsed Mr. Ravitch.

Newness and Low Costs

When Co-op City first opened in late 1968, it was overwhelmingly Jewish and liberal, said Christopher Hagedorn, the editor and publisher of the Co-op City News, a privately owned weekly paper. Thousands of these early residents had left other sections of the Bronx, pushed out of their old neighborhoods by crime and drawn to Co-op City by its newness and low costs. Today, the average per month per room carrying charge is $115.

In the early days of Co-op City a big crime story on the front page of the City News was a brawl between two little-league managers. ''That was sort of serious then,'' Mr. Hagedorn said. In recent years, he said, there have been drug-related shootings, and muggings are common.

So far this year, 33 percent of the robberies committed in the 45th Precinct have occurred in Co-op City, which accounts for 56 percent of the precinct's population.

The fear of crime has made the residents - black, white and Hispanic - generally more conservative politically, he said, describing them as ''Koch Democrats.''

A Two-Man Contest

But liberal candidates can still do well there. The Rev. Jesse Jackson is also popular in the area, Mr. Hagendorn said. During last year's Democratic Presidential primary, Mr. Jackson won nearly 50 percent of the vote in Co-op City, he said.

Most of two dozen Co-op City residents, politicians and civic leaders interviewed recently agreed that the battle for City Hall was a two-man contest between Mr. Koch and Mr. Dinkins.

Arlyne Korval, 67, a retired cashier, echoing a common theme, especially among older white voters, said she would vote for Mr. Koch because of his experience. ''I have confidence in Dinkins, too,'' she explained. ''But I feel Koch is a much stronger man.''

'Too Big a Mouth'

Larry Vogel, a 72-year-old retired postal worker, wore a T-shirt bearing an inscription that summed up both the resignation and the hope that many residents expressed about the election.The inscription said, ''Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we're here we should dance.''

Mr. Vogel said he, too, will vote for Mr. Koch in the Sept. 12 primary.

''Sometimes he has too big a mouth,'' Mr. Vogel said. ''But he's the only one to say it like it is.''

No matter who wins the Democratic primary, however, Mr. Vogel said he will remain a loyal Democrat in November. ''Maybe, I'm prejudiced,'' he said. ''I just don't like Republicans.''

Not far away, in a canyon formed by five of the 35 highrises that tower over the winding streets, Robert Poindexter, 32, held his 11-month-old daughter, Mia.

'No Place to Raise a Kid'

''Because of her, I'm considering leaving New York,'' Mr. Poindexter said. ''It's just no place to raise a kid these days.''

He said he would vote for Mr. Dinkins because he was impressed with the candidate's performance during a recent television debate. ''Dinkins showed he may be able to correct a few of Koch's mistakes,'' Mr. Poindexter said. ''They're hard to correct. It's been 12 years.'' Mr. Poindexter, who said three cars of his have been stolen from the development's garages in four years, said crime was his major concern.

A common complaint was that not enough police officers patrol the complex. Co-op City has its own 100-member security force, and the manager of the complex, Morris C. Lipsman, said the police ''shortchange Co-op City'' because of it.

'More Police Protection'

The commanding officer of the 45th Precinct, Capt. Carl I. Larsen, said, ''Every community wants more police protection.''

''Co-op City gets their share of the commands personnel based on what's available,'' he said.

Except for their fear of crime, most residents said they were happy with the quality of life at the complex, and many said they were especially pleased about the lack of any significant racial problems.

''This is a thoroughly integrated community,'' said Michael Pabon, the treasurer of the tenant corporation that operates the development. ''We believe that is our great strength.''

**Graphic**

photos of Robert Poindexter and his daughter (pg. B1); Larry Vogel; Jack Korval and his wife (NYT/Michelle V. Agins); map of Co-Op City (pg. B3)

**End of Document**



[***With Cuomo's Loss, Speaker Is Top Democrat in Albany - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V3Y0-008G-F0K0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1294 words

**Byline:** Sheldon Silver

By IAN FISHER

By IAN FISHER

**Body**

The day after Gov. Mario M. Cuomo was defeated and Congress changed hands and the world seemed lost for Democrats, Sheldon Silver got on the phone.

Mr. Silver, the Speaker of the New York State Assembly, called his 94 remaining Democratic members. He called the four incumbents who lost their seats. He called party leaders across the state and, and in his deep and fatherly monotone, reassured them.

"It was very important to be in touch with members to let them know there was still a live, active Democratic conference," he said. "We are still who we were before the election."

Yet, Mr. Silver, 50, now the state's most powerful Democrat, knows life has changed for him and his party. Nine months after taking his house's helm, Mr. Silver, the son of a hardware store owner on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, has become the chief guardian of Democrats in Albany, a protector of New York City and the mechanic who will seek to rebuild the seized-up machinery of party organization.

Mr. Silver is already sending signals of both compromise and hard-headedness, a combination that lawmakers say has served him well and characterized his brief tenure as Speaker. He has pledged not to obstruct Governor-elect George E. Pataki's plans for tax cuts, but last week he called a news conference specifically to argue that Mr. Pataki had no real plan and that Democrats had tax-cut ideas of their own.

With one hand offered, he says he can work with Mr. Pataki, who as a Republican Assemblyman shared Mr. Silver's enthusiasm for playing in Tuesday night basketball games in Albany. "I don't see the great difficulty with George Pataki," he said. "He is a reasonable man and we will be able to come together."

But with the other hand, he has harsh words for the national Republican sweep and feels voters will ultimately be betrayed. "Wait till they see the Republican rule in Washington," he said in the same tone as if he was saying something nice, which he wasn't. "They will write letters: 'We miss you. Come back. We're sorry.'

"Every so often you can be sold by sound bites."

Mr. Silver's careful balancing act is crucial on several fronts. Democrats in New York and around the nation are feeling the sting of rejection, and party leaders say Mr. Silver must reassert the party's goals by presenting moderate positions on taxes and crime -- two issues on which the Republicans have seized the initiative -- while not forgetting the poor and ***working class***.

More practically, Mr. Silver faces the problem of keeping unity in the Assembly's ideologically diverse Democratic majority. There is fear that Mr. Pataki could split the conference by appealing individually to conservative Democrats, a strategy some say might work if Mr. Silver hesitates on issues like taxes and crime.

It is too early for any Democrat to talk of breaking ranks, especially publicly, but so far, even Assembly members who are more conservative than Mr. Silver have praised him, saying he might be the best person, in temperament and ideology, to keep the conference together.

All of this casts a far brighter spotlight on the Speaker, who earned respect in Albany for gracefully taking the helm after Saul Weprin died in February and for establishing a sense of independence for the Assembly Democrats. He is no longer in the shadow of Mr. Cuomo, his fellow Democrat, and he will be exploring uncharted territory as a leader in his own right.

"You could succeed from February to November by simply making no mistakes," said Assemblyman Richard L. Brodsky, a Westchester Republican who gave Mr. Silver high marks for announcing his intention to develop tax-cut initiatives. "Now, he has correctly judged that you need to have an activist program, and with that come certain risks."

"I don't think he has been tested in the area of policy development yet, but he just set that task before himself," Mr. Brodsky said.

People in both major parties say Mr. Silver will make a formidable opponent. A lawyer who has served in the Assembly since 1976, he is considered thoughtful and pragmatic, a man who speaks softly but has no problem speaking up. In a single blow earlier this year, he mortally wounded Staten Island secession by declaring that the Assembly would take up the issue only if New York City's Mayor and City Council approved it first.

He then crushed "three strikes, you're out," the multi-offender punishment clause that was the cornerstone of Mr. Cuomo's anti-crime agenda, by saying it would cheapen the penalty of life without parole, create a class of inmates with nothing to lose and result in prison geriatric wards for inmates who no longer posed a threat.

Senate Republicans say Mr. Silver is a tough negotiator, though some complain that he is occasionally too strident. He has traveled the state extensively, and Assembly Democrats say he has built his authority by keeping in close touch, as he did with his post-election phone calls.

"One on one, I wouldn't bet against Shelly," said Representative Charles E. Schumer, the Brooklyn Democrat who served in the Assembly with Mr. Silver. "He's very smart. He's strategic. He's a good listener. He's not afraid. He's bold in his own quiet way."

Like Mr. Schumer, Mr. Silver has been mentioned as a possible Democratic candidate for governor in four years, along with State Comptroller H. Carl McCall and City Council Speaker Peter F. Vallone.

In some ways, Mr. Silver has inherited the job of chief Democrat at an odd time. As the party looks to present a more moderate image (an aide to Mr. Silver suggested that pictures for this article be taken at gleaming Battery Park City rather than his home turf on the Lower East Side), Mr. Silver himself is a relative liberal in Albany. The youngest of four children, he was born in a five-story brick walk-up on Henry Street and was raised in a neighborhood full of the social programs many Republicans deride.

His Assembly district, where he drew 80 percent of the votes this year, is an area of great diversity, taking in Chinatown, the towers of Wall Street, the huge projects filled mostly with Jews, some Orthodox like Mr. Silver, and Hispanic residents. He says his experience bringing together different groups in his district makes him a natural in keeping the diverse Democrats unified in the Assembly.

But some neighborhood advocates on the Lower East Side say Mr. Silver has his flaws as a conciliator. Noting that his base of support is the more conservative among Jewish voters, they criticize him for not backing plans for low-income housing in the Seward Park development and accuse him of not supporting efforts to integrate the heavily Jewish cooperative buildings along Grand Street.

"On other issues he is good," said Frances Goldin, the secretary of the Lower East Side Joint Planning Council, a coalition of 35 groups that supports low-income housing. "That's the tragedy of it. In this area, when it comes to that enclave, he's out of character."

Mr. Silver defends his efforts on behalf of all residents of the area, and he has been close to the Assembly's minority caucuses, appointing Herman D. Farrell, a Harlem Democrat, as the first black chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

As he looks toward the next session, Mr. Silver said he planned to put out a tax-cut plan that will look at energy taxes, personal income taxes and possibly the sales tax on clothes. He also expects to release programs on crime -- he favors the death penalty -- that focus on harsher sentences for repeat felons but continue an insistence on alternatives to jail for drug-addicted prisoners.

He said he has also asked his staff to consider a better way to pay for care. He does not rule out universal coverage, but said: "I can't tell you what I'm looking toward. I'm looking toward what works."

**Correction**

An article yesterday about Sheldon Silver, the Speaker of the New York State Assembly, misstated the party affiliation of Assemblyman Richard L. Brodsky of Westchester. He is a Democrat.

**Correction-Date:** November 23, 1994, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver (David Jennings for The New York Times) (pg. A1); During the gubernatorial campaign, Sheldon Silver,the State Assembly Speaker, right, joined Gov. Mario M. Cuomo on a walking tour of the Lower East Side of Manhattan, seeking support from Jewish voters. (Jim Estrin/The New York Times) (pg. B6)

Chart: "PROFILE: Sheldon Silver"

Born: Feb. 13, 1944, Manhattan.

Education: Jacob Joseph School, Manhattan, 1961; B.A., political science, Yeshiva University, Manhattan, 1965; J.D., Brooklyn Law School, 1968.

Career: Lawyer, Schechter & Schwartz, 1968-71; clerk for Justice Francis N. Pecora of State Supreme Court, 1971-76; Assemblyman from 62d Assembly District, 1976 to present. Was chairman of Ways and Means Committee and Codes Committee. Became Speaker in February. Has a limited law practice.

Salary: $57,500 as legislator, plus $30,000 Speaker stipend.

Family: Wife, Rosa, a substitute teacher; four children, Edward, 25, Janine, 23, Michelle, 16, and Esther, 12. Has two grandchildren, Tamar, 3, and Aliza, 1.

Interests: Playing basketball. Rangers and Knicks fan. Has taken up golf in recent years.

**Load-Date:** November 22, 1994

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[***A LA CARTE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WV70-008G-F28X-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***At the End of a Bountiful Year, 10 of the Best Choices***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WV70-008G-F28X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 1, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1560 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD JAY SCHOLEM

By RICHARD JAY SCHOLEM

**Body**

LAST year the message from diners was clear. They wanted to continue to eat out as often as ever but pay less. Many opted for casual informal restaurants rather than fancy elaborate expensive ones.

Restaurateurs listened and responded with barbecue storefronts, budget steakhouses, gentrified diners, modest Asian and Italian cafes, early bird dinners and low-price lobster meals.

Twilight, sunset, pretheater and fixed-price meals proliferated even at some of the most luxurious sophisticated spots in Nassau and Suffolk. New operations stressed penny wise-prices. These restaurants, a majority of which opened last year, were the most impressive of the thrifty entrees:

352 Wheeler Road, Hauppauge (234-5550). Hugo Bua, who was an instructor at the Culinary Institute of America, the chef at Capriccio's in Jericho, the chef and owner of DaVinci's in St. James and the chef of the executive dining room at the Long Island Savings Bank in Melville, along with his partner, Mary Ann Ballin, opened the modest 45-seat storefront.

The restaurant, in a tiny half-empty strip shopping center in the middle of an industrial area, looks like dozens of pasta-and- pizza spots but it is not. The menu is not unusual, but the daily specials are interesting. The kitchen cooks hearty Italian stick-to-your-bones fare with a number of light turns.

A recent meal of two entrees plus two glasses of red wine resulted in a doggie bag for the excess food and a bill of $32.22 plus tip.

1140 Old Country Road, Westbury (683-3338). CPK is a casual full-service restaurant with an approach halfway between fast food and formal sit-down dining. It is the first of many Island outlets.

Customers at the 120-seat high tech, high ceilinged white black and yellow tiled spot can order bacon, lettuce and tomato; tuna melt, and shrimp scampi pizzas or pastas like chicken-tequilla fettuccine or pie-chicken linguine. Most of the dishes are surprisingly fine, especially for a chain operation.

The Delco Shopping Center, 285 North Broadway, Hicksville (931-1117). This an unpretentious shopping-center seafood restaurant, took a culinary cruise on the South China Sea with stops in Malaysia, Thailand and Singapore. The better-than-average storefront spot, which previously offered Cantonese dishes, closed briefly in October and then reopened with a new Malaysian chef and a menu that features the food of Southeast Asia.

Cantonese fare is still available, but now there are also unusual dishes of a sort rarely if ever found at a moderately priced eat-in and carry-out restaurant on the Island. Barbecued Thai fish, curry shrimp Singapore style, Hainanese chicken, seafood-taro pot, baby-oyster omelet and Malaysian-style mixed vegetables now share top billing with pan-fried dumplings, wonton soup, sweet-and-sour pork, beef with broccoli and spare ribs.

273A Willis Avenue, Mineola (739-3856). The tiny storefront Churrasqueira Bairrada is not just another look-and-taste-alike Portuguese restaurant in the ethnic enclave of Mineola. This Portuguese barbecue is one of a kind. Its juicy vibrantly seasoned meats are prepared in the traditional manner, over an open fire of wood charcoal briquettes started with a match. Flames from a natural source flavor the chicken, pork and beef dishes in a way that no gas or electric-fuel fire could duplicate.

The spare ribs, char-grilled chicken, beef chops, shish kebobs and other dishes are cooked on top of large barrel-like tubs with swivel grills that are manually flipped from one side to the other by attentive cooks who continually brush the meat with a spicy infused sauce.

A typical bill at this friendly restaurant that exudes Old World charm is $10 to $15.

20 Route 27, Southampton (287-3705). Finding a new restaurant with terrific food and bargain prices is always exciting, and that is especially so in the high-priced Hamptons.

That is the case at Doobie's, a diner with a difference, in Southampton. Despite its classic 1950's decor and unmistakable diner look and feel Doobie's is a northern Italian restaurant, and a good one in disguise.

Those who wander into this neat nook looking for griddle cakes, waffles, eggs, hamburgers, french fries and club sandwiches will find them, but most customers are eating pasta, polenta, pizza, risotto, grilled seafood and salads. They do so with the smugness that comes from knowing that diners at trendy Tuscan restaurants all over the Hamptons are paying two and three times as much for food that is no better than that at Doobie's.

284 East Meadow Avenue, East Meadow (794-6600). Breeding tells, and the lineage of Majors, a straightforward neighborhood steakhouse in East Meadow, is obvious, from the first taste of the creamy coarse-cut cold slaw to the final bite of intense, moist Mississippi mud pie.

This cozy blue-collar restaurant, with its fireplace, red-and-white checkered tablecloths, lazy overhead fans and photographs of the Old West, is an offspring of the pricier Bryant & Cooper Steak House in Roslyn and Riverbay Seafood in Williston Park. The headliner here and at a newer larger Majors that opened recently in Woodbury is the 24-ounce rib-eye steak for $10.95.

Majors with its neon beer signs and cash-only policies, is not a copy of its more polished parent nor could it be at those prices, but for penny-wise diners it is a spot to remember.

Second House Road, Montauk,( 668-2877). Ruschmeyer's Inn is a microcosm of Montauk. It is a rustic, relaxed sort of place. For many years families and fishermen gravitated to the laid-back inn overlooking Fort Pond and found comfortable rooms and a nautical-style dining room offering a traditional Montauk menu. Although the food rarely disappointed diners, it never excited them, either.

Last summer Ruschmeyer's looked the same, but the trusty conventional fare from the kitchen had been energized, and some cutting-edge dishes were added by a gifted chef, Gene Ponsini.

Mr. Ponsini arrived with solid credentials from a number of Manhattan and Island restaurants, as well as a few ideas about revitalizing the inn. A new dine-around early bird meal, an outstanding value at $12.95, enables diners to sample the new dishes and spruced-up standbys. That dinner makes Ruschmeyer's an East End best buy.

64 Broadway, Greenlawn (261-6003). Until recently Greenlawn, with its pubs, pizzerias, Chinese takeouts and steakhouses, remained in a culinary time warp. But that changed when Me and Mom, an ambitious trattoria-style storefront restaurant that bills itself as a gourmet deli and pasta house, opened.

The bright, sleek 38-seat newcomer, with its appealing display of Eli's crusty breads, blackboard specials, paper-covered white tablecloths, gleaming takeout counters, glass cylinders filled with pastas and strikingly presented food, is firmly rooted in the 90's. The many picture-perfect presentations of food demonstrate that keen thought has gone into the creative composition of dishes, something that is surprising and unusual, considering the extremely reasonable price level.

315 Walt Whitman Road, Huntington (427-7272). Taj Mahal a popular seven-and-a-half-year-old Indian place in West Hempstead, opened a restaurant opposite the Walt Whitman Shopping Center. That spot, with its reasonable prices diverse menu attentive, courtly service and flavorful food, is a winner.

More than half the menu's entrees cost less than $10. Included among the main courses that start at $7.95 are all the vegetarian specialties. And that is significant, as vegetarian food is often flavorless, pallid and unimaginative, but at Taj Mahal these innovative possibilities are some of the best choices.

This restful oasis is a welcome addition to the Suffolk dining scene. Even people who do not usually seek out Indian restaurants might well find much to enjoy at Taj Mahal.

355 Bayville Avenue, Bayville (628-3718). The sweet tender meat of a fresh lobster tastes no better at a fancy restaurant, where it is $15 or more a pound, than at the Reef in Bayville, where a complete one-and-a-quarter-pound lobster dinner costs $7.95. The Reef is a bare-bones kind of place that will appeal to penny-wise diners who want the most lobster for the least money. It is half ***working-class*** bar and half neat, clean restaurant.

The exceptionally fresh perfectly cooked or steamed lobster is preceded by warm Italian bread and butter and a small salad of sprightly iceberg lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes. It is accompanied by a choice of a vegetable, french fries or roasted-potato side dish.

Other 1994 bargain bites include Chap's, the second of the $10.95 24-ounce steakhouses to open on Long Island. Chap's, at 6800 Jericho Turnpike, in Syosset (496-3525), is a casual relaxed place that offers numerous fish, chicken and pasta alternatives, in addition to steak.

Chez Noelle in Port Washington is almost surely serving Long Island's most outstanding $25 dinner. The exceptional three-course meal is available every night at the restaurant at 34 Willowdale Avenue (883-3191).

La Viola in Cedarhurst featured a Friday night all-you-could-eat pizza-and-pasta night for much of the year. The $9.95 meal remains available on request. This classy family-style Italian restaurant, at 499 Chestnut Street (569-6020), offers the same elaborate pastas and thin-crusted brick-oven pizzas to frugal diners upstairs as it does for higher prices in its main dining room.

**Load-Date:** January 4, 1995

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[***NEW JERSEY HOUSING;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CXR0-000B-Y1KX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MADISON POSTS A MAJOR HOUSING GAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CXR0-000B-Y1KX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1348 words

**Byline:** By ELLEN RAND

**Body**

BRINGING subsidized rental housing to the suburbs has often meant stirring up emotionally charged controversy within a community, creating schisms both personal and political and long, bitter court battles that can stretch out for years.

Some housing observers, noting the exclusionary zoning suit brought against 26 municipalities in Morris County by the state's Department of the Public Advocate, say that if suburban towns would spend the time and effort to respond to the needs of its lower-income residents, instead of fighting litigation, all would benefit.

Generally, progress has taken place with glacier-like slowness, but there have been a number of suburban municipalities that have scored low- and moderate-income housing gains recently.

One is the Morris County borough of Madison, whose Housing Authority will be building 30 town houses for low-income families on four separate sites, including three units for the handicapped. The town, by the way, is among those being sued by the Public Advocate.

AN-A

If all goes as planned, construction will begin by next summer, with occupancy in the spring of 1982. The smallest site will have four town houses, while the largest will have 10.

These ''scattered site'' town houses had their roots in the borough in the early 1970's, when a coalition of church groups, perceiving the need for new low-income housing for families, attempted to sponsor a development. The attempt failed, and soon thereafter the Housing Authority was established to accomplish the task.

''Through the 1970's, there was a problem in finding sites,'' said James Roberts, who joined the authority in 1977 and now serves as its chairman. ''At the time, opposition was low-key.''

However, opposition became increasingly vocal and heated when prospective sites were selected. Describing the two-year controversy that swirled around the issue, Mr. Roberts observed that ''unfortunately, a lot of the valid suggestions that were made at the public hearings about things like density and the location of the units got overshadowed by the rest. A lot of the opposition was based on misunderstanding. It was an irrational process.''

''I think the toughest part for some of the members of the Housing Authority was losing old friends and political allies over this,'' he went on. ''I told them, 'Just keep smiling and tell yourself over and over: I know I'm right.' ''

But even if there had been no opposition, there were other obstacles standing in the way of development, not the least of which were economic.

For example, the Housing Authority is acquiring three of the four sites from the borough itself, since privately owned lots had proved too expensive. The fourth site, in a quiet, tree-lined, ethnically mixed residential area, is being acquired through condemnation proceedings.

''The owner's asking price was too high,'' Mr. Roberts said. ''We offered $85,000, which was refused.'' Thus, the powers of eminent domain were invoked. The Housing Authority is using $102,000 in Community Development funds for site acquisition. It also will be receiving $276,000 in similar Federal funds for further property acquisitions, as well as $30,000 to pay for administrative costs.

The authority, which currently operates a 50-unit rental property for families, using Federal Section 8 subsidy funds, is considering a separate project for the elderly, although no specific plans have been made.

''There is definitely a need for low-and moderate-income housing for families and for the elderly here,'' Mr. Roberts asserted. ''About half of the residents in the 50-unit project are families, and there is a waiting list there. There's a lot of older housing in Madison for which people pay an exorbitant percentage of their income for rent.''

The type of financing for the town houses has changed from the original plan, which was to have been subsidized with Section 8 funds.

''We didn't get those funds last year,'' Mr. Roberts said. This year, however, the Housing Authority has applied for, and been authorized to receive, public housing funds. Under this arrangment, local housing authorities sell bonds to pay for construction, with the Federal Government paying the principal and interest on those bonds. The Government also subsidizes the operating costs so that tenants need pay no more than 25 percent of their income for rent.

In fact, the shift in financing has been a boon to the town house development. Using Section 8 funds, construction would have come to approximately $55,000 a unit. However, with $2.4 million in funds from the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the cost comes to about $80,000 a unit.

As a result, the two- , three- and four-bedroom town houses are going ''back to the drawing boards'' for further review. ''Originally, the town houses were designed as simple, contemporary, wood-frame dwellings,'' said Steven DeRochi, a principal of the Hillier Group, an architectural firm based in Princeton. ''Now we will be able to make them more handsome by using more easily-maintained exteriors and better-quality materials.''

Among the features to be reconsidered now are the number of units with four bedrooms, room sizes, materials to be used on the exterior, storage areas and the like.

''Now that we're in a productive mode and we're proving that we are keeping faith with the community, I think that the major emotionalism is over,'' Mr. Roberts observed. ''But the fun isn't over yet.''

With the Housing Authority scheduled to spend up to $80,000 a unit on the town houses, he expects the borough to be criticized by some of its ***working-class*** residents.

''I'm sure some will say that they couldn't afford to buy what we're building, and they're taxpayers,'' Mr. Roberts said. Vito A. Gallo, of Summit, who has been a consultant to the Housing Authority since spring, pointed out that the $80,000 figure was not an ''absolute.''

''That's a 'not to exceed' number,'' he said. ''The housing will still be built economically, and it's possible that it could be built for less than $80,000 a unit.''

Moreover, the H.U.D. grant itself is tied to the size of the dwelling units; should the size of the Madison town houses be reduced, so, too, would the grant.

The town houses will have individually metered utilities, with a special utility allowance apart from the rent. Thus, it will be to the tenants' benefit if they conserve energy.

This alone represents a departure in standard procedures in public housing. Traditionally, utilities have been included in the rent, regardless of individual usage.

''I think that there is a shift in Federal policy, which will be more pronounced next year,'' Mr. Gallo said. ''There has been some criticism of the Section 8 program, and it's thought that public housing is a more cost-effective method.''

If so, it is ironic that, of the H.U.D. funds available for family and ''big bedroom'' housing for the entire state of New Jersey for the fiscal year ending on Sept. 30, only two-thirds was actually applied for.

H.U.D. had advertised that it had funds available to finance 452 family units, but only 285 were applied for. Also, various housing authorities in the state submitted applications to build 87 of the 128 so-called ''big bedroom'' units for which financing was available.

Oradell 472 Mildred Place 4-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath bi-level$135,000 Covered patio, two-car garage. Taxes: $2,205 River Vale 576 Thurnau Drive 3-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath split-level$109,900 Sauna in family room, deck with gas barbecue. Taxes: $2,034 Washington Twp. 133 Woodfield Road 3-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath Cape Cod$110,000 Fireplace, deck. Taxes: $2,629 Westwood 91 Clairmont 3-bedroom, 1-bath Dutch Colonial$77,000 Slate entry foyer, eat-in kitchen. Taxes: $1,369 Woodcliff Lake 8 Oak Street 3-bedroom, 1-bath bungalow$63,000 Eat-in kitchen, one-car detached garage. Taxes: $1,265 Sales in Other Areas Stamford, Conn. 237 Strawberry Hill 3-bedroom, 2 1/2-bath condominium$117,000 tion. Taxes: $2,196. Rye, N.Y. Franklin Avenue 7-room, 2-bath frame split-level$125,000 Built in 1955, family room, occupies a quarter-acre. Taxes: $2,360.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of town house site

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[***IN THE HOME, WHO GUARDS THE GUARD DOG?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D480-000B-Y4XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1212 words

**Body**

Fred Halliday is a screen writer and novelist.

By FRED HALLIDAY

IWAS at my desk at home when I first heard the eruption. Mark, my normally well-behaved Doberman pinscher, was attacking my year-and-ahalf-old son Patrick.

I turned barely in time to see Mark's jaws lightly graze the crown of the little boy's head, sending up a plume of blond hair at the base of his scalp. The baby teetered backwards in a scream. Then the dog came again. Patrick was powerless to resist as Mark's muzzle knifed through the little hand that was trying to ward it off and his powerful forepaws shot up and clamped the baby's chest to hold him upright against the bed while the teeth were at work.

AN-A

Then I was there. The dog was peeled from the baby, who was screaming in my arms. Blood ran from several bright gashes about the head and back of the neck and trickled down the bib of his overalls. I irrigated the wounds with hydrogen peroxide, but there was no way to tell if any damage had been done to the inner ear, so fast did it refill with blood. We rushed off in a taxi to New York Hospital.

The incident brought home the reality that guard dogs have explosive personalities not necessarily suited to growing families, even though Dobermans and other guard breeds have grown immensely popular. Despite rising crime rates, despite the anxiousness of a mother whose husband is away for long periods of time, despite the uneasiness of a single person alone in a large house or apartment, Dobermans are not for everyone. In no case should they be someone's first. It's a little like just getting your driver's license and jumping into a Ferrari.

My relationship with Patrick's attacker was one of 11 years and had been extremely close. We played, we trained, we laughed, we cried together. He saw me through the end of one marriage, the beginning of a second and a long bachelorhood in between. Mark was the finest and most loyal of any of the four dogs I had owned, dating from childhood, and one of these had also been a Doberman.

When I looked for my second Doberman I had calculated the responsibility one assumes when taking home the animal that Reginald Arundel, in ''Training the Dog for Guard Work,'' (Denlinger, 1952), called ''the dog with the human brain.'' This is the quality in Dobermans that is the root of their great charm but also gets them into trouble.

I resolved, therefore, to get the best breeding I could find to start with and so paid $750 for Mark in 1969 to a leading producer of the breed. He was five months old, the ideal age to take on a new home and begin training.

The Doberman, as are most guard breeds, is a ***working-class*** dog. Their bodies and personalities thrive on training, hard play and attention, without which they sulk and grow moody and solitary. No one should take home a Doberman who cannot give it at least two hours of exercise off the leash each day. And you cannot unleash male Dobermans, because of their temperaments, until they are under control, which means well-trained.

Training is something that you must do yourself. It is not something you can acquire for the dog merely by ''sending him to school'' and paying the bill. A Doberman is very discriminating in its loyalty and one cannot with assurance be his master who is not also his trainer. He is selective of companions and loves those who take him for long walks and do his exercises with him.

It was two years before Mark could be reliably allowed off the leash. By then we had mastered a basic group of 70 exercises, which included heeling, staying, carrying and finding objects by scent. I did not train him to attack. I discouraged this.

Doberman and German shepherd males are difficult enough around other dogs anyway, often needing to be totally quarantined from them. It is not, as frequently assumed, a matter of how the dog is raised or brought up, but rather a question of the genetic pool on which these breeds are based, formed as they were to produce individuals that are sharp and aggressive in character. He who would choose a guard breed for his home must then be very careful.

Dog shows might be a good place to begin the process of selection, but not until the day that American judging concerns itself less with canine cosmetics and more with character, which it does not now touch on at all. By contrast, in Germany, the home of most of the recent guard breeds, a dog's character is most important in the judging and a dog cannot become a champion there until he has passed many tests demonstrating his soundness of character as well as body.

Kennel owners and kennel clubs in this country are often too interested in economics and politics to give the novice good advice, and books filled with thumbnail profiles on the breeds are often superficial and compiled by the same people who sell the breeds.

How much a dog weighs or eats and how often he needs to be groomed are hardly the vital statistics of an 11-year relationship. And blanketly evaluating a dog's character simply by his breed is as foolhardy as dealing with people by race. A good shepherd is 10 times the dog of a bad Doberman, and vice versa. A top Airedale can be the better of either.

I spent five hours with Mark as a puppy before I brought him home. But even with the greatest precautions there are sometimes ''accidents.'' Mark was nearly 6 years old when our first occurred.

A friend tried to join in the horseplay between me and my dog one night and Mark exploded. I fortunately got between them, but the fiery side of a Doberman's disposition, once unsheathed, is hard to put away. It took 16 stitches to close the gashes he put in my face instead of hers.

But if you think you have a way with animals, if every dog coming down the street seems to want to follow you home, if you have time and understanding and good natured firmness, the introduction to the home of the dog ''with the human brain'' will provide company for your walks, communion for your thoughts, companionship for your life. And the awful wrench of his premature departure will create a void in your heart that even time will not fill.

On the first hot days last spring, Mark slowed down terribly. I couldn't get him through the park without waiting for him. We took a break and took another break and then waited for him to regain his strength. I observed an old back problem returning. He could no longer put his paws up on my shoulders. I thought I would be lucky to get him through summer and that I would have to take him to the country for that.

Then, one noontime, tired after his morning walk in the park and curled up on his blanket, he sighed and fell rapidly into the sleep that brought the daily retreat from old age and its ailments. And the baby walked in - and onto the sleeping dog.

Emergency treatment is thorough and efficient at New York Hospital, and this baby was lucky. The wounds were superficial, needing no stitches; with penicillin they healed in three weeks. But I had to face the reality that Mark was too dangerous to be quartered with an active, growing family. So I had to make a terrible decision that ended an 11-year friendship. Now Mark is up in the country, wrapped in his blanket and laid to rest in the soft earth under a shady maple, with his leash and his ball and his master's coat.

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[***THE NEW GOVERNOR: Man in the News;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V3C0-008G-F0FN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Pragmatic Conservative: George Elmer Pataki***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V3C0-008G-F0FN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1458 words

**Byline:** George E. Pataki

By JAMES DAO

By JAMES DAO

**Dateline:** ALBANY, Jan. 1

**Body**

To the friends he met at Yale College 31 years ago, George E. Pataki was a garrulous, beer-loving freshman who knew precisely where he stood on the political spectrum (to the right), the name of the next President (Barry Goldwater) and what he would become when he grew up (governor of New York State).

To the politicians he passed along the way to becoming the 53d governor of New York, Mr. Pataki was also a conservative, but often a pragmatic one. His central beliefs did not stop him from working with more moderate politicians or from moderating his own views on difficult issues to achieve his goals.

Taking over as governor of a state facing a $5 billion budget deficit whose electorate he described as angry and hungry for change, Mr. Pataki presented himself today as both a steadfast conservative determined to shrink government, and a farmer's son who, like his idol Theodore Roosevelt, cares more about getting things done than staying true to dogma.

He comes into office at a time when national sentiment is also for smaller government. Many a Republican rode that tide to victory in November, but Mr. Pataki can claim to have arrived at this place by sticking with some basic beliefs he learned long ago from his father, the mailman and farmer.

"When government accepts responsibility for people, then people no longer take responsibility for themselves," he said in his inaugural address today. "We will begin where the people want us to begin, reducing the size and cost of government."

Since he was a teen-ager Mr. Pataki has been unwavering about the political label he gave himself: when he defeated a better known and ostensibly more popular classmate for senior class president of Peekskill High School, he was already calling himself a "small-c conservative."

By the time he reached Yale, he was recruiting volunteers for the Goldwater campaign. He built his social life around campus politics, becoming a leader of the Conservative Party at the Yale Political Union and creating an informal club of like-minded friends who each had a nickname ending with "fus," as in "for the U.S." Mr. Pataki was Grufus, because he grew so tall.

Even as many of his peers drifted left in the 1960's, Mr. Pataki joined pro-war demonstrations at Columbia Law School and became known as the one guy willing to defend President Richard Nixon in barroom debates.

When he entered the state Assembly in 1985, he joined a severely outvoted Republican minority and saw only a handful of his bills passed during his eight-year tenure. Yet he enthusiastically endorsed the minority's political playbook, incorporating its main ideas into his gubernatorial platform: cut taxes, reduce Medicaid spending, put welfare recipients to work, strengthen criminal penalties.

Mr. Pataki also struck conservative poses that helped his career. In the Republican-controlled Senate, he twice was the lone Republican to vote against the state budget. Although the Senate leadership punished him for his insubordination, he repeatedly cited those votes as examples of his fiscal conservatism in his gubernatorial campaign.

Connecting all those experiences was Mr. Pataki's belief that people should stop looking to government to solve their problems. Mr. Pataki summarized that philosophy in a 1985 television interview, but the words could have been drawn from one of his 1965 Yale debates or even his 1995 inaugural address.

"It's very important to stand on your own feet to the extent that you can," he told an interviewer from the program "Inside Albany." "To try to better yourself by seeking out employment or education or anything else, instead of having the government come deliver it to you."

George Elmer Pataki was born on June 24, 1945, in Peekskill, and grew up on the family vegetable farm. His father was a mail carrier who rose to the level of manager. But he also managed the 15-acre farm and occasionally worked a third job to support the family and save for his two sons' college tuition. George, his older brother, Louis, and 13 cousins who also lived on the farm were expected to pull their weight by tilling fields, picking strawberries and delivering produce to the farm stand.

"Picking, plowing, getting stomped by the work horses, that's what we did," Louis Pataki said. "It was not romantic. It was work."

In his steadiness, his unflappable demeanor and his work ethic, Mr. Pataki resembles his father, friends say. "His father was a calm rock in the middle of everything," said Michael C. Finnegan, Mr. Pataki's friend and counsel. "In many respects, that's who George Pataki is. In the middle of a catastrophe, he doesn't get rattled."

The son also inherited from the father, who now has Alzheimer's disease and lives in a nursing home, a streak of political pragmatism. Mr. Pataki tells a story about how, during the Depression, his father was told he must register Democratic to get a post office job. "I don't think I should do it," said the elder Pataki, who was then an independent. "You're absolutely right," his wife replied. The next day, he registered Democratic and got the job. "Thank God," said his wife.

"They were always very apolitical," Mr. Pataki said. "But they had very strong values and beliefs."

His friends see parallels between that story and Mr. Pataki's alliance with United States Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato. "Clearly their relationship helped him get the nomination," said Mac Hansing, a Yale friend. "But that doesn't mean he will obediently do whatever D'Amato wants. It was just political expedience."

Critics say there are many other cases in which Mr. Pataki's positions seemed based on political expediency more than principle. Though he opposed abortion during the 1980's, he called himself "pro-choice" in 1992 when he ran against State Senator Mary B. Goodhue, his former mentor who was an advocate of a woman's right to abortion.

During last year's campaign, he called for banning assault weapons, yet voted against a Democratic gun-control measure last April. And at Yale, he abstained in one of the most heated debates of the year, over whether outside agitators did more harm than good in the civil-rights movement.

Mr. Pataki cites the changes in his abortion stand as evidence that he is open-minded, with an everyman's distaste for dogma. "I am not someone who doesn't reflect on the whole question of abortion," he said in October. "And I think most people do. It is a tough decision not just for politicians, it is a very tough personal decision for people."

If Yale was an important proving ground for his philosophy, it did little to change Mr. Pataki's style, friends say. Though he found himself surrounded by prep school students and old wealth, he continued to dress in faded jeans and flannel work shirts and to frequent ***working-class*** bars.

Richard E. Jackson Jr., an old friend, recalls Mr. Pataki "without missing a beat" pungently scolding a snobbish roommate who denigrated Mr. Jackson's college, the University of Bridgeport. "They stopped being roommates later that year," said Mr. Jackson.

With his easy-going manner, Mr. Pataki never seemed as if he were working hard, consistently scoring excellent grades although he played a lot of basketball and took long vacations to places like Puerto Rico. "He was easy to underestimate," said Edward W. Hayes, a Manhattan lawyer who was at Columbia with Mr. Pataki. "But that's the biggest mistake you can make with him. He's very focused. And he's got terrific will to win."

Many of his rivals for the Republican nomination also underestimated him, scoffing at his chances of unseating Gov. Mario M. Cuomo. William D. Powers, the Republican state chairman, said he first decided that Mr. Pataki's would win when he saw the candidate early on a frigid morning last winter, trudging up a snow-swept Albany street to use a phone at Republican headquarters because he could not make campaign calls from his Senate office. "There aren't a lot of people who would leave the warmth of their Senate offices in the winter," said Mr. Powers. "It demonstrated his commitment."

At times, that commitment has faltered. On several occasions in his career, including during a low point in last year's race, Mr. Pataki has talked of returning to Peekskill to become a full-time farmer.

But when it counted most last year, Mr. Pataki was unwavering in his desire to win. Eight days from the election, when he had fallen behind in most polls, Mr. Pataki made a command tour of his Manhattan office.

"It made a palpable difference in morale," said Gary W. Maloney, a campaign research consultant. "Here's the man who's seen a 6-point lead go to a 14-point deficit saying we're going to win this. He reached inside himself and proved to everyone that he was the man to replace Cuomo."

**Graphic**

Photo: After his inauguration yesterday, Gov. George E. Pataki's family and friends gathered around the podium at the Knickerbocker Arena. Mr. Pataki's speech capped a weekend of celebration for New York Republicans. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times) (pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** January 4, 1995

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[***Dear Abbey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53SB-6481-DXY4-X3CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 3171 words

**Byline:** By ALEX WITCHEL

**Body**

Pulling into the driveway of Julian Fellowes's manor house in Dorset, in the west country of England, with its 50 acres of grass rippling and trees swaying, as if a director had just called ''Action!'' to the scenery (indeed, one massive tree was featured in the film ''Emma,'' starring Gwyneth Paltrow), I recalled the advice Fellowes once said his father gave him: ''If you have the misfortune to be born into a generation which must earn its living, you might as well do something amusing.''

Inside the house (''Two houses, really. This side was built in 1633, this new bit in 1840,'' he said) with its double-height foyer lined with family portraits, a dining room with a mile-long banquet table and a morning room where Thomas Hardy is said to have written, you might think it doesn't get more amusing than this. Fellowes has lived here only nine years. The decades before that were often fraught with anxiety, even despair. He toiled as a midlevel character actor for 30 years with 12 rejected screenplays to his name until, incredibly, at age 52, he won an Academy Award for his first produced screenplay, Robert Altman's ''Gosford Park,'' in 2002. But Fellowes, now 62, is the rare sort who, having won a life lottery, did not kick up his heels and make a fool of himself. He has worked like the proverbial dog -- or American -- for his continued success, and if that means he is more to the manner bought than born, that is fine with him.

He followed his unexpected screenwriting breakthrough with more films -- ''Vanity Fair,'' with Reese Witherspoon, ''Young Victoria,'' with Emily Blunt, and ''The Tourist,'' with Johnny Depp and Angelina Jolie, among them. He also wrote the book for the musical-theater adaptation of ''Mary Poppins'' and the best-selling novel ''Snobs.'' Most recently, he created and wrote the wildly successful miniseries ''Downton Abbey.'' The multi/generational family costume drama kicks off during the final days of aristocratic England before the First World War, and stars Hugh Bonneville, Maggie Smith and Elizabeth McGovern. It drew record ratings on British television last season; the rights have been sold in more than 100 countries. It scored big here too, when it ran on PBS's Masterpiece last winter (the second season will begin on Jan. 8). The show received 11 Emmy nominations, including Outstanding Miniseries or Movie and Outstanding Writing, for Fellowes.

I was ushered into Stafford House, as it is called, amid waves of apologies about lunch being cold, not cooked. A few days earlier, a bird's nest that was lodged in the kitchen chimney caught fire, disabling the stove and filling the house with black smoke. Fellowes was joined by his wife, Emma, who is 15 years his junior, nearly six feet tall and bursting with energetic goodwill. It's easy to see how Fellowes, at 39, fell in love at first sight, why he agreed to her wishes to have only one child, a son, Peregrine, now 20, because she herself was an only child, and why he stoically allows Emma's mother to call him Evelyn, not Julian. It seems she had her heart set on her daughter marrying a man called Evelyn, so Evelyn he is. There are worse things.

We sat at one end of the banquet table. Meg, a border collie, took the chair to Emma's right. Humbug, a dachshund, was soon in Emma's lap, his head and upper body submerged beneath her sweater. He stayed there, motionless, as she explained what it means to be a lady in waiting, as she is, to Princess Michael of Kent, representing her at functions or accompanying her to events.

As she spoke, Fellowes ate contentedly. He liked his food, he liked his wife, he liked her stories. He wasn't as keen on the interview -- ''It's like holding in your stomach, you can only do it for a bit at a time'' -- so first he suggested we walk the grounds. I was directed to a small room off the kitchen, stocked with racks of Wellington boots. After eyeballing my feet, Emma chose a pair that fit perfectly, and off we set.

Fellowes chatted amiably, glad to be in the countryside. Initially, I couldn't understand why he wouldn't just meet me in London at his Chelsea apartment. ''Because it's overtaken by Emma's wardrobe,'' he'd said. But it became clear during our day together that after a professional lifetime accumulating petty defeats, hurtful setbacks and outright failures, to finally have found a place for himself in such a spectacular setting is enormously meaningful to him. It is a wondrous gift to be a late bloomer, but the decades of fertilizer that nurtured those blossoms remain. The shadow of the B.G. era (Before ''Gosford'') reasserts itself regularly. When we stood under the ''Emma'' tree, he lay his hand on the trunk with a tenderness you might show a child. It is rare to encounter a man his age so plainly defined by gratitude.

Bob Balaban, a producer of ''Gosford Park,'' recommended Fellowes to Robert Altman to write the screenplay. ''Altman asked him to try it, and maybe six weeks later Julian sent the first 75 pages,'' Balaban said. ''It was clear that he was brilliant and his knowledge of class society, the workings of it, was encyclopedic. This talented writer, moldering away as a relatively unsuccessful actor! That was a brass ring, and he took it. It's part of the key to his current success, his work ethic. He doesn't procrastinate. He doesn't hide. He works like a demon.''

For the first season of ''Downton Abbey,'' Fellowes created 18 main characters with almost as many story lines. He wrote virtually all of the first season and the entire 111/2 hours of the second. The series begins in 1912 with the sinking of the Titanic. The Earl of Grantham (Bonneville) loses his cousin and his cousin's son; the latter was betrothed to Lady Mary, the eldest of his three daughters, who cannot inherit Downton because she is female. The search is on for a new heir, and a distant male relative is found. Will Mary make life easy for everyone and just marry him? Certainly not.

Very much like Matthew Weiner setting ''Mad Men'' at the brink of the 1960s, a decade whose social conventions were about to explode, so has Fellowes chosen the calm before the storm of World War I. He creates juicy plotlines peopled with emotionally intricate characters that viewers love to love and love to hate.

Of course, nothing incites the British like success. As the ratings soared, viewers accused Fellowes of plagiarism (the cook who's going blind sprinkles salt on a dessert instead of sugar, a detail he supposedly lifted from Jo in ''Little Women,'' who was a bad cook and not going blind). The press claimed he was such a ''toff'' that guests to his home were banned from wearing blue jeans to lunch. (They are not.) The BBC produced an elaborate spoof of the show, starring Kim Cattrall, that has drawn more than 165,000 views on YouTube.

At the base of the ruckus is Fellowes's conservative politics. A lifelong Tory, he was appointed by David Cameron in January to the House of Lords, and much has been written about Fellowes's glamorizing the class system in ''Downton.'' Paired with that were cries of artistic theft from none other than Jean Marsh, a star and co-creator of the newly revived (and flatly inferior) ''Upstairs Downstairs.'' It's like saying that anyone who dares dramatize the Civil War after ''Gone With the Wind'' is both racist and an imitator.

''I'm seen as a chronicler of the class system, which I don't think is unfair,'' Fellowes said, settled in front of the fire in the drawing room. ''It is a whole side of the society here that I find quite intriguing, and happily the audience has come along with me. I think one of the things we got right with 'Downton' was that we treat the characters of the servants and the family exactly the same. Some of them are nice, some of them are not nice, some of them are funny, some of them are not, but there is no division between the servants and the family to mark that.''

Of the show's critics, he said: ''You could only represent it to their satisfaction if everyone downstairs was writhing in a state of permanent torment while everyone upstairs was vicious and violent, horrible and dishonest. The idea that both groups were just people trying to bash through their lives is alien to them.''

At the recent British Academy of Film and Television Arts awards, ''Downton'' won for only directing and sound. Fellowes shrugged. ''Of course I love winning things, I can't tell you how much I enjoy it,'' he said. ''But I have understood that I'm not going to win them here. It's rather like with a girl, there is a moment when you're young when you just have to look into the glass above your basin and say, 'You are not going to get her; move on.' I think it's the same, really.''

It has been a long road to equanimity for Fellowes, who was born in Cairo, the fourth and youngest son of Peregrine, a diplomat. A recurrent bout of tuberculosis derailed his father from becoming an ambassador; he became an executive for Shell instead. ''I think he had a lingering sorrow that the career he adored was taken from him,'' Fellowes said. ''If he had been an invalid all his life, he could have borne it, but the truth is he stayed perfectly healthy and died at 86, so it was all for nothing.''

To have a father so thwarted seems to have made his son work harder. Fellowes graduated from Ampleforth and Cambridge and ran with the upper classes, though he saw himself as something of an outsider, the ''bottom of the top,'' as he once put it: ''I wasn't handsome, titled or rich. I was always the man who was asked because they were short of boys or because someone had dropped out, and I think that allows you to be a sort of fly on the wall, because nobody's paying you any attention.'' He observed plenty and tried putting that knowledge to work as an actor. While a student at the Webber Douglas Academy of Dramatic Art, he earned money by writing romantic and historical fiction under pseudonyms. After graduating in 1973, he discovered that ***working-class*** actors like Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay were the ones getting serious, career-making roles in new plays at the National Theater. His upper-class accent and, he maintains, his conservative beliefs relegated him to West End comedies and revivals, playing butlers and lords: ''There was an assumption that if you came from my background, you couldn't have much to say.''

By 1981, Fellowes gave up on storming the National and moved to Los Angeles, where he spent two years playing minor roles -- he was the chauffeur in ''Rita Hayworth: The Love Goddess,'' starring Lynda Carter -- and finally found himself poised for his big break: replacing Herve Villechaize on ''Fantasy Island.''

''They decided that a really good idea would be to replace him with an old English butler,'' Fellowes recalled. ''So they looked around, it was in pilot season, and discovered there were two pilots with old English butlers. And someone said, 'Wait a minute, instead of having an old English butler, have a young English valet.' This idea of course was greeted with shrieks of delight. So the search was on for a young English valet, and I went right up to the top meeting, and then what happened is they decided they'd do better with an old English butler. Of course, if I had known the ways of Hollywood better, I would have seen that was absolutely inevitable.

''But the Hollywood experience was very interesting for me,'' he added. ''I had friends there, and often they would ask me to read a script. They'd say, 'I've been offered this, what do you think?' and I got into analyzing scripts and how they work.''

When Fellowes returned to London in 1984, he was cast frequently on television. In 1989 he met Emma, and they married the following year. ''One of the things that you're not really in control of -- apart from everything -- is your smell,'' he said. ''Different things in your life make you smell different, and a combination of coming back from Hollywood with a much more directed sense of what I wanted and then meeting Emma and being, I think, a less anxious person in consequence, was not coincidentally when I started to get more interesting work.'' He spent nearly five seasons on a sitcom, ''The Monarch of the Glen,'' and had some small film roles. He also wrote successful adaptations of ''Little Lord Fauntleroy'' and ''The Prince and the Pauper'' for the BBC. Then came ''Gosford Park.'' His anxiety went from ''will I ever make it?'' to ''might I lose everything?''

''I think I'm more fearful of the future now,'' he said, sipping his tea. ''I always feel that there's some giant hand about to lean in and snatch it all away from me, saying, 'That wasn't meant for you.' Emma has this completely different quality of living in the present. It's just been very helpful to me to live with someone who doesn't think, Oh, my God, what if it all stops tomorrow? Of course it's absurd to live your life dreading some unspecified disaster.''

Yes, but lifelong habits are hard to break. He nodded. ''There is always a ghost of you if things hadn't worked out,'' he said glumly. ''This sad figure trying and trying and trying.'' He mustered a smile. ''Anyway, it did work,'' he said. ''He's gone away.''

At least for the moment. In addition to completing the second season of ''Downton,'' Fellowes wrote a four-part miniseries about the Titanic that was filmed in Budapest. It is to appear on British television next season, for the centenary anniversary.

Watching him now, this intelligent, agreeable man, natty in his tweed jacket and tasseled loafers, relaxing by the fire, I found it hard to imagine the angst he experienced in his youth about his looks. He nodded. ''I used to be very much dominated by having no looks, but I've now grown into the age when nobody has any looks. So the playing field has been rather leveled off.''

I asked about Gwen, the maid who wanted to be a secretary in the first season of ''Downton,'' who eventually got her wish in the last episode. That was the good news. The bad news is she's off the show. That's certain to upset a number of viewers.

Fellowes looked amused. ''We want constant novelty, but we also want everything to stay the same,'' he said. ''It's childlike. But if we get it right the show runs. If not, it doesn't.''

I mentioned how much I loathed Thomas, the evil gay footman. He shook his head. ''It's hard to be gay in 1912,'' he said. ''It's illegal. If anyone finds out, you go to prison. So for me, him being gay means you slightly stay your hand. He's not just horrible. To get any kind of emotional life going, he's got to take his life in his hands every time. That seems to me to be a sympathetic thing.''

Well, maybe.

He laughed. ''I don't believe that most people wake up and think, How can I be horrible today. In their brain it is a legitimate response to the bad treatment they have received or some bad situation they perceive. It's rather like when you're an actor, it's always a mistake to play the audience's opinion of your character. If you're horrible, let them decide without you. I think I'm kind of on everyone's side.''

When the Earl of Grantham explains his stake in the survival of Downton Abbey, he says, ''It is my third parent and my fourth child.'' Doubling for Downton is Highclere Castle, where the show is filmed. To see it come into view, set on 1,000 acres in Berkshire, is to truly understand his meaning. It is glorious.

The morning was rainy, and despite it being late June, the wind was sharp. It was just as cold inside the castle as out; every actor in costume donned floor-length down coats between shots.

The rush was on to finish the season's last two episodes, because Highclere is open to the public during the summer. One episode was being filmed on the main floor; the other, upstairs. (None of the kitchen or servants' quarters scenes are shot here, because those parts of the house have been modernized; a full set was built in London.) As Fellowes made his way upstairs and down he was greeted as ''Julian,'' even though he is technically the Baron Fellowes of West Stafford and should be addressed as Lord Fellowes. ''Most of my friends in the business are by definition socialists,'' he said. ''I don't ever see any need to be hysterical about the difference. For me the key difference is how to manage an economy and how involved government should be in one's daily problems. I believe it should be more at arm's length.''

Near the coffee urn, he was set upon by cast members, so I stole a few minutes with Liz Trubridge. She is the series producer, who in the absence of a show runner, an American invention, is the person who executes each of Fellowes's scripts with the same care he would.

Or at least that's her goal. ''Julian is very lovely until he doesn't like something, and then he's not backward in letting you know,'' she said. ''He has such a way with words, and he certainly can use them to great effect when he wants to. He's a historian as well as a writer. We had a scene in which Sybil baked a cake for the first time as a surprise for her mother. We shot the cake on the table with plates, forks and napkins. Julian was very upset about this. He said the upper classes would eat with their fingers.'' She sighed. ''Apparently it was true.'' The show employs a historical adviser who agreed. No forks.

''Even if a majority of people don't notice or care, we try to get things right,'' she said. ''It's a minefield, isn't it?''

When it was time for lunch, Fellowes and I were driven through torrential rain to a clutch of trailers. Maggie Smith was off that day, so hers was free. We headed inside with Hugh Bonne/ville, who seemed to have an easy relationship with Fellowes. When I told Bonneville that I had spent the previous day at Fellowes's house, he inquired dryly, ''The burnt one or the other one?''

The two talked about show-business people they knew, one of whom no longer seemed to be working. Instantly, Fellowes's shadow of melancholy enveloped him. ''What became of him?'' he asked morosely. ''What becomes of us all? You open a restaurant in the provinces somewhere.'' He winced.

Bonneville got up to make a pot of tea. How many stars in America would do that, I asked Fellowes, who finally smiled. ''Do you want some pudding?'' he asked hopefully. Eton Mess was on the menu. I wasn't sure what that was. ''Strawberries, cream and meringue, all mashed up,'' the unit publicist interjected. ''Hence the mess.''

We drank the good, strong tea as the dessert arrived, and Fellowes's spirits lifted. The weather seemed to be clearing. But no sooner had we hit the muddy ground than a production assistant held up his arm. ''Stand by for rain,'' he shouted.

Whatever could he mean, I asked Fellowes, who was already dashing to a nearby car. I looked up and saw it, off in the distance, a great wall of water moving straight toward us. I jumped into the back seat beside him, and as the driver pulled up to the shaky shelter of a makeshift canopy, the rain hit hard. Fellowes ducked back into the castle, just in time.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Castle Keepers: Cast members of ''Downton Abbey,'' from left, Hugh Bonneville, Maggie Smith, Michelle Dockery, Rob James-Collier, Elizabeth McGovern, Jim Carter and Dan Stevens. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DREA ZLANABITNIG) (MM21)

Manorism: Julian Fellowes on the set of ''Downton Abbey,'' at Highclere Castle in Berkshire, England. (PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMA HARDY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM23)

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**End of Document**



[***BRAINS, PLANES AND AUTOMOBILES; Family Driving: The New Model - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4324-72X0-0109-T4WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 15, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section G; Column 4; Vacation; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1677 words

**Byline:**  By CHARLES STRUM

**Body**

THE indoctrination of the American traveler begins in childhood, with a view from the yawning back seat of the family sedan. Bare legs stick to the superheated vinyl upholstery. Coloring books and cookie crumbs mingle in the foot wells. Mom, her hair gone limp, sits in the shotgun seat, chain-smoking.

You kneel on your travel pillow to gaze out the rear window at the familiar oval sign of an Esso station, where the car has been towed and where Dad is now being told by a man in grimy coveralls how much the new fuel pump will cost. The parts will arrive tomorrow.

It is the dead of summer in the heart of nowhere in the middle of the American Century -- a time for touring with a vengeance, overpriced Kodachrome and souvenir tomahawks from Taipei. Decades later, you're the one driving.

Maybe this very summer, when armies of Americans powerless to short-circuit their DNA will take to the road. Trying gamely to ignore rising prices at the pump, they will pack cars and minivans with children, pets and fruit roll-ups and follow the trails of their heritage -- the Interstates. They will visit the sites majestic -- Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, Disney World -- and the oases eternal -- Rock City, South of the Border, Wall Drug.

The free sacks of pecans that Stuckey's once offered with the purchase of a tank of gas have gone the way of the De Soto. But Americans, with their S.U.V.'s and Global Positioning Systems, remain determined to discover their country by car. Authorities on travel, including the American Automobile Association and the Travel Industry Association of America, say most people going on vacation end up driving; the figure has remained around 80 percent for decades. And while the fly-and-drive option remains a popular variant, motoring is still the No. 1 way to go for those venturing up to 1,000 miles from home base.

So are we all merely clones of Chevy Chase, the Flying Dutchman of vacationers, doomed until Judgment Day to search for a safe route to Wally World?

The answer is no . . . but with asterisks.

The predictable two-week summer vacation -- a kind of endurance test for American families in the epoch of big Detroit cars and new superhighways -- is no longer the norm and hasn't been for quite some time. Yes, we're still driving, camping (the No. 1 outdoor activity) and sightseeing, but in the course of a year we are likely to do so more often and for shorter periods -- three days here, five days there.

We drive shorter distances, on average, and our decisions about where to go and when to go are more spontaneous.

"The two-week family vacation in the station wagon is a thing of the past," said Russ Brayley, associate professor of health, physical education and recreation at Indiana University in Bloomington. "There are still family vacations, but the reasons are different and the form has changed quite a bit."

People used to take a vacation because everybody took a vacation, or took a trip to visit family, he said. "Now it's almost a medical or therapeutic vacation," he added. "People aren't able to get away for two weeks, so they are taking more weekend getaways. They may take several during the year. A lot of them are fairly spontaneous. People want to get away from a stressful situation. They're looking to be pampered."

That's one of the asterisks. Identifying the need for pampering is a relatively recent phenomenon. But the same might also be said for the paid vacation, which began to take root shortly before World War II. For ***working-class*** and middle-class Americans in the early 20th century, vacation might have meant leaving home, but it did not always mean shedding all cares. This was particularly true for women, for whom vacation meant cooking, cleaning and taking care of the kids -- in the woods, with few modern conveniences.

Pampering and a two-week car trip with small children do not go hand in hand. Even less so in an age of reduced attention span.

SUSAN BURRILL, who teaches a course on the American vacation at the University of Iowa, requires her students to discover their vacation heritage by interviewing parents and grandparents. They find, she says, that vacations as they know them are nothing like the ones their elders remember.

"Their parents," she said, "remember the road trips without air-conditioning and seat belts, and stopping at all the historic sites and driving all day to get to the motel to jump in the swimming pool. That comes out of the 50's. Not from the students today in my class."

For them, she said, "the greatest common denominator is Disney World or Disneyland. Some have been to both. Some have been a half-dozen times."

In a way, Professor Burrill said, Disney World is a year-round substitute for the world's fairs that, in their heyday, drew gawkers by the millions.

"You go to one place, and the world is there," she said. "Nationalism is constructed for us. We can see what it's like to be an American."

Although Disney World and its corporate siblings have been first on the tourist list for decades, the more traditional destinations retain pride of place.

Jerry Cheske, a spokesman at AAA headquarters in Heathrow, Fla., says the most popular American vacation sites include Las Vegas, Washington and the national parks, particularly Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. The Ozarks entertainment mecca, Branson, Mo., has also appeared among the top five in recent years, as has Myrtle Beach., S.C., where tourists come for the beaches, golf and amusement parks -- the everything-in-one-place vacation.

So while our choices seem stable -- unless space travel opens up, where else could we go? -- the structure has evolved.

"Once, you saved up for a year or two years to go on that big trip," said Kathy Keefe, a spokeswoman for the Travel Industry Association. "A vacation now is not considered like a special event or treat that you look forward to. Now it's part of our everyday lives."

The average recreational trip is 3.4 days, she said, and most people tend to stay within their region. Americans may take three to five short trips a year, the long weekend being typical.

Some families will take a week, for example, and invest in a package tour. They can rough it with a Sierra Club program or go first class with a tour offered by the National Parks Conservation Association, said Dan Gifford, the group's travel program manager.

Forsaking the AAA Triptik, an overheating radiator and curious bears, you can spend a week in Grand Teton National Park in relative luxury. The $1,995-per-person fee -- not including plane fare to Jackson Hole -- covers lodging, meals, guides, boat and horse rentals and transportation to and from the airport.

Is this the modern equivalent of a Chevy Chase vacation? Yes, but again with a twist.

"It's often adults without the kids," Mr. Gifford said. "We get a whole cadre of parents who were in the driver's seat for that sort of 50's experience and now want to go back and actually get something out it. Or it's the kids who were in the back seat, all grown up now, who remember Dad saying, 'Look quick, I'm not stopping.' "

Still, the romance of the journey calls. This summer, the traditionalists will include Frank and Suzanne Brault, who live in Eldersburg, Md., about 20 miles west of Baltimore.

The Braults and their three children -- David, 12, Rena, 9, and Erin, 6 -- plan to pack their 1990 Chevy Astro minivan (120,000 miles) for a four-week road trip to Seattle.

This is not a spontaneous getaway. Mr. Brault, 45, a software designer, has been saving vacation days for several years. Mrs. Brault, a 41-year-old part-time art teacher whose children are home-schooled, has been ordering educational packets from noteworthy sites. They'll camp, visit family members and do the occasional motel.

"We've been talking a lot about the national parks," Mrs. Brault said. "We read about the Oregon Trail, which we'll intersect with. And the kids studied about Lewis and Clark a couple of years ago."

HERE'S the intinerary:

Outbound: Binghamton, N.Y. (where Mrs. Brault grew up). Niagara Falls. Through Canada to Michigan. Then Banff and Jasper national parks (both in Alberta). Drive to northern Idaho, visit uncle (three days). Then, to central Idaho, another uncle (three more days.) On to Seattle. Stay with maternal aunt. See Olympia National Forest.

Homeward Bound: Yellowstone National Park (Idaho, Montana, Wyoming). The Badlands and Mount Rushmore (western South Dakota).

"By then," Mrs. Brault said, "we'll probably have to go home."

Mrs. Brault knows what she's getting into.

"It's a tradition in my family," she said. "When I was 5, we went to Yellowstone, and I remember going to Idaho and Seattle in a big station wagon, probably a Ford. I sat in the back, in that large area. I remember my crayons melted."

At 15, she said, she went with her parents along the Alcan Highway to Alaska, camping.

The Big Trip raises the obvious question in this child-centered age: How do you keep the kids busy?

The experts, including Barbara Okun, a clinical psychologist at Northeastern University in Boston who has studied stress and the family vacation, point to the obvious: the games that once occupied the entire family in the car have given way to "everybody has his own specialized interests." By which she meant video screens, disc players and Game Boys.

"Scenery," Dr. Okun said, "has taken second place to what we see on screen."

In some respects, the issue of attention span -- and a long car trip that can turn families into traveling captives -- has been addressed with separate vacations for older children.

"Kids also go on a lot more trips without their parents," Dr. Okun said, citing the camping, biking and rafting excursions for young teenagers.

The Braults, however, will remain very much a unit this summer, sticking with the tried-and-true approach to prevent boredom and encourage self-improvement.

"I am always guilty of bringing way too much for the kids," Mrs. Brault said. "Usually I bring a lot of books and different kinds of activities. Math games, too.

"And pipe cleaners. Pipe cleaners are great."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article in the special Vacation section on Tuesday about family car trips misspelled the surname of a professor at the University of Iowa who teaches a course on the American vacation. She is Susan Birrell, not Burrill.

**Correction-Date:** May 17, 2001

**Graphic**

Photo: PACK 'EM UP -- The Brault family of Eldersburg, Md., plans to take its minivan on a four-week drive to Seattle and back this summer. (Marty Katz for The New York Times)(pg. G8)

**Load-Date:** May 15, 2001

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[***BY BARBARA SLAVIN AND MILT FREUDENHEIM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D5F0-000B-Y2NV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***THE WORLD IN SUMMARY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D5F0-000B-Y2NV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bani-Sadr Also Is Hostage to Clerics In Iran's Parliament***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D5F0-000B-Y2NV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr may have thought he won an overwhelming victory in January elections. By now he knows better. His hardline Islamic Republican opponents say they would like to reduce the powers of his office to that ''of the King of England.'' To that end, they are building up Parliament as Iran's supreme political institution, as a chorus to Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

The Islamic Republicans began by electing as Speaker Ayatollah Hashemi Rafsanjani, a key party leader and member of the Revolutionary Council which officially transferred its authority to Parliament last week. Then the party set about whittling away the President's choices for Prime Minister. Yesterday, Mr. Bani-Sadr nominated Interior Minister Mostafa Mir-Salim, an Islamic Republican in charge of the national police.

As always in the clutch, Ayatollah Khomeini supported the clerics, proclaiming that Parliament must reject any ministers who were not ''100 pecent revolutionary, doctrinaire and decisive.'' Selecting such a cabinet will presumably further delay Parliament from taking up the fate of the American hostages and of Iran's dwindling oil industry.

AN-A

Revolutionary justice moved more swiftly. Last week, 25 persons, including several Iranian Army and Air Force officers, were executed for involvement in a purported plot to overthrow the Ayatollah.

Evidence that opposition to the new order of things still exists came when three bombs exploded in a parking lot beneath a busy shopping street in Teheran, killing six people and injuring 100. An anonymous phone caller told a newspaper the bombers were from Forghan, an anti-clerical guerrilla group supposedly crushed by the authorities in January. However, there was also the possibility that Islamic zealots carried out the crime. Most of the shops in the area sold Western dresses, which some Iranian women still wear beneath their veils.

Bolivia Bleeds, Democracy Fades

Bolivia's latest military junta devoted its first 10 days to pursuing past practice - beating and torturing politicians, arresting priests and journalists, sending tanks against resisting workers, firing automatic weapons into crowds. Fighting back last week, Bolivians sabotaged the La Paz waterworks and called a general strike, which was not very effective. There were also clashes between troops and zinc and tin miners in the south. But these subsided Friday, according to Roman Catholic sources, when the miners ran out of food.

Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie protested ''this attempt to thwart the will of the people of Bolivia.'' He announced the termination of all military and economic aid except food and other humanitarian programs. Meeting in Washington, the Organization of American States condemned the coup. They acted at the request of Bolivia's partners in the Andean Common Market - Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela and Peru.

After two days of heavy street battles in La Paz, with crowds who chanted ''death to the gorillas'' and ''down with fascism,'' the army apparently was in control there. ''International mercenaries'' were causing ''disturbances under Communist slogans,'' the junta contended, announcing discovery of some Soviet-made weapons.

''A lot of ***working class*** blood has been shed,'' claimed a broadcast by the clandestine Democratic Solidarity Network of union-operated radio stations. Hernan Siles Zuazo, the leftist presidential frontrunner whose election success triggered the army takeover, urged Bolivians from his hiding place to resist ''this regime of national destruction.'' The runner-up, Victor Paz Estenssoro, like Mr. Siles a former President, also went into hiding but was found and arrested.

Arabs at U.N. Go for Broke

The Arabs and their supporters at the United Nations declared diplomatic war on Israel again, staging an ''emergency'' special session on Palestinian rights that its sponsors had planned for months.

An Arab victory this week was assured by the lopsided anti-Israel majority in the General Assembly, but the Israelis were not bleeding from unaccustomed wounds. Gaston Thorn, the Luxembourg Foreign Minister and upcoming President of the European Commission, told the Assembly that the Europeans could not support any resolution that did not also guarantee Israel's right to exist. He is planning a factfinding tour of the Middle East on the Common Market's behalf.

The Arabs could have had European backing now if they had been content to put on record in the General Assembly the declaration of the Nine in Venice last month, which called for Palestinian selfdetermination within the context of a negotiated settlement that also guarantees Israeli security. But moderates favoring this approach were defeated at a stormy meeting of Arab League foreign ministers in Jordan earlier this month. Some moderates then tried to postpone the General Assembly session, arguing that the Europeans and the Americans could show more flexibility after American and West German elections in the fall. But the hardliners would not wait.

The General Assembly session follows seven anti-Israel votes in the Security Council since March. Israel's critics have focussed on its policies in occupied Arab land and its treatment of Palestinian dissidents. Last week, two Palestinian prisoners died after being force-fed by Israeli authorities. They were among 76 prisoners who went on a hunger strike July 14 to demand better conditions.

Mondale Is Pleased To Pay His Respects

Nigeria supplies 16 percent of United States oil imports, second only to Saudi Arabia, and ''there is nothing that we are doing for them that is equal to what they're doing for us,'' a United States official said last week in Lagos. Vice President Mondale and a 72-person trade delegation were there to remedy the imbalance.

Mr. Mondale and Nigerian Vice President Alex I. Ekueme signed agreements aiming at increased trade, transfer of oil production technology, development of coal and solar energy, a wide-ranging agricultural program, scientific exchanges and educational programs.

Nigerian officials privately expressed concern at what they view as American sluggishness in promoting reform in Southern Africa. The Daily Times, which often echoes Government views, criticized Carter Administration aid to black-ruled Zimbabwe - $20 million this year - as insufficient. Also, Washington's opposition to South African apartheid had, the newspaper contended, ''degenerated almost to indifference.''

Addressing a related Nigerian concern, Mr. Mondale called on South Africa to accept United Nations-supervised elections in South-West Africa, also known as Namibia. Washington, he said, is urging Pretoria ''to build on the experience of Zimbabwe and to move forward - not backward - on the issue of Namibia while there is still time.'' On the week-long African trip, Mr. Mondale also stopped in Senegal, Niger and Cape Verde.

When a 'Prisoner' Is Also an Emissary

Benigno S. Aquino Jr. rails against any suggestion that he is Ferdinand E. Marcos's pet dissident, but there is no denying that he has a very long leash. The Philippines President temporarily freed his chief rival from prison, where he has been detained since Mr. Marcos imposed martial law in 1972, and flew him to Dallas for a triple bypass heart operation.

Interviewed as he recuperated last week, Mr. Aquino said the gesture ''was to make people believe I had made a deal with Marcos to keep my mouth shut. I did not make a deal.''

Mr. Aquino has been meeting with Filipinos in exile, trying to build a moderate opposition front. Two weeks ago, he flew to Syria to urge the leader of Moslem guerrillas fighting for the secession of the Southern Philippines to moderate their demands.

Back in Manila, Deputy Defense Minister Carmelo Barbera, a close Marcos aide, said it was his ''reading that President Marcos has given him (Mr. Aquino) a blank check to travel and tacit permission to use his trip to talk to sectors of the opposition.'' Eventually, though, Mr. Aquino says he ''must'' return.

The Philippines dictator has not entirely changed his spots, however. The Deputy Defense Minister said warrants had been issued for 85 other alleged subversives under martial law decrees. Barbara Slavin and Milt Freudenheim

**Graphic**

Illustrations: PHOTO OF BANI SADAR

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[***DESIGN NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D3B0-000B-Y2M0-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***by Ada Louise Huxtable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D3B0-000B-Y2M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 14, 1980, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Body**

MY idea of the perfect vacation is a place where there is no architecture at all; but that is understandable since the rest of my year is spent in the all-too-serious appraisal of the built environment. A desert island, perhaps, with all the comforts of home. Or a tent in the wilderness supplied with modern conveniences and services. Surroundings of unspoiled natural beauty, with cordon bleu chefs lurking behind the bushes. Or of artful, ever-blooming luxury, where one's needs are just as artfully anticipated. The idea is escape -from everything that ordinarily dominates and binds, from all things onerous and demanding. Escape laced with enchantment and ease.

It takes a conscious act to create such a place - and the shrewd understanding that it should be no place like home, and a home away from home, as well. Traditionally, such places are called resorts, and they range from the shoddy to the inspired. They are usually the product of a gifted breed of vacation visionaries and their architects, whose dreams have ranged from the earnest and picturesque marriage of man and nature, such as the Smiley family's archetypical Mohonk Mountain House on the edge of a glacier lake in the mountains of New York State, to the Mediterranean stage set of Addison Mizner's totally urbane Palm Beach. They established styles of pleasure and architecture.

AN-A

Like all styles, fashions in vacations change. The mountain houses with verandas by the mile where the most active sports were walking into seven-course meals and contemplating the view have given way to the activity-centered hotels that feature swimming pools and encounter sessions for singles rather than postprandial promenades.

The sheer luxury of genteel boredom is passe. The fashionable world that sets vacation styles moves on to new settings. The 19th-century belle packed her bustles for Saratoga; the 20th-century flapper took her beaded chemises to Florida.

The objective was the same -amusement and flirtation, or, as it was phrased by those who sold it, relaxation and romance. It was just the background that changed, from wicker and peacocks on the grass to streamlined Deco and flamingos, from sublime sunset vistas to the opalescent ocean.

If only God could make a tree, it took man to plant the palms in Palm Beach, and to build hotels in Miami. But each resort succeeded in supplying some special need in its own time. And that it is all part of history now is the burden of a current wave of exhibitions and publications and National Register nominations treating resort architecture as a subject for scholarly investigation and landmark designation.

Those who think historic district designations are restricted to places like Boston's Beacon Hill will be interested to learn that a mile-square area of Miami Beach with a concentration of 1930's hotels and houses has been placed on the National Register as the country's first Art Deco district.

The Florida Endowment for the Humanities has funded a descriptive brochure of the area, with essays on its social and architectural history, published by the Miami Design Preservation League. (The brochure is available from the league at 1630 Euclid Avenue, Miami Beach, Fla., 33139).

The rise and fall and sometime regeneration of the Catskills as a favorite vacation spot over the last 150 years is currently the subject of an exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum (2 East 91st Street through Aug. 27) called ''Resorts of the Catskills.''

This is a particularly seasonable and delightful show. With the help of grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the New York Council for the Humanities and the New York State Council on the Arts, the photographer John Margolies has put together a visual record of selected resorts, with an accompanying catalogue buttressed by contributions on their sylistic and social significance.

Everything from boarding houses and bungalows to Grand Hotels and ''country club'' resorts is included. Architecturally, most are ad hoc accretions of wings and functions as they grew from the clapboard rustic of the 19th century to the stucco and high-rise sophistication of the 20th century.

But originally there was a general, overriding style, of vacation if not of architecture, based on getting-away-from-it-all. The 19th century mountain resort stressed its contrast with the city - the healthful air and the room with a view. That room was usually spartan; a small, personal cubicle replaced the sleeping porch as the desire for private accommodations increased. A brass bed supplanted the cot, and floors were plain, bare wood.

The paid vacation, a 19th-century American invention, changed what was a retreat for the rich into a yearly ritual for the ***working class***. But from the most elaborate to the most humble lodging, the rustic scene prevailed, with wicker parlors, vast, echoing, beamed dining rooms and rows of rockers on the piazza.

Surely one of the most unusual and evocative exhibitions ever mounted in a museum is the wicker parlor of Hanson's Hotel in Deposit, N.Y., installed intact in the Cooper-Hewitt show. The hotel was closed in 1977. A group of white wicker settees, rockers and straight chairs, upholstered in flowered cretonne and punctuated by wicker smoking stands creates a magic circle that immediately conjures up the summers of yesteryear.

Set on a display platform, this group becomes a unique artifact of the popular resort culture. For anyone who remembers the crystalline mornings of New York or New England mountains in July, followed by the doldrums of the inevitable evening ennui, its ordinariness is sublime.

Today, the American hotel-motel culture has taken over. It has brought the air-conditioned room with paired queen-sized beds and wall-to-wall carpet that makes one resort room indistinguishable from another, anywhere. It has also brought bathrooms, which is not all bad. But the rustic resort and the bucolic pleasure, except for some notable relics, is a thing of the past.

Miami Beach Art Deco is also a thing of the past. It was equally the creation of a setting in response to a mood and a need. And although escape was the objective, as always, at that time it had a special meaning.

When these hotels and houses were built in the 1930's, according to Harris J. Sobin in the Miami Design Preservation League pamphlet, ''Time Present, Time Past,'' the ''modernistic'' buildings, with their smooth, color-trimmed white walls, glass brick, sleek curves and pyramided forms were meant to ''express the freshness, freedom, excitement, urbanity and mood of escape which a glamorous new seaside resort promised the people of a tired, badly discouraged and disenchanted nation.''

''During the Depression people needed to let go,'' writes Leicester Hemingway, Ernest Hemingway's younger brother who has lived in Miami since 1935. ''Architects wanted something modern, so they smoothed the balconies, they smoothed everything until you got the feeling that life was smooth. The buildings made you feel all cleaned and new and excited and happy to be here.''

The promise was as transient as the ''modernism'' of the Deco period, which relied more on effect than on reality and whose effect came more from novelty than from invention; its radicalism masked a traditional, romantic-classical massing of eclectic motifs. The ''style'' we see now is quite different from the style that was intended then, based on hindsight and the full view of an era, rather than on its own claims to the future.

One thing is certain: nothing has vanished so completely as last year's vacation. Escape is short-lived and ephemeral at best - as temporary as the room one makes one's own for a fortnight, as if no one had lived in it before or would again.

And while a few places have kept their moneyed enchantment - Palm Beach and the Hamptons, for example - nothing is as sad as the resort that the fashionable world is done with. But they have all served us well. For a week or a season, we believe in the possibility of something ''new and exciting.'' We even have the feeling that life is smooth again.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo

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[***Police in New Orleans: Film Noir in Real Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-X040-008G-F0BR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ADAM NOSSITER,

By ADAM NOSSITER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18

**Body**

With the trained eye of a veteran investigator, Officer Len Davis gave a detailed description of Kim Groves over his cellular phone, right down to the bleach stains on her trousers. But Officer Davis made the call, larded with profanity and secretly recorded by Federal agents, not to aid fellow officers in an arrest, prosecutors say, but to demand that the young woman be murdered.

Federal prosecutors assert that the recording, made on Oct. 13 by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation eavesdropping on Officer Davis's calls as part of a drug investigation, revealed a contract killing ordered by Officer Davis. Twenty minutes later, Ms. Groves was dead, and an exultant cry of "Yeah!" crackled over Officer Davis's phone. "Rock, rock-a-bye," he said cheerfully from his patrol car.

New Orleans residents are wearily accustomed to headlines reporting scandals in the department. In the last three years officers have been charged with armed robbery, kidnapping, battery, bribery, extortion, rape, even murder; as many as 30 officers have been arrested, many of them convicted. And over the years the department's reputation for brutality has been sustained by regular fatal encounters between the police and citizens.

Among the perennial reasons cited for the corruption here were minimal hiring qualifications, the absence of an effective system for weeding out officers accused of misconduct, and low pay. In 1993, Law and Order Magazine said new officers were paid $18,000 a year. A recent study by the Louisiana National Guard said New Orleans was "the most poorly paid police department in the nation among cities of comparable size."

But even by New Orleans standards the evidence in the latest case was shocking. Prosecutors say Ms. Groves, a 32-year-old mother of three, was killed because she had filed a brutality complaint against Officer Davis. He and two men accused of being his accomplices have been charged in Federal District Court here with conspiring to violate Ms. Groves's civil rights. If convicted, they could be sentenced to death.

A spokeswoman for the New Orleans District Attorney, Harry Connick, said last week that no state murder charges had been brought because the case had not been referred by Federal authorities.

Federal agents said they had stumbled upon their evidence against Officer Davis while monitoring him as part of a sting operation in which officers led by Mr. Davis were paid by undercover agents posing as drug dealers to protect shipments of cocaine from an abandoned warehouse near the city docks.

Officer Davis and eight fellow officers were indicted on charges of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. If convicted they face mandatory minimum sentences of 15 years, with the possibility of life in prison. All have pleaded not guilty to the drug charges.

Officer Davis's lawyer, Curklin Atkins, could not be reached for comment.

At a hearing last week on both the drug and civil rights charges a Federal magistrate denied bail for five officers, including Mr. Davis, and set bond for the remaining four at $100,000. No pleas have been entered in the civil rights case.

As this city struggles to control rising crime rates, including one of the nation's highest murder rates, the arrests have prompted many residents to ask whether the police department is part of the problem rather than the solution.

Police officials who showed up to talk at a neighborhood meeting one night this week in a church near where Ms. Groves was killed were greeted with hostility and derision.

"With the criminals on the block, I know where they stand," a neighborhood resident, Alton Spencer, told the meeting, his voice rising. "With the police we don't know."

He said he had seen officers rob a drug dealer a year ago. When one of the officials at the meeting asked if he had reported the incident to the police, there were snorts of laughter from the crowd of about 40.

"Who are we going to call?" Mr. Spencer asked.

There was no answer.

Ms. Groves was on people's minds. That she had found the courage to file a brutality complaint against Officer Davis was characteristic of her, said Sharon Dabon, who lived a few blocks away. "She spoke out for what she thought was right," Ms. Dabon said. "She lost her life for speaking her piece."

James J. Fyfe, a professor of criminal justice at Temple University, said in an interview last week that no other big city in the United States had experienced the simultaneous corruption and brutality among officers in this city.

"I don't know of any place like New Orleans," said Professor Fyfe, a former New York police officer and an author of "Above the Law: Police and the Excessive Use of Force" (Free Press, 1993). "In New Orleans, it's sort of a film noir situation, where you have cops who are both brutal and corrupt."

There are 1,500 officers on the police force here. From 1985 to 1990, the Justice Department received 26 civil rights complaints for every 1,000 officers -- the highest rate of the 66 law enforcement agencies studied by Professor Fyfe. The rate was 52 times the rate for New York, which reported 0.5 complaints for every 1,000 officers during the same period.

In 1990, Adolph Archie, a suspect in the shooting of an officer, died from a severe beating while in police custody. No officers were disciplined in that incident, said Professor Fyfe, who described it as "almost like a lynching." Since then there have been other scandals, including these:

\*This year the deputy head of the vice squad -- disbanded after its members became targets of a corruption investigation -- was convicted of robbing bars and strip clubs in the French Quarter, even grabbing fistfuls of money from cash registers during raids, according to testimony at his trial.

\*The chief of detectives was dismissed this year for moonlighting for a Las Vegas, Nev., gambling company and for operating an unlicensed private security business accused of bilking a visiting movie crew. No charges were filed.

\*The commander who enforced the department's internal rules was accused of roughing up a motorist in a routine traffic stop. The case was dismissed in Municipal Court.

\*Last year the lieutenant who headed the robbery division was charged with shooting at his son. The case is pending in state court.

\*A patrolman was charged this year with kidnapping and first-degree murder. That case is also pending in the criminal court.

\*An investigation last year by the Metropolitan Crime Commission, an independent citizens' group, found that officers had kept recovered stolen cars instead of returning them to their owners. The department has taken no disciplinary action on the group's report but said it would get the cars back to their owners.

The new superintendent of police for New Orleans, Richard Pennington, did not respond to a written list of questions this week. A police spokesman said Mr. Pennington had been too busy.

On the night of Oct. 11, Ms. Groves saw what she considered an incident of police brutality in front of a dingy convenience store in the drug-infested, ***working-class*** neighborhood of low cottages and treeless streets where she lived with her grandmother.

The next day, Ms. Groves told the department's internal affairs office that she had seen two officers punching Nathan Norwood, a 17-year-old friend of her son, in the stomach and hitting him in the back of the head with his gun while yelling, "Where is it at?" When the beating ended, she said, blood was running down Mr. Norwood's face, and he appeared to be dizzy.

Ms. Groves recognized one officer as Len Davis, with whom she had attended a training school for security guards.

Less than three hours after Ms. Groves went to the internal affairs office, Officer Davis knew of her complaint. "Be looking for something to come down," he told his partner, Sammie Williams, in a phone conversation monitored by Federal agents.

At 10 P.M. on Oct. 13, Officer Davis spotted Ms. Groves on Alabo Street and dialed the beeper number of Paul Hardy, whom authorities described as a violent narcotics dealer. When Mr. Hardy called back, Officer Davis told him where Ms. Groves was standing and described her clothing. Mr. Hardy responded, "All right, I'm on my way."

By 11:10 P.M., the recordings reveal, Officer Davis's mood had lightened. He announced to his partner over the phone: "Signal 30. N.A.T." The first refers to police code for a homicide. Necessary Action Taken is the meaning of the second.

In an interview last week, Ms. Groves's 78-year-old grandmother, Georgia Falls, recalled: "I went down there. She laid there in a pool of blood. Her head was drenched in blood. We didn't know who could have done something like to that her. She didn't have many enemies in the neighborhood."

**Graphic**

Photos: Posters were put up in front of the house on Alabo Street in New Orleans where Kim Groves lived. (Alex Brandon for The New York Times); Kim Groves was killed after filing a complaint about police brutality in New Orleans.

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Crack;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4NM0-002S-X106-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Disaster of Historic Dimension, Still Growing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4NM0-002S-X106-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

The little pellets first appeared on the West Coast in the early 1980's, the product of brilliant marketing. Someone figured out how to boil down powdered cocaine into crystals that could be smoked rather than snorted. Inhaling this ''crack'' gives a brief, intense high - followed by a crash that leaves the user desperate for more. Each crystal sells for $10 or less, compared with $100 or more for a gram of cocaine powder.

The price opened a mass market for cocaine, and if it was clearly a drug dealer's dream, it soon became a powerful nightmare for everyone else.

Crack has become a household word, and its very familiarity obscures a larger truth: This is more than just another passing crisis. Crack poses a much greater threat than other drugs. It is reaching out to destroy the quality of life, and life itself, at all levels of American society.

Crack may be to the 80's and 90's what the Great Depression was to the 30's or the Vietnam War was to the 60's and 70's. If that sounds alarmist, consider what crack is doing to one sector of society after another.

Crime, and Blood, in the Streets

America once thought of drug-related crime in terms of heroin. Stable organized-crime groups managed distribution. Junkies stole for the price of a fix, then nodded off. The crack high, by contrast, reinforces feelings of power and aggression rather than blissful lassitude. Crack is distributed by younger, wilder, more heavily armed gangs. They arrogantly intimidate whole communities and make war on each other to control the lucrative business. In community after community, crack violence has overwhelmed law enforcement.

A 1986 survey of state prisoners found that 1 in 10 was under the influence of cocaine at the time of the crime, more than twice the number in 1979. More than half the males arrested in nine major cities last year tested positive for cocaine. In Washington, D.C., the figure was 59 percent, up from 14 percent in 1984. In Manhattan, the figure was more than 80 percent. A 1987 survey found that police classified more than a third of murders and two-thirds of robberies and burglaries as drug-related.

Meanwhile, urban emergency rooms report a surge of injuries - crushed bones, blasted organs, floods of internal bleeding - once known only on the battlefield. They are the gory aftermath of shootouts among drug gangs armed for war.

Criminal Justice, Distorted

As an outraged public demands action, crack has forced criminal justice to spend furiously for police, prosecutors, courts and judges in a futile effort to keep up. The most horrendous cost comes at the end of the line. California now has 81,000 people locked up; since 1983, it has built 21,000 new prison beds and plans 16,000 more. Total cost: $3.2 billion. Since 1983, New York has spent about $900 million to build 17,780 cells. But state officials say they will need at least 9,000 more cells by March. President Bush recently pledged $1 billion to build 24,000 Federal prison cells, largely for drug violators.

The billions aren't enough: Federal penitentiaries would still be overcrowded by 25 percent. And at the state level, crack-caused crowding forces jurisdictions to release inmates in order to maintain minimal standards. That undermines all pretense of stern law enforcement.

Mothers Turned Into Monsters

Unlike heroin, crack is popular with women. When they abuse it, they devastate their children as well as themselves. A recent study of 1,226 pregnant inner-city women in Boston found that 20 percent had used cocaine. Between 1986 and 1988, the number of newborn children in New York City testing positive for drugs - mostly cocaine - almost quadrupled, going from 1,325 to 5,088.

Babies born to crack addicts tend to suffer low birthweight, brain damage and malformation. A recent report in The Times described such a child: ''a mere patch of flesh with a tangerine-sized head and limbs like splinters.'' Intensive hospital care for each crack baby costs about $90,000. That translates to $190 million a year in New York. For the nation, the figure is $2.5 billion.

Children of crack addicts are at extreme risk of neglect and abuse, and child welfare agencies are reeling from crack-related cases. In New York since 1987, reports of drug-related neglect and abuse have tripled. Meanwhile, urban child welfare workers estimate that 70 percent of children they see are raised by grandmothers or other relatives after parents abandon them for drugs.

Strain, and Fear, in Hospitals

Injuries, overdoses, or other health emergencies caused by smoking crack increased an astonishing 10 times between 1985 and 1987, according to a Federal survey. The result is rising strain on urban health care systems already struggling with AIDS and a nursing shortage - with dire consequences for the quality of care given all patients.

Crack has even begun to destroy whatever civility was left to daily hospital life. One New York hospital reports that crack-addicted patients leave their beds to purchase the drug on the street, smoke it in their rooms, and routinely commit thefts and assaults. The routine of doctors and nurses, already harried and tense, now is filled with fear.

Health officials also blame crack for a new outbreak of syphilis in cities. The disease is spread by prostitution for drug money and casual sex with many partners in crack houses. Because syphilis also facilitates the spread of AIDS, crack has become an alarming new factor in the AIDS epidemic.

Ripping the Fabric of Society

The most profound damage of crack may be to social values. Crack dealing involves more adolescents than the heroin trade ever did, offering them money enough to realize the most alluring teen-age fantasies - clothes, jewelry, cars, guns, power. Adults, who ought to be exerting authority, shrink in fear of such youngsters.

At the same time, vigilantism has begun to flare. After crack dealers took over an abandoned house on a ***working-class*** street in Detroit, the neighborhood ''changed to a place where bands of teen-agers shot at each other in daylight, sold drugs from the curb and sneered at people who threatened to call the police.'' Fed up, two residents burned the house down. At their trial, rather than deny involvement, they proudly admitted it. The jury quickly acquitted them. That was one of 100 similar fires in Detroit. In a two-week period in Miami last year, 35 suspected crack houses burned down.

Vigilantism, observes Gary

Marx, a sociologist, ''is a bargaining chip for the citizens, who are saying to the authorities, 'Unless you take action, we will.' ''

Crack forces upon America a question once limited to third world societies beset by guerrilla terror: How can citizens respect a government that can't even provide basic security?

The crack-induced strains on

American life are spreading.

Residents of Seaford, Del., population 5,500, describe it as ''a conservative, God-fearing community'' and an ''Ozzie and Harriet kind of place.'' But since crack dealers arrived in 1985, according to The Wall Street Journal, the rural town has seen brutal murders, robberies, burglaries, assaults, prostitution, syphilis and a cocaine-positive baby. There are other Seafords as drug dealers seek new markets in smaller cities and towns.

Even as the crack poison spreads to middle America, a Federal Government grown used to budget deficits and constricted social policies remains leery of any concerted response. Last year, Congress authorized a few billion dollars in a drug bill that also created a drug ''czar.''

But those are diffident gestures against a murderous industry worth tens of billions a year. The Administration acts as though the American people fear taxes and big government more than drug gangs that are seizing control of their communities.

It is true that experts differ on how to respond. But that's no reason for inaction. There is broad agreement on the need for more law enforcement to secure streets and more treatment to reclaim addicts. And there is good reason to think sustained attention and resources would engender many effective new ideas.

Easing cold war tensions makes clearer than ever the threat to national security from the crack invasion. It requires a national mobilization as if for war, headed by a President - not merely a sub-Cabinet czar - who is willing to grope for answers and fight for victory. Franklin Roosevelt wasn't sure how to fight the Great Depression, but he knew that the first requirements were determination and leadership.

How much more must the crack disaster destroy before the United States Government grasps its dimension?

**Graphic**

Graphs of crack-related emergency room visits in Los Angeles, Detroit and New York, 1985 vs. 1987 (Source: National Institute on Drug Abuse); percentage of people arrested in Washington, D.C., who were under the influence of cocaine, 1984-1988 (Source: Department of Justice survey); number of babies born in New York City who tested positive for drugs, 1986 vs. 1988 (Source: Department of Justice)

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[***THE NEW HISTORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D300-000B-Y1RN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Body**

THE PAST BEFORE US Contemporary Historical Writing in the United States. Edited for the American Historical Association by Michael Kammen. 524 pp. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press. $19.95.

By GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

ABOUT a hundred years ago a wise Englishman announced, ''We are all socialists now.'' So the historian reading this volume may well conclude, ''We are all social historians now.'' ''The Past Before Us'' is a document of major importance, for it not only is an admirable survey of ''Contemporary Historical Writing in the United States,'' but it also demonstrates how far social history, in one form or another, has gone in capturing the historical imagination. Sponsored by the American Historical Association and ably edited and introduced by Prof. Michael Kammen, it includes essays by 20 eminent historians on a variety of subjects. And almost every essay - on medieval or Latin American history, on political, social, urban or local history, on quantitative, psychoanalytic or oral history - reveals the dominating influence of social history.

AN-A

That the relatively new fields -women and the family, black and ethnic history, community and urban studies - are species of social history is obvious. What is more interesting is the transformation of such familiar fields as political or intellectual history. It is with something of an effort, as one reads the instructive account by Allan G. Bogue of the ''new political history,'' that one recalls what the old political history was like: a chronological, narrative account of major political events, focusing on the succession of kings, prime ministers or presidents, parties, elections, legislation and manifestoes. The new school of political history could address itself to any of these subjects, but in such a way as to make of it a very different kind of subject, one that is amenable to statistical articulation (the Guttman scale, regression coefficients), prosopography (the collective biography of ''elites''), models of the decision-making process or some sophisticated analytic device (systems-analysis, computerized roll-call analysis, ethno-culturalvariable analysis). Instead of concentrating on the progression of events - what happened, how it happened, how one event led to another - the new history provides the kind of ''structural analysis'' that often has the effect of freezing history, so to speak, stopping the movement in order to dissect a cross section of it. Except for the fact that the subject of inquiry is located in the past, the new political historian is indistinguishable from the political scientist, social scientist or political sociologist.

Intellectual and cultural history, as Robert Darnton shows (and as he has brilliantly demonstrated in his own work on the Enlightenment), have been similarly

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Gertrude Himmelfarb, professor of history at the Graduate School of the City University of New York, is the author of ''On Liberty and Liberalism.''

''social-scientized.'' Concerned more with the circulation of books than with their contents, with quantitative evidence of who read what than with the textual analysis of what was read, with the attitudes and beliefs of the ''common man'' than with the ideas of intellectuals, the new intellectual history is more akin to sociology than to philosophy. And cultural history is closer still to anthropology. The word ''culture'' is coming more and more to be understood not in the ''elitist'' sense of ''high culture,'' but in the anthropological sense, in which it refers not only to popular art, music or literature, but also to sports and recreations, fashions in dress and modes of cooking.

One of the striking effects of social history is the disrepute it has brought to ''elite'' history. The current battle-cry is ''history from the bottom up'' - the history of the ''common man,'' the ''inarticulate

masses.'' Even psychohistory - which by its nature, one might think, is ''elitist,'' concerned with individuals, and with prominent individuals at that (Luther, Gandhi, Hitler) - is trying to go beyond the old format of psychobiography and is experimenting with collective psychobiographies (of the Weimar generation, for example), or psychohistories of mass phenomena (Puritan childhood or witchcraft).

The subject is full of paradoxes. While political history (in the old-fashioned sense) is declining, history in general is becoming increasingly politicized. Professor Kammen comments on the tendency to permit, even encourage, historians to make ''moral judgments'' and express their ''emotional or ideological engagement'' with their subjects. This politicization of history, combined with the varieties of new methods, gives rise to another paradox: the fact that the increased use of quantification, models and other socialscience techniques has led not to an increased confidence in the objective, scientific character of history, but to an increased sense of relativism and subjectivism. As different models produce different results, so

the different modes of new history give a new urgency to that old adage, ''Everyman his own historian.'' Another anomaly (pointed out by Karl Morrison in his essay on medieval studies, but even more pertinent to such fields as urban and local history) is the greater fragmentation not only of the discipline as a whole but of each part of it, and this precisely at a time when the ''new history'' itself calls for a more integrated, interdisciplinary, comparative, ''total history.''

Social history has another curious aspect. Professor Kammen observes that attention is increasingly being diverted from the ''public sector,'' the arena of politics and public affairs, to ''private places'': the family, the bedroom and nursery, voluntary associations and nonpolitical social institutions (factories, prisons, hospitals, schools). This creates a tension within social history that is threatening to tear the field apart.

While one group of social historians is intent upon the ''socialscientization'' of the discipline, another is demanding its ''humanization.'' The ''humanists'' look for the ''***working-class*** experience'' not in numbers and charts but in ''consciousness'' and ''sensibility,'' not in statistics of wages and prices but in attitudes toward work and authority, not in the standard of living but in the ''quality of life,'' not in institutions and movements (trade unionism, for example) but in personal and communal relations.

The new history, then, even as it is capturing the commanding heights of the profession, is not without its problems. And perhaps the greatest of its problems is what to do with the old history. Carl Degler, in his perceptive essay on ''Women and the Family,'' raises the issue in relation to his own subject. The integration of women and the family into ''general history,'' he says, requires something more than the assertion that women make up half the population and that everyone comes from a family. ''For the plain fact is that history, as that word is defined by many citizens and most historians, still does not include those activities women have engaged in; nor is it immediately clear to people outside the field how the history of the family helps us better to understand the past.'' But his conclusion is more provocative still: ''In sum, what is meant by history or the past will have to be changed before these two subdisciplines become an integral part of it.''

The question for many new historians is how ''history'' or ''the past'' can be changed so as to make women, the family or whatever a truly integral part of it. The question for old historians is whether any such revision can satisfy their own conception of history or sense of the past, a past that they see as consisting (not exclusively, but essentially) of the unfolding of great events, in which ''great men'' (by which is also meant great women) play a conspicuous part, and which can be conveyed in ordinary (or, preferably, better than ordinary) literary prose. My own impression, from intimations in this volume and elsewhere, is that some new historians are becoming increasingly sensitive to these traditional concerns, and that the ''humanization'' of social history will eventually lead, not to a restoration of the old history, but to an accommodation in which old and new can live together.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Drawing

**End of Document**



[***POLAND GIVES REBEL WORKERS RIGHT TO INDEPENDENT UNIONS, BUT THE WALKOUT CONTINUES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D150-000B-Y2HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1367 words

**Byline:** By JOHN VINOCUR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GDANSK, Poland, Aug. 30

**Body**

The Polish Government and the strike committee at the Lenin Shipyard reached a preliminary agreement today that for the first time grants workers in a Soviet-bloc country the right to strike and form independent, self-governing trade unions. But strike leaders said later that the accord fell short of a final understanding and new discussions were scheduled for tomorrow.

Deputy Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Jagielski returned to Gdansk from War-

Excerpts from agreement, page 16.

saw with approval for the agreement from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, but expectations that the strike would end with his arrival dissipated when the strike leaders said important points required clarification in a new round of talks.

One of the unresolved issues was whether the agreement would extend to the entire country or just the Baltic Sea coast, where the strike stopped most industrial and maritime activity. There was also a debate among the strike leadership about whether the Government should be required to promise to release jailed dissidents in Warsaw before the strike was ended.

AN-AParty's Monopoly Seems Broken

In acceding to the formation of trade unions that could exist apart from the state-controlled institutions that have been the only labor organizations accepted under Communist rule, the agreement breaches the basic assumption in post-World War II Eastern Europe that the Communist Party controls all significant activity affecting national life.

A great roar went up in the delegates' hall at the shipyard here, where production has been halted by a strike for more than two weeks, when the announcement of the agreement in principle was made over loudspeakers that were broadcasting the negotiations between the strike committee, led by Lech Walesa, a shipyard worker, and Deputy Prime Minister Jagielski.

The strike at the Lenin yards was the spearhead of the movement that has taken about 350,000 Polish workers off their jobs since mid-August in a series of solidarity walkouts.

Workers Urged to End Strike

Mr. Jagielski left the meeting at midday for Warsaw, promising that he would return with the Central Committee's approval of the agreement. He appealed to the workers to go back to their jobs immediately and to end what he said was immense economic strain being placed on the country. Tonight Polish television announced that the Central Committee, meeting in Warsaw under its leader, Edward Gierek, had approved the agreement.

Word of the preliminary agreement first came in a statement by Andrzej Gwiazda, a member of the strike executive committee, who said that ''the new unions will fulfill all constitutional principles, and recognize the leading role of the party, the state and all of Poland's alliances and international obligations.''

This appeared to be an attempt to reassure both the Soviet Union and the Polish Communist leadership that the new unions would serve essentially as collective-bargaining organizations concerned with workers' welfare, as opposed to bodies with a specific political character that could be considered contrary to the established authority.

A high party source said that this aspect of the workers' demands - others included the abolition of censorship, amnesty for critics of the regime and a series of wage increases and social benefits - was the most troubling for the party. Regardless of what was agreed on, the source said, the independent unions could become a center of political discontent, and to that extent they could become a negative element in political life.

When the idea began to sink in among many strikers that the reference to the leading role of the Communist Party was a reaffirmation of the status quo, there were many disgruntled remarks, although a number of those dissatisfied said this was the only way the deal could have been made.

The pledges on both sides to adhere to the agreement also had to be judged in the light of the way concessions made by the authorities after upheavals in 1956, 1970 and 1976 were put into effect. In most cases there was some liberalization for a year or two and then a relapse into the old ways of doing things.

Mr. Jagielski, whose comments were heard over the loudspeaker system of the yard, appeared to try to stress the limited character of the unions by saying, ''The future unions will be concerned with questions of salary and social conditions.''

The present party-controlled unions will continue alongside the new bodies. ''We accepted a common political platform of understanding that will be reflected in the future status of the organizations,'' Mr. Jagielski said.

Under the current system the unions belong to the Central Council of Trade Unions. Until last Sunday the head of the council was also a member of the party Politburo. Membership in unions is not mandatory for workers.

Elections were held to choose union officers in individual factories, but the slate of candidates was proposed by the union executive committee. Only a limited number of candidates - never as many as half - could be proposed from the floor. This arrangement enabled the union leaders to maintain themselves in power.

The new unions are not to be part of the central organization, but no indication was given of how they might organize or recruit, and there was no statement of what relations, if any, they would be allowed to maintain with international labor organizations.

Mr. Gwiazda said, ''The Government will guarantee the respect of the new unions and has assured us that they will not be discriminated against.''

Mr. Walesa, the strike leader who played the role of Mr. Jagielski's opposite number during a week of negotiating, told a shouting, enthusiastic crowd at the plant gate: ''Essentially, we've got things the way we want them. We've got the right to strike and independent unions.''

Lifting of Censorship

On the question of lifting censorship, one of the 21 demands put forward by the strikers, Mr. Walesa said: ''They'll have to agree on that too, but in a way they already have. We're publishing our own papers already. So to a real extent, at least as far as we're concerned, censorship has been abolished.''

Mr. Walesa also insisted on the release of the dissident intellectuals in Warsaw. ''Please free those people,'' he urged the Deputy Prime Minister.

''I heard that there were such problems,'' Mr. Jagielski replied, ''but they're being taken care of.'' The official then said, ''I propose that we sign everything now and you finish up the strike.''

''Today you're here as deputy prime minister,'' Mr. Walesa answered, ''but tomorrow it could be somebody else. Let the party make its position known on the independent unions before I say anything more. We've got plenty of time.''

The Right to Strike

In addition to the necessity to define the unions' role more completely, there was some apparent vagueness concerning the Government's willingness to recognize the right to strike, an issue that became an academic question in practical terms here because of the work stoppages. But the issue was significant because strikes are explained in Communist countries as a characteristic component of capitalism - one that has no meaning to nations where the ***working class*** is supposed to be in power.

Mr. Jagielski said, ''We've got to go over the mechanism dealing with how strikes are proclaimed.'' He was told by the strike committee that there had to be discussions of guarantees for people who suppport strikes without being participants. ''I accept such demands,'' the deputy prime minister said, ''but in fact such guarantees are rarely needed.''

Mr. Jagielski also promised improved availability of consumer goods, better social conditions, wage raises for people in the lower income brackets, and additional paid leave for mothers of newborn children. He said the Government hopes to elaborate these details by Sept. 30.

In Szczecin, a coastal city west of Gdansk where 50,000 workers have also been on strike, the Government announced that an agreement had been reached in separate bargaining. The local radio station there said that workers were expected to return to work at 6 A.M. Monday. The announcement was also carried by the official Polish news agency.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Lech Walesa and striking workers photo of Mieczyslaw Jagielski

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC; Country Singers Who Still Display A Country Heart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42W7-N9K0-0109-T0XT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 33

**Length:** 1694 words

**Byline:**  By ANTHONY DeCURTIS; Anthony DeCurtis is a contributing editor at Rolling Stone magazine.

**Body**

MAINSTREAM country music has taken a deserved critical drubbing for at least the last decade, at a time when, not coincidentally, it became a dominant commercial force. Success, as it so often happens, has made major-label country music only more conservative, closed not only to innovation but also to its own uproarious history. Increasingly, the sounds emanating from Nashville are indistinguishable, one from another. What often passes for country now, particularly on radio stations playing that tightly controlled format, is a bland blend of tried-and-true formulas, with every edge smoothed by waves of hit-making experience. Country these days is defined more by what it lacks than by what it is: it's 70's rock without the sexual knowingness; singer-songwriter narratives without the desperate confessions; friendly, slickly packaged Southernness with none of the region's literary flair or ungovernable eccentricities.

Country has existed in an uneasy relationship to its rowdy rural origins since the 1960's, when producers like Owen Bradley and the guitarist Chet Atkins used string, horn and background-vocal arrangements to steer the music in a direction perceived to be more sophisticated. This countrypolitan impulse lent a pop-oriented tint to country's hillbilly and country-and-western roots and differentiated it from the anarchic rumblings of rock 'n' roll, thereby making it appealing to older audiences outside the South and West. But its ultimate manifestation in the 1990's and since has been a sound that is more well-manicured suburban than citified. It's the epitome of the Osmonds' insufferable "A Little Bit Country, a Little Bit Rock and Roll" bromide -- cautiously produced, with every vocal and instrumental part, every off-the-shelf harmony perfectly in place. It's all generic style, with no character or substance.

Like suburban living, contemporary country is frequently more compelling to its many devotees as a refuge from other disturbing realities -- the harshness of hip-hop and hard rock, for example -- than as a destination in itself. And it is similarly exclusionary. Though the mighty figures who shaped country music like Johnny Cash, George Jones and Willie Nelson are still making worthy music, they have long been consigned to the status of museum pieces by official Nashville. They are revered but inconsequential to the commercial life of country. Their legacy has been more typically honored by rock bands, from the pioneering Uncle Tupelo to determined survivors like the Jayhawks, who look to classic country for inspiration. But the quality of the music made by those so-called alternative country bands has been far more impressive than its sales.

So it's easy for musicians, even those with a rightful country lineage, to find themselves on the wrong side of the music's narrowly drawn boundaries, particularly if they have aged beyond Nashville's preferred demographic of young hunks and honeys. Rodney Crowell, Dolly Parton, Delbert McClinton and Johnny Dowd are all artists whose recent releases provide damning commentary on the current state of country.

RODNEY CROWELL

Rodney Crowell, a songwriter, producer and performer whose 1988 album, "Diamonds and Dust," sent a record-setting five songs to the top of the country charts, personally had to finance the making of his first new album in more than five years, "The Houston Kid" (Sugar Hill SUG-1065). On one song, "Why Don't We Talk About It," Mr. Crowell even speaks directly to the Nashville power structure that has dismissed him as a has-been. "Guess my reputation says I'm flaky," the singer admits. "Hey, my whole situation's kinda shaky/ Some people round here think I've lost it/ They drew the line, I stepped across it."

But important as they are, Mr. Crowell's battles with the Nashville establishment are the least compelling aspect of "The Houston Kid." The album is an unsparing musical autobiography, a chronicle of Mr. Crowell's unruly coming of age in a troubled ***working-class*** Texas family.

In fact, many of its songs took shape as Mr. Crowell, who is 50, was trying to write a memoir. While country music has addressed domestic violence in Garth Brooks's melodramatic "The Thunder Rolls" and the Thelma-and-Louise fantasy "Goodbye Earl" by the Dixie Chicks, it has rarely encountered a depiction as stark as Mr. Crowell's portrayal of his parents' brawls in "Topsy Turvy": "Daddy's gone crazy as an outhouse rat/ Mama's on the sofa with a big black eye/ I cross my heart and tell myself I hope they die."

As much a product of the Beatles as Johnny Cash, his former father-in-law, who joins him on "I Walk the Line Revisited," Mr. Crowell conjures up a chiming country-rock on "The Houston Kid" that lives up to both sides of the hyphen. But catchy and well-made as the music is, this album is most notable for the fearlessness of its themes. By the time Mr. Crowell closes with the touching ballad "I Know Love Is All I Need," he has earned the redemptive knowledge of that title and then some.

DOLLY PARTON

Few figures, so to speak, are as closely associated with country music in the popular imagination as Dolly Parton, whose penchant for self-parody and Hollywood (not to mention Dollywood, her hugely popular theme park in Tennessee) ambitions have often overshadowed her immense talents as a songwriter and singer. Like Rodney Crowell, Ms. Parton, who is 54, has seen her success as a mainstream country artist evaporate in recent years. And, like Mr. Crowell, she has taken that freedom from commercial expectations to create music that is more personal than anything on the current country charts.

Her 1999 release, "The Grass Is Blue," recently won a Grammy in the category of best bluegrass album. Her new album, "Little Sparrow" (Blue Eye/Sugar Hill SUG-3927), continues in that traditional vein, with equally appealing results. Recording with a small group of musicians, all playing acoustic instruments (mandolin, fiddle, banjo, dobro, dulcimer, stand-up bass), Ms. Parton evokes the sounds and styles she grew up with in her native Appalachia, her "Tennessee Mountain Home," as she put it in one of her best-known songs.

"Im heading for bluer pastures,/ Where the bluegrass waves sweetly in the wind/ And the bluegrass music's always playing/ To the haunting sound of Monroe's mandolin," Ms. Parton sings on one of the tracks that she wrote herself, paying tribute to the country music giant Bill Monroe. But "Little Sparrow" ventures beyond bluegrass into the folkloric darkness of the title song, with its witches, ghosts and demons, as well as into the breezy wit of Cole Porter's "I Get a Kick Out of You" and the prayerfulness of Collective Soul's "Shine." Ms. Parton wins over these songs from such varied sources with all the charm of a down-home hostess making both country cousins and city slickers comfortable at a barn dance. Before long, all superficial distinctions disappear, and her peerless voice and superb band are all that matter.

DELBERT McCLINTON

He may live in Nashville and he has written songs for the honky-tonk wing of the current crop of stars, but Delbert McClinton has a brand of country that is straight out of the Texas roadhouses, where he earned his stripes. Though he is now 59, he has lost none of his barrel-chested power, as "Nothing Personal" (New West NW6024), one of the strongest albums of his long career, demonstrates beyond a doubt.

Earthy rhythm and blues and muscular blues-rock come as naturally to Mr. McClinton as a weepy country ballad like "Birmingham Tonight," a duet with Iris DeMent, which he sings with a sly regret reminiscent of Jerry Lee Lewis. Mr. Lewis's raucous humor and staccato phrasing also provide inspiration for "Livin' It Down," an instant bar-band classic on which Mr. McClinton's sexy drawl makes an effortless rhyme of boomerang and sting. "It's a crime to spend your time trying to comply," he sings on "Watchin' the Rain," the laid-back apologia that closes "Nothing Personal." By that standard Mr. McClinton is a blissfully innocent man. As Nashville's trends have come and gone, he has traveled his own path for nearly four decades. And he is showing no sign of veering from it any time soon.

JOHNNY DOWD

Like Delbert McClinton and Rodney Crowell, Johnny Dowd hails from the Lone Star State. But unlike those two men, and Dolly Parton as well, he has not devoted his life to music. He was pushing 50 when, in 1997, he released his first album, "Wrong Side of Memphis," and to this day, when he is not on the road, he works as a moving man in Ithaca, N.Y. He recently put out his third album, "Temporary Shelter" (Koch KOC-8025).

It's an imaginative stretch, to be sure, to consider Mr. Dowd a country artist in any but the most metaphoric sense. He may have borrowed a title from Hank Williams for his second album, "Pictures From Life's Other Side," but he is really more like one of the spectral figures that haunt Ms. Parton's Appalachian mountains come frighteningly to life. Mr. Dowd sings in a strangulated croak that will challenge even the most open-minded listener, and his guitar playing alternates skeletal lines with bursts of feedback. Modern touches like chattering percussion and spooky synthesizer effects flesh out his sound, if that term can be applied to such spare arrangements.

In songs like "Cradle to the Grave," "Death Comes Knocking" and "Lost Avenue," Mr. Dowd wanders a landscape battered by betrayal, threat and barely submerged violence. "Sometimes late at night when I'm wallowing in fear" is a characteristic opening line.

As his vocal foil, Mr. Dowd employs Kim Sherwood-Caso, a female singer whose utter lack of affect suggests innocence (soon to be corrupted), eroticism (soon to be exploited) and general carelessness (soon to be regretted). But Mr. Dowd's characters also embody a ravaged rural stoicism, a tough determination to survive, which contemporary country music has turned its back on with an embarrassed shudder. That's too bad because country's roots are buried deep in that soil. And in cutting itself free from that source, the heart of the heart of country, the music has ensured its own irrelevance.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: In their new releases, Rodney Crowell (top), Delbert McClinton and Dolly Parton provide a scathing critique of country music as it has evolved. (Jim Herrington); (Nancy Lee Andrews); (Rahav Segev)(pg. 33); The country singer and guitarist Johnny Dowd, a late starter. (Kat Dalton)(pg. 40)

**Load-Date:** April 22, 2001

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[***From a Landlord-Tenant Dispute, 4 Fatal Shootings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WYR0-008G-F03N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1179 words

**Byline:** By DAVID FIRESTONE

By DAVID FIRESTONE

**Body**

Yesterday was the day that Charles Chang-ming Lee and Shelley Yin, husband-and-wife landlords from Taiwan, were going to evict a problem tenant from a cubicle in the basement of their Elmhurst duplex. But their tenant, Hsu Wen-ping, put a violent end to their plans on Sunday night in a shooting spree that left death in three locations scattered through central Queens.

By the time it ended late Sunday, the landlords and their tenant were dead. So was a Mount Vernon man who happened to cross the gunman's path on his way home from a steakhouse. And two police officers were wounded, one so seriously that his blood left a dark trail through a blocklong parking garage as he was pulled to safety.

Ms. Yin, the Mount Vernon man and the officers were shot in a wild explosion of gunfire that started in a Chinese restaurant. But the motive for that violence left investigators baffled until yesterday morning, when police officers found the body of Mr. Lee, 40, a special-education evaluator in the Queens public schools, in the basement of the house in Elmhurst that he and his wife owned.

The police said it appeared that Mr. Hsu, 46, shot Mr. Lee around 9 P.M. on Sunday in the house on 83d Street, then went to the Tung Shing House, a Chinese restaurant a mile and a half away on Queens Boulevard in Rego Park, and shot Ms. Yin, 41, as she sat behind the cash register where she worked as a cashier.

The restaurant manager, Yuksham Yim, 53, was shot in the leg while chasing the gunman, who also fired on a passing taxi driver, wounding him in the arm. Mr. Hsu then ran into an underground parking garage five blocks away, where he shot and killed Laakhraj Dalipram, 31, a Mount Vernon resident who was driving out of the lot after dining at a Sizzler restaurant.

Two police officers working across the street then joined the pursuit, which ended when Mr. Hsu was cornered in an underground parking garage three blocks away. Mr. Hsu was shot to death by the officers, one of whom, Officer Thomas Koehler, received a serious wound to the leg and lost about half of his blood.

Officer Koehler, 26, was in stable condition at Elmhurst Hospital Center last night. Officer Charles Martin, 24, who received a chest bruise when his bulletproof vest stopped a ricocheting bullet, was also hospitalized.

Capt. Donald Kelly of the Queens Detective Division said investigators found medication in Mr. Hsu's room indicating that he suffered from Parkinson's disease. A rent check from Mr. Hsu was found on the landlords' refrigerator, Captain Kelly said, but the landlords had apparently intended to evict him anyway because of his bizarre actions. The police said yesterday that the pills they found, taken together, could produce erratic behavior.

Police records show Mr. Hsu was convicted on weapons charges in 1983 and again in 1990, and was also arrested for assault in 1976, although that charge was later dropped. The police said last night that they did not know how or where Mr. Hsu obtained the weapon used in the attack on Sunday.

United States Representative Gary L. Ackerman, a Queens Democrat, was dining in the restaurant when the shooting occurred and was bitterly critical yesterday of the response from the city's Emergency Medical Service. He said that he called 911 immediately after the shooting but that while several E.M.S. ambulances passed by the restaurant, none stopped until 40 minutes after his call.

"I can't help but believe if they had gotten there about half an hour earlier," Ms. Yin would have lived, he said, adding that he seemed to be having an adversarial conversation with the 911 dispatcher.

An E.M.S. official said that because of the chaos at the scene, the ambulance drivers were not certain where the dying woman was.

The street where the three principals in the shooting shared a house was in the shadow of the huge Elmhurst gas tanks, a ***working-class*** neighborhood of frame duplexes and small brick apartment buildings. Neighbors said that there were a few Chinese-American families living on the street but that the couple's basement carved into rented cubicles was considered unusual.

It was in that basement, Captain Kelly said, where the first confrontation took place. Holding a 9-millimeter semiautomatic pistol, Mr. Hsu found Mr. Lee in a hallway in the basement, according to the captain's account. Mr. Lee apparently ran into one of the rooms and closed the door but was felled when the gunman fired through the door.

When Mr. Lee's body was discovered yesterday, it was propped up against the door. Another basement tenant heard the gunfire and locked himself into his cubicle until the police came yesterday morning.

The police believe Mr. Hsu then made his way to the Chinese restaurant where Ms. Yin worked, a neighborhood spot with gray walls and neon interior accents crowded with about 200 diners. He was wearing a three-quarter-length beige coat, a beige ski cap and glasses, said Tom Tong, the manager and co-owner. Ms. Yin was in the cashier's booth on her way to the kitchen when Mr. Hsu walked in, pacing and looking nervous.

When he saw her, he said nothing before opening fire, Mr. Tong said.

"All of a sudden we heard a gunshot, a very loud pop," said Peter Chin, a Long Island Rail Road police officer who was eating dinner with his wife. "And then I heard a female voice screaming in pain. Everybody in the restaurant ducked and formed a barricade with chairs for protection. They were ducking under the tables."

Ms. Yin was conscious, he continued. "She couldn't breathe," he said. "All the blood was coming up her mouth. She had a blank stare, looking up to the ceiling."

The gunman ran out of the restaurant onto Queens Boulevard and shot at three passing cars, trying in vain to hijack them, said Deputy Police Chief Raymond Abruzzi. Early Cethoupe, a cabdriver who refused to stop, was shot twice in the arm as Mr. Hsu ran westward toward a parking garage on Junction Boulevard.

There he found Mr. Dalipram, who was driving out the garage in his Chrysler Town and Country station wagon. Mr. Hsu demanded the car, Chief Abruzzi said, but the driver resisted and was shot five times and pulled from the car. By then, a group of police officers had arrived at the garage entrance, forcing Mr. Hsu deeper into the garage, where he was quickly trapped in a blind corner.

After a furious gun battle, during which he reloaded at least once, Mr. Hsu wounded two officers and was then shot and killed.

Before the landlord-tenant connection was established, some police investigators wondered out loud Sunday night whether the shooting was gang-related, noting that no money had been taken from the restaurant. At that point, they had visited Ms. Yin's house, but, getting no answer at the door at 4:30 A.M., assumed her family was at the hospital.

When officers returned to the house at 11:15 A.M. yesterday, they found that a New York Post reporter had immediately preceded them into the house and discovered Mr. Lee's body. The front door had been forced open, and the reporter, Douglas Kennedy, said it had been open when he got there.

**Graphic**

Photos: At a makeshift altar with food offerings, above, employees of the Tung Shing House restaurant in Rego Park, Queens, lighted incense yesterday to honor a dead co-worker, Shelley Yin, and her husband, Charles Chang-ming Lee. The couple, above right, shown in a wedding photo of seven years ago, were killed in separate attacks by a gunman on Sunday. (Steve Berman for The New York Times)

Diagram: "AT A GLANCE: Shoortout in Queens"

Here is a police version of the shootings in Queens Sunday night that left four people dead and two officers hurt.

1. Hsu Wen Ping, 46, who lived in the basement of a home on 83d Street (on inset map), sho and killed the landlord, Charles Chang-ming Lee, 40, in an upstairs apartment about 9 P.M.

2. Mr. Hus walked into the Tung Shing House restaurant, shot Mr. Lee's wife, Shelley Yin, who was the cashier, in the chest and fled. He was pursued by Yuksham Yim, 53, the manager. Mr. Hsu shot Mr. Yim in the leg.

3. An officer on patrol chased Mr. Hus down Queens Boulevard. One gunshot hit a passing taxi driver and others hit a window of the Sizzler restaurant.

4. As Mr. Hsu entered a parking garage, he saw a car leaving and tried to hijack it. When the driver, Laakhraj Dalipram, 31, resisted, Mr. Hsu killed him. Mr. Hsu then ran deep into the garage, firing at the dozens of officers who had joined the chase.

5. Mr. Hsu was shot and killed but not before he wounded Officer Thomas Koheler, 26, in the leg. Also wounded was Officer Charles Martin, 24, whose bulletproof vest stopped a shot. Officer Koehler was dragged through the garage to 62d Drive to receive medical assistance.

Map of Queens showing area of detail.

**Load-Date:** December 20, 1994

**End of Document**



[***ENGLANDS TOUGHEST BREED STILL THRIVES IN MINERS HELL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DC30-000B-Y0RH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 9, 1980, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1200 words

**Byline:** By YOUSSEF M. IBRAHIM

**Dateline:** PONTEFRACT, England

**Body**

It takes Graham North about half an hour to commute to his workplace, but it is no ordinary journey. It starts in a dark grubby cage that plunges 800 feet into the earth. He is stuffed into it with a dozen other miners from the Frickley-South Elmsall coal pit in this corner of England where he has worked for 23 years, since he was 15.

He emerges in a world of long dark passages where the black earth is covered with gray ash, where walls of solid rock leave little room to move. He walks for about 10 minutes hunched over, careful not to bump his head against low steel beams that keep thousands of tons of rock from crashing down.

He gets into a battered railcar that chugs along for another 1,500 feet. Then he flings his body onto a conveyor belt sliding down further into the dark world of his mine, carried along with his comrades like sausages being processed on an assembly line. The men are marked by the tiny light from lamps attached to their hard hats as they disappear into the bowels of a claustrophobic nightmare.

AN-ANowhere to Run

The belt twists and turns with its human load like a roller coaster. There is nothing to hold on to except the confidence that accidents happen infrequently.

At the end of that road, Mr. North bends his body in half, squeezing it into even tinier passages. Now there is only the beam from his lamp and the gloom of the dark, damp, trail he follows.

The men crack jokes as they go. Mr. North moves fast. He sidesteps pools of mud, gets around twisting rubber air hoses and avoids electric wires dangling from the low ceiling.

The cold draft in the higher tunnels has turned into hot, still, humid air as the men approach their workplace, that precious long face of black coal they are supposed to tear away from the rock and shove back to the surface.

A Day of 'Savage Work'

George Orwell traveled through the coal mines of Yorkshire in this part of England, and in 1937 wrote in his classic ''The Road To Wigan Pier'': ''Here is this frightful business of crawling to and fro, which to any normal person is a hard day's work in itself; and it is not part of the miner's work at all, it is merely an extra, like the city man's daily ride in the Tube. The miner does that journey to and fro, and sandwiched in between there are seven and a half hours of savage work.''

The work is still savage, but conditions are a little better now. In the 1930's British miners did not get paid for the time they spent crawling to work. Their annual income averaged $575 a year. Today they get paid for their eight hours in the pit from the moment they stuff themselves into the cage, and they can earn, if they are at the very top of the scale and put in a lot of overtime, about $20,000 before taxes.

''It's a job, man,'' said a miner. ''You get used to it. Anyway, there is nothing else to do around here. There is not much time to talk here, and not much patience.

He shoved a visitor in front of the 300-foot-wide coal face glistening in the darkness permeated by spotlights. The words were barely audible above the roar of the monster machine, known as the shearer. It literally shaves sheets of coal from the seam using a rotating drum fitted with giant spiral steel picks. The coal falls onto a conveyor belt that travels the long road to the surface.

Machine Chomps at the Coal

A team of nine men work the coal face. They are crouched beneath a four-foot-high ceiling, between a maze of hydraulic steel supports that creak as the roof above presses down. The monster eats furiously at the rock. It sends waves of dust rising into the tiny space. Eyes begin to burn. Flying pieces of coal are hurled against bodies. The men shield their eyes. Jets of water are sprayed to cool the monster machine. Pools of mud are molded out of the fine black dust.

Even with the protective clothes - the rubber pads around the knees, the hard hat and the gloves - the coal dust permeates the body. Knees are bruised from crawling over rock. Nicks and cuts abound. Muscles are driven to the limit to sustain the crumpled body.

Once the shearer has completed a run across the coal face the machine moves back about a foot and a half to shave another slice just like a giant salami machine.

As each slice of the coal face is cleared, the segment of the mine where it used to be is allowed to collapse. The hydraulic supports also move back to let the worked part of the mine collapse. It is known as backtrack mining. There is nothing between the men and the collapsing tons of rock except their faith that those hydraulic steel columns will not fail them.

Extra Coal, Extra Money

In this inferno of noise, moving machinery, barely enough space to crouch, beams of light piercing the darkness, the only communication consists of instructions barked above the noise and warning signals from a siren to move clear of the area about to collapse. This is where the miners of pit No. 1 in the Frickly-South Elmsall, a quarter of a mile beneath the earth, spend their seven working hours from Monday to Friday.

They get paid a salary of about $240 a week. If they produce more they will get a bonus depending of how much more coal they shave off the coal face. To produce more they work faster, converse even less and totally depend on one another. Sitting in the middle of 1,300 tons of moving machinery, in the maze of moving conveyors and strings of wire, beneath hundreds of thousands of tons of rock and debris, there is not much room for mistakes.

''Things have really improved now,'' said William E. Bumstead, production manager for the region. ''On my first day in the pit I was taken to a two-feet-high, three-feet-wide coal face, crawling all the way there, and I was made to spend the whole seven hours working it with another bloke using shovels and picks.''

His first day was in 1952. He was 15 years old. He worked his way into engineering school on his spare time and his weekends. He wears his clothes shabbilly, has an undisciplined beard and an easy manner. He seems happiest down in the pit, talking to the men with great affection, checking the level of lethal methane gas, crawling around as though he was in his attic, rummaging through the memories of his youth.

The 'Toughest Breed'

Miners in England are recruited at the age of 16, right out of school. They work until compulsory retirement at 65. Among the ***working class*** of England they are known as the toughest breed. They complain a lot, drive a hard bargain for their wages and seek one another's company in their communities, their pubs and their recreation. They are still fighting for better retirement, but their bargaining power has been weakened by the coming recession in England. And they still die at work.

''In 1913 we employed a million people and killed a thousand a year,'' said William Forrest, deputy director of the National Coal Board for the North Yorkshire area. ''Now we employ a quarter of a million and kill 30. It's the best safety record in the world, but it doesn't make it any easier.''

''This is the only job where you begin at the bottom and finish at the bottom,'' reflected a wizened old union activist in a pub at the nearby town of Selby. ''But I am hooked on it. Don't know what else to do.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: PHOTO OF BRITISH COAL MINERS

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[***POP VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XD80-008G-F266-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Little Record Labels That Could (and They Did)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-XD80-008G-F266-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1455 words

**Byline:** By Tom Piazza;

Tom Piazza is a critic who writes about jazz and popular culture.

By Tom Piazza;   Tom Piazza is a critic who writes about jazz and popular culture.

**Body**

THE HISTORY OF THE American recording industry can be seen as a series of land-grabs, gold rushes during which pockets of sound are discovered and feverishly mined until a richer lode is found. One of the most significant of these outbreaks was the appearance in the late 1940's and 1950's -- overnight, like so many mushrooms -- of countless small independent record companies based in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York and other urban centers.

Fed and watered by the huge numbers of blacks who had swarmed to the cities for defense jobs during World War II, the indies, as they were called, pumped out dance music, hot blues and boogie-woogie records that the major labels usually just didn't bother with. These small companies were often started by music-industry amateurs -- small businessmen, nightclub owners and hustlers, some of whom actually had a genuine ear for music, all of whom had an eye for the main chance. Spurred by an amalgam of opportunism, megalomania, true love for music and sheer greed, they managed to document some of the most vigorous popular music ever recorded in America. In the process, they called the tune that the entire industry eventually danced to.

The last two years have seen a flood of CD boxed sets devoted to labels like Specialty, Chess, OKeh, Cobra, Swing Time, Sue, Vee-Jay, Fire, Fury, Jewel and Paula, as their catalogues have been acquired and reactivated by larger companies. There have also been fine individual-artist releases in series pegged to labels like King, Duke, Peacock and Imperial. And the flood shows no sign of abating, with the new boxed set devoted to Sun Records and forthcoming sets covering the Aladdin and Minit labels.

It would be difficult to overstate the importance of the role these companies filled in the development of the postwar American music industry. They were the conduits through which black rhythm-and-blues and, later, white rockabilly flowed into the broader stream of American popular music, eventually creating the rock-and-roll industry.

They were created quickly, and were usually undercapitalized. Unanticipated hits could cause more problems than they solved, as the companies scrambled for pressing time at plants to keep up with demand or struggled for distribution to markets before interest in a given recording faded. But being small had advantages too. The indies could react more quickly to trends than the majors could; often only one person was calling the shots, and the chain-of-command and judgment-by-committee process of the major companies didn't apply.

The heads of these companies were often producer, talent scout, marketing department, sales force and booking agency, all rolled into one. They could take risks, and they had to, since their existence depended on finding small niches that the majors couldn't, or wouldn't, service -- for a few years at least. Much of what they recorded is, as one might expect, the musical equivalent of fast food, yet much of it holds up surprisingly well.

Many of these companies had artists only for a little while, at the beginnings, ends or lulls in their careers, before losing them to majors. And the most interesting parts of some of these sets are the glimpses of unfamiliar early work by artists whose later careers are familiar. "The Swing Time Record Story," dedicated to a short-lived black-owned Los Angeles label, is particularly noteworthy for its early Ray Charles cuts, recorded before he had really found himself. Equally important are the views offered of relatively little-known artists; the Swing Time set, for example, spotlights Lloyd Glenn, an influential and under-recognized West Coast pianist; "The Specialty Story" offers tantalizing glimpses of the obscure boogie pianist Camille Howard.

A FEW OF THE INDIES HAD real stylistic coherence. Blues fans will already be familiar with Chicago's Chess Records, the home of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf and many other important Chicago blues men; the "Chess Blues" set is a first-rate overview of the amazing talent that label recorded over 20 years, beginning in the late 1940's. "The Cobra Records Story" presents a narrower range of music, recorded in the late 1950's by a tiny Chicago company over its two-year life span. Both Cobra and Chess owed much of their success to the bassist and composer Willie Dixon, who arranged many of the sessions. Cobra had an extremely raw sound, boomy and often distorted, as if its records were recorded in a dungeon over a telephone line, but some of these recordings by the Chicago blues legends Otis Rush and Magic Sam could melt the paint off your walls.

Few of the indies had such focus, however; most cast their nets wide in hopes of catching a hit. A three-disk set devoted to Vee-Jay Records, a black-owned company that had a number of important artists from its founding in 1953 to its bankruptcy in 1966, shows a sweep from the raw sound of the blues man John Lee Hooker to the smoother Jimmy Reed to doo-wop groups like the Spaniels. Much of the fun of such boxed sets consists of sifting for unexpected gems by marginal performers like the raucous "Last Meal" by an obscure one-record artist called Hurricane Harry, on "The OKeh Rhythm-and-Blues Story."

Of all the recent sets, "The Specialty Story" is the most ambitious and probably the most satisfying; it is topped only by the monumental "Atlantic Rhythm-and-Blues 1947-1974," the first and, in some ways, still the best of the rhythm-and-blues-label retrospectives. The Specialty box draws the listener skillfully through the West Coast jump blues of Roy Milton and Joe Liggins, through some seminal early New Orleans sides by Lloyd Price and others, then documents the cataclysmic advent of Little Richard.

By doing so, "The Specialty Story" illustrates a gradual shift in emphasis from ***working-class*** blacks to teen-agers and, especially, white teen-agers. The three-disk "Sun Records Collection," yet another boxcar in the great train of tributes to Sam Phillips, the Memphis visionary who first recorded Elvis Presley, Howlin' Wolf, Jerry Lee Lewis and many others, follows a similar trajectory to that of the Specialty set but with a whiter cast overall.

The label-retrospective explosion is, in its specialized way, another record-industry gold rush, although spurred by different forces than the ones that produced the original recordings. Of course, these sets are different in philosophy from a similar land-grab phenomenon spurred by the advent of the CD, the boxed single-artist retrospective. The heroes of the present sets are, in fact, the producers themselves, rather than the artists. The performances, in the boxes' own terms, are important not so much for their inherent value, but as landmarks in a label's quest for success. The boxed sets are, in a sense, a series of love letters from the record industry to itself.

Almost all of these boxed sets include lavish booklets with reverent essays -- written, usually, by present-day producers -- casting the original producer as a sort of auteur, whose vision was the secret behind the music. While some of the entrepreneurs were honest and straight, others were little more than thugs, and it is ironic to hear pieties strewn before men who insisted on taking composer credit for songs they had no part in writing.

Yet it is an essential paradox of the vernacular arts in America that creative expression can be the byproduct of venality and greed as often as it is of lofty esthetic impulses. And, in this time of increasing conglomeration, it is important to be reminded of how much can be accomplished by a maverick.

But finally, the value of these sets is that they make available, as did the indies' original recording efforts, a huge amount of music that would never have seen the light of day otherwise. Above all else, they are fun to listen to. And while recognizing the importance of the entrepreneurs who recorded this material, we, as listeners, should remember where our main attention and gratitude ultimately belong -- with the artists who created this music in the first place.

GOLDEN OLDIES

The boxed-set boom has made available a huge amount of hard-to-find rhythm-and-blues. Here are 10 of the best retrospectives dedicated to the labels that recorded the music:

"The Aladdin Records Story" (EMI E2 30882)

"Chess Blues" (MCA/Chess CHD4-9340)

"The Cobra Records Story" (Capricorn 9 42012-2)

"The Best of Duke-Peacock Blues" (MCA MCAD-10667)

"The OKeh Rhythm-and-Blues Story 1949-1957" (Epic/OKeh/Legacy 48912)

"The Specialty Story" (Specialty 5SPCD-4412-2)

"The Sun Records Collection" (Rhino/RCA/BMG R2 71780/DRC3-1211)

"The Swing Time Records Story" (Capricorn 9 42024-2)

"The Vee-Jay: Celebrating 40 Years of Classic Hits" (Vee-Jay NVS2-3-400)

**Graphic**

Photos: Ray Charles -- Cuts from before he really found himself. (Paramount Records); Jerry Lee Lewis -- Another product of a Memphis visionary. Little Richard in 1955 -- His beginnings are documented. (Harmony Books); Muddy Waters -- Part of the Chess stable of bluesmen. (David Gahr)(pg. 38)

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**End of Document**



[***Mr. Bush's Beginning***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42XP-R580-0109-T3V0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 29, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Body**

We are not among those who complain that the tradition of measuring the first hundred days of a presidency has turned into an empty ritual. It is a convenient way to demarcate a period in which a new chief executive and the American people learn things that cannot emerge in the campaign vortex. The glimpses we get often can be valuable and even prophetic. Before the end of his first 100 days as president, Franklin D. Roosevelt rescued the banking system and won approval of 15 major laws. John F. Kennedy suffered the Bay of Pigs fiasco and Ronald Reagan proposed a sweeping economic program and survived an assassination attempt. Bill Clinton struggled to enact his economic policies and health care reforms amid the chaos created by his swirling personal style and distracting issues like gays in the military.

By contrast with the examples above, George W. Bush has had a placid 100 days. Yet as we measure them today, the most striking feature on the domestic front is the emergence of a deep-rooted, unnuanced and sometimes almost truculent conservatism from a man once regarded even by many Republicans as a moderate. As for international relations, Mr. Bush passed his first major test through a combination of caution, luck and a commendable ability to take good advice from a sound foreign-policy team. In his unscripted public performances, Mr. Bush has seemed clumsy and amateurish by the standards of the four presidents mentioned above. But his sunny self-confidence, even his penchant for bankers' hours and long weekends, seems to sit well with many Americans. It is a relief, they seem to be saying, to have a president who is not so tiring and omnipresent as Mr. Clinton.

The Inner Conservative

Mr. Reagan concentrated so fiercely on cutting government spending and taxes that he was willing to set aside the harsh agenda of the socially conservative members of his so-called base. His aides worked hard to minimize his image as uncaring and disengaged from the problems of working Americans. Mr. Bush seems to feel no such qualms, as he has installed regulatory and economic policies geared toward corporate interests and tax policies designed to comfort the inheriting class. Sometimes there seems something almost Oedipal in Mr. Bush's revitalization of Republican stereotypes, as if by invoking them he can avoid the conservative revolt on taxes that upended his father's presidency. It is not simply that Mr. Bush is pursuing the biggest tax cut since the Reagan era. He is seeking to overturn nearly a generation of advances in the environment, repealing job safety rules and trying to deregulate industry in areas ranging from consumer product safety to monopoly concentration. On abortion, whereas Mr. Reagan's first Supreme Court appointment was the moderate Sandra Day O'Connor, Mr. Bush seems bent on producing a Supreme Court that will overturn Roe v. Wade and lower courts that will enhance states' rights at the expense of federal protections.

The one leavening element in his approach has to do with education, where Mr. Bush's call for more federal spending and higher standards embodies an activism and interest eschewed by previous Republican presidents. In a separate area, his troubling proposal to help the poor by providing aid to religious organizations is still being formulated.

Although we would be happy to be proved wrong, our conclusion from the record of the first hundred days is that on domestic policy, Mr. Bush will go to the right every chance he gets. Those who want to see more fiscal and social moderation can only hope that someone in the White House, perhaps his political guru Karl Rove, will have a better ear than Mr. Bush for what the public will tolerate in the environmental and regulatory arenas.

International Relations

Dealing with China provided the most serious foreign-policy tests for Mr. Bush. Over all, he has taken a more careful approach than the one he signaled in his first statement on the downed spy plane and his varying statements last week on the defense of Taiwan. His handling of the spy plane incident and the limitation of arms sales to Taiwan suggest that despite his domestic conservatism, he might in foreign relations follow the tradition of the pragmatic internationalist wing of the Republican Party rather than that of its cold-war-era hawks. His reaching out to allies in the Americas for a trade deal carries the same message.

But the issue of how Mr. Bush will handle America's role in the world is far from settled. One situation to watch will be the eventual outcome of the tussles between Secretary of State Colin Powell as the diplomatic moderate and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, who seems inclined to analyze the world in terms of historic or emerging military threats. Right now, Vice President Dick Cheney is perceived as more in Mr. Rumsfeld's camp, and the national security adviser, Condoleezza Rice, perhaps more in Mr. Powell's.

The first couple months of this administration were not very successful for Mr. Powell, whose policies of building a regional consensus against Iraq and continuing engagement with North Korea were all but repudiated after he announced them. But with the successful conclusion of the China episode, we hope that his role is strengthened and that he uses his influence to urge caution about withdrawing troops from Eastern Europe and the Mideast and about going ahead with an untested missile defense system that could start a new arms race.

Mr. Rumsfeld has brought a steady hand to Pentagon management and has embarked on a review of military strategy that could make American planners more selective on defense spending and procurement in the future. Our fear is that it could, if mishandled, lead to a costly and destructive military buildup designed to counter the threats that Mr. Rumsfeld perceives, but which could actually turn other countries toward more bellicose policies than they might otherwise embrace.

Testing Time

In January it was a cliche to say that expectations were low for Mr. Bush, who lost the popular vote to Vice President Al Gore. Today the general public appears to have moved past the ballot-counting disputes and grown comfortable with Mr. Bush's legitimacy as president. That represents a considerable political accomplishment in only three months. Many citizens seem to like his personality, but at the same time a survey by the Pew Foundation says that he is becoming "defined more by his policy positions than his personality traits."

This suggests to us that barring a major international crisis, the biggest problems Mr. Bush faces have to do with his outmoded environmental policies and a tax plan that, to borrow one of Mr. Bush's favorite terms, is in itself a form of class warfare. The move to lower acceptable levels of arsenic in drinking water was a ludicrous public-relations blunder on the order of the Reagan administration's declaring ketchup to be a vegetable. But the reversal on carbon dioxide emissions, the humbling of Christie Whitman as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, the threats to Mr. Clinton's forest protection plan, the weakening of the Endangered Species Act and the renouncing of the Kyoto agreement on global warming depict a mindset that is anything but comic. The decision to have Mr. Cheney, a petroleum millionaire, form a national energy policy behind closed doors echoes Mr. Clinton's mistake on health care and also, in our view, misreads the public mood. This country is already safe enough for oil and mining companies. It is the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge that needs protecting.

On taxes, the second hundred days will give us a reading on Mr. Bush's real feelings about bipartisanship and his potential as a deal maker with Congress. Until the last couple weeks, for instance, he has demanded that his proposed $1.6 trillion tax cut over 10 years be passed in full. Though he has support for that tax package in the House, he must now decide whether to pare it back enough to win over the moderate Democrats and two independent Republicans whose opposition has blocked Senate approval of the tax cuts at Mr. Bush's figure. Perhaps he is haunted by his father's troubles with the tax issue, but Mr. Bush might already have a politically salable tax cut if he had not followed Mr. Cheney's counsel to play tough with the Senate.

It would be smarter politics for Mr. Bush to go with the moderates, accepting a smaller tax cut and more spending for schools. He could then work with the same moderates to skew the cut away from awarding more than 40 percent of its benefits to the wealthiest 1 percent of taxpayers. Perhaps that is where his heart is, but there are more votes among ***working-class*** and middle-class taxpayers who really deserve relief.

Style and Character

At the level of manners, Mr. Bush has kept his promise to bring "honor and dignity" back to the White House. But he needs to declare true independence from Washington's culture of influence peddling by embracing campaign finance reform and by every now and then saying no to the oil, gas and timber industries and the capital's corporate lobbyists. It seems paradoxical to say so, but Mr. Bush seems comfortable in his skin as a person and yet still unsure of himself as an explainer of his presidency. He came to the White House with brief schooling in public affairs, and he is clearly not fully at ease in detailed discussions of his policies. When you parse his sentences, it is still quite striking how many of them turn into verbal collisions. But he would not be the first successful president lacking gifts of articulateness.

What concerns us after 100 days is that the nation still has little idea about where Mr. Bush is on the presidential learning curve, how much he has mastered the basic knowledge required for the office. Another lingering question is whether his innate conservatism and an outsized fear of the G.O.P. Congressional bullies will lead him to a crabbed, aggressive style that embraces inclusiveness in words, small gestures and spirit, but not in substance and in delivery of his promised policies to remove the toll booth from the road to the middle class. There are those who say that in terms of overcoming his verbal tics and gaffes, Mr. Bush is as good as he will ever get. But oratory is not everything. We remain optimistic that Mr. Bush will continue in his basically sound approach to foreign policy and trade. And we remain hopeful that he will grow in compassion for average Americans and his sensitivity to the environment.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

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[***Lo, a New Age of Heroes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DXH-5D40-TW8F-G3CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ED LEVINE

**Body**

NEW YORK's hot heroes speak many languages. No, not the buff guys in the the firefighter calendar, but those long, crisp and slightly chewy rolls filled with meat or cheese and served hot from the oven or grill. They are ***working-class*** sandwiches, which provide comfort and sustenance any time of day or night.

After writing about cold heroes last fall, I intended to limit my treatment of the hot version to the more familiar and beloved hot Italian-American heroes. But citywide wanderings over the last three months have convinced me that two other sandwiches are ready to take their rightful places in the New York hot heroes pantheon. Already on the rise as part of the New York food scene is the Vietnamese banh mi -- a toasted baguette filled with pork, pickled vegetables, fresh coriander and mayonnaise. Restaurants here add things like grilled shrimp and grilled mushrooms.

Not so well known outside their communities, Dominican and Puerto Rican establishments in all five boroughs serve a roast chicken hero, complete with dark meat and skin stripped off the bone, yielding a winning combination of salty and sweet, crispy and tender.

A lechoneria is an eating place specializing in pork in many forms, and terrific heroes and hot plates at the brightly lighted Sandy's Lechoneria in East Harlem attract everyone in the neighborhood, including construction workers, business executives and the teachers in nearby schools. When you order a roast pork sandwich, the sandwich makers cut the meat freshly off a roasted leg of pork and place it in a crisp hero bread. Once the bread is heated with the pork in it, they take it from the sandwich press and add lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise, as requested. Consider it a succulent cousin of the Cuban sandwich.

They make chicken sandwiches the same way, stripping the dark meat from a quarter roast chicken on the big cutting boards that line the front of the restaurant. When you order a pork chop hero at Sandy's, they fry a fairly thick chop in the kitchen in back before sending it up front to be cut into the sandwich. In a particularly carnivorous touch, they put the bone on top of the sandwich, which means you can gnaw the rest of the meat off it.

It was at Milanes, a modest Dominican storefront restaurant in Chelsea, that I had the chicken sandwich that sent me into orbit. Grecia Milanes, who opened her doors in 1995, strips the flesh and skin from a quarter roasted chicken and fills a Latino-style hero roll, which she toasts in the sandwich press with the meat and skin before layering lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise on the sandwich.

The crispy skin, in combination with the other components, elevate this sandwich to near-mythic status. The sweetness of the mayonnaise, the gamy meatiness of the dark meat chicken and the crispy skin make for the Dominican equivalent of a Peking duck hero. Make sure to ask for the skin to be included on the sandwich, because Ms. Milanes says that many people watching their fat intake do not want it.

Ms. Milanes, who learned to cook from her mother in Puerta Plata in the Dominican Republic, said that freshly roasted chickens are the key.

''A lot of people make sandwiches with chicken breast,'' she explained. ''But we make it in real Santo Domingan style with moist roasted dark meat.''

Cibao Restaurant, one of the last ungentrified storefronts on Clinton Street on the Lower East Side, also makes a very fine hot chicken hero, which will set you back a mere $3. At Margon Restaurant in Times Square you can watch Bienvenido Rivas, a fine hero craftsman, make your sandwich on a cutting board in the front of the store. Ask him to put a couple of pieces of crackling (crispy pork skin) on your roast pork hero.

PERHAPS the ultimate cross-cultural hot hero is the sandwich that has become known as a banh mi. In ''Authentic Vietnamese Cooking,'' Corinne Trang translates banh mi as a Saigon baguette. She writes that the Vietnamese ''took this quintessential Gallic invention and made it their own by substituting rice flour for half of the wheat flour.''

In this country banh mi are made with an Italian hero roll or a French-style baguette. In Vietnam, said Michael Huynh (his nickname is Bao), the chef and an owner of Bao Noodle, at Second Avenue and 22nd Street, the classic banh mi filling is a combination of pork roll (essentially Vietnamese bologna), pork pate, daikon and carrots pickled in vinegar and sugar, fresh coriander and mayonnaise. The sandwich is usually toasted, mayonnaise included, before the cool pickles and coriander are added.

Here Mr. Huynh uses a French baguette made by the Parisi Bakery in Little Italy, which incidentally makes an estimable meatball parmigiana from noon to 3 p.m. on weekdays. He fills the baguette with grilled chicken thighs, pieces of pork chop or shrimp marinated in fish sauce and lemon grass; pickled vegetables; and fresh coriander. He uses a Japanese mayonnaise, Kewpie, slightly sweeter than Hellmann's. The result is a sandwich that is perfectly balanced, simultaneously hot and cold, sweet and savory, crispy and tender.

Banh mi were introduced in this country more than a decade ago in Chinatown shops in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens. In Sunset Park, Brooklyn, home to recent Vietnamese emigres, banh mi are sold in storefronts. Nin Van Dang opened An Dong, his banh mi shop there, in 1996. He has retired and closed the shop, but the next generation of banh mi makers is on the scene. His daughter Teresa and her husband, Stanley Ng, along with her brother Billy, have opened Nicky's Vietnamese Sandwiches (named for the Ngs' son, Nicky) in the East Village. The Ngs have added a portobello mushroom banh mi, because customers kept clamoring for a vegetarian version.

Banh mi shops have popped up in Chinatown in Manhattan at Sau Voi Corporation, 101-105 Lafayette Street (Walker Street), where you can also buy the latest Vietnamese hit movies and CD's, and in Brooklyn, where I had a killer meatball banh mi at Ba Xuyen in Sunset Park.

THE mother tongue of New York's hot heroes is Italian, and some of the places I previously praised for their cold heroes offer great hot ones, too.

The Italian hero should properly be called an Italian-American hero. Experts on Italian food tell me a chicken parmigiana sandwich has never been served anywhere in Italy. Like the cold sandwich, the hot hero evolved from the latticini (dairy) shops and pork stores that sprouted in New York's Italian neighborhoods in East Harlem; Astoria, Queens; Carroll Gardens and Bensonhurst, Brooklyn; and on Arthur Avenue and in Bedford Park in the Bronx.

Mary Lou Capezza, an owner of the Corona Heights Pork Store in Queens, is perhaps the city's finest hot hero maker. Her training started when her family's store in Astoria made lunchtime sandwiches for the employees of the nearby Con Edison plant, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority workers and those from factories on 19th and 20th Avenues. They were selling so many that they made the fillings in advance and put the sandwiches on a steam table. (I am sure those sandwiches were delicious, but heroes get soggy on a steam table, and the food becomes a gloppy mess.)

When the family opened the Corona Heights Pork Store, a stone's throw from Shea Stadium, Mrs. Capezza did not plan to make sandwiches.

''The brokenhearted guys from the Con Ed plant,'' she said, ''heard that we had set up shop in Corona Heights, and they started coming around asking me to make sandwiches. How could I say no?''

Every sandwich, whether chicken, eggplant parmigiana or potato and egg, made with her husband's fresh mozzarella, is made to order. So you should call in your order or be prepared to wait 20 minutes to half an hour.

Why are these hot heroes so good?

''I cook here like I cook at home,'' Mrs. Capezza said. ''My meatballs are made with freshly ground pork, bread crumbs, fresh basil and a little bit of imported Italian pecorino Romano cheese. My sauce is made with pork, onions, basil, olive oil, California tomatoes and a little bit of garlic. My chicken cutlets are made with bread crumbs, garlic, Romano cheese and basil and dipped in egg batter.''

When a chicken parmigiana hero is ordered at the store, Mrs. Capezza fries the chicken cutlets, then tops them with her husband's mozzarella before placing them in a pot of her sauce. The mozzarella melts there. The tang of the Romano cheese blends with the creaminess of the mozzarella and the sweetness of the sauce.

You can get the sandwich on a standard fairly soft hero roll, but a better choice is a crispy, chewy brick-oven baguette from Rose and Joe's Bakery in Astoria.

A few blocks from Ms. Capezza's store, the DeBenedittis family has been making serious hot heroes for years at Leo's Latticini, also known as Mama's. Marie DeBenedittis, one of three sisters running the place under the watchful eye of their octogenarian mother, makes hot meat sandwiches with superb gravy and homemade mozzarella.

Tuesday through Saturday, Ms. DeBendittis roasts remarkably moist turkey breast, but Thursday is roast beef and roast pork day. The pork is so meaty and juicy it does not need gravy, but the properly salted gravy, combined with fresh mozzarella, makes for a terrific combination.

The old Italian neighborhoods of Brooklyn are home to many a fine hot hero establishment. In Carroll Gardens, John and George Esposito make an exemplary hero at the pork store bearing their name, a sweet Italian sausage sandwich topped with sauteed broccoli rabe and a schmear of fresh ricotta. I turn to it when my wife accuses me of avoiding green vegetables.

Brooklyn is also where the warm roast beef hero, made with fresh mozzarella and gravy, rules. I enjoy these scrumptious beauties at John's in Bensonhurst and at Lioni's in Dyker Heights. But the hot roast beef -- and roast pork, too -- sandwich of my dreams is served at Clemente's, a little grocery and butcher shop in Gravesend. In the same shop he started working in as a 12-year-old, Clemente Aquilino makes everything from scratch, the roast beef made from the bottom round cut, the roast loin of pork, the mozzarella and the peppery and garlicky pork and beef gravies made from pan drippings.

''I'm living the American dream,'' Mr. Aquilino said. ''From clean-up boy to president.''

Hot heroes have also allowed Ms. Milanes, Mrs. Capezza and Mr. Huynh, who came to this country as a scared 16-year-old rescued at sea by the Navy, to live the American dream. That was then, but this is now. I might have caught a glimpse of the next wave at Ba Xuyen, as I was leaving with six banh mi in hand.

''You should come back soon,'' the smiling woman behind the counter called out. ''We have good bagels, too.''

The Portions Are Heroic

SANDY'S LECHONERIA -- 2261 Second Avenue (116th Street), East Harlem; (212) 348-8654.

MILANES SPANISH RESTAURANT -- 168 West 25th Street, Chelsea; (212) 352-0755.

MARGON RESTAURANT -- 136 West 46th Street, Midtown; (212) 354-5013.

CIBAO RESTAURANT -- 72 Clinton Street, Lower East Side; (212) 228-0873.

BAO NOODLES -- 391 Second Avenue (22nd Street); (212) 725-7770.

NICKY'S VIETNAMESE SANDWICHES -- 150 East Second Street, East Village; (212) 388-1088.

BA XUYEN -- 4222 Eighth Avenue, Sunset Park, Brooklyn; (718) 633-6601.

CORONA HEIGHTS PORK STORE -- 107-04 Corona Avenue, Corona Heights, Queens; (718) 592-7350.

LEO'S LATTICINI -- 46-02 104th Street, Corona, Queens; (718) 898-6069.

ESPOSITO & SON PORK STORE -- 357 Court Street, Carroll Gardens, Brooklyn; (718) 875-6863.

CLEMENTE'S -- 138 Avenue T, Gravesend, Brooklyn; (800) 427-0556.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: MOVE OVER, MEATBALL -- Hot sauce tops a pork chop banh mi at Nicky's Vietnamese Sandwiches in the East Village. (Photo by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. F1)

HOT AND ON A ROLL -- Above, a hot hero from Milanes

top, the crew at Margon. (Don't forget to ask for crackling for the pork hero.) (Photos by above, Nicolas Goldberg for The New York Times

top, Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

MELTING POT -- Mary Lou Capezza placing mozzarella on her homemade chicken cutlet. (Photo by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

PICKLES AND SPICE -- Adding heat to a banh mi at Nicky's Vietnamese Sandwiches. (Photo by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)(pg. F6)

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[***From Battlefield to Ivy League, on the G.I. Bill***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XH7-HBH0-Y8TC-S4V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Cameron Baker, an undergraduate at Columbia University, made a point of wearing a ''Coalition Forces'' T-shirt at the start of the fall semester. He was not bragging or making a collegiate attempt at ironic humor.

Mr. Baker, 26, really was among the coalition forces, having done back-to-back deployments to Iraq with the Air Force and three more years there with a private contractor. He wore the shirt to quietly broadcast his involvement in Iraq, alerting professors and classmates to tread lightly should the conversation turn to war.

It was a different coping mechanism that backfired on him.

Mr. Baker gravitates toward the front of classes to compensate for hearing loss from repeated exposure to mortar fire. Recently, in his course ''Issues in Comparative Politics,'' a professor played a short news clip about the electoral process in Iraq. For a split second, a roadside bomb went off in the video, and Mr. Baker, caught off guard and right up close, started shaking.

''I wasn't in the classroom anymore,'' he said later that day. ''I wasn't transported all the way back to Baghdad, but I could feel just the rush of emotions that accompanies something like that -- the immediate adrenaline rush, the anxiety that comes with it, the hypervigilance, when I start trying to become very aware of my surroundings, to ensure that nothing is going to go off behind me.''

More than 300,000 veterans and their dependents are enrolled in American institutions of higher education, their numbers swelling as a result of a new, more generous version of the G.I. Bill that Congress passed in 2008. The veterans and their federal benefits are being embraced by community colleges and huge campuses like the University of Texas, as well as by online schools like the University of Phoenix.

They are bringing to the esoteric world of academia the ballast of the most real of real-world experiences, along with all the marks of the military existence, from crew cuts to frayed nerves to a platoon approach to social life.

Perhaps nowhere is this new wave more striking than at Columbia, which more than any other Ivy League institution has thrown out a welcome mat for returning servicemen and women. There are 210 veterans across the university, integrating a campus whose image-defining moment in the past half-century was of violent protests against the Vietnam War.

The campus still tilts heavily to the left, with many students displaying the arty, jaded aura befitting their Manhattan surroundings. But now, students largely welcome the vets, who are both admired and considered something of a curiosity.

The veterans in the undergraduate program attend classes side by side with fresh-faced 18-year-olds, but do not often socialize with them, preferring to gather instead at their own watering hole. In contrast to their classmates, many -- though certainly not all -- lack stellar high school records, which is what propelled some of them to the military in the first place.

Some also come with post-traumatic stress disorder. The college offers counseling for the disorder, but it is impossible to defend against every trigger.

Each time Mr. Baker goes near a refrigerated soda case, for example, the squealing door reminds him of the whistle of a Katyusha rocket.

'Oh, That Columbia'

The youngest of four children, Mr. Baker moved as a child from Utah to Texas to Connecticut and back to Texas, nearly flunking out of high school, not once but twice.

''I didn't care,'' he said. ''I was more interested in hanging out with my friends than studying.''

After graduating from high school, Mr. Baker was given a month to move out of the house. His parents suggested the military, which his brother and a brother-in-law had already joined. He signed with the Air Force, spending a year in Alaska before heading to Iraq with his civil engineering squadron.

During five years there, he frequently came under fire but was never seriously wounded. The most obvious sign of his war duty is a phrase tattooed in Arabic across his enormous trapezius muscles that spells out ''Redemption Through Retribution'' -- a provocative declaration that he says has layers of meaning, one being his desire for revenge after the loss of a friend during his first tour.

After returning from Iraq, Mr. Baker decided to buckle down. His goal was not high-minded: It was to eventually make enough money to take care of himself and his parents, who now live in Georgia. He enrolled at the Lubbock, Tex., campus of South Plains College, a two-year school, earning a 3.9 grade-point average.

Columbia's School of General Studies, which offers an undergraduate education for nontraditional students, took notice after spotting his name on a list for Phi Theta Kappa, the honor society for two-year colleges. Thus began a courtship that the school has repeated again and again, contacting young veterans directly and even dispatching admissions officers to Marine bases.

''They actually sent me a couple of e-mails, and I thought it was spam,'' Mr. Baker said. ''I got a package in the mail the next day, and I decided to check out this school. I didn't have any prospects. I was thinking of going to Texas Tech to become a petroleum engineer. I Googled it and thought, 'Oh, that Columbia.' ''

The influx of veterans at Columbia continues a tradition begun in 1947, when the university created the School of General Studies to accommodate the large numbers of World War II veterans on the G.I. Bill.

Over the years, with the ebb and flow of wars, the School of General Studies embraced a wider range of students who had taken time off from academia -- ballet dancers, professional athletes, even veterans from other countries.

''I call them tutus and Uzis because they're all dancers or kids from the Israeli Army,'' said the school's dean, Peter J. Awn.

But with the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan continuing, the military presence at Columbia is again on the rise. The school now counts 88 veterans with G.I. benefits among the 1,330 students. The rest of the veterans at Columbia are spread across more than a dozen graduate and professional schools.

The admissions process for the School of General Studies, which some skeptics view as an easier path to a Columbia degree, is somewhat different from that in Columbia College, the university's largest undergraduate school. But officials insist it is no less rigorous.

Admissions officers look at high school records, test scores and essays. They conduct interviews in person and on the phone. They consider college-level work and real-life experience.

While some of the veterans may indeed have nodded off in high school, the military effectively woke them up.

''We've seen again and again that the sheer determination those students demonstrated in the military translates well to their academic success here,'' said Curtis M. Rodgers, dean of enrollment management at the School of General Studies. ''There's a particular elite nature that we see in our Marines. We see it, too, with folks who have gone into the special forces in all the branches.''

A Band of Students

While General Studies students take the same courses as other Columbia undergraduates, there are invisible walls between them. For one thing, the average age in General Studies is 29. (One Barnard student calls Mr. Baker ''Grandpa.'') Instead of dormitories, General Studies students are offered apartment-style housing reserved for graduate students, helped by the G.I. Bill's $2,700-a-month housing allowance for New York City.

But even among their contemporaries in General Studies, the veterans are often a group unto themselves.

The moment he stepped on campus, Mr. Baker joined a ready-made community of other veterans. Most afternoons found him lifting weights with Tom Cox, 24, a former Marine from West Hartford, Conn., who also started at Columbia in the fall. Before and after, Mr. Baker pored over calculus and philosophy books in the General Studies lounge, where century-old portraits of academicians peer at a long center table where the veterans sometimes gather.

''Everyone here knows I'm messed up in the head,'' Mr. Baker said as one veteran after another entered the study lounge, dispensing soulful handshakes. ''I can talk about it and they're not going to ask me stupid, uninformed questions, and they're not going to bring it up the next day. And that's very important.''

Mr. Cox, who served in Iraq and Afghanistan, said it was difficult to relate to students from Columbia College. ''The ones who are 18 and 19, it's tough,'' he said. ''They haven't seen anything.''

But he has found students to be genuinely supportive. ''Everyone always says, 'Thank you for your service,' even if they don't agree with the war,'' he added.

Forty years ago, the climate was much different, with war protests reaching such a pitch that students took over buildings for days on end and violent clashes with the police led to more than 500 arrests and scores of injuries.

Today, veterans are finding that, at least when they are around, the other students tend to tiptoe awkwardly around the war and their experience.

''It's a reserved curiosity,'' said Adam Kurland, 30, a graduate student in the School of Business who is from Shrewsbury, N.J., and served in the Army in South Korea and Iraq. ''People are initially hesitant to ask questions because they're afraid it's inappropriate or they don't want to say the wrong thing.''

Mr. Baker said he was keenly aware of the ''huge reputation this school has of being antiwar and antimilitary,'' which made him apprehensive about coming. Still, he appreciates that nonveterans ''moderate their talk'' around veterans.

It probably helps that his feelings about the war are complex. ''When it first started, I was all idealistic about it,'' Mr. Baker said of the war in Iraq. ''I thought we were going to go over there and do some good, and by the end of the first deployment, it was very clear that we were absolutely wasting our time there.''

A Generous Bill

The Post-9/11 G. I. Bill, which took effect in August, is proving to be a bonanza for universities. For veterans who served at least three years since Sept. 11, 2001, or were disabled, the program pays the entire tuition at public two- and four-year institutions, in addition to a housing allowance and money for books. The old bill had less generous tuition reimbursements and no housing allowance. The government has paid more than $1 billion in benefits under the new bill alone.

The top three recipients of students under the new G.I. Bill offer many of their courses online: the University of Phoenix, the most by far with 2,054 students; the University of Maryland University College; and American InterContinental University.

At a more traditional school, the University of Texas, where the number of veterans rose to 606 this fall from 419 a year earlier largely because of the new G.I. Bill, officials have moved to streamline information about benefits and services by creating a single Web page. LaToya Hill, assistant dean of students, has pressed the university to hire a full-time veteran services coordinator, although given the economic climate, that is unlikely to happen this year, she said.

''What we have discovered is that when they get discharged, a lot of the veterans are looking for information'' Dr. Hill said. ''Which institution they choose depends upon the ease of that process.''

Administrators at Columbia are also preparing for a surge. Twenty to 25 more veterans are expected to arrive at the School of General Studies in the spring, and Dean Awn predicted that the overall number would grow ''by 60 or 75 a year.''

A provision in the new bill known as the Yellow Ribbon program has made it more affordable for eligible veterans -- those who served at least three years since Sept. 11, 2001 -- to attend expensive private colleges that pay some of the tuition. Columbia has set aside $1.2 million for Yellow Ribbon students for the current academic year, while the government is expected to pay $5 million on behalf of veterans attending under the new G.I. Bill, not including the housing allowances.

But as the veteran population at Columbia expands, so, too, will its needs.

''One veteran who just graduated had lost his leg below the knee and had a prosthesis,'' Dean Awn said. ''I can't imagine we're not going to get paraplegics or people with vision loss.''

For now, most of the students' problems relate to adjustment, anxiety and stress. Dr. Richard J. Eichler, executive director of Counseling and Psychological Services, which is part of Health Services at Columbia, said that post-traumatic stress disorder usually involves a ''symptom cluster'' including flashbacks, hypervigilance, avoidance and numbing.

One of the goals of treatment, Dr. Eichler said, was to help veterans downshift.

''It makes sense to be on guard when you're in a combat situation,'' he said. ''But it's not so useful in civilian life.''

Mr. Baker was blindsided by the explosion shown in his political science course in part because the class had not touched on the war all semester. But throughout the fall, he found himself reacting to the cacophony and crowds around the Morningside Heights campus.

Mr. Baker is rattled, variously, by the subway, teeming sidewalks, random noises, even the constant chitchat that is a hallmark of college life.

''In closed spaces, if there are seven people or more talking all at the same time, everything feels like it's pushing in on me, and that triggers aggression,'' he said. ''I just remove myself from the situation.''

Mr. Baker has developed techniques to make him feel more secure. In a crowded bar or nightclub, for instance, he stands with his back to the wall so that he faces the action. He also sought help from Counseling Services, and during a few sessions, he learned ways to relax by doing breathing exercises.

''The shrink said that anxiety triggers fight or flight,'' he said. ''There's a weird yoga thing where you flex a muscle group and focus on it and breathe.''

Oddly, some veterans find solace in their new surroundings.

''The idea of moving to New York City was a little threatening,'' said Joseph Raser, a General Studies junior who was in Iraq and Afghanistan with the Army and transferred to Columbia from Northeastern University in Boston. ''But it's kind of comforting that there is so much going on, that it's fast-paced, almost like a deployment.''

V.F.W. of Columbia

Mr. Baker and a number of other veterans hang out a few times a week at Haakon's Hall, a new restaurant across the street from campus that has become a de facto V.F.W. hall. The owner, James Lenzi, hosted a dozen veterans stuck on campus on Thanksgiving, giving them a free lunch. He did the same on Christmas.

The paternal relationship evolved as the restaurant was about to open in May and the veterans were looking for a place to hold an event.

''I know the miseries of war,'' Mr. Lenzi said. ''My father and 12 uncles fought in World War II and Korea. I'm ***working-class***, and they are the only ones who talked to me.''

While the veterans get free pitchers of beer and V.I.P. treatment, Mr. Lenzi reaps the benefit of their varied skills: fixing the wireless network, hoisting barrels of beer, updating the Web site, even doing plumbing work.

''It's like 'Cheers,' '' Mr. Baker said.

Mr. Lenzi, in his own way, looks out for the veterans, too.

''What time is your class tomorrow?'' he asked Kevin Stendal, a former Marine, on a cold night last month.

''14:40,'' was the reply.

After mentally converting the military time to 2:40 p.m., Mr. Lenzi assented to another pitcher of beer for their table.

''I just don't want them to be hung over,'' he said. ''They've got finals.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Cameron Baker, an Air Force veteran, in class at Columbia. (A1)

A NEW INTEGRATION: Cameron Baker, right, who served in Iraq, with Tom Cox, a former Marine who was in Iraq and Afghanistan. Columbia University, which in the last century was a hotbed of antiwar sentiment, has thrown out a welcome mat for returning servicemen and women.

INVISIBLE WALLS: Mr. Baker, second from right, and other veterans hang out at Haakon's Hall, a watering hole across the street from campus. The older vets attend classes side by side with fresh-faced 18-year-olds, but do not often socialize with them. The restaurant's owner, James Lenzi, has embraced the veterans.

'RESERVED CURIOSITY': Mr. Baker in the Columbia gym. The vets find that other students tend to tiptoe awkwardly around the war and their experiences. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUTH FREMSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A14)

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[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TCT-H5Y0-007F-G4RK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***One Museum, Five Shows and a Million Lives and Passions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TCT-H5Y0-007F-G4RK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

The Bronx Museum of the Arts is one of the city's more animated and resilient cultural spaces. A quick subway ride from Manhattan, it stands on the Grand Concourse, surrounded by Art Deco apartment buildings whose imposing facades are reminders of days when the neighborhood was upscale and middle-class.

Times have changed. The residents are now mostly ***working-class***, and though once white, are now black, Latino and Asian-American, members of New York's fastest growing ethnic populations. And because the Bronx Museum's exhibitions reflect its constituency, this institution is an important player in shaping New York art of both the present and the future.

The museum's activities can be sampled in two separate venues this summer. Four concurrent exhibitions are filling every available corner of its Bronx headquarters. And in Manhattan, a selection from its permanent collection is on view in the lobby galleries of the PaineWebber building on the Avenue of the Americas.

Most of the work in the PaineWebber show, which has been organized by Marysol Nieves, consists of prints and photographs gathered in loose thematic categories. A section devoted to portraiture, for example, suggests the staggering variety that the genre encompasses, from Byron Kim's abstract work using flesh-colored makeup to Tseng Kwong Chi's photograph of himself in a Mao suit at Disneyland.

Images dealing with the interrelated ideas of labor and servitude are equally diverse. They include Luis Jimenez's social realist print of a Latino steelworker, Lynne Yamamoto's hand-inscribed vellum scroll commemorating her Japanese grandmother's life as a laundress in Hawaii, and a large-scale woodcut by Willie Cole that transforms the shape of an ironing board into a diagram of a slave ship.

Throughout the show, such conceptual points are delivered with persuasive understatement, whether in works by artists who show regularly in Manhattan galleries (Glenn Ligon, Lorna Simpson, Alison Saar, Carrie Mae Weems) and by others who do not. One of the outstanding entries is Ester Hernandez's "Offering" (1988), a silk-screen of the Virgin of Guadalupe tattooed on a woman's back. Another is Dihn Q. Le's collage of Buddha heads, Netherlandish Pietas and self-portraits, pieced together in a mosaiclike grid of cutup photographs and tape.

Works by Pacita Abad, Antonio Frasconi, Gerardo Suter, Kuozhong Lee, Alberto Rey, Elizabeth Rodriguez, Carlota Espinoza and Benjamin Varela round out a polished group. And nothing combines formal beauty and ideological passion more seamlessly than a hand-colored lithograph by Juan Sanchez in which the luminous face of the Puerto Rican freedom fighter Pedro Albizu Campos is set among spiraling Taino pictographs and Roman Catholic emblems of the Sacred Heart.

An installation by Mr. Sanchez, "1898: Rican/Struction, Multilayered Impressions," is on view at the Bronx Museum itself. Lamenting colonial intrusion and fervently calling for national self-determination for Puerto Rico, the piece includes paintings and texts, videos and slide projections, with a continuous soundtrack of recited poetry, television news reports and the sound of weeping. All these elements run together with a kind of all-or-nothing urgency, and if the separate strands are hard to unravel, that's part of Mr. Sanchez's point.

Two ambitious mid-career surveys can be found in larger galleries. One, organized by Lydia Yee, is a selection of work by Tomie Arai, a New York-born artist of Chinese and Japanese descent. In the 1970's, Ms. Arai, then a member of the Asian-American art collective known as the Basement Workshop, directed community mural projects in Chinatown; in the mid-80's she shifted to printmaking, a medium that has, like murals, traditionally dealt with topical subjects and had a potential for widespread popular visibility.

The remarkable color silk-screens in the show incorporate portraits of the artist's family and friends as well as archival pictures of other Asian-Americans. Ms. Arai often places the figures against a gridlike map of Chinatown and surrounds them with a constellation of culturally loaded images, from decorative gift paper and eating utensils to examples of racial stereotypes drawn from the mass media.

The results are examinations, at once archival and critical, of precious and embattled lives that often go unchronicled. And the same recording impulse lies behind the show's most recent piece, a room-filling installation, the result of Ms. Arai's work with the Museum of Chinese in the Americas in Manhattan on an oral history project.

Titled "Double Happiness," a Chinese idiom for marriage, it consists of tables and chairs arranged for a Chinese wedding banquet. Silk-screened portraits of the invited sitter appear on the back of the chairs, along with their own comments on their bicultural lives. The words speak more often of discontinuity and isolation than of the bliss of bonding, but here, as in all of Ms. Arai's work, mixed messages are delivered with a slow-acting formal grace.

On view in an adjoining gallery is a mid-career showcase of the 54-year-old Uruguayan-born artist Rimer Cardillo, including prints, assemblages and large-scale installations. Like that of Ms. Arai, his art is essentially about preservation and loss. But where her concerns are predominantly urban and communal, his center on nature and on the precarious status of indigenous species and cultures in the Americas.

His hand-tooled boxlike constructions holding specimens of butterflies and bits of wood look like elaborate reliquaries. And the show's largest piece, "Cupi IV," is a huge cone of dirt sitting in the center of the gallery and studded with the terra cotta casts of dead animals he found either while traveling in South America or near his present home in upstate New York.

Some of the larger installations in the show are overly complicated, and lose coherence and impact. But when Mr. Cardillo concentrates on a single, resonant image -- the photograph of a sea turtle brought to market by Indians to be sold for food, the sculptural form of an Aztec fertility goddess projected in silk-screen on the museum's lobby windows -- the results are powerful.

Installed in the basement gallery is the 18th annual "Artists in the Marketplace" exhibition, always worth catching. The 36 artists, all of whom participated in a program of career-oriented seminars at the museum during the last year, are a cosmopolitan group, hailing from, among other places, Brazil, Cambodia, Finland, Indonesia, Japan and Trinidad. Most are young, but they aren't exactly wet behind the ears. Their work is sophisticated, carefully thought through and fully aware (a trifle too aware in some cases) of current art trends.

Generally speaking, the art this year is compact in format, personal and low-key in tenor. There is lots of photography of all kinds, from portraits (Katharina Bosse, Anthony Goicolea, Caroline Hastie) to still lifes (Alyshia Galvez's moving pictures of her dead father's possessions and Ana Kariotakis's tiny, weird shots of a lifelike doll), from abstract (Amy M. Bay) to setup (Suzy Kim) to quasi-documentary (Khiang Han Hei, Daniel Mirer, Joseph Songco).

And there are artists who are stretching the medium in all kinds of directions and whose work is most accurately described as photo-derived. Stephen Sollins, Francesco Simeti, Eiko Kijima, Amy Eckert, Terry E. Boddie and Heidi I. Nash-Siedlecki are among them.

In painting, Nicole Awai's images are big, bright and political, but much of the other work is abstract, including mixed-media pieces by Bushra Chaudry, Colleen Ho (a towering collage of paint and doilies), Derek Weiler and Sonita Singwi (her beautiful little paintings of brushy tracery are among the best things in the show). And drawing takes a bow in Matthew Deleget's radiating Op-artish abstractions and Daniel Feingold's smudgy, erased forms on a soiled white ground.

Sculpture this year favors similarly delicate, tentative effects, with a distinct emphasis on craft techniques and domestic images. This is most obvious in the crocheted pieces by Hildur Bjarnadottir and Nancy Friedemann. But it is also true of the little cushions of stitched organza by Leigh Winter; in the organic, fruit-and-veggie forms of Beth Cora Lipman and Miggy Buck, and in Elia Alba's twisting curtain of blood-red cloth shut in a wire cage.

Even installation, often reserved for big statements, speaks with a quiet, often witty voice, particularly in Jennifer Krauss's neat-as-a-pin upholstered sofa ensconced inside a Hotpoint refrigerator. Stephanie Patton, Melissa Potter, Nadine Robinson and Brad Rothrock all have things of varying interest to say in this genre. And a piece by Xiomara De Oliver is a standout, not for its host of filament-suspended, charred dolls, but for the accompanying, and really arresting, collage-style poetry, which could easily take on a life of its own.

This is a lively, often accomplished selection, much of it more than just promising. It is worth noting that several of the prominent artists included in the PaineWebber exhibition -- Mr. Kim, Mr. Ligon, Ms. Yamamoto -- as well as Ms. Arai, are Artists in the Marketplace graduates. Their young and future peers are being similarly nurtured at the Bronx Museum today, making this institution a regular, mandatory stop on any art lover's itinerary.

"Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts" remains at the PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Avenue of the Americas, at 52d Street, Manhattan, through Sept. 11 (Mondays through Fridays, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.).

Four exhibitions are at the Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania. "Tomie Arai: Double Happiness" and "Rimer Cardillo: Araucaria" will remain on view there through Aug. 23. "1898: Rican/Struction, Multilayered Impressions" and "Artists in the Marketplace: 18th Annual Exhibition" will remain through Sept. 27.

**Graphic**

Photos: "For Don Pedro," a 1992 hand-colored lithograph by Juan Sanchez, is at the PaineWebber Art Gallery. (PaineWebber Art Gallery); Tomie Arai's "Laundryman's Daughter" (1988), at the Bronx Museum. (Bronx Museum of the Arts)

**Load-Date:** August 14, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Noriega Stealing Election, Carter Says***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-51V0-002S-X35Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 9, 1989, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 6; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1574 words

**Byline:** By LINDSEY GRUSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PANAMA, May 8

**Body**

Former President Jimmy Carter, a leader of an international delegation monitoring Panama's presidential election, declared tonight that the armed forces were defrauding the opposition of victory.

''The Government is taking the election by fraud,'' he said. ''It's robbing the people of Panama of their legitimate rights.''

The armed forces took over many polling places and seized tally sheets, apparently trying to prevent a rebuff to the hand-picked candidate of Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega, the military leader.

Counting All but Stops

The monitors said the opposition's victory was undeniable even though no official results had been reported and counting had all but stopped.

Noriega Stealing Election, Carter Says

Roman Catholic Church officials said an independent sampling of the vote showed that the opposition coalition, led by Guillermo Endara, had won by a 3-to-1 margin.

Mr. Carter called for protests to force General Noriega to respect what he said was a clear victory by the opposition.

''I hope there will be a worldwide outcry of condemnation against a dictator who stole this election from his own people,'' Mr. Carter said.

He said that the general ''totally controls'' the election tribunal and the entire security apparatus around the vote counting and that the military had stolen vote tallies, often at gunpoint. He said the Government was substituting counterfeit tallies.

Fails to Reach Noriega

Mr. Carter said on the ABC News program ''Nightline'' that he had tried to reach General Noriega today to discuss the situation but was unsuccessful.

A senior member of the 20-member international observer team, which also includes former President Gerald R. Ford, said: ''I never thought the fraud would be this blatant. These people are absolutely shameless.''

But General Noriega's hand-picked candidate, Carlos Duque, claimed victory and denounced charges of fraud as a ''desperate'' attempt by the opposition ''to use disinformation to alter a legitimate triumph.''

He called on the election tribunal to publish results quickly and denounced ''intervention of the U.S. because what they're doing through observers is abuse our hospitality.'' He was apparently referring to a 14-member observer team sent by President Bush.

Polling Places Stormed

The international observer team, which came to Panama with the agreement of the authorities there, was formed by foundations connected to the Democratic and Republican parties in the United States.

Witnesses said soldiers and armed civilians invaded polling places around the country, fired shots into the air and stole the tally sheets.

Riot policemen stormed a polling place at the Orlando Winter Gymnasium in San Miguelito, an opposition stronghold, just before dawn, said Louis Conte, who lives in the ***working-class*** neighborhood. A man in civilian clothes with a bandanna around his face told a crowd that was gathered outside the gym to monitor the counting ''to get down and they wouldn't be killed,'' Mr. Conte said.

He said the police then beat him and several other people with rubber hoses and sticks and stormed into the gym, where several women were counting votes. The women ran out so quickly that several left their shoes, he said. The soldiers then seized the tally sheets and vandalized the gym, leaving the vote tabulation papers on the floor, Mr. Conte said.

An opposition coordinator in Colon said he had seen armed civilians seize several ballot boxes and burn them.

The capital was tense. Shops were shuttered and streets deserted. Jubilant opposition leaders said they expected that the next two days would be critical in the United States-backed effort to topple General Noriega, who was indicted last year by two Federal grand juries in Florida on drug-trafficking charges.

''I've spent 20 years waiting to see this coming and it's coming,'' said Ricardo Arias Calderon, the senior vice-presidential candidate of the Civilian Democratic Opposition Alliance, a three-party anti-Noriega group. ''There was a landslide.'' Several thousand opposition supporters marched through downtown Panama to the convention center where the votes were supposed to be counted. ''Not one day more,'' they chanted in what has become a rallying cry of those wanting to end General Noriega's regime.

Cameraman Is Wounded

In what opposition leaders said may be a sign of cracks in the general's support, the Government allowed the opposition coalition to organize the protest march. But it was stopped before reaching the convention center.

A Panamanian cameraman, Fernando Aruz, was critically wounded when a caravan with pro-Government stickers drove into the crowd and started shooting wildly. Two other journalists, one from France and one from Colombia, were also hit by shotgun pellets.

John Spender, another leader of the international observer team and a leader of the Australian Liberal Party, said that there had been ''obvious fraud'' and that his impression was that Panamanians had voted ''decisively against the Government and for the opposition.'' He said that ''enthusiasm for the opposition over the Government was palpable.''

Recent polls for Univision, a Los Angeles-based Spanish-language network, show that General Noriega is the most unpopular public figure in Panama and that half of all voters believe the United States will abrogate the Panama Canal treaties that give Panama control of the canal by the end of the century if he remains in power. But the general has worked diligently to purge rivals and shore up support in the 15,000-member American-trained military.

Many Western diplomats said they thought General Noriega's support in the military was stronger than when the United States began its efforts to topple him. Those attempts have allowed General Noriega to portray himself as a nationalist under siege from abroad and have led to humiliating setbacks for Washington.

Cheating Said to Backfire

President Bush has made the election the cornerstone of renewed efforts to oust General Noriega, reportedly approving a covert operation to provide more than $10 million to the opposition campaign. The Government denounced the financing as ''intervention'' and charged that it showed that opposition leaders were ''traitors.''

In a statement issued before a news conference this afternoon, the observer delegation sent to Panama by President Bush indicated that its members unanimously considered the election fraudulent. ''The mechanics of the election process were so flawed that there were countless and widespread opportunities for manipulation,'' it said.

In what some said was another sign of disenchantment with General Noriega, opposition leaders asserted that the Government's effort to cheat had backfired. They said that soldiers and public employees, many of whom were allowed to vote early and often, had cast their ballots for the opposition.

''I don't know if the fraud worked for the opposition, but it certainly didn't work against it,'' said Felipe Noguera, a spokesman for American Political Analysts, a San Jose research company working for the opposition.

Government Supporters Angered

The Government's audacity even angered some of its supporters. Alcibiades Araus, a vote counter for the Government coalition's biggest party, said troops went to his polling place, a school, shortly after midnight. He said he stuffed the tally sheets beneath his shirt and ran out. He still had the sheets this morning.

At a news conference late Sunday night, Mr. Duque, the Government candidate, claimed victory, basing his statement on an exit poll that showed the Government-controlled Coalition of National Liberation, known as Colina, winning with 50.9 percent of the vote.

But independent observers and opposition leaders dismissed those claims. Mr. Noguera said a preliminary analysis of unofficial returns and his own exit polls showed that people casting ballots for the opposition coalition, apparently because of intimidation, told pollsters they had voted for the Government.

Mr. Noguera said the opposition coalition had won 68 percent of the vote with 20 percent of the unofficial ballots counted. He said the Government group had won 23 percent and a third party 0.5 percent. The rest of the votes, 8.5 percent, were blank or null and void, he said.

International Observers

Leaders

Jimmy Carter

Gerald R. Ford

George Price, former Prime Minister of Belize

John Spender, opposition leader, Liberal Party of Australia

Delegates

Marshall Breger, board member, National Republican Institute for International Affairs

James H. Burnley 4th, former Secretary of Transportation

Rosalynn Carter, former First Lady

Manuel Clouthier, former presidential candidate, National Action Party, Mexico

Glenn Cowan, partner, FMR Group

Donald Cox, Republican National Committee, Indiana

Juan Manuel Garcia-Passalacqua, political analyst, Puerto Rico

Gen. David Jones, retired, former Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

Steven Norris, Member of Parliament, Britian

Robert Pastor, director of Latin American and Caribbean program, the Carter Center of Emory University

Van Poole, chairman, Republican Party of Florida

Keith Schuette, president, National Repbulican Institute for International Affairs

Jorge Serrano, president, Solidarity Action Movement, Guatemala

Antonio Sotillo, former congressman, Socialist Party, Spain

Beatrice Rangel, Deputy Minister of the Presidency, Venezuela

Kenneth D. Wollack, executive vice president, National Democratic Institute for International Affairs

**Graphic**

Photo of opposition-party supporters marching toward election headquarters in Panama City (AP)

**End of Document**



[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN: Hastings-on-Hudson***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5YF0-002S-X0TC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 10; Page 7, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1479 words

**Byline:** By DAVID S. HAWKINS

**Body**

LIKE a picture window in a small room, the view of the New Jersey Palisades from the three bosky hills of Hastings-on-Hudson creates an illusion of expansiveness in this village of only two square miles.

One story has it that the village was named for Hastings, site of the famed battle of 1066, because its precipitous hills and deep ravines reminded an early resident of the English coastal town. Whether or not that is true, topography has had much to do with shaping this Westchester County village's character.

The hills are traversed by steep winding roads, along which houses, behind jagged stone walls, cling to craggy slopes. Its business district stretches along the river, just above a once-thriving industrial waterfront.

''We originally bought here because of location and affordability,'' said Bruce Catania, a Manhattan lawyer who moved from New York City seven months ago with his wife, Celia Baldwin, a film producer. ''But Hastings has proven to be much more than that. The people are very warm. It doesn't feel like the suburbs. It feels like a small town.''

The funkiness ascribed to the village by a recent New York magazine article comes from its topography, which has encouraged a variety of architectural styles, a diverse heritage and the remnants of an ethnically varied ***working class***.

''This was once a miniature Lower East Side,'' said Mary Allison, a trustee of the Hastings Historical Society, who is an 11-year resident. ''Up until 50 years ago, most of the people living here were foreign-born.''

Late in the 18th century, she said, the area was covered by a few large estates, worked by tenant farmers. In the 1820's, the village's first industries, a marble and sandstone quarry, and later a sugar refinery, drew the first wave of immigrants, mostly German, Irish and Scotch.

The village was not incorporated until 1879, when many immigrants had left because the quarry had been closed and the refinery burned down, easing fears of a dominating ''rabble vote,'' said Ms. Allison. The village was also incorporating to resist annexation by neighboring Yonkers.

At the turn of the century, she said, Italians and Eastern Europeans arrived for work on the waterfront, where a deep-water port regenerated industrial development. Moderately wealthy people from New York City - merchants, businessmen and professors - built country homes on the former hillside estates.

The village's housing stock is as heterogenous as its population. Of 46 houses currently on the market, more than seven architectural styles are represented, according to Arthur D. Riolo of Peter J. Riolo Inc., a real estate office founded by his father 55 years ago.

''That eclectic nature is what attracts many people to Hastings,'' said Mr. Riolo, a village resident for 38 years. ''It's not like some suburbs where every house seems like just another variation on the same theme.''

House prices start in the low $200,000 range, but most sell for $350,000 to $700,000, according to Mr. Riolo. Prices are determined by size and style, but can vary significantly depending on location. ''Views of the river always command a higher price,'' he said. River View Manor, a neighborhood on the northernmost hill, adjacent to the Village of Dobb's Ferry, has a sometimes confusing variety of houses.

''It's not uncommon to see a Tudor-style cottage, a colonial, a Mediterranean villa and a geometric contemporary next to one another on the same street,'' Mr. Riolo said.

Hudson Heights, the central hill, has a similar multiplicity of housing styles and sizes. The village's newest houses are on its southernmost hill, called Pine Crest. Among older estates on lots of up to two acres, the recently built homes sell for $400,000 and up. Also on the southern hill, in the Park Knoll section, there are ranches and split levels, built in the 1950's. Shadow Lawn, another south-hill neighborhood, is known for its older Tudor-style homes.

More modest housing can be found in Uniontown, where simple wood-frame houses and a few colonials sell for $200,000 to $300,000. Bargains can also be found on some of the more heavily trafficked streets and on the eastern hillsides, near the Saw Mill River Parkway.

About a third of the village's housing units are in multifamily dwellings. Cooperative apartments, found mainly along Warburton Avenue and Broadway, to the north and south of the business district, run from $100,000 for one-bedroom to $225,000 for a two-bedroom duplex. There are no condominiums in the village because of zoning restrictions.

Rental apartments, in great demand, begin at $600 a month for a simple studio, Mr. Riolo said. Larger apartments with river views start at about $1,000, but can go for up to $1,500. Rentals are primarily near the business district, though some are available in multifamily residences in more residential neighborhoods.

Hastings has a ''small and personal school system,'' with 991 students and an 11-to-1 student-to-teacher ratio, according to Vincent T. Beni, the new Superintendent of Schools.

FACED with dwindling enrollments, residents have chosen not to merge with the similarly small Dobb's Ferry school district, but to instead share some administrators, extracurricular activities and advanced placement courses in chemistry and computer science.

The high school was cited this year as a ''high school of excellence,'' one of 24 so designated from more than 700 New York school districts, Dr. Beni said. Of 97 graduating seniors last year, 93 went on to four-year colleges.

The Farragut Middle School, grades six through eight, is a part of the high school complex. Schoolchildren in grades K through six attend the Hillside School, a postwar building nestled against Hillside Park, 70 acres of woodlands laced with nature trails.

Recreational facilities in the village include a swimming pool and tennis courts at the Hillside School, a public golf course and the wide path atop the old Croton Aqueduct, popular with runners and bicyclists.

The village's 45,000-volume public library often sponsors special programs, such as a recent lecture on understanding Islam. The village's Creative Arts Council operates a gallery at the Village Hall.

The village's artistic heritage includes Jasper F. Cropsey, a painter of the Hudson River School, who lived his final years in Hastings. Ever Rest, his home, now houses the Newington Cropsey Foundation, which plans to build a museum nearby.

Among other former Hastings residents of note were Florenz Ziegfeld, producer of the Ziegfeld Follies, and his wife, Billie Burke, the actress. Jacques Lipchitz, the sculptor, also lived there and his ''Heaven and Earth'' adorns the Village Hall lawn.

While the village has no fast-food franchises or shopping malls, most needs, both gastronomic and otherwise, can be filled in restaurants, food outlets and shops on Warburton Avenue, a small-town main street that runs parallel to the river, and on its few side streets.

Hunger pangs may be assuaged at the Buffet de la Gare, a fine French bistro by the railroad station, or the Hastings House, a popular spot serving American fare.

The old waterfront industries are dormant but the area still has some active enterprises, among them theHastings Pioneer Boat Club, with 20 moorings; the Tower Ridge Yacht Club, with 40 slips; the Hudson Valley Tennis Club, with six courts, and a few small businesses.

How to rehabilitate the area is one of the village's most pressing questions, said Neil P. Hess, the village manager.

Harbor Hastings Associates, a developer based in New York City, owns most of the waterfront property and has proposed building more than 600 units of apartments and town houses, a restaurant and shops, a health club and some public parkland.

The plan is considered too overwhelming by many villagers, said Mr. Hess, and alternative proposals are being discussed.

''Most residents insist that any development plan has to provide significant public access to the waterfront, preferably an esplanade or similar riverside park,'' he said. ''We don't want to become Hasting's-near-Hudson.''

GAZETTEER

Population: 8,200 (1984 estimate).

Median family income: $41,400 (1984 estimate).

Median house price: $379,900.

Property tax on median house: $4,500.

Median 2-bedroom co-op price: $167,500.

Median 1-bedroom rent: $750.

Distance to midtown Manhattan: 19 miles.

Rush-hour commutation: 34 minutes on Metro-North's Hudson Line express, one way $5, monthly $112; 40-minute drive.

Public-school expenditure per pupil: $10,500.

Government: Mayor (Frances MacEachron, Democrat) and four trustees, elected to two-year terms; appointed village manager, now Neil P. Hess.

Melting Pot: In the 1930's, the Hastings-on-Hudson school superintendent noted in his Ph.D. thesis that more than 30 dialects were spoken by the village's schoolchildren, an ethnic and cultural diversity that, to a degree, is still evident today.

**Graphic**

Houses along Pine Crest Parkway offer broad views of the Hudson River; the Municipal Building overlooking the center of town (The New York Times/Keith Meyers); map of Hastings-on-Hudson

**End of Document**



[***FAILED JOURNEYS TO THE WRONG PLACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4YR0-002S-X1P4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1433 words

**Byline:** By THOMAS R. EDWARDS; Thomas R. Edwards teaches English at Rutgers University and is an editor at Raritan magazine.

**Body**

ON THE RIVER STYX

And Other Stories.

By Peter Matthiessen.

208 pp. New York: Random House. $17.95.

Most of the people who admire Peter Matthiessen's novels and books on travel and nature don't know him as a writer of short fiction. In his introduction to ''On the River Styx'' he explains that in his younger days he wrote some 30 stories, few of which now satisfy him; ''perhaps a dozen'' found print, and he moved away to other forms. Seven were collected in 1984 as a chapbook, ''Midnight Turning Gray'' (Ampersand Press); to these the present volume adds two new stories and another old one, the whole arranged in chronological order and with a certain modesty: ''It's still fun to write short stories, I discover, and of course one hopes that in close to forty years there has been a little bit of progress.'' There has indeed, but the light the book casts on the progress of a career may matter as much as the quality of its contents.

In the earliest stories a talented young writer gets started. The best one, ''Sadie'' (1951), uses the business of training and selling hunting dogs in rural Georgia to gradually disclose a drama of male rivalry and violence. Every young would-be writer of Mr. Matthiessen's generation - he graduated from Yale in 1950 - dreamed of writing such a story, whose skill with imagery, point of view, characterization by speech and deferred revelation seems born for the New Critical analysis that occupied literary classrooms and journals then. But its technical elegance is fairly tested by its inelegant materials and idioms, which creative writing courses didn't teach you; if ''Sadie'' sounds a little like a collaboration between William Faulkner and Henry James, it's still a fine story.

The other three tales from the early 1950's are also formally accomplished, but less demanding in substance. Here he uses what could have become a mandarin style to explore the vulnerabilities of a mandarin world: in ''The Fifth Day,'' a rich college boy learns something shaming about what tough ***working-class*** talk conceals; in ''The Centerpiece,'' a similar young man remembers a domestic crisis, with larger implications, during Christmas dinner at his German-born grandmother's country house in 1941; in ''Late in the Season,'' a young wife has to recognize the brutality of her pretentiously elegant husband when they find a huge snapping turtle stranded near their summer place. Small and gracious social areas are penetrated by disruptions from outside, but the governing sensibility of the stories remains inside, and its ironies seem theoretical and a little wistful.

Then the range begins to expand, socially, geographically and imaginatively. ''Travelin Man'' (1957) is an almost mythic tale of an escaped black convict's duel to the death with a white game-poacher for possession of an uninhabited island off the Carolina coast. ''The Wolves of Aguila'' (1958), even more mythic, follows a professional wolf hunter, a Navajo who can ''think like an animal,'' into the deserts of Sonora, where he learns something surprising about what animals really are. ''Horse Latitudes'' (1959) - perhaps a finger exercise, in a remote key, for the superb novel ''At Play in the Fields of the Lord'' (1965) - makes rather unfocused comedy of a feud between a Baptist missionary and a Lebanese merchant aboard a freighter bound for the Amazon. ''Midnight Turning Gray'' (1963) stays closer to home geographically, but not culturally, in its account of an inmates' riot at a New England mental hospital.

None of these stories try for the finish of the earlier ones; rather, they show an impulse for formal departure that mirrors the actual departures, to South America, the Caribbean, New Guinea, the Arctic, central Asia, American Indian country and elsewhere, that have marked Mr. Matthiessen's career as novelist and literary naturalist. One travels, of course, not just to but also away from somewhere, and in the stories he seems to be leaving behind him the writer he might otherwise have become, one more chronicler of privileged people to whom life gives everything but what they most deeply desire.

The two recent stories, American in setting and longer, denser and more complex in mood, express not departure but the shock of return. In ''On the River Styx'' (1985) Burkett, an environmental lawyer, comes with his wife from Washington to a secluded fishing village on the Gulf Coast of Florida. The motel, the food and the mosquitoes are almost as awful as the sullen white locals, who assume that a Government man must secretly have his eye on the drug trafficking that is the town's real business. Even Dickie, their black fishing guide, rebuffs Burkett's efforts to get to know him.

When Dickie does unbend, he goes too far, stealing the couple's rum and their tape player, and despite their attempts to mitigate redneck justice, everything collapses in a tragicomic nightmare of racism, bullying, humiliation and rage. The conclusion - when Dickie refuses to shake hands and mutters, ''You leavin here. Leavin us stuck wit it,'' and poor Burkett thinks, ''I'm stuck with it, too'' - acknowledges that changes of place don't get you very far in the end.

The book's last, longest and best story, ''Lumumba Lives'' (1988), deals even more intricately with being in the wrong place. Here the place is the town of Arcadia, in the Hudson Valley, to which Henry Harkness returns after years in Africa with the Foreign Service, or more accurately the C.I.A. His wealthy family's estate, on the river south of Tarrytown, has been sold and given over to new houses, paddle-tennis courts and other amenities for today's diminished rich; but Henry buys the old gardener's cottage, planning to redo it ''with English wallpapers, old walnut furniture, big thick towels and linen sheets, crystal and porcelain, such as his parents might have left him.''

Might have, but mostly didn't - his stern father, an Assistant Secretary of State of the old school, outraged by his son's role in subverting the Lumumba regime in the Congo, refused even to sell him the family house. Henry's service pro bono publico has alienated him from his family, his class (watching his neighbors at play, he reflects, ''I have lost my life while soft and sheltered men like these dance at their tennis'') and even his inferiors, like the chummy real-estate agent whom he snubs by insulting the wine the man serves him at dinner.

His dream of regaining his lost life, among Purdy shotguns and silver brandy flasks and his grandmother's painting, a minor example of the Hudson River School, finally fails when he attempts a sacramental duck hunt. He kills his bird (''Not a difficult shot,'' he imagines his father commenting), but while trying to retrieve it from the river he encounters some black fishermen, whose amiable jiving turns ugly when they see that he thinks they mean to steal his gun. Their T-shirts have ''Lumumba'' printed on them, and Henry uneasily recalls that he never liked or trusted the real Lumumba; for all his practice, he understands ''Africans'' no better than he understands anyone else nowadays. At the end, humiliated and terrified, he waits in ambush for a dark pursuer who never comes, ''in the autumn garden, cooling his forehead on the night-blue metal, in the haunted sunlight, in the dread of home.''

The sunlight is haunted, I suppose, both by personal ghosts, the forebears Henry will never live up to, and by a national ghost. Even the elitist, the closet racist, feels a baffled yearning for what once seemed promised to everyone here, that vision of a more humanly receptive land that ugliness and incivility haven't yet quite erased: ''For a long time, by the riverside, he sits on a drift log worn smooth by the flood, withdrawn into the dream of Henry Hudson's clear blue river, of that old America off to the north toward the primeval mountains, off to the west under the shining sky.''

It remains hard to feel at home in America, and even the most substantial acts of settlement, like the Harkness estate, don't appease the suspicion that the right place for us, the true Arcadia, lies to the north, or west, or somewhere. It's interesting to know that the fictional Harkness property occupies the site of a very similar real place called Matthiessen Park, and tempting to wonder if in this flawless story Peter Matthiessen isn't obliquely exploring a small area of his sense of America after his own, far more worthy, absences. In any event, this book of departures and ambiguous returns fascinatingly suggests some of the history of a splendid writer's imagination.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***Gilberto Gil Hears The Future, Some Rights Reserved***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N7H-HHF0-TW8F-G1DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; MUSIC

**Length:** 2337 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** SALVADOR, Brazil

**Body**

ON Wednesday the Brazilian minister of culture, Gilberto Gil, is scheduled to speak about intellectual property rights, digital media and related topics at the South by Southwest Music and Media Conference in Austin, Tex. Two nights later the singer, songwriter and pop star Gilberto Gil begins a three-week North American concert tour.

Rarely do the worlds of politics and the arts converge as unconventionally as in the person of Mr. Gil, whose itinerary includes a solo performance at Carnegie Hall on March 20. More than 40 years after he first picked up a guitar and sang in public, Gilberto Passos Gil Moreira is an anomaly: He doesn't just make music, he also makes policy.

And as the music, film and publishing industries struggle to adapt to the challenge of content proliferating on the Internet, Mr. Gil has emerged as a central player in the global search for more flexible forms of distributing artistic works. In the process his twin roles have sometimes generated competing priorities that he has sought to harmonize.

As a creator of music, he is interested in protecting copyrights. But as a government official in a developing country celebrated for the creative pulse of its people, Mr. Gil also wants Brazilians to have unfettered access to new technologies to make and disseminate art, without having to surrender their rights to the large companies that dominate the culture industry.

''I think we are moving rapidly toward the obsolescence and eventual disappearance of a single traditional model and its replacement by others that are hybrids,'' Mr. Gil said in a February interview at his home here in northeast Brazil, one day before the start of Carnival. ''My personal view is that digital culture brings with it a new idea of intellectual property, and that this new culture of sharing can and should inform government policies.''

Raised in the poor, arid interior of the Brazilian northeast, Mr. Gil, 64, has been straddling disparate worlds most of his life. No black Brazilian had ever served as a cabinet minister before he was appointed four years ago, and as a young man fresh out of college he worked for a multinational company at a time when few black Brazilians had access to such jobs. Later, during a military dictatorship, he was jailed and then forced into exile in Britain.

After returning to Brazil in the 1970s he made records that urged black Brazilians to reconnect with their African roots, and was an early champion here of Bob Marley and reggae. But Mr. Gil has also read widely in Asian philosophy and religions and follows a macrobiotic diet, leading the songwriter, producer and critic Nelson Motta to describe his style as ''Afro-Zen.''

In person Mr. Gil is warm, calm and engaging, a slim, dreadlocked figure with an elfin, humorous quality that tends to disarm critics. As both individual and artist he has always tended to be open-minded and eclectic in his tastes; the poet Torquato Neto once said of him, ''There are many ways of singing and making Brazilian music, and Gilberto Gil prefers all of them.''

A fascination with technology has been another constant in Mr. Gil's long career. He wrote his first song about computers, called ''Electronic Brain,'' back in the 1960s, and has regularly returned to the theme in compositions like ''Satellite Dish'' and ''On the Internet,'' which was written in the early 1990s and contains this verse:

I want to get on the Web

Promote a debate

Bring together on the Internet

A group of fans from Connecticut

I want to go on the Web to contact

Homes in Nepal and bars in Gabon

''I don't think there is anyone quite like Gil anywhere in the world,'' said John Perry Barlow, the former Grateful Dead lyricist who is a friend and the co-founder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, one of the groups in the forefront of the drive to reform the current intellectual property rights system. ''He's a spearhead. He's been thinking about I.P. issues forever and clearly gets the importance of all of this. But he's also in a unique position to implement his ideas.''

One of Mr. Gil's first actions after becoming culture minister in 2003 was to form an alliance between Brazil and the nascent Creative Commons movement. Founded in 2001, Creative Commons is meant to offer an alternative to the traditional copyright system of ''all rights reserved,'' which the movement's adherents -- from scientists and artists to lawyers and consumers -- believe has impeded creativity and the sharing of knowledge in the Internet age.

In its place Creative Commons has devised a more flexible structure that allows artists to decide what part of their copyright they wish to retain and what part they are willing to share with the public. With input from Mr. Gil and many others, the organization has created licenses that permit creators and consumers to copy, remix or sample a digital work of art, so long as the originator is properly credited.

More than 145 million works have been registered with Creative Commons licenses, including videos, photographs, written texts, blogs and of course music. Because Brazil is ''a country that has music in its genetic code,'' to use Mr. Barlow's phrase, and because Brazilian music has become a global force, the idea of loosening the automatic control of artistic works by a handful of conglomerates headquartered a hemisphere away has resonated strongly here.

''Look at remixing on music sites, which has become a core of creativity on the Internet and produced a huge archive of legally usable music,'' said Lawrence Lessig, the author of ''Free Culture'' and founder of Creative Commons. ''That has allowed a whole bunch of people to display themselves as artists and be picked up by record labels and Web sites, and all of that began because Gil got us to think about what kind of freedom was necessary for music.''

As culture minister Mr. Gil has also sponsored an initiative called the Cultural Points program. Small government grants are issued to scores of community centers in poor neighborhoods of some of Brazil's largest cities to install recording and video studios and teach residents how to use them.

The result has been an outpouring of video and music, much of it racially conscious and politically tinged rap or electronica. Since Brazilian commercial radio, which is said to be riddled with payola, will not play the new music, the creators instead broadcast their songs on community radio stations and distribute their CDs independently, at markets and fairs, rather than through existing record labels.

With that project, ''you're now creating freely licensed content and demonstrating the creativity latent in the society,'' Mr. Lessig said.

Brazil's official stance on digital content and intellectual property rights is in large part derived from Mr. Gil's own experience. In the late '60s he and his close friend Caetano Veloso, along with a handful of others here and in Sao Paulo, started the movement known as Tropicalismo, which blended avant-garde poetry, pop influences from abroad and home-grown musical styles then scorned as corny and declasse.

In a way, the Tropicalistas engaged in sampling before digital sampling existed, using cut-and-paste, mix-and-match collage techniques that are common now but were considered bizarre at the time. In recent years their music and approach has been embraced by pop performers as diverse as David Byrne, Nirvana, Beck, Nelly Furtado and Devendra Banhart.

When ''world music'' first appeared in the United States and Europe and Mr. Byrne, Paul Simon, Peter Gabriel and others began incorporating Brazilian rhythms into their work, Mr. Gil was initially skeptical of the phenomenon, complaining of ''cultural safaris'' by adventurers in Land Rovers ''looking for all the rare specimens.'' But thanks in large part to technological advances, he said, that practice has ''changed completely,'' and pop stars are now ''more respectful'' of other cultures.

''Today the hegemony of the North has, in a certain form, been broken,'' he said. ''Local tendencies are allowed to manifest themselves and adopt their own languages and forms of packaging. It's no longer that vision of transforming some regional raw material into a single, standardized product. Today you have all kinds of local scenes that utilize universal elements,'' like Brazilian, South African and Arab rap.

As a Tropicalista, Mr. Gil was also involved in an episode that is Brazil's equivalent of Bob Dylan being booed at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. When the Tropicalistas played electric guitars and rock rhythms at a Sao Paulo song festival in 1967, they were jeered and accused of being agents of American imperialism who were trying to impose noxious foreign influences on Brazilian music.

Mr. Gil's complaints about the inequities of copyrights are derived in part from his own experience. Like many other musicians he signed contracts early in his career that essentially gave away publishing rights to the songs he wrote. But he waged a seven-year court battle to regain his rights, which ended recently with a favorable ruling that opens the door for other Brazilian artists to regain their rights as well.

''The old contracts were completely concessionary, in which all rights over the work were ceded to the contract holder, in absolute form,'' he said. ''I fought to bring my own work back under my control, arguing that there exists a unilateral right to break the contract. And we won. It was the first time this happened in Brazil, based on an artist's rescinding a contract, and without a negotiated accord.''

Now that Mr. Gil has regained ownership of his own catalog of more than 400 songs, he is putting the concept of ''copyleft,'' as the alternative system is sometimes called, into practice. He retains all rights on some songs, some rights on others and declaring ''no rights reserved'' on others, which are now free for others for use in remixes or videos.

With such an approach an artist ''no longer needs to transfer the administration of his rights to an entity called the record company, the movie studio or the song publisher,'' Mr. Gil said. ''He can do it himself.''

DESPITE all his brushes with politics over the years, it was only at the end of the '80s, when he was elected to the City Council here in Brazil's third-largest city, that Mr. Gil ventured into conventional party politics. His constituency was an unusual mixture of poor and ***working-class*** blacks and middle-class, mostly white, environmentalists.

But he withdrew after one term, turning aside requests he run for Brazil's Congress by saying he was tired of partisan bickering and wanted to resume his performing career. Many Brazilians were therefore surprised when he jumped back into politics after the country's first left-wing government was elected in 2002 and he was offered the cabinet post of culture minister, and then again late last year when he agreed to stay on for a second term.

''I still don't like politics,'' he said. ''I'd rather see my position in the government as that of an administrator or manager. But politics is a necessary ingredient. You have politics in the government, with ministers, on the issue of how the budget is divided, the cake sliced up, the distribution of resources. You have to choose priorities, to tend to some and not to others.''

Mr. Gil's tenure has not been without controversy. He is a member of the Green Party, not the ruling Workers' Party, so when he was first appointed, some party loyalists were miffed that the job had not gone to one of their own, and responded with manifestos criticizing President Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva's choice of a pop star thought to be ideologically suspect.

''You have to remember that Tropicalismo was fought by the traditional Stalinist left, and that even today some of those same people are in the Workers Party and the unions,'' said Mr. Motta, who is also the author of ''Tropical Nights,'' a history of Brazilian popular music since the 1960s. ''They want to bring culture under state control and know nothing about the digital world and the Internet, so of course they oppose a true revolutionary like Gil, who has always pushed for new things.''

Since Mr. Gil became minister, Brazilian government spending on culture has grown by more than 50 percent, testimony both to his prestige and negotiating skills. As minister he has devoted time to selling Brazilian music abroad, but has also labored to draw attention to Brazilian film, painting, sculpture and literature in foreign markets.

''One thing to remember about Gil,'' said Hermano Vianna, an anthropologist, writer and a leading figure in Brazil's digital culture movement, is that ''he sees culture not just as art, but also as an industry. To Gil culture is not just an accessory but an important part of the economy and even a motor of economic development.''

Over the last four years, though, Mr. Gil has cut way back on his own performances, the part of being a musician he says he enjoys most, and nearly stopped recording. His most recent disc, ''Gil Luminoso,'' is a collection of 15 of his songs, including ''Electronic Brain,'' that he rerecorded in 1999 with just voice and guitar, to accompany a book about him.

Why give up something as gratifying as playing music for the wear and tear of public administration? ''Life is not just pleasure,'' he said. ''The first phrase of the Vedic scriptures is that 'All is suffering.' Difficulty is stimulating, challenging, it's an element of the pulse of life.''

Besides, he is at a point in life ''where I no longer want to have a commitment to my career, in the classical sense of a profession,'' he said. ''I no longer see music as a field to be exploited. I see it now as an alternative area of action, part of a broad repertory of possibilities that I have. Music is something visceral in me, something that exudes from me, and even when I'm not thinking about it, I will still be making music, always.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Gilberto Gil, the singer-songwriter, in his increasingly rare role as live performer. (pg. 1)

As culture minister, Gilberto Gil's portfolio includes, above, discussing a gift by the Petrobras oil company

right, attending a National Film Agency press conference

below, viewing a work at the National Museum of Fine Arts in Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Gil, 64, performs much less frequently, seeing it as ''an alternative area of action, part of a broad repertory of possibilities that I have.'' (Photo by Marcos D'Paula/Agencia Estado)

(Photo by Marcos D'Paula/Agencia Estado)

(Photo by Tasso Marcelo/Agencia Estado)(pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** March 11, 2007

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[***A NATION AT WAR: THE IRAQI CAPITAL; BLASTS IN BAGHDAD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:487B-HMB0-01KN-24GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1756 words

**Byline:**  By JOHN F. BURNS

**Dateline:** BAGHDAD, Iraq, March 26

**Body**

Two large explosions that detonated simultaneously in a ***working-class*** district of Baghdad this morning, killing 17 civilians and wounding 45, set off a scramble by Iraq to blame the United States for indiscriminate bombing, and prompted a suggestion from the Pentagon that the Iraqis themselves might have been responsible.

The Iraqi officials said an American plane or missile was responsible for the blasts about five miles northwest of the center of Baghdad. American military officials said they did not know the cause, although they said they could not rule out an errant American bomb or missile, or the possibility that the explosions could have been caused by Iraqi antiaircraft fire falling back to earth, or a faulty Iraqi missile.

But at least one thing was clear: a week of war between the United States and Iraq had finally produced an incident with enough civilian victims, and of a sufficiently gruesome nature in a thickly populated district of the Iraqi capital, to create a shock wave of indignation against the "villains and criminals" in Washington that Iraq has blamed for the war.

The lurid coverage of the carnage on Iraq's evening television news placed responsibility squarely on the United States. Many news reports reaching elsewhere in the world did the same -- American air attacks, dedicated to toppling Saddam Hussein, had brought sudden, eviscerating death to innocent Iraqis whose only purpose, this morning, was to pursue their everyday lives as auto mechanics, plumbers, shopkeepers, fathers, mothers and children.

At the Pentagon, officials said they had not directed any bombs or missiles at the neighborhood. But if anybody doubted American culpability at the site of the bombing in a district known as Al Sha'ab, or Place of the People, there was no whisper of it amid the cries for the victims, and the chorus of indignation that Iraqi officials, waving pistols and Kalashnikov rifles, led among bystanders.

As they have in every place in Baghdad where American air attacks are said to have gone astray, in the daytime or late at night, local party bosses made a political rally of the misery, leading a rhythmic refrain of loyalty to Mr. Hussein -- "Our blood, our soul, we pledge to you, Saddam" -- along with counterpoint verses of "Down, down Bush."

The chants also included the Islamic invocations Mr. Hussein, in his two television speeches since the start of the war, has made his central theme, along with his calls for Iraqis to kill as many American soldiers as they can. "God is great!" cried the men and teenage boys who made a stage out of one of the wrecked cars, carbonized by fire, that had been parked feet away from one of the blasts. And then, continuing the opening phrases of the Muslim prayer in a cold, drizzling rain that fell through a sandstorm and turned every falling drop to spattering mud, "There is no God but God."

Asked if American bombs or missiles could have caused the explosions, Brig. Gen. Vincent Brooks, at a Central Command briefing at the United States war headquarters in Qatar, said: "We don't know that they were ours. We can't say that we had anything to do with that." He acknowledged that "mistakes can occur," but said that it was too early to know whether an American strike had hit the wrong target. "Right now, we simply don't know," he said.

The counterpoint, General Brooks suggested, was also true -- that nobody could be sure that the explosions had not been set off by Iraqis assigned by Mr. Hussein to plant a bomb in a public place and blame the United States for it.

The general noted news reports that an Iraqi had been found somewhere in the war zone wearing an American uniform, and strapped with explosives in the manner of a suicide bomber. He did not say when or where this incident had occurred, and he did not offer any confirmation. Weeks before the war, American officials said they had evidence that Iraqis were being fitted with American camouflage uniforms for covert operations to kill or bring discredit to American forces.

There was not much Western reporters who were bused to the scene of the explosions could contribute, at least in terms of fixing responsibility. Notification of the incident, by officials of the Information Ministry, came two hours after it occurred at about 11:30 a.m., and by the time the reporters arrived at the site, whatever truth had been available in the immediate aftermath of the blasts had begun to fade. All the bodies were gone, even those burned to death in their cars; witnesses who remembered anything very clearly about the moment of detonation were few, and hard to find.

The facts that were beyond contest were these: two craters, one larger than the other, and neither more than a fraction as deep as the 50-foot quarries dug by the largest American bombs to have fallen here in the last week, lay to either side of a busy suburban roadway leading north out of Baghdad toward Kirkuk.

Near one crater, a row of auto workshops had been blasted to a rubble of concrete and twisted steel, of scattered tools and crumpled stacking shelves and blackened, punctured cans of oil. Cars awaiting service had been burned in the inferno, and one of the victims, so a witness said, had been a mechanic working underneath a car when his world suddenly ended. Others said that a whole family -- father, mother, three children -- had burned to death in one of the cars.

About 50 yards away on the opposite side of the road, there was a smaller crater, and a similar tangle of ruined workshops, including a modest business selling and repairing household water heaters where two men, identified by survivors as Taher, 26, and Sermat, 22, had died.

Someone, ghoulishly, had made a display item of a severed hand, placing it at the end of a steel shutter, torn from one of the workshops, that served as sort of makeshift table. Officials were on hand to point out fragments of human remains, including brain tissue, that lay in one of the workshops. In the rain and mud, television crews and photographers competed for the best angles in capturing these and other grisly totems.

There was nothing that looked remotely stage-managed about the families who survived the explosions, who joined with friends and neighbors in shuttling through bare-concrete entrances between the workshops and up stairs to the low-rent apartments above. Furniture, refrigerators, radios, beds, bookshelves, bicycles and piles of clothes were salvaged to be stacked in the mud. Much of what was saved was little more than debris, but groups of sobbing women, some with children in their arms, seemed to cling to the remainders of their existence as if to flotsam in a heaving sea.

Almost everybody in the neighborhood who spoke to reporters blamed the United States. One man said he had heard American aircraft "roaming about" before the explosions.

Anybody who has been in Baghdad during the air attacks knows that attacking aircraft can sometimes be heard, although not often, because of the height at which they fly. The roar of cruise missiles as they close in on their targets is easier to hear. But hearing anything, much less seeing it, would have been very difficult today, with almost all of Iraq smothered beneath an orange shroud of swirling sand and raging winds.

During the Persian Gulf war in 1991, errant bombs and missiles in Baghdad killed hundreds of people, including one incident at an underground bunker in the district of Amariya in which 403 people, many of them women and children, died from a direct hit by an American bunker-busting bomb.

Today, many who survived the blast seemed convinced that something similar had happened again. After 12 years of invective about the Amariya incident, memorialized now in the museum that has been made of the bunker and annual commemorations that serve as occasions for anti-American rallies, many who spoke at the scene of today's blasts did so in a common Iraqi parlance.

"We have committed no sin, we are not guilty, why are they doing this to us?" said Hisham Madloul, a 28-year-old janitor who said he was a friend of the two men who died in the water-heater workshop, and who had helped pick up his friends' bodies and carry them to the ambulances that took them away.

"We are innocent people, and we want to know: what is it that Bush wants?" he said. "If he wants Iraq to surrender its sovereignty, he will fail, because Iraq will stay Iraq. If he wants Saddam Hussein to go, he will fail in that, as well, because Saddam is an Iraqi ruler for Iraqis, and he will stay."

Normally, when reporters visit Baghdad hospitals after American attacks, the doctors turn casualty wards into forums for polemics. But today, one of the striking things was what did not happen at Al Kindi Hospital, where 5 of the dead and 12 of the injured were taken.

Dr. Sabah Hassan, director of the hospital's surgical unit, emerged from operations on some of the survivors to give details of their trauma injuries. But he refused, even when invited, to make politics of the event. Instead, he spoke in detail of the injuries he had seen, and not a word about Mr. Hussein or President Bush. "What can we do?" the 52-year-old surgeon said. "We manage our patients as best we can."

Other bits of evidence were like random pieces of a jigsaw. A Western reporter who arrived in a car with a minder after the buses carrying the main body of reporters returned to the Information Ministry said the car was stopped a half-mile from the site by a policeman who told the minder there had been an errant bombing attack, and that the issue was sensitive because a military installation was nearby. The only military compound visible to those aboard the bus was a low-walled compound about 800 yards from the blasts, guarded by a lackadaisical group of soldiers sitting at the entrance, wearing helmets and sitting on steel chairs.

The compound did not look much like the strategic targets that have been hit all across Baghdad in the airstrikes that began in the predawn hours of last Thursday. Most of these have been buildings that have been central to Mr. Hussein's power.

On Tuesday, several bombs or missiles struck the main television and radio headquarters on the west bank of the Tigris, putting the three main Iraqi channels off the air. But two of the channels, including a satellite system that broadcasts 24 hours a day outside Iraq and the main domestic channel, were back on air within hours as engineers came up with technical solutions that worked around the shattered buildings.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: An Iraqi soldier in the sandstorm that hit Baghdad yesterday surveyed the scene after the two explosions in a residential district. (Tyler Hicks/The New York Times); Doctors wheel a man injured in yesterday's Baghdad blasts into a hospital. More than 45 people were hurt. (Tyler Hicks/The New York Times); An Iraqi woman wept during a sandstorm yesterday at the scene of the two explosions in Baghdad. (Tyler Hicks/The New York Times); Angry Iraqis gathered on a Baghdad street yesterday after two blasts killed 17 people in a residential district. (Goran Tomasevic/Reuters)(pg. B3); EXPLOSION -- Two blasts in Baghdad yesterday killed 17 people. The cause of the explosions is in dispute. (Goran Tomasevic/Reuters)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** March 27, 2003

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[***'Sometimes I feel we don't have a place here anymore'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:53N8-N581-DXY4-X121-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 3255 words

**Byline:** By NEGAR AZIMI

**Body**

The first time I met Ayman, he insisted on picking me up in his shiny black Chevrolet sedan outside the King of Shrimp, a popular fish restaurant in the Cairo neighborhood of Shobra. It was April, and he had just returned from Berlin, where he attended a conference on tourism (''the world's biggest'') for his job. A brand new ''I Love Berlin'' key chain dangled from his rearview mirror. Also dangling was a small metallic cross, along with ''I Love London'' and, of course, ''I Love New York.'' As a procurement manager at a multinational company, he travels a great deal. ''I have a busy passport,'' he told me during that first meeting, handing me his overfull visa pages to inspect.

A youthful-looking 43, Ayman has worked his way up various ladders at a number of multinationals and makes an exceptional salary -- by Egyptian standards anyway -- of several thousand dollars a month. He is movie-star handsome and works out regularly at a fancy gym called Pro. He has memberships at three recreation clubs, and his wife, Enas, who is 37, collects designer perfumes and laughs like a girl half her age. (They asked me not to use their last name to help protect their privacy.) His children -- three strenuously color-coordinated girls named Joly, Jomana and Jassy -- are learning English in their convent school. (''Say 'how are you' in English,'' Ayman often tells them.) Their apartment, small but abundantly furnished, is filled with familiar markers of a modern, middle-class Egyptian life, from an unused treadmill to a very-wide-screen TV. Ayman's bedside reading includes many books in English on marketing, along with a handful of pocket romances. Until recently, they had planned a family diving trip to the Red Sea.

''We didn't see this coming,'' Enas, a soft and pretty woman who wears sparkly tops and figure-hugging jeans, told me one day in May. She was speaking about the demonstrations that swept Egypt on Jan. 25 and the revolution that followed. ''In the first days, they said there were foreigners, from Switzerland and Israel, giving people money in Tahrir Square -- in euros -- and Kentucky Fried Chicken,'' she said. ''They said they were having sex and taking drugs. I believed such things.''

By the end of January, Ayman joined the demonstrations with work colleagues. ''I would fight with him,'' Enas said. ''I was scared. I didn't want him to go, but he insisted.''

Ayman was visibly proud when he talked about his defense of the revolution against Hosni Mubarak's henchmen. ''I was helping to take care of the prison in the square, to hold all the thugs,'' he said. And then, the unthinkable happened: during sunset prayers on Feb. 11, a defamed and disgraced Mubarak stepped down, and like many Egyptians, Ayman and his family celebrated. The streets of Cairo were buzzing with songs and music. ''It was a happy day,'' Enas said.

Over the next several weeks, Ayman and Enas took to voraciously consuming newspapers -- neither had followed the news much previously -- rehashing the paper's most alarming details to each other: the police were in disarray, jailbreaks were abundant, hospitals were being robbed. Above all, they lingered over stories of churches and their parishioners under threat from radical Salafists who, they heard, described churches as mafias harboring weapons and sinners. Other Salafists, so the rumors went, were calling for acid to be thrown in the faces of unveiled women. (Salafist leaders later denied this.) But many Copts worried that the democratic ideals that triumphed in Tahrir Square would be lost and Egypt might turn into an Islamic republic like Iran. ''We never even heard the word 'Salafist' before the revolution,'' Ayman told me.

By March, Ayman's fears had grown, and he began to reach out to Egyptian friends who live in America, asking them about their lives there. Never before had Ayman thought seriously about ''leaving our country,'' he said, but now he was asking friends how they had managed to emigrate and how he might go about moving his family out of Egypt if he needed to.

Ayman and his family, who are among Egypt's 10 million Christians, most of whom are Copts, live in Shobra, a traffic-clogged, densely packed district squeezed between the edge of downtown Cairo and the Nile. Though many upwardly mobile Copts left Shobra over the years as the area grew more ***working class***, it remains one of the most concentrated Christian communities in Egypt. Ayman and Enas grew up here. Their church is 400 yards from their house, and the girls' school is not much farther.

Copts -- which comes from the Greek word for Egyptians -- are one of the oldest and largest Christian communities in the Middle East. Christianity was the country's majority religion until after the advent of Islam in the 7th century, when millions converted. Throughout their history, the Copts have been subject to mixed fortunes, alternately marginalized, discriminated against or simply left alone. During Mubarak's three-decade tenure, a relative calm prevailed, though routine prejudice against Copts persisted in universities, the police force and government offices. Tales of the kidnapping and forced conversion to Islam of Coptic girls have become part of community folklore. Though these accounts are often difficult to confirm, they reflect a palpable paranoia. There have been violent incidents of sectarian strife too. On New Year's Eve, a church bombing during midnight Mass in Alexandria left 21 dead.

Anxiety among Egypt's Copts has only grown since the revolution. Enas more than once told the story of a group of villagers who attacked a Coptic landlord in Upper Egypt in March who they suspected of having an inappropriate relationship with one of his female Muslim tenants. ''They cut his ear off!'' she would say, her hand moving swiftly across her neck and ear. Meanwhile, abuses began to hit closer to home. Enas's mother, Samira, who is 77, and her aunt, who is 75, shared an apartment and were routinely harassed by a neighbor, an older Muslim man. One day when the grandchildren were visiting, the neighbor became particularly vicious. ''He let his dog loose on the children and called us heathens,'' Samira told me, her eyes tearing up. ''He had always been abusive, but after the revolution, he had more freedom to exercise it.'' Shortly after the incident, Samira and her sister moved in with the family; the two elderly women now share a tiny bedroom with Enas's three daughters.

During the spring, the family stocked up on food and other supplies, and whenever Ayman traveled abroad, the family would stay indoors; the girls didn't go to school. It didn't help that their local police station, looted during the revolution, had not reopened (although ''the police do nothing for the Copts'' is a common refrain). ''We don't feel safe without Ayman,'' Enas said on one of my first visits to the family. She walked to the front door and pulled out a six-foot wooden staff from behind some cabinets. ''For protection,'' she said, laughing nervously. Ayman, who was sitting nearby, went to the other room and came back with a handgun he recently purchased. ''Don't worry,'' he said. ''It shoots blanks.''

The middle class and the educated intelligentsia have been leaving Egypt and the Middle East for decades -- for America, Britain, Australia -- seeking the stuff of a better life: higher-quality education, rosier business prospects, cleaner air and nicer parks. The U.S. green-card lottery is a frequent topic of discussion and intrigue, and in some neighborhoods, a person who manages to leave is referred to as a khawagga, or foreigner. And yet the revolution of Jan. 25, which was supposed to make Egypt a more hospitable place to live, may motivate more families to leave than ever before. If post-Mubarak Egypt inspires fear in people like Ayman, it may be pushing away the very people it needs most to build its new democracy.

By April, with frenzied discussion about rising Salafism in the newspapers, on talk shows and in living rooms across the country, Ayman and Enas began openly talking about moving to the United States. ''I know many people there,'' Ayman told me, pulling out a stack of business cards. They bore names of cities and neighborhoods with Egyptian populations: Bay Ridge in Brooklyn, Arlington, Va., Jersey City. One of his friends, he said, runs a supermarket, and another buys and sells cars. Ayman was planning to claim asylum on the grounds that Egypt had become unsafe for Copts. Though he had heard that lawyers could sell him a story -- for $4,000 -- he was not interested. ''I won't lie,'' he said. ''And I haven't made up my mind 100 percent. After 43 years, leaving everything I have built, it's not easy. I would be starting from the beginning.''

Leaving Egypt would mean relinquishing multiple comforts: a close-knit family; long, lazy evenings at the coffee shop, smoking a water pipe; a solid career; not to mention the difficulty of negotiating life in another language. What if Ayman had trouble finding work? What if work was all he did? It would be hard on Enas too. Though naturally sociable, she didn't have close friends in America as Ayman did -- nor did she speak English. She spent a good deal of time worrying about leaving behind her elderly mother, whom she called her ''best friend.'' The idea of America fluctuated for them between seeming like a land of bounty and a harsh, foreign place.

''It could be heaven or it could be hell,'' Enas told me one day as we talked through the questions running through her head. ''We will be walking into the unknown.''

Some weeks later, I met Ayman and Enas in one of their favorite coffee shops, the popular Goal Cafe in the Nile-side neighborhood of Zamalek. Zamalek's regal villas and elitist cachet was a far cry from Shobra's meandering, litter-strewn streets, and Ayman's income allowed him to treat himself and Enas to frequent trips there. Enas dressed up for the occasion in a shimmering top and superfluous rouge -- she looked as if she were having her yearbook photo taken -- and Ayman donned the standard uniform of the upwardly mobile Egyptian man: starched polo shirt, jeans and abundant hair gel.

As we sat down for a water pipe, the two boasted about Joly, their oldest daughter, who gets top marks in her class. ''They will never let a Coptic girl be known as the top student,'' Ayman said. ''She can only be No. 2.''

Speaking loudly over the blare of dueling TVs, Enas jumped in -- she seemed unusually in her element in the trendy coffee shop. ''There are obstacles all around,'' she said. ''We have to get permission to build churches!''

Our conversation shifted, as it often did, to what they envisioned their life in the United States would be like if they moved. Enas remarked that she would be able to wear whatever she wanted. As fringe Salafists continued to rail against ''immodest'' women -- links to threatening YouTube sermons were widely disseminated among Copts -- Enas stopped wearing short sleeves and had taken to tucking her cross inside her blouse. She had also stopped going to her hairdresser and even to the City/stars Mall, Cairo's most popular shopping destination. After the revolution, stickers were plastered on the mall's doors warning against gratuitous skin exposure.

And yet, however free America might be, moving could mean giving up a certain kind of life they had grown attached to, especially on their forays into Zamalek. The neighborhood was a fitting emblem of their aspirations. Enas turned to me and said, ''He may have to work at a gas station or a supermarket.''

''It may be hard,'' Ayman agreed, adding, ''but maybe everything is cheaper. In America, there is buy one, get one free.''

One day in the spring, I visited Ayman and his family at home. His niece Hala, a recent graduate of the faculty of languages at Ain Shams University, was there, too. Hala speaks English and German. She told me that she would like to work in human resources -- though her reverential tone indicated that she might not really know what that entails. There were only 10 Christians in her department, and even before the revolution, she said, Muslim students aggressively proselytized around her and the other Christian students. She said she loves theater -- among her favorite plays are ''Hamlet,'' ''The Merchant of Venice'' and ''Romeo and Juliet'' -- and the last production she acted in (at her church) was about the experiences of four Egyptians who want to emigrate. She played two of the characters.

''The message of the play is that it is better to stay in your country,'' she said. I asked if she agreed. ''Of course,'' she said. I asked if Copts were better off before the revolution. Hala nodded, saying, ''There was more safety.'' But she quickly added, as if her university education required her to, ''Still, we chose the revolution.''

Enas's mother, a petite woman who smiles a lot but is mostly silent, pointed to the girls and announced, ''They want to leave.'' I asked Joly, who is 12, why she wanted to go to America. ''Better schools,'' she said dutifully. ''And more Nickelodeon.'' When I asked if she would miss her friends, she said, ''We can talk on the phone.'' Jomana piped up with a better solution: ''Facebook.''

In early May, a rumor swept through the neighborhood of Imbaba, a poor area just across the Nile from Shobra, that members of the St. Mina church had kidnapped a female convert to Islam. Hundreds of Muslim residents surrounded the church, some chanting ''Allah akbar,'' ''God is great,'' and others wielding guns, clubs and swords. By night's end, St. Mina and another nearby church had burned to the ground, and at least 12 were dead. Ayman's worst fears were materializing. The day after the episode, he posted a video on his Facebook page of a long-bearded man calling for Muslims to attack churches.

In the weeks that followed, Coptic and Muslim protesters, Ayman among them, set up camp at the state television building, demanding that those who attacked the churches be punished. A few nights into the sit-in, I found Ayman huddled in the back of a coffee shop, taking a break from the restive crowd. It was close to midnight, and the riot police had formed an awkward ring around the area. Less than an hour before, a group of at least 200 people raided the mostly peaceful gathering and set seven cars and a tree on fire. Ayman, whose eyes were glazed over from fear or exhaustion or both, took the arm of the man next to him and announced: ''He is a Muslim. I am a Christian. We never had to think about religion before!'' Outside, someone fired a gun. ''Sometimes I feel we don't have a place here anymore,'' he said.

The following day, something shifted. Ayman told me he would continue to join the protests after work, but he also said that he had saved $60,000 to put toward opening a gas station in America, ''I think in Washington, D.C.'' To make extra money for the move, he and a friend were thinking about exporting frozen strawberries to Europe. He said that once he was in the United States, he hoped to import cotton goods from Egypt. ''I could find a relationship to a shop called K-Mart,'' he said. Two days later, I received a text message from him that read: ''I'm planning to move to U.S. first of Aug.'' When I called him, he said he would be preparing an asylum case. ''I am ready,'' he said.

There have been times in the past months when tensions threatened to mar the fabric of historically cosmopolitan Egypt, as well as the glory of the telegenic revolution that had come to pass. Even Hosni Mubarak, with his paternalistic talk of having kept Egypt peaceful, was redeemed in some people's eyes. (''For 30 years, he was our father,'' one Coptic protester told me in April. ''He kept us safe.'') In the end, if the Egyptian revolution fails, it will be in part because instability has inspired so many to leave. Local newsmagazines are already highlighting the number of Egyptians preparing emigration papers; the July 6 issue of Al Mussawar magazine announced that in the first five months after Jan. 25, 608 Egyptians successfully obtained other passports; double the number who obtained them during the same period in the previous year. That figure doesn't include hundreds of others who are thought to have left some other way. Stories of people who relocated since the revolution -- some of them wealthy Egyptians who bought their way out, others who used tourist visas to travel to Australia, Europe and America where they may file for asylum -- are growing more common. Naguib Gabriel, a prominent Coptic lawyer, told me last month that he was receiving 100 inquiries a week about how to leave. ''For us, this revolution has been very bad,'' he said.

The State Department's annual human rights report chronicles the plight of Copts in Egypt at length. In April, the U.S. Commission on International Religious Freedom recommended to Hillary Clinton, the secretary of state, that Egypt -- for the first time -- be labeled a ''country of particular concern.'' In mid-August, Congress assigned a special envoy for minority affairs in the Middle East and Asia who would have Copts as part of his portfolio. Michael Meunier, the president of the U.S. Copts Association, recently told me that representatives of churches in Washington and elsewhere have told him they were already hearing from Coptic emigres in need of financial and other forms of support. He expects those numbers to rise. ''No one feels safe,'' he said. ''And even if the richer Copts manage to get out, it's the poor who get stuck.''

By the end of July, Ayman and Enas were still in Egypt. A new Egyptian law limited the withdrawal or transfer of large sums out of the country. Ayman's bank would only allow him to transfer up to $10,000 a month, so he was scrambling to figure out how he could borrow money from friends abroad. He still planned to pursue an asylum case and told me that while Enas's elderly mother and aunt would stay behind, his niece, Hala would join them. Then came July 29, when Ayman, along with thousands of others, participated in the Friday of Unity, a demonstration intended to gather secularists and Islamists alike in a peaceful, nonreligious show of support for a united Egypt. Instead, Tahrir Square was overrun with tens of thousands of Islamists -- members of the Muslim Brotherhood along with more conservative Salafists. The revolutionary slogan ''Hold your head up high, you're Egyptian'' was replaced by ''Hold your head up high, you're a Muslim.'' Many called for Shariah, or Islamic law, some flew the Saudi flag and others refashioned the Egyptian flag -- removing the eagle and replacing it with Islamic inscriptions. Ayman, who went down to the square early in the day with friends, found himself -- like many secular and liberal activists -- unwelcome. He left after an hour.

A week later, we spoke by phone. ''It was like theater,'' he said about the dramatic Islamist show of force. ''I can't stay here one more day, even if I love my country.'' In the meantime, he told me, he had gotten a little further in his planning. He was figuring out how much money it might take to open a profitable gas station in the United States -- ''I think something like $350,000'' -- and was wondering aloud whether he could take out loans once he got to America and secured the necessary papers. ''Maybe if we get U.S. citizenship, I can leave the kids and Enas there and come back to work for my country,'' he said. ''But right now, it's time for me to go.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Ayman and one of his daughters on the roof of their apartment building in Cairo. (MM38-MM39)

Countdown: At home in the Shobra neighborhood. From left: Enas

Jassy

Ayman

Joly

and Jomana. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOISES SAMAN/MAGNUM, FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41)

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[***The Casino on the Desktop; Bettors, Veteran or Novice, Find the Lure of Online Gambling Hard to Resist***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42P3-KYJ0-0109-T4KD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1755 words

**Byline:**  By MATT RICHTEL

**Dateline:** ANAHEIM, Calif.

**Body**

THE plastic white magnolias just inside the front door of Cheryl G.'s one-bedroom apartment here are impeccably arranged. She has carefully bent each petal to make them seem more natural.

She keeps the carpets freshly vacuumed. And she fixes the flowered bedspread so crisply each morning that hospital administrators would applaud. Those touches reflect the control that Cheryl G., 48, ordinarily exhibits in her life.

But the Internet unwound her -- completely. In one month.

A novice gambler, she started playing slot machines over the Internet in February. When her spree ended -- after she had lost around $12,000 and her credit cards had no credit left -- she plopped down on the meticulously made bed for two days and contemplated plunging her Grand Am, and herself, into the Pacific.

"You just keep clicking, and clicking, and clicking the button," said Cheryl G., a furniture saleswoman whose losses are almost half of the $28,000 she earned last year. "It was a euphoria. It was like reality didn't exist."

For millions of Americans, Internet gambling is a reality. Around 5 percent of Internet users have gambled online -- 4.5 million Americans all told -- and 1 million do so every day, according to a study last year by the Pew Internet and American Life Project. Players are logging on to 1,300 or so sites, often based in the Caribbean, that seek to project the look and sounds of actual casinos or betting parlors. They offer a slot machine, a blackjack table or a sports book, all as readily accessible as the nearest phone line.

It does not matter that the activity is unregulated in the United States or, depending on the state the gambler is in at the time, even illegal. Or that some banks will not allow their credit cards to be used for online gambling. To players, Internet gambling is, above all else, convenient. For some, wagering via modem means that they need not make their way to an Indian casino or a riverboat, or to Las Vegas or Atlantic City. It means that they need not get dressed. Or tell a spouse. Or face the shame of losing large sums in public. It also means that they can win a lot, and quickly.

Cheryl G., whose struggle is still unfolding, is not necessarily typical. But the data on Internet gamblers are only emerging. The Pew survey, conducted last June, found that Internet gamblers, as a whole, were less educated and older than the Internet population at large and that as many women as men gambled online. A Bear Stearns report this month found that at two popular Internet casinos, women outnumbered men among the patrons, and that online gamblers tended to be less affluent than Internet users in general.

A Web gambler's risk is not limited to the games themselves, said Marc Falcone, Bear Stearns's gambling analyst, who estimated that 35 percent of Internet casinos might not pay what they owe or might fiddle with the odds in an underhanded way. But he said gamblers, apparently undeterred, wagered $1.4 billion online last year on casino games, lotteries, horse races and other sports events -- a figure that Bear Stearns expects to grow to $5 billion by 2003.

The gamblers also risk addiction. The number of addicted gamblers on the Internet is on the rise, said Tom Tucker, executive director of the California Council on Problem Gambling, a nonprofit group.

Unlike Cheryl G., some regular gamblers say they play in moderation to enjoy themselves. They sometimes find profit, they say, and they sometimes find escape. And as with bricks-and-mortar casinos, the relationship between the gambler and the house is one of both love and hate.

"There are a lot of shady operations," warned a regular gambler, Elizabeth M., 48. "They are so deceitful." But she has a choice of gambling or boredom, she said. "There's nothing else to do here except go to work and church," she said.

"Here" is a Mississippi town of 2,500 residents, a straitlaced place where alcohol sales are illegal. And for Elizabeth M., there is not even work: she left her job in a printing plant on disability because of a degenerative eye disease. (Like Cheryl G., she agreed to talk to a reporter about her gambling on the condition that she not be fully identified.) She started gambling 18 months ago when a friend took her to riverboat casinos in Mississippi and she discovered slot machines. In the following weeks, she searched the Internet for casinos and found many, along with numerous ads beckoning her with promotions, like offers to match the first $100 a gambler spends with $35 from the house.

Elizabeth M. bit hard. Several days a week, sitting in front of a computer screen equipped to enlarge the text because of her poor eyesight, she deposits $100 using her MasterCard into casinos with names like Floridita Club (which promises the "heady atmosphere and decadent glamour" of old Havana) and Astra. She plays slot machines and card games.

Her gambling money, drawn from her disability pay and investment income, does not last long. "I play for maybe an hour or two," she said. She plays for the thrill of a big hit, she added, and some days she does cash in. All told, she said, she lost $1,000 in the last year.

When she does win, she knows that she will not be paid for at least 24 hours; most casinos hold winnings for one to five days before they will issue a check or send a wire transfer. The casinos say this is their way of making it convenient for players who want to return to gamble more. Elizabeth M. says everyone knows the real reason: a regular gambler will get the bug before 24 hours expire and use that money to place more bets. That is akin to making the exits tough to find in a Las Vegas casino.

Her theory is backed up by Michael L. Jeung, who knows a lot about losing track of casino exits. "Anyone who tends toward compulsive gambling knows you're going to go back for the money," said Mr. Jeung, 45, who has gambled for 25 years and visits Las Vegas and other gambling destinations four times a year.

He does not like to think of himself as a compulsive gambler, but he is at least a committed gambler. In 1998, he lost $41,000 gambling, $30,000 of it on the Internet. In 1999, he quit gambling online. But last year, the bug hit again.

Little wonder, perhaps, since Mr. Jeung, a software salesman, loves games. He is an avid golfer. He once bowled a 300, and he wears a thick ring from the American Bowling Congress to commemorate it.

In Mr. Jeung's rented apartment, in the ***working-class*** suburb of Hayward, across the bay from Silicon Valley, boxes and shelves are filled with secondhand electronic equipment. The plastic sides of his computer monitor, a used unit he picked up a decade ago, are badly cracked. He purchased the laminated wood desk in his home office for $30 from a surplus store. On it, along with food stains, are giveaways from actual casinos he has enriched, like a plastic Harold's Club cup that holds highlighter pens and scissors.

Mr. Jeung, who earns around $100,000 a year, takes pride in his thrift and his capacity to make the best of orphaned electronics and furniture. But he has also been forced to be frugal because of his gambling losses, he said, lamenting that his habit has cost him the money for a down payment on a house.

And 2000 did not help matters. As the holidays approached, his online gambling losses for the year were $28,000. The culprit was blackjack. On his 20-inch monitor, it is easy to imagine cards being dealt on plush green felt. There are even the sounds of a casino, like background chatter.

But two factors make it seem less than real. The action is faster than at an actual casino, where the deck must be shuffled. And Mr. Jeung does not feel as if he is playing with actual money. "It's not like you're holding stacks of $100 bills," he said. "You just click the betting button." Playing blackjack in person, he bets no more than $200 a hand; online, his bets were often $800.

The high-speed action cuts both ways. Late last year, matters took an exciting turn. Mr. Jeung got hot. His three-month tear through the 7Sultans Casino, The Gaming Club and Prestige Casino left him up $42,000. On one day, he won $18,000. During the streak, he gambled secretly in the middle of the night while his fiancee slept. When she left for work, he would log on again.

Not long ago, Mr. Jeung told his fiancee about his gambling habit -- though not its extent -- and resolved to change his ways before his luck soured again.

"I intend to severely limit my Internet gambling," he said. While conceding that he had not stuck to previous efforts to abstain, Mr. Jeung added, "I've got a second chance, and I want to make the most of it."

A second chance is also what Cheryl G. is seeking.

A year or so ago, her plight might have been hard to foresee. Even though she had had her share of troubles -- two divorces, and a battle with excessive drinking 20 years ago -- her life was running relatively smoothly. She had become engaged, and her habits -- cigarettes, tanning salons, television -- were easier to manage.

Early last year, she moved to Southern California because of her job, and a friend took her to an Indian casino and introduced her to gambling. Before long, she was going twice a month and spending $900 or more on slot machines. The gambling distracted her from her loneliness, she said, because she had moved away from her two grown children and her fiance.

Laid off when her company closed her office late last year, Cheryl G. began gambling online. On some days, she gambled for 10 hours, downing Diet Pepsi and chain-smoking Viceroys.

Gambling felt different than it had in the casino, she said. She felt no public embarrassment when she lost. She maintained an appearance of order -- dusting the apartment, cleaning out the ashtray after every six or seven cigarettes. It was gambling, but anesthetized gambling.

Now the pain is setting in. Lately, Cheryl G. slinks to the mailbox to see if a new credit-card bill has arrived. She is not sure how much she lost, she said, until she opens the statements. "I don't remember making half of these bets," she said. "When you're in the middle of it, you just keep going."

After about a month of heavy gambling, she found Gamblers Anonymous. At her first meeting, she said, she stood up and bawled. She vowed to take her battle against gambling addiction one day at a time. And for two weeks, she did. Then, when her fiance was visiting, she downed several drinks and proceeded to lose $500 using his portable computer.

"The laptop," she said, "was just sitting there."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo (Peter DaSilva for The New York Times) Drawing (Illustration by Andy Chen/The New York Times)(pg. G4)

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[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5RK0-002S-X1MN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***George Grosz, Elicitor of the Weimar Era***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5RK0-002S-X1MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1409 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

Thirty years may have passed since George Grosz died, only days after returning for the first time in decades from his adopted home in the United States to his native Germany, but the artist remains very much with us. When we look at a political cartoon that evokes wealth by depicting fat men puffing on big cigars, it is Grosz whose work we are really seeing. When we conjure pictures of Weimar Germany as a place where soldiers, prostitutes, bankers and beggars jostle one another on the streets of Berlin, it is Grosz's world we are imagining.

More than any other artist since Daumier, Grosz captured through caricature the political spirit of a particular moment, and his vision of Germany between the world wars has lost none of its power to startle or frighten.

The Soufer Gallery has hung 30 of the artist's drawings and watercolors from the 1920's and early 30's. This was not necessarily Grosz's greatest period, which is to say his most unrestrainedly macabre. As a leader of the Dadaists in the years immediately following World War I, Grosz produced collages and drawings of extraordinary inventiveness and vigor. He absorbed ideas from Futurism and Cubism and he refined a kind of naive style suited to satiric illustrations aimed at the masses. There is only one pen and ink drawing here that gives some sense of Grosz's early output, a work from 1917 depicting men at a local cafe. It is a pity the Soufer Gallery did not manage to borrow paintings and other drawings that would have provided a broader picture of the artist's achievement. Everything on view belongs to the gallery and not all of it shows him at his best.

By the 20's, Grosz's stature in the art world had increased so that the presence of his illustrations bestowed prestige on a variety of Leftist periodicals and books and he produced countless drawings and watercolors. The finest of them reveal a brutal and prescient chronicler of Berlin society.

One knows pretty much all there is to know about a well-to-do woman at a cocktail party by seeing how Grosz portrays her pinched smile, slouched shoulders, craned neck and hand rested seductively on hip. And where else but in Germany in the 20's would someone find a man sitting in a cafe wearing quite the same thick, rounded glasses or holding a cigarette with quite the same firmness between thumb and index finger?

Grosz had a fascination with abnormalities that matched his extreme pessimism about humanity (he was known to friends as a charming, witty and exceptionally kind man but one who, when drunk, could turn suicidal and violent). Attention would be lavished on the missing limb of a war veteran or the weird bulbous nose of an army officer. No one could make the curve of a woman's hips look so unflattering. No one could make two people making love seem so ludicrous.

He was rarely adept at conveying affection or admiration, as becomes evident in the saccharine nudes he drew and painted of his wife, Eva. Nor, it could be argued, did he ever seem convincingly sympathetic toward the poor people who were supposedly his allies. Grosz made no one look particularly good.

After he moved in 1932 from Germany to the United States, the timbre of his work shifted considerably, resulting in still lifes and street scenes and landscapes that exude little of the anger and outrage that fired his early work. There are a few watercolors of Depression-era New Yorkers in this show; American artists like Ben Shahn and the Soyers would seem to have developed their repertory of urbanites from these caricatures of sailors and bums and ***working-class*** stiffs. But the drawings also remind us that when Grosz left behind Weimar Germany, he abandoned the world that inspired as well as revolted him.

The exhibition of works by George Grosz remains at the Soufer Gallery, 1015 Madison Avenue, at 78th Street, until April 29.

Pat Steir

Massimo Audiello Gallery

142 Greene Street

Through April 15

Pat Steir's latest paintings of waterfalls are absolutely beautiful -silvery showers of dripped pigment or darkling washes of umber and black. Ms. Steir continues themes she explored in her last show at the Knoedler Gallery, but here achieves a degree of elegance and simplicity and a calmness of expression that were not previously achieved. The references to waterfalls are obvious but not explicit; these are not so much views of nature as exploitations of Abstract Expressionist dripping and splashing techniques to suggest the sense of cascading water and flickering light.

Unlike Jackson Pollock, Ms. Steir never gives the impression that she has abandoned herself to impulse. She has thought a good deal about Asian art and there is a refinement and an emotional distance to these canvases that separates them psychologically from what the New York School produced. They meditate on Chinese painting, on the legacy of abstraction, and of course on landscape, which Ms. Steir evokes with quiet reverence and wonderment.

'The Art of Style: A Look at Sculptors, Diederich, Lachaise and Nakian'

Vanderwoude Tananbaum Gallery

24 West 81st Street

Through April 15

This show of nearly 60 drawings and sculptures executed between 1912 and 1933 brings together work by Reuben Nakian, Hunt Diederich and Gaston Lachaise, each born during the last quarter of the 19th century, each apprentices at one time or another in the studio of Paul Manship, the American sculptor whose strongly linear and highly stylized depictions of mythological and natural subjects presaged the Art Deco movement. (Manship is the subject of a traveling exhibition that is at the National Museum of American Art in Washington through July 4.) Nakian, Lachaise and Diederich did not end up in the same place when their careers were through, but this exhibition reveals that they started from a similar point, one highly dependent on Manship. Diederich, for instance, shares a great deal with his friend and teacher, as is obvious from a wrought-iron weathervane depicting a terrifically slender ''Diana and Hound,'' as well as from the silhouettes of jockeys, polo players, leaping gazelles and matadors, subjects that were to form a large portion of Diederich's output.

These are the most unmistakably Art Deco-like works on view, but that is not to say they are the most elegant. Lachaise's suave drawings of nudes convey a wonderful vigor and haughtiness, as do the small, highly polished, voluptuous sculptures of standing women. As for Nakian, he had in common with Manship a fascination with mythology and a penchant for the lyrical gesture. A smoothly curvaceous sculpture of a bull and cow does not give much idea of the tactile, lusty work Nakian was to produce decades later, but it exudes the sensuousness that was so characteristic of both this artist and his one-time master.

Katherine Bowling

Rosa Esman Gallery

70 Greene Street

Through April 29

Katherine Bowling paints landscapes as if they were dreams. The 34-year-old American artist works on wood covered with several layers of spackle on top of which she paints unpeopled scenes. The views are odd and disorienting: up a tree or a telephone pole or down toward the ground from an inexplicably high perch. One is always aware of the eerie artificiality of these images, some of which are diptychs presenting the same scene twice. Ms. Bowling sands and scrapes and scratches her painted surfaces, occasionally revealing the white spackle underneath, which then looks like a patch of bright light glinting through the trees. The process also gives to the image a misty, unfocused quality, like a faded photograph or a distant memory. There is as much of the Surrealist in Ms. Bowling as there is of the Impressionist.

After sanding her works, she lets tiny holes or abrasions remain so that a viewer's attention will move constantly between the landscapes and the boards on which they have been represented. Her tendency toward abstraction takes center stage in a few works like ''Sea/Sky,'' which is not much more than two shades of blue.

Occasionally, Ms. Bowling's attention to surface makes the work seem precious and fussy. But especially in a moody, deep-red view of a wooded scene that has been hung as part of a group exhibition at Blum Helman Gallery (20 West 57th Street, through April 29); and also in several of the more muted views of ponds and foliage that are shown here, Ms. Bowling reveals herself to be an impressive technician who can paint landscapes full of expectancy, quietude and mystery.

**Graphic**

photo of work in pen and ink by George Grosz

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[***Prospecting For Truth In the Ore Of Memory***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42J2-6D70-0109-T1JC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2001 Saturday

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**Length:** 1779 words

**Byline:**  By ALEXANDER STILLE

**Dateline:** ROME

**Body**

When Alessandro Portelli was doing an oral history of a small ***working-class*** Italian city in the 1970's, he became puzzled when his subjects repeatedly made factual errors or even related events that had never happened. For instance, when talking about the death of a worker named Luigi Trastulli, who had been killed in a clash with the police in 1949, the people Mr. Portelli interviewed all insisted that the event had occurred during demonstrations in 1953.

At first it seemed like the kind of mistake that aging memories are prone to and the reason that many historians are wary of oral history. But Mr. Portelli, perhaps because of his background teaching American literature at the University of Rome, began to see the errors of oral histories, like Freudian slips, as a central part of their meaning and their narrative strategy.

Trastulli died during a demonstration over Italy's decision to join NATO -- a controversy that had lost much of its meaning by the time Mr. Portelli did his interviews -- and the 1953 demonstrations were prompted by mass firings from local factories, which had permanently changed life in the area.

"I realized that memory was itself an event on which we needed to reflect," he said in a recent interview at the University of Rome. "Memory is not just a mirror of what has happened, it is one of the things that happens, which merits study."

The theoretical work of Mr. Portelli and other Italian oral historians has become standard reading in the field. "Alessandro Portelli's work has transformed oral history from being a kind of stepchild of history into a literary genre in its own right," said Mary Marshall Clark, director of the Oral History Research Office at Columbia University. "He has allowed us to see oral histories as more than eyewitness accounts that are either true or false, and to look for themes and structures of the stories."

This approach has prompted Indiana University, for example, to change the name of its Oral History Research Center to the Center for History and Memory -- an indication that the relatively young field of oral history has entered a new stage of maturity.

As an area of academic study, it got its start in 1948 in the United States when Allan Nevins, a historian at Columbia, founded the oral history office. His main interest was diplomatic history, and he began by recording the accounts of scores of government officials who might not have left written memoirs.

The field began to take off during the 1960's and early 70's with the emergence of the civil rights and feminist movements and the proliferation of inexpensive tape recorders. Scholars hailed oral history as a means of documenting and giving voice to blacks, women, Native Americans, immigrants and other groups that had often been pushed to the margins of society. Oral history reached mass audiences with groundbreaking books like "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," "Roots" by Alex Haley and "Hard Times" "Working" by Studs Terkel and "La Vida' and "Children of Sanchez" by Oscar Lewis, which were all based on interviews.

At the same time many academic historians viewed the field with suspicion, insisting that written documents were the gold standard of historical truth. Oral sources, they said, have selective memories, get facts wrong, conflate events and slant their accounts of the past to fit the needs of the present or of the researcher. Oral historians responded to that criticism by trying to make their work meet the same standards as documentary history.

"Until the 1970's, most of oral history was pretty traditional: the worth of a document was judged on whether or not the person was more or less truthful, had a good memory, and if people couldn't remember or lied, the document wasn't worth much," said Ronald J. Grele, who headed oral history centers at both the University of California at Los Angeles and Columbia before his recent retirement. "People were not much concerned with what is now called 'subjectivity.' Sandro Portelli is one of the key people who is concerned with subjectivity."

As Mr. Portelli has written, "Oral sources tell us not just what people did, but what they wanted to do, what they believed they were doing and what they now think they did."

At the same time that Mr. Portelli was sorting through varying accounts of Luigi Trastulli's death, Luisa Passerini, a professor of history now at the European University in Florence, was encountering similar problems interviewing Italian workers about the Fascist period from 1922 to 1943.

At an international oral history conference held in Britain in 1979, she delivered a groundbreaking paper that examined the silences, discrepancies, irrelevancies and inconsistencies that cropped up in her interviews. In many cases her subjects virtually skipped over the 20 years of the Fascist period with only a passing reference or two.

"Irrelevancies and discrepancies must not be denied, but these will never be understood if we take oral sources merely as factual statements," she said in her talk, arguing that they "should be taken as forms of culture and testimonies of the changes of these forms over time."

Italian scholars in particular, Mr. Grele said, have "played an important role in beginning to ask questions about the nature of oral sources, questions about memory, about what we learn from people's mistakes, about how history lives on and is transmitted."

Why Italy rather than the United States, the pioneer in the field, was a leader in this theoretical approach to oral history is an interesting puzzle for historians.

"I think it may have to do with the firsthand experience of war," said John Bodnar, chairman of the history department at Indiana University and head of its oral history program. "Being a battleground during the war, I think, was a cultural shock that undermined the idea of national history. It destabilizes the past and how it is used."

Italy, perhaps the most polarized country in Western Europe, with large Communist and neo-Fascist parties for most of the postwar period, is a country where it is understood that everyone has a different version of reality and history. Editorials appear on the front, not the back, page of the newspapers, and ideological bias is so open that some readers buy five or six newspapers to try to piece together the day's events.

Mr. Portelli's essay on the death of Luigi Trastulli begins with various press accounts of the incident, which differ radically.

Embracing the subjective nature of historical memory does not, however, mean renouncing the idea of an objective factual reality. "As oral historians, we must do three jobs at the same time," Mr. Portelli said. "We must do the historian's job of trying to understand what happened, the anthropologist's job of understanding how people tell their stories and then move back and forth between these two levels."

In his latest book, "L'ordine e' gia' stato eseguito" ("The Order Has Already Been Executed," not yet available in the United States), Mr. Portelli goes to great lengths to prove that many of the oral accounts of a crucial event in World War II in Italy are flat-out wrong.

The book is about the massacre of 335 Italian civilians in Rome in 1944 by the Germans in response to an ambush by Italian partisans that killed 33 German soldiers. Many people believe that after the ambush, the Germans issued an ultimatum saying that if the partisans did not turn themselves in, 10 Italian civilians would killed for each dead German soldier.

In fact, the Germans issued a bulletin the day after the attack that the order of retaliation "had already been executed." But a series of popular myths have developed around the incident that tend to make the partisans, not the Germans, responsible for the massacre -- myths that Mr. Portelli says have been growing in recent years as Italy's neo-Fascist party has been working hard to rehabilitate itself.

By now, most document-oriented historians fully accept that oral techniques are an essential part of historical work on the 20th century. "I think it's an extraordinarily important resource," said Natalie Zeamon Davis of the University of Toronto, who is known for her archival work on early modern France. She has recently adopted oral interviewing for a project on Vichy France during World War II, a subject on which archival evidence is scant and often unreliable. But, she added, "I don't think the emphasis on memory should cause us to forget its value for gathering evidence."

Oral history is also undergoing something of a renaissance because of the opening up of the former Soviet-bloc countries. Until recently, one-third of the world's people were essentially off-limits to outside researchers.

Until 1990, David L. Ransel, head of Indiana University's Russian and East European Institute, had worked exclusively with documentary sources in writing about the lives of Russian women and families. One day he and some statistically minded colleagues were discussing a puzzling demographic anomaly: how was it that Russian women continued to have fewer children during the nearly 20 years that Stalin outlawed abortion in the Soviet Union?

"We looked at each other and said: 'Why don't we just ask them?' " Mr. Ransel recalled. He then conducted about 100 interviews and discovered that peasant women, whose mothers generally had 10 to 12 children, half of whom died in infancy, simply ignored Stalin's orders and risked jail by having illegal abortions. On the strength of this experience, Indiana University is now helping to start various oral history projects in the former Soviet Union.

Mr. Ransel said that not all of his colleagues matched his enthusiasm. "I have a graduate student who wanted to do oral interviews as part of her dissertation, and she dropped her adviser because he was against the idea," Mr. Ransel said. "The view is that if it isn't in the archives, it doesn't exist."

In keeping with the perils of oral history, the adviser in question, Hiroaki Kuromiya, a specialist in Ukrainian history at Indiana, offered a different account. "I don't recall that incident," he said. "I may have said that some graduate students may not have the critical faculties or the Russian language skills to interpret that kind of information."

What's more, Mr. Kuromiya said he felt that oral sources were especially valuable as a window on the subjective world of the old Soviet Union.

"People there tended to rely on rumor, so the reliability of their stories is not as interesting as their meaning," he said. "These oral sources may not tell you much about what Stalin was doing, but they are terribly useful in telling you about people's minds."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo (Horacio Cardo)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2001

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[***Change Makes A Call on Levittown***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S74-3780-TW8F-G188-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Michael Sokolove, a contributing writer for the magazine, worked for years as a reporter in Philadelphia. His latest book, ''Warrior Girls: Protecting Our Daughters Against the Injury Epidemic in Women's Sports,'' will be published in June.

**Body**

The Obama for President headquarters in Levittown, Pa., is set on a busy thoroughfare just to the east of where all the houses begin -- 17,311 of them built by the developer William Levitt between 1952 and 1957. Right next door is the Dairy Delite, which began selling soft-serve ice cream 50 years ago and is still going strong. About four miles north, along the Delaware River, is what Levittowners have always just called ''the mill'' -- the mighty Fairless Works, a U.S. Steel plant that grew up alongside the town and at its peak employed some 10,000 workers.

Any longtime resident could lead you to the other sites where the men of Levittown found muscular, good-paying work -- Vulcanized Rubber and Plastics; Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing (3M); Thiokol, a defense contractor; the big General Motors plant across the river in Trenton. They worked their shifts and came home to their young families and their little patches of green. Many had moved here from the cramped neighborhoods of Philadelphia's blue-collar ''river wards'' or from coal country in upstate Pennsylvania.

You could call the Levittown experience the American dream, but that does not get to what was best about it: its concrete, earthbound specificity. The union wage. The house you could purchase in the mid-1950s for $8,990, with a down payment of $100. The elementary schools that Levitt & Sons put right in the neighborhoods, so that no young child would have to ride a bus. The Olympic-size public pools and the Levittown Shop-a-Rama, with its department stores and soda fountains and its parking for 6,000 cars.

Last month, as the epic struggle for the Democratic presidential nomination between Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton reached Pennsylvania, I came to watch it through the prism of Levittown -- its past and present. The dream is vanishing in the same specific ways it came to life. The young men of the community no longer follow their fathers into the mill, because the work force at U.S. Steel has dwindled to fewer than 100. A Spanish-owned company now occupies part of the site, where it makes wind turbines. The old 3M plant has become something called the Bristol Commerce Center, and most of the other manufacturers are long gone. The town's main intersection, Five Points, is dotted with check-cashing agencies and pawnshops. The original Shop-a-Rama was leveled.

I was focused primarily on Levittown's response to Obama. Here, after all, was a place that needed a big change, a new dream, which for many voters Obama -- with his mixed race, international background, inspiring life story and his soaring rhetoric -- represents. But Levittown, while largely Democratic, is composed of many white, ***working-class*** ''Reagan Democrats,'' exactly the part of the electorate that has been least receptive to him -- even before the controversy over the incendiary remarks by Obama's former pastor, Jeremiah Wright.

And on matters of race Levittown has a particularly shameful history. It was billed as ''the most perfectly planned community in America,'' and part of the plan was for it to be whites-only: 5,500 acres, stretching across three Pennsylvania townships and one borough, closed off to blacks. The first development of mass-produced homes by Levitt & Sons, Levittown, N.Y., on Long Island, which dates from 1947, had the same exclusionary policies. William Levitt weakly insisted that he would love to sell houses to black families but had ''come to know that if we sell one house to a Negro family, then 90 to 95 percent of our white customers will not buy into the community. That is their attitude, not ours.''

In 1957, when a black family, the Myers, finally did move into Levittown, Pa., after buying from an original owner, their home was besieged for several nights by a mob that numbered in the hundreds. Rocks were hurled through the windows. In seeking a court order to stop the harassment, Daisy Myers referred to ''annoying practices,'' which included parades of cars rolling by her home as the occupants sang ''Old Black Joe'' and ''Dixie.''

That was a half-century ago. Still, by the numbers, Levittown is not much changed. According to the last U.S. Census, just 2 percent of its 54,000 residents are African-American; about an equal percentage are Hispanic. The town's white population includes many second- and even third-generation residents. Could Obama connect here? When his impassioned volunteers came around, would people open their screen doors and talk to them? And if Levittown seemed to prefer Hillary Clinton, did that make it a place that remained wary of blacks -- or one that, for whatever economic or cultural reasons, was just not attuned to his message?

At 6 p.m. on a weekday evening in mid-March, about 15 people crowded into a small conference room at Obama's Levittown headquarters. A half-dozen more spilled over into an adjoining area, where they stood near a whiteboard on which someone had written the oft-quoted -- and oft-mocked -- line from one of Obama's speeches: ''We are the ones we have been waiting for.'' Meetings of Obama volunteers begin with what his professional field organizers call ''relationship building.'' Everyone talks about what brought them together and what they have in common, which, of course, is Obama.

The first to testify, as if in church, was Jack Field, a soft-spoken 78-year-old retiree who said that he had been a Republican for nearly 60 years but had changed his registration so he could vote in Pennsylvania's Democratic presidential primary on April 22. ''I read both of Obama's books,'' he said. ''I thought to myself, Here's a guy I can believe in.''

Next was John Annunziata, a former politician who had once been council president in Bristol Township, one of Levittown's four municipalities. ''I got disillusioned with the process and dropped out,'' he said. ''This is something special. I saw his Jefferson-Jackson Day speech, and it just blew me away.'' Then came Rose Abondio, a native of Sudan who works in banking. ''I am very far out of my comfort zone,'' she said in a gentle lilt, referring to her new political activism. ''But all I've been doing is watching CNN and MSNBC. I'm addicted to cable news.''

One of the last to contribute was Rich Cucarese, a 41-year-old second-generation Levittowner who described himself as one of the last employees of U.S. Steel at Fairless Works. ''There's about 75 of us left,'' he said. ''It's nice to hear a candidate talk about the blue-collar worker. We're the ones who built this country up.''

This was Obama's ''Team No. 7.5'' in Bucks County. Its members had come together through his campaign Web site. They were a mix of volunteers from Levittown and nearby towns, split about evenly among blacks and whites (with one Hispanic man and one Asian man). Most of them were in their 30s, 40s and 50s.

Their mission, at this meeting, was to organize a drive to identify Obama supporters among voters registered as independents and persuade them to change their registrations so they could vote in Pennsylvania's ''closed'' Democratic primary. This is painstaking, low-yield work, but the Obama campaign's strategy everywhere has been to try to expand the universe beyond traditional voters.

Rachel Levine, a recent college graduate and paid field organizer who had earlier worked for Obama in South Carolina and other primary states, stood in a corner of the room but said very little. In each new state, the campaign tries to build leadership from the ranks of volunteers, and it considers taking over from them to be ''disempowering.'' Whenever Levine joined the conversation, she did so skillfully and almost apologetically, at one point saying, ''Rachel Levine from Bethesda, Md., is not going to be able to convince the people here to vote for Barack Obama.''

Ersula Cosby became the co-leader of Team No. 7.5 because she seemed to have energy and a talent for organizing. She had worked as a technical writer while attending Temple University's law school at night and was living in a newer condominium complex in Levittown. The only time that Cosby, a black woman raised in Pittsburgh, betrayed an awareness of the tough terrain they were stepping into was when she mentioned where she hoped to open a law practice. ''People have advised me I definitely need to get north of Route 1,'' she told me, meaning out of Levittown and toward the middle part of Bucks County, which is perceived as being more socially tolerant.

Annunziata, the former council president, was probably the most politically astute of the volunteers. ''It's silly to ignore it or pretend Obama's race isn't a factor, especially for some of the older people,'' he said. Annunziata lives in Levittown with his 78-year-old father, Carmine, but said he had not yet been able to make him an Obama voter. ''I have to realize that this is a big change for him,'' he said. ''So far, the best I've been able to do is move him from Hillary to undecided.''

Annunziata had been a motel manager but is not currently working. He thought Obama needed to ''touch people in the wallet'' in Levittown, but he was not primarily attracted by detailed campaign proposals. At times, he sounded almost mesmerized. The very challenge that Obama faced in Levittown and similar places -- winning the hearts and votes of people who may never have dreamed they would vote for a black man for president -- is part of what entices Annunziata. ''When he won Iowa, it touched my soul,'' he said. ''I was very emotional. I felt like we were moving toward what this country should be.''

A few days after this meeting, Cosby and her team were joined by a large number of out-of-towners that included college students from Princeton and Philadelphia, as well as Peggy Kerry, the sister of Senator John Kerry, and her husband, George Kaler. Sophia Danenberg drove down from Connecticut with her husband, Dave, and her background seemed particularly apt for the difficult job of conquering Levittown for Obama: she was the first African-American to climb to the top of Mount Everest.

My parents moved to Levittown in 1955 from their one-bedroom Philadelphia apartment, even though my father's first impression of the new suburb was distinctly negative. A young lawyer and World War II veteran, he had traveled there from the city to represent a home buyer, and the freshly built town reminded him of a huge Army camp. Houses sprawled in every direction over bare terrain, with newly strung electrical wires crisscrossing overhead. The baby trees planted by William Levitt's workers were not yet much taller than the Fords, Chevys and Studebakers parked in the driveways.

But Levittown was what my parents could afford. The purchase price of their two-story, three-bedroom house, which Levitt called a ''Jubilee,'' was $11,250. They borrowed their $100 down payment from my mother's father, a grocer, and paid a mortgage of $65 a month.

I was born the following year, the second of three children, and spent my entire childhood in that house. Nearly everything about Levittown seemed normal to me. Even the name of our street, Vulcan Road, seemed normal enough. (All Levittown streets started with the first letter of the name of their section. We lived in Violetwood, which probably presented a challenge, especially since there was also a section called Vermillion Hills.)

A newspaper account from the era described typical Levittown home buyers as ''young persons of moderate financial circumstances who had small children and might expect others.'' They not only expected them but also produced them. In the early years, close to 30 percent of Levittown's population was under 5 years old. On summer nights, we played hide-and-seek in backyards and kick-the-can in the street. When the trees matured, we found that they produced pears, a fruit too exotic to appeal to most of the families (a rare miscalculation on Levitt's part), so we had great fun throwing them at one another.

Like every boy I knew in Levittown, I learned how to do manual labor and to value work, and workers, of all kinds. During my high-school summers, I cut grass in parks and on the medians of highways, unloaded trucks and walked beside road-paving equipment with a rake to smooth the hot asphalt along the curbs. During a long strike by the schoolteachers, I found a job in one of the area's small steel plants. Even for kids, there was good money to be made. My best friend took a year off from college to mix big vats of chemicals at the 3M plant, where an old-timer told him, ''Remember, don't take all your money and buy a boat with it; buy property.'' When times were good at the steel mill and overtime was plentiful, it seemed as if half of Levittown had Winnebagos or other gargantuan recreational vehicles parked in their driveways. Land boats.

My parents were deeply involved in local politics. They worked the polls every election, and my brother, sister and I stood alongside them, handing out literature and helping keep track of who voted and who needed to be reminded or picked up and delivered to the election site. When I turned 18, my mother instructed me on everything she believed I needed to know about voting. ''Just pull the big lever,'' she said, by which she meant the Democratic lever that automatically cast votes for the party's entire ticket.

There were a few small black neighborhoods on the fringes of town, non-Levitt-built houses, and their children attended our schools, but not comfortably. Periodically, brawls broke out between white and black students, and I spent parts of my high-school years with police and police dogs stationed in our corridors to keep the races apart. The word ''nigger'' rolled off the tongues of many of my classmates, and sometimes I would object, which had no effect other than to give me an adolescent's fleeting sense of superiority.

I felt of Levittown -- and apart from it. I was always among just a small handful of Jewish kids at my schools, and my father was the rare college-educated person on our side of town. (There were more Jewish families in the other end of town, which fed into a different school district.) He belonged to the N.A.A.C.P. and A.C.L.U., and he hired into his small firm the first black lawyer in Bucks County, a graduate of Yale Law School who had been turned away at numerous other firms and went on to be the county's first African-American judge. I saw my father take stands that were not always in his personal interest, and although he did not talk about it much, I knew the Bronze Star he kept in a little plastic case came to him for breaking cover and risking artillery fire to come to the aid of a wounded fellow soldier.

My father became a judge in 1981, and soon after my parents moved away from Levittown and closer to the county courthouse. In the course of researching this article, I asked my parents for their memories of when the Myers family broke Levittown's color line. ''That case is very sensitive to me,'' said my father, who is 82. ''I think it represented a show of cowardice on my part.''

A small group of Levittowners stood vigil in front of the Myers home in opposition to the mob and in support of the family. My father said he wanted to join them but was running for township commissioner, the equivalent of city council. ''My political friends very easily talked me out of going over to that house,'' he said. ''They said it would be a disaster for my prospects to be elected. They were probably right. But I took the easy way out and sat back.''

I went along on a Saturday with a group of Obama canvassers in the Plumbridge section of Levittown. Ersula Cosby led seven others in the group, including Marjory Apollon-Shields and four of her children. Things did not start out in a promising way. ''I'm not interested!'' a man called out loudly enough to be heard through a closed door. If barking dogs could register to vote, the canvassers would have really been in business, because there seemed to be many more of them at home than actual residents -- though sometimes those residents apparently just weren't coming to the door.

But the day picked up, and they found a warmer reception than I might have imagined. ''I like him -- how do you say his name?'' Carol Bianchini, a home health aide, said. ''I like how he presents himself. I don't think he's for the black community or the white community. I think he's for everyone. And I don't like Hillary. I don't like the way she talks to him. He looks so sad when she does that. He's my guy.''

Bianchini said she did not need a form to switch her registration from independent; she had already done so in order to vote in the Democratic primary. She was approached while walking out to her car with her 26-year-old daughter, Melissa Lauver, who also said she was for Obama. ''I liked him the first time I saw him on television,'' she said. ''He was on 'Oprah,' I think. He just seemed honest.'' I asked her if Obama's race was a factor at all. ''Not for me or any of my friends,'' she answered. ''The older people, I don't know.''

The lists the canvassers worked from were supposed to contain only the addresses of independent voters, but they found some Democrats as well as unregistered residents at the homes they visited. Colin Radicke, who is 23 and works in the produce section at a supermarket, signed up to vote as a Democrat, telling one volunteer, ''I want to get out of Iraq.'' As for his candidate, he said, ''I think I would go with Obama.''

Michael Branigan came to the door with his young son, whom he is raising alone after the death of his wife. He seemed just about euphoric when told that he could change his registration right on the spot. ''Awesome -- thank you!'' he said. ''I was going to do this, but I thought it would be a pain and take too much time, so I was just going to blow it off.''

Branigan, who is 36, works in Philadelphia as a civil rights investigator for the U.S. Department of Education, looking into complaints of discrimination. ''I didn't think this would happen in my lifetime, or at least not this soon,'' he said, referring to a black man's being a serious contender for the presidency. ''It's, like, futuristic. By the time this came, I thought I'd be flying around in a spaceship or driving in some kind of little Jetsons vehicle.''

When the canvassers came to the door of Harry Berko, a union electrician and former employee at the steel mill, they got a more grounded response, although friendly enough. He said he was ''doing good'' and making a decent living, but he added: ''We need change. We need to end the war. We need better jobs.'' He was already a Democrat and did not reveal whom he favored. As they walked off, he called out to them, ''Good luck to yas.''

As topsy-turvy as the Obama-Clinton race has seemed at times, the demographic alignments have been mostly static. Obama dominates among black voters, while Clinton has big margins with white women and Hispanic voters of both sexes. The one segment that has swung back and forth is white men. In some states where Obama won by double-digit margins -- Wisconsin, Maryland, Virginia -- he captured close to, or better than, 50 percent of white male voters. He did best in Wisconsin, winning 63 percent of the votes cast by white men. But they flocked back to Clinton in Ohio, where she won 58 percent of their votes and an even higher percentage among those with less education and lower incomes, according to exit polls by Edison/Mitofsky. Overall, Clinton won by 10 percentage points and nearly 230,000 votes. A headline on Yahoo News declared, ''Obama Momentum Slowed by 'Archie Bunker' Voters.''

Levittown is whiter, older and less educated than the rest of the nation -- and Pennsylvania is made up of many Levittowns. The Democratic governor, Ed Rendell, said in February that some in his state were ''probably not ready to vote for an African-American candidate,'' a remark that many would accept as self-evident but that nonetheless earned him sharp criticism. Rendell and most of the state's Democratic establishment support Clinton, although Senator Bob Casey, a socially conservative, anti-abortion Democrat, endorsed Obama late last month just as Obama began a six-day bus tour across the state.

Campaigns do not much like talking about what parts of the electorate they are struggling to connect with because that only highlights what's not working. If the issue involves race, they are even more reluctant. ''She did better in Ohio than we did'' is how Sean Smith, the Obama campaign's spokesman in Pennsylvania, put it to me. ''I don't think that means she is automatically assigned that part of the electorate. He's going to introduce himself to the people of Pennsylvania.''

Neil Oxman is a political consultant in Philadelphia and may know Pennsylvania better than any political professional. He was the media consultant for Rendell in his campaigns for governor, as well as for the current mayors of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. (He consulted for Bill Richardson, the governor of New Mexico, before Richardson dropped out of the presidential race and has not stated a preference for either of the remaining Democrats.) ''Pennsylvania is like a home game for Hillary,'' Oxman told me. ''In places like Levittown, he was cutting into her demographic. The blue-collar males were available to him partly because they did not like her. But about four or five days before the Ohio and Texas primaries, she turned the election from a referendum on change to a referendum on experience, and he lost them.''

More than 200,000 people have registered to vote as Democrats in Pennsylvania in the last five months. ''I think it's fair to say probably two-thirds of them are Obama voters,'' Oxman said. ''That changes the math by 4 to 8 percentage points. But that's not enough. He has to regain the magic he had to change the campaign back from experience to change and to connect the change message with all the financial things that blue-collar people are worried about.''

Obama's most important ally in the Levittown area is the first-term congressman Patrick Murphy, the son of a Philadelphia cop, an Iraq war veteran and a member of the Blue Dog Coalition, a group of self-identified Democratic moderates and conservatives. His Eighth Congressional district is among the more volatile in the nation and regularly swings back and forth between Democrats and Republicans. (Even Murphy's wife is a Republican and a swing voter. She switched parties to vote for Obama in the primary and plans to switch back. ''I pick my spots,'' Murphy told me in explaining why he did not think it was worth trying to prevail upon her to stay a Democrat. ''She voted for me, or at least she says she did.'')

Murphy, who is 34, says he believes that Obama offers the best chance for quickly ending the American involvement in Iraq, which he fervently opposes. He told me, ''Barack Obama is going to win Levittown.'' I asked him if he really believed that. ''Yes, I do,'' he said. ''He will win it.''

The number of adults in Levittown with college degrees was 13 percent, according to the 2000 census, roughly half of the national figure. Its median income was $52,514, a little more than $10,000 above the national level then. Some of that money came in pension payments from old union jobs, and some people worked multiple jobs. ''You've got four or five jobs in a household now,'' Carl LaVO, a longtime Levittown resident and an editor at The Bucks County Courier Times, told me. ''The jobs are retail clerks, painters, warehouse clerks, truck drivers.''

On one of my days in Levittown, I visited with Janet Keyser, a childhood friend from the next street over who is now chairwoman of the local Democratic Party and the director of the water and sewer authority. ''There's not many $25-an-hour jobs anymore,'' she said. ''It's very, very sad in Levittown right now. It's not like it was, where the father got his son a job in the mill, and then when the son got out of high school, he came into the mill full time. We get the list of foreclosures and sheriff's sales at the authority, and every month, it's more. And these aren't bums or people on drugs. They're good people.''

Near the end of our visit, Keyser asked me if I remembered the milk trucks that came around and dropped bottles into boxes we had in front of our houses. She rhapsodized about the schools that we could walk to, the now-closed public pools and the Woolworth's and W. T. Grant's at the old shopping center. Neither Hillary Clinton nor Barack Obama is bringing back any of that. But Hillary Clinton evokes memories of eight years of better times, and she would bring back Bill -- who, here in Levittown, is not a damper on her campaign but rather a security blanket.

In early March, Keyser's Democratic Party endorsed Hillary Clinton. ''She's got the experience of being in the White House,'' Keyser said. ''That's part of the asset. And she has Bill with her.''

From the diner where I talked to Keyser, I drove over to Gleason's Bar, around the corner from my old house. That, too, was a sort of a reality check after spending a few days dwelling with Obama's devout enthusiasts. Eight men sat around the bar, and not one of them supported Obama.

The cascade down the job ladder -- with one job not as good as the last -- is a particularly ***working-class*** syndrome. It is the sort of slide that makes a person less likely to take a chance and more prone to cling to the familiar. Marty Clark, whom I knew in high school, worked at the mill and then as a longshoreman and now has a nonunion job driving a truck. ''I don't know Obama that well,'' he said as he sat at the bar at midafternoon on St. Patrick's Day. ''It seems to me like he's got no experience. She'd be the way I'd go.''

Steve Woods sat drinking a Coors Light and talking with his buddies. A Philadelphia Phillies spring-training game was on TV, and he glanced up at it every time the audio picked up the crack of the bat. I asked him if the presidential campaign interested him. ''Absolutely,'' he said. Rapid fire, he told me the issues he cared about: ''No. 1, gas prices. It's killing everybody. No. 2, immigrants. They should go back to Mexico. Three, guns. Everybody should have the right to bear arms. In fact, everyone should have a gun in this day and age.''

I wondered if he was a Republican. ''Are you kidding?'' he said. ''I'm a Democrat all the way. I hate Republicans.''

Woods, who is 32, said that he had been trained at the local technical high school as a land surveyor but had been working only sporadically. He had been picking up ''side jobs,'' a term I heard over and over again in Levittown. It refers to temporary labor: carpentry, landscaping, junk hauling.

Woods was for Hillary Clinton, and if Obama was the Democratic nominee, he said he would vote for the Republican, John McCain, in November. ''Hillary all the way,'' he said. ''We need Hillary. She knows the game. Obama has no experience. He talks about change, change, change. Everybody says he's new; he's refreshing; he's charismatic. I don't think he's got a clue.''

Obama's lofty rhetoric did not move these men, but neither did it go over their heads, exactly. They heard it, and it seemed to have the opposite of its intended effect. It bothered them. All insisted that his race had nothing to do with their coolness to him. ''The guy does a lot of talking, but I haven't heard him say anything great yet,'' said Dennis Haines, a 38-year-old self-employed electrical contractor and a Democrat who thought he would vote for Clinton in the primary but probably for McCain in November.

The real language of Levittown is arithmetic. The hourly wage. The mortgage payment. How to make ends meet or, better yet, get ahead. Another of the men in the bar, Brian Foley, was a Teamsters truck driver. He explained to me the difficult math for a driver who owns his own rig: ''Diesel fuel is up to $4.19 a gallon. Let's say you're fully loaded at 80,000 pounds. You get four miles a gallon, five max. You tell me how that works?''

One day I watched as Barack Obama, his dark blue suit smartly tailored, his stride confident, walked onto a factory floor at U.S. Steel's old Fairless Works, the mill, to promote his environmental and economic initiatives. ''Green jobs are the jobs of the future,'' he told workers employed by Gamesa, the Spanish-owned manufacturer of wind turbines. This was an entirely conventional political event, a town-hall-style meeting of the kind that has become a ritual in modern presidential campaigns. Except that nothing involving Obama is really conventional. That is part of his allure -- and his challenge.

Here was a man with roots in Kenya and a childhood split between Hawaii and Indonesia saying why he should be president as he stood squarely within what was once the industrial heart of an all-white town. Obama's remarkable personal narrative, his stirring American journey, has certainly won him votes from Americans who see in him hope for a better nation. But that is an abstract political desire. Levittowners and other blue-collar voters, with their own pressing concerns -- and their ear for the specific and concrete -- are less easily romanced by an interesting life story. I remember my hometown as a place that craved the familiar. The normal. Its racism was hard-edged and overt. Like everywhere in America, it is more tolerant than it once was, but still, Obama's differences probably do not help him in Levittown. The question that remains is how much they hurt him.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: BARACK NEEDS YOU: Obama campaign workers making their pitch. (pg.MM47)

BARROOM BALLADS: At Gleason's Bar, the preference was Clinton or, if not, McCain (pg.MM50) (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK PETERSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** April 6, 2008

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[***SOVIETS SAVOR VOTE IN FREEST ELECTION SINCE '17 REVOLUTION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5XD0-002S-X032-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Yeltsin May Be In***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5XD0-002S-X032-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, March 26

**Body**

Soviet voters today relished their freest elections in more than 70 years, choosing a new national Congress of Deputies that is to replace a legislature wholly subservient to the Communist Party.

In the race that some regarded as a plebiscite on the establishment, Boris N. Yeltsin, the deposed Moscow Communist Party leader, appeared headed for a victory over a candidate backed by the Moscow party machine.

Mr. Yeltsin, campaigning against party privileges and for greater political pluralism, seemed to have overwhelming support over Yevgeny A. Brakov, the director of the Zil limousine factory, in a contest to represent the city in the congress.

Even a Western Survey

An informal sampling by Western news organizations of more than 2,300 voters at polling places around the city found that more than 90 percent had supported Mr. Yeltsin's comeback. The first official tallies from scattered polling places also pointed to a Yeltsin landslide.

Today's voting was the first nationwide, competitive election since the autumn of 1917, when Lenin's Bolshevik party was outpolled by the Socialist Revolutionaries. The following July, Lenin ousted the rival party from the Government and began the one-party state that exists to this day.

The new congress and the standing legislature it must appoint within two months are certain to be dominated by the Communist Party on all major policy questions. But voters appeared likely to elect enough independent-minded deputies to make open clashes of ideas highly likely.

Enthusiasm and Impatience

Soviet citizens seemed to revel in their first opportunity to vote for candidates like Mr. Yeltsin, who promised to accelerate the pace of change and railed against the bureaucrats and power brokers.

One woman may have embodied the national mood when, asked by a Soviet television crew how she had voted, she replied firmly, ''Against what we have now.''

Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, while declining to say how he had voted, cautioned against the impatience evident among Mr. Yeltsin's army of supporters.

''We must not commit stupidities, attempt great leaps forward, or overreach ourselves because we could put the people's future at risk,'' Mr. Gorbachev said after casting his ballot at the headquarters of the Association of Soviet Chemists.

The candidates ranged beyond the usual run of Communist Party functionaries, factory directors and handpicked workers to include maverick writers, market-oriented economists, a dissident historian, Baltic nationalists and campaigners for various unofficial political movements.

In the northern Russian city of Yaroslavl, an army general, Boris V. Snetkov, commander of Soviet forces in East Germany, faced strong opposition from an upstart lieutenant colonel who campaigned for abolishing the draft and ''radical reform'' of the armed services.

Where voters were offered a clear choice, they seemed to favor candidates who called for more radical change over those content with the current pace, judging by interviews and partial returns in several districts.

Separatism an Issue

In the Baltic republics - Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia - independent Popular Fronts were optimistic that most seats would go to candidates who demand greater autonomy from Moscow, in some cases outright secession from the Soviet Union.

A radio journalist in Tallinn, the Estonian capital, said tonight that the K.G.B. chief in that republic had been defeated by a candidate of the Estonian National Front.

Only half of the 2,250 seats in the new congress are to be filled in contested public elections. The rest of the deputies have been appointed by the Communist Party and other official organizations, or were running unopposed in today's election. Those elected in any forum will make up two-thirds of the legislature, 1,500 of 2,250.

Mr. Gorbachev and others in the hierarchy were made deputies last month by 641 people at a full meeting of the party's national and regional leaders.

Asked today about the large number of uncontested races, the Soviet leader pointed out that this was ''not against the law,'' but he said the first test of the new electoral system had exposed shortcomings, suggesting that he might support the demands of many candidates for quick election reforms.

''I am in favor of competition and competitiveness, and at every stage,'' he said.

Gorbachev Mutes Opposition

Mr. Gorbachev, who is expected to be named to an enhanced position of President when the new congress convenes, was also asked how he felt about the widespread discussion of a multiparty system that has arisen during the campaign.

The Soviet leader, who not long ago dismissed the idea as ''rubbish,'' today seemed to soften his longstanding opposition to the prospect of genuine political competition. He repeated his contention that creating more parties ''is not a solution,'' but he stopped short of condemning the idea.

Official results in most election districts were not expected before Monday, after laborious hand-counting of ballots that included up to 12 candidates in one Moscow district.

Early reports suggested that more than 80 percent of the 184 million eligible voters had participated, a high turnout considering that voting is supposed, for the first time, to be completely voluntary.

In the past, party functionaries went door-to-door to flush out reluctant or forgetful voters. Although voters were presented with only a single candidate, refraining from voting was considered a punishable act of defiance, and turnout was typically near 100 percent.

The Yeltsin Story

Mr. Yeltsin, considered a popular figure but a temperamental administrator, resigned from the ruling Politburo in 1987, complaining of obstruction by Yegor K. Ligachev, then the party ideologist.

He was drummed out of his Moscow party leadership after a ritual denunciation by his comrades but allowed to keep a high-ranking post in the Construction Ministry, which he must forfeit when he assumes his legislative post.

His campaign to win the congressional seat in what is known officially as National District No. 1 became a vehicle for a multitude of public discontents.

Among intellectuals, many had misgivings about Mr. Yeltsin's maverick qualities, his upbringing as a Communist Party apparatchik, and his suspiciousness on such issues as private business. But in these circles, his candidacy represented the seed of an opposition that would goad the party leadership toward wider civil rights and pluralism.

''Perhaps he does not represent the democratic ideal, but he represents the hope for change,'' said Viktoriya O. Chalikova, a sociologist interviewed after voting for Mr. Yeltsin at a polling station in south Moscow.

'Critical Mass' Required

''If Yeltsin is alone, he will play no significant role,'' she said. ''But if there is a democratic bloc in the Parliament, then there is hope. I'm not sure there is any country in the world where everyone supports full democracy, but the main thing is to have a critical mass of such people.''

For ***working-class*** voters, voting for Mr. Yeltsin seemed to represent a nonverbal act of protest - against privilege, shortages, environmental degradation and the other burdens of ordinary Soviet life.

Many voters swarmed protectively to him as an underdog, one beleaguered by hostile coverage in the Communist Party newspapers, by alleged dirty tricks against his campaign and by the creation of a party commission to investigate allegations that his speeches had violated Communist discipline.

''You could write not a novel but a thriller,'' Mr. Yeltsin said of his campaign outside his polling place today, Reuters reported.

Mr. Gorbachev seemed mildly irritated at Mr. Yeltsin's complaints of unfair treatment.

''Comrade Yeltsin has not been the only object of criticism,'' he said. ''So has our past, our present and even what we have been doing in the years of perestroika. So he has no special priority.''

Utter Mistrust

The attacks on him contributed to widespread suspicion that the elections would be rigged to obstruct unconventional candidacies. During a rally for alternative candidates Saturday in Luzhniki Park, Muscovites were urged to bring their own pens to the polling stations, lest local officials erase their votes.

Today, authorities took pains to allay such worries by admitting reporters, rival campaign representatives and even a few foreign observers into the vote counting.

The election generated a level of enthusiasm that seemed unimaginable in a land of political puppet shows, but voters themselves seemed more hopeful than confident about the chances it would survive.

''I hope this is all for real,'' said Boris Mamedov, a court clerk, at his voting place in south Moscow. ''We've never had anything like it before - discussions, debates, fighting. Before people dropped a piece of paper in a slot. You couldn't describe it as a choice.'' Aleksandr A. Sokolov, an artist interviewed after voting in the city center, added: ''The real test of this election is whether the people we elect stick to their principles and ideals. If not, this will turn out to be just like all the elections in the past.''

**Graphic**

photo of Mikhail S. Gorbachev (AP) (pg. A6)

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BYC-8VD1-JBG3-6058-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 5180 words

**Body**

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases: nytimes.com/movies.

'About Last Night' (R, 1:40) This remake and update of the '80s Demi Moore-Rob Lowe rom-com, based on David Mamet's play, moves the action to Los Angeles, where two couples negotiate the complexities of heterosexual courtship. Bernie (Kevin Hart) and Joan (Regina Hall) pursue an on-again-off-again, emotionally volatile, sexually adventurous relationship, while Danny (Michael Ealy) and Debbie (Joy Bryant) proceed from dating to cohabitation and pet ownership. Danny and Debbie are dull and likable in the usual Valentine-movie way, but Bernie and Joan provide some raunchy laughs as well as a bit of romantic wisdom. (A.O. Scott)

'Alan Partridge' (R, 1:30) The title character, an obnoxious broadcaster played by Steve Coogan (and a fixture of British telly for almost 20 years), becomes embroiled in a hostage situation at the provincial radio station where he holds down an afternoon D.J. slot. Though the humor is better suited to short-form comedy than a feature, the movie will delight devotees of Mr. Coogan's abrasive, waspish and strangely charming brand of satire. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'American Hustle' (R, 2:09) David O. Russell directs this wonderfully pleasurable comedy, a Martin Scorsese screwball that's very (very) loosely based on the 1970s Abscam scandal and which finds a brilliant Christian Bale playing a molting con man who's the Cary Grant to Amy Adams's Rosalind Russell. Jennifer Lawrence and Bradley Cooper also co-star in the film, which is one of the year's best and one of its most fun. (Manohla Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Anita' (No rating, 1:17) Freida Mock's documentary about Anita Hill, who accused Clarence Thomas of sexual harassment during his Supreme Court confirmation hearings, segues from the hearings in 1991 to the present, where Ms. Hill is seen in a context of power as she speaks in front of rooms full of women in her new role as an activist. (Miriam Bale)

'Bad Words' (R, 1:29) Jason Bateman, making his feature directing debut, stars in this would-be gonzo comedy about an unwelcome participant and universally loathed champion in a national spelling bee where everyone else is decades younger. Written by Andrew Dodge, the movie has a tough exterior and a marshmallow center and while it would be something to see Mr. Bateman go authentically dark, sometimes it's enough just to watch him pop his eyes, furrow his brow and show off his excellent timing. (Dargis)

'Captain America: The Winter Soldier'' (PG-13, 2:16) Chris Evans squeezes into the form-fitting corporate brand once again for this sequel, which is quite fun until it loses steam and goes kablooey. Given how little creative wiggle room there is in properties like this, it's a minor triumph that the directors, the brothers Anthony and Joe Russo, imprint any personality on the movie -- less a stand-alone work than a part of an ever-expanding multimedia enterprise. (Dargis)

'Cesar Chavez' (PG-13, 1:38) The story of the United Farm Workers in the 1960s is the subject of this earnest, conventional biopic, directed by Diego Luna and starring Michael Peña in the title role. There is too much telegraphed inspiration, and not enough illumination, which is a shame since some of the issues Chavez faced could hardly be more timely. (Scott)

'Dallas Buyers Club' (R, 2:00) Skinny and fierce, Matthew McConaughey brings terrific energy to the role of Ron Woodroof, a Texan who receives a diagnosis of H.I.V. in the mid-1980s. The film, directed by Jean-Marc Vallée, chronicles Ron's transformation from a homophobic hedonist into a medical crusader, bringing experimental (and at the time unapproved) drugs to desperate patients. It is an inspiring story, but the movie, Mr. McConaughey's performance notwithstanding, is too predictable and conventional to do justice to its political and social dimensions. (Scott)

'Divergent' (PG-13, 2:23) Shailene Woodley stars as Tris Prior in this adaptation of the first book in Veronica Roth's young adult series. It's another dystopian tale that pivots on a gutsy teenage heroine, one living in a postwar Chicago. For all its similarities to ''The Hunger Games,'' ''Divergent'' isn't as interesting partly because Tris spends a lot of time wondering why her cute male instructor pays attention to her: The story celebrates individuality and breaking out of the little boxes that its authoritarian leaders (i.e., adults) put teenagers in, even as it sticks to the usual gender template. The director, Neal Burger, gives you little to hang on to -- beauty, thrills, a visual style. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Elaine Stritch: Shoot Me' (No rating, 1:20) This late-life portrait of the great Broadway and cabaret entertainer, now 89, is a moving bone-deep X-ray of an indefatigable woman who is described as a ''Molotov cocktail of madness, sanity and genius.'' (Stephen Holden)

'Enemy' (R, 1:30) Jake Gyllenhaal plays a Canadian professor whose glum, routinized life is turned upside down when he discovers that he has a double, an amoral actor also played by Mr. Gyllenhaal. Adapting a novella by the Portuguese Nobel laureate José Saramago, Denis Villeneuve (''Incendies,'' ''Prisoners'') has made an enjoyable creepy psychological thriller that is perhaps not as profound as it dreams of being. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Ernest & Celestine' (PG, 1:20, in either French or English) A tale of mice and bears, derring-do and dentistry, this lovely animated movie about would-be foes who become friends originated in a cycle of children's books by the Belgian writer and artist Gabrielle Vincent. The books have simple stories and enchanting illustrations by Vincent that are characterized by graceful lines, muted colors and blurred edges, which focuses your attention on animals that, in their poignant delicacy, evoke Beatrix Potter. The screen character designs are broader and more overtly comic, but the three directors -- Benjamin Renner, Vincent Patar and Stéphane Aubier -- have retained enough of Vincent's charming vision that the movie feels intimate and personal, as if it, too, had sprung from a single hand. (Dargis)

'Exposed' (No rating, 1:17) Dancing on the wilder shores of burlesque, from Manhattan clubs to the Coney Island boardwalk, the eight performers profiled in Beth B's joyfully explicit documentary blend politics, gender and sexuality into candid portraits of the person beneath the exhibition. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'Finding Vivian Maier' (No rating, 1:23) An exciting electric current of discovery runs through John Maloof and Charlie Siskel's documentary about the street photographer who worked as a care provider and never exhibited her work. Maier is a terrific story -- part Mary Poppins, part Weegee -- and the movie is a solid if finally thin introduction to her. It's also, to state the obvious, a feature-length advertisement for Mr. Maloof's commercial venture as the principal owner of her work and would have been stronger if it had dug into the complexities of what it means when one person assumes ownership of another's art. (Dargis)

'Flex Is Kings' (No rating, 1:23) Two performers, the gregarious Flizzo and the mask-wearing Jay Donn, are the focus of this documentary about a Brooklyn street-dancing style reminiscent of vogueing, break dancing and miming. Though it lags at times, this fascinating film creates narrative tension between the improvised street style and the more formal modern performance. (Bale)

'Frankie & Alice' (R, 1:41) Halle Berry does the multiple-personality thing in this drama, which is said to be based on a true story. Frankie is a go-go dancer whose odd behavior catches the attention of a psychotherapist (Stellan Skarsgard). He documents her various personalities, which include a young girl and a white Southern racist. The acting is earnest, but the results feel ordinary. (Neil Genzlinger)

'The French Minister (Quai D'Orsay)' (No rating, 1:53, in French) Fires burn, simmer and die, only to rekindle, in Bertrand Tavernier's sharp, sly comedy of manners and errors. The movie is based on ''Quai d'Orsay,'' a graphic novel illustrated by Christophe Blain, whose sharp caricatures and comic-book flourishes Mr. Tavernier has nicely translated to the screen. The book's writer, Abel Lanzac, is a pseudonym for Antonin Baudry, a diplomat who based it on his experiences working for Dominique de Villepin (a terrific Thierry Lhermitte plays the fictionalized version), the foreign minister during the lead-up to the war in Iraq. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Frozen' (PG, 1:40) A beautiful princess with magical powers that she can't control; an adorable snowman with buck teeth and a carrot for a nose who longs to sunbathe because no one ever told him that heat melts ice; a picture-perfect prince who is not what he appears to be: these are among the unconventional characters in the new Disney 3-D animated movie musical very loosely based on Hans Christian Andersen's ''The Snow Queen.'' (Holden)

'The Galapagos Affair: Satan Came to Eden' (No rating, 2:00, in English and Spanish) This darkly amusing historical documentary, set in the early 1930s, explores the fruitless search for paradise on Earth by vainglorious world-weary dreamers who set themselves above and apart from the rest of humanity. The heart of the film, directed by Dayna Goldfine and Dan Geller (''Ballets Russes'') who wrote the screenplay with Celeste Schaefer Snyder, is a hybrid of juicy period soap opera and ''Survivor.'' (Holden)

&#x2605; 'The Grand Budapest Hotel' (R, 1:39) Wes Anderson's latest film is whimsical, fussy and ingenious -- a Wes Anderson film, in other words -- but it is also a sly and touching engagement with some of the ugliest parts of 20th-century European history. Ralph Fiennes plays a hotel concierge in the fictional Central-European republic of Zubrowka in the fateful year of 1932. The frames are beautifully composed, the production design exquisite and a large cast is dispatched on a complex caper. But all the fun is shadowed by -- and is a brilliant protest against -- some very cruel realities. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Gravity' (PG-13, 1:30) Alfonso Cuarón's gripping, spectacular film about astronauts in peril is less a science-fiction story than a lean and simple tale of the struggle to survive. Sandra Bullock and George Clooney are the space travelers orbiting the Earth, but the real star is Mr. Cuarón's breathtaking sense of scale and movement. He also grounds his technical bravura in a friendly, low-key humanism, and the result is a movie that is at once cosmic and intimate. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'The Great Beauty' (No rating, 2:22, in Italian) This deliriously alive movie from the Italian director Paolo Sorrentino tells the story of a man, a city, a country and a cinema, though not necessarily in that order. Set in Rome, it follows Jep (a sybarite played with a veneer of wit and fathomless soul by the great actor Toni Servillo), who dances into the story while celebrating his 65th birthday and slowly, stirringly, wakens to the world around him. A must-see. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Her' (R, 2:05) At once a brilliant conceptual gag and a deeply sincere romance, Spike Jonze's exquisite new movie is an unlikely yet completely plausible love story set in the near-future about a man (a wonderful Joaquin Phoenix), who sometimes resembles a machine, and an operating system (voiced by Scarlett Johansson), who very much suggests a living woman. From Mr. Phoenix's wide-open face to the diffused lighting and ravishingly lovely sherbet palette, this is a movie you want to reach out and caress, about a man who, like everyone else around him in this near future, has retreated from other people into a machine world. In ''Her,'' the great question isn't whether machines can think, but whether human beings can still feel. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Ilo Ilo' (No rating, 1:39, in Mandarin, Tagalog and English) Anthony Chen's small, wonderful first feature is an acutely perceptive examination of middle-class life in Singapore during a 1997 financial crisis that sent tremors of panic through Asia's developing countries. Its semi-autobiographical story focuses on a family of three, with a baby on the way, suddenly facing uncertainty. (Holden)

'In the Blood' (R, 1:48) Free Gina Carano! This former mixed-martial artist has plummeted from the heights and all-star cast of Steven Soderbergh's delightful 2012 revenge thriller, ''Haywire,'' and landed in this trifle, a Caribbean-set action thriller that squanders Ms. Carano. Somebody, please give this promising star a better script and director. (Andy Webster)

&#x2605; 'It Felt Like Love' (No rating, 1:22) Photographed with a soft light that makes skin tones sing, Eliza Hittman's sensual and insightful first feature, set in a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood, observes a coltish 14-year-old (Gina Piersanti) who longs for sexual assurance and romantic connection. (Catsoulis)

'Jinn' (PG-13, 1:37) In Ajmal Zaheer Ahmad's incoherent thriller, a car designer battles against the evil supernatural beings of the title. The movie resembles an overheated trailer for itself -- a glaringly rough assembly of ill-staged computer-generated action sequences and assorted portentous moments. (Nicolas Rapold)

&#x2605; 'Just a Sigh' (No rating, 1:44, in French and English) In this contemporary Gallic answer to ''Brief Encounter,'' Emmanuelle Devos and Gabriel Byrne play a struggling French actress and an older British academic who meet by chance on a train and have a daylong fling. The narrative is episodic but the movie is beautifully acted. (Holden)

'The Lego Movie' (PG, 1:40) This movie is an energetic stew of visual wit, action, family-film sentiment and pop-culture japery, with lots of celebrity voices. What distinguishes it from lesser, merchandise-centric animated entertainment is its commitment to the discipline and endless creative potential of Lego itself. The filmmakers conjure a universe made of interlocking plastic blocks in which everything seems possible. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'The Lunchbox' (PG, 1:44, in Hindi) Ritesh Batra's charming debut, set in Mumbai, refreshes an old and sturdy conceit (perhaps most familiar from ''You've Got Mail''). Two lonely souls -- a neglected young housewife (Nimrat Kaur) and a middle-aged, widowed office worker (Irrfan Khan) -- pursue an anonymous correspondence that begins when a home-cooked lunch is delivered to the wrong place. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Mistaken for Strangers' (No rating, 1:15) A shaggy ode to sibling reconnection, Tom Berninger's scruffy, undisciplined documentary about his rocky relationship with his brother, Matt (the lead vocalist for the National), is pierced with touching moments of seemingly stumbled-upon clarity. (Catsoulis)

'Mr. Peabody & Sherman' (PG, 1:32) A dog and his boy, traveling through time. This latest bit of big-studio baby boomer pop-culture recycling is genial and witty, though not quite as aggressively brainy as the original Jay Ward animation. The goofy high spirits are marred by the kind of unthinking sexism that, even in the wake of ''Brave'' and ''Frozen,'' remains the default setting for feature-length animation. (Scott)

'Muppets Most Wanted' (PG, 1:47) In this follow-up to the 2011 Muppet movie, Kermit lands in a gulag while an evil frog who bears a striking resemblance to him takes his place on an international Muppet tour. The charm of the earlier film is replaced with plotting complexities, and the movie has more grown-up jokes than its predecessor. It's sometimes funny but rarely lovable. (Genzlinger)

'Need for Speed' (PG-13, 2:10) This 3-D driving movie, adapted from a popular series of video games, aims for the unpretentious B-picture glory of the ''Fast and Furious'' franchise at its best. There are some good moments -- thanks to Imogen Poots, Michael Keaton and a souped-up Mustang -- but the cornball story and witless acting (including from Aaron Paul, the brooding lead) slow down the action and gum up the story. (Scott)

'Noah' (PG-13, 2:18) Darren Aronofsky's version of the familiar Sunday school story is a scary, brooding environmental allegory, in which Noah (Russell Crowe) takes his divine instructions as a warrant for fanatical, almost genocidal behavior. Noah, assisted by stone giants, is pitted against Tubal-Cain (Ray Winstone), who wants to save corrupt humanity from its creator's wrath. The movie is clumsy and not always coherent, but at its mad best it is a powerful, sincere attempt to find modern meanings in the Old Testament. (Scott)

'Non-Stop' (PG-13, 1:46) A satisfying, primitive bluntness distinguishes ''Non-Stop,'' which turns on an air marshal (Liam Neeson) who, during a super-bad flight, tries to stop an anonymous extortionist from killing a passenger every 20 minutes. The story is as nonsensical as it sounds, but the film's director, Jaume Collet-Serra, has a sure genre hand and real feeling for what Mr. Neeson brings to the screen at this stage of his career. (Dargis)

'Nymphomaniac: Volume I' (No rating, 1:58) The title of Lars von Trier's latest would-be provocation is preposterous, a huckster gimmick; it may also be a dig at those who, I think wrongly, label him a misogynist because of the abuse he rains down on his female characters. Women suffer in his work, yet they also dominate, shape and haunt it. That's true of Joe (Charlotte Gainsbourg) who, over the course of this fitfully amusing sometimes explicit demi-movie, relates her sex life to a stranger (Stellan Skarsgard). And then the movie bluntly ends and the credits roll next to some teasing clips from ''Volume II'' that imply Joe's sexcapades are about to turn very ugly or deeply silly, both being possible with Mr. von Trier. (Dargis)

'Nymphomaniac: Volume II' (No rating, 2:03) In the second half of Lars von Trier's four-hour sex movie, Joe (Charlotte Gainsbourg) recounts a set of erotic adventures that are not as much fun -- for her or the audience -- as the ones in ''Volume I.'' Less scandalous than dull and pompous -- in effect a long mansplaining of female sexuality -- this installment nonetheless delivers a nasty and eminently von Trierian punch line at the very end. (Scott)

'On My Way' (No rating, 1:53, in French) This likable, Gallic comedy is a valentine to Catherine Deneuve, who plays a former beauty queen, now in her 60s, who owns a financially failing bistro. When her longtime boyfriend leaves her for another woman, she goes on the road and has a series of mild adventures in the French heartland. (Holden)

&#x2605; 'Particle Fever' (No rating, 1:39) This documentary, directed by Mark Levinson, chronicles the work of theoretical and experimental physicists involved with the Large Hadron Collider, an enormous gizmo near Geneva that in 2012 isolated the elusive Higgs boson (a subatomic morsel believed to hold the key to understanding the universe). If that sentence is clear to you, you should buy a ticket now, but even if the intricacies of physics lie beyond your grasp, the grandeur of the enterprise and the humanity of the scientists themselves make for mind-blowing viewing. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Philomena' (PG-13, 1:38) Judi Dench's portrayal of a stubborn, kindhearted Irish Catholic trying to discover what became of the son she was forced to give up as a teenager is so quietly moving that it feels lit from within. A major theme of this anticlerical screed is forgiveness. Ms. Dench's Philomena glows with the radiance of someone serene in her faith despite inhumane treatment by the church. That she makes you believe her character has the capacity to forgive provides the movie with a solid moral center. (Holden)

'The Raid 2' (R, 2:28, in Indonesian) The pleasant surprise of Gareth Evans's sturdy sequel to ''The Raid: Redemption'' is that neither its undercover drama nor its long running time bog down its bracing, expertly staged fight fests. Iko Uwais returns as Rama, a principled Jakarta cop who infiltrates a crime syndicate by aiding the boss's son. (Rapold)

'Rob the Mob' (R, 1:44) Bright and fleet, Raymond De Felitta's breezy retelling of one of New York City's more unusual crime sprees follows a pair of crazy-in-love and comically dumb crooks (Michael Pitt and Nina Arianda) as they rob a series of Mafia social clubs. (Catsoulis)

'Sabotage' (R, 1:49) Lovers of camp and cannabis are the most plausible audience for this extravagantly silly movie about a gang of marauding Drug Enforcement Administration undercover thugs led by Arnold Schwarzenegger. Filled with howling, yowling characters who look like they've made a close study of the FX show ''Sons of Anarchy,'' the movie has the kind of jagged, jolting visual excesses and frenzied energy that solicit gasps and guffaws. It's doubtful that the director, David Ayer, who shares script credit with Skip Woods, intentionally embraced self-parody, but it sure sneaked up on him. (Dargis)

'10 Rules for Sleeping Around' (R, 1:34) This awful sex comedy about a couple with a supposedly open marriage who try to convert two friends to that lifestyle has very little sex and very little comedy. And the 10 rules of the title are nothing you couldn't figure out on your own. (Genzlinger)

'300: Rise of an Empire' (R, 1:42) Taking the battle to the sea, this new story about the gory defense of ancient Greece strives to uphold the rah-rah visuals and rhetoric established by its popular predecessor, ''300.'' A fresh mortal threat to manliness arises in the person of the Persians' vicious naval commander, Artemisia (Eva Green), but this round of gravity-defying melees and meager intrigue lacks the momentum and bombastic je ne sais quoi of the first film. (Rapold)

'Tim's Vermeer' (PG-13, 1:20) One of the title figures of this documentary directed by Teller and produced by Penn Jillette, is Tim Jenison, a scientist, inventor and restless hobbyist who embarked on a multiyear odyssey to discover whether the movie's other, better-known, subject, the Dutch master Johannes Vermeer, used any kind of optical tools when he created his extraordinary paintings. Did Vermeer ''cheat''? Does it matter? (Dargis)

&#x2605; '12 Years a Slave' (R, 2:14) Written by John Ridley and directed by Steve McQueen, ''12 Years a Slave'' tells the true story of Solomon Northup (Chiwetel Ejiofor), an African-American freeman who, in 1841, was snatched off the streets of Washington, and sold. It's at once a familiar, utterly strange and deeply American story in which the period trappings long beloved by Hollywood -- the paternalistic gentry with their pretty plantations, their genteel manners and all the fiddle-dee-dee rest -- are the backdrop for an outrage. Essential viewing. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Under the Skin' (R, 1:48) In this somber Kubrickian sci-fi horror movie, Scarlett Johansson plays a predatory alien who assumes a human identity and lures men to their deaths. Jonathan Glazer's absorbing movie leaves you reflecting on the notion that every being in the universe is an alien in disguise. (Holden)

&#x2605; 'The Unknown Known' (PG-13, 1:42) Errol Morris and Donald H. Rumsfeld face off (though only one is seen on camera) in this combative, intellectually thrilling documentary about truth, power and the Iraq War. It's a disturbing inquiry into recent American political history that plays out as a philosophical skirmish. (Scott)

'Veronica Mars' (PG-13, 1:47) For three well-received seasons, Kristen Bell played the title character in ''Veronica Mars,'' a high-school (then college) sleuth from the fictional, filthy rich town of Neptune. Veronica looked like a SoCal cheerleader and alternately talked like Sam Spade and Noam Chomsky, a combination that made her television's very own Little Miss Sunshine and Noir. She's back in this unnecessary footnote to the show, which was canceled in 2007. The showrunner turned movie director Rob Thomas suggests that even after graduating from law school, Veronica yearns for Neptune and its sordid intrigues, but he can't make the case or his story convincing. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Le Week-End' (R, 1:33) Nick (Jim Broadbent) and Meg (Lindsay Duncan), a left-leaning, academic British baby boomer couple, arrive in Paris to celebrate their 30th anniversary. But are we witnessing the celebration of a long marriage or its sudden unraveling? The writer Hanif Kureishi and the director Roger Michell (whose previous collaborations include ''The Mother'' and ''The Buddha of Suburbia'') confect what is on the surface a bittersweet comedy of love in maturity. But there are strong, angry passions under the surface (particularly as far as Meg is concerned) and an eruption of sharp social satire when Jeff Goldblum shows up playing an old graduate school chum of Nick's who has matured into a happy and prosperous sellout. (Scott)

'The Wind Rises' (No rating, 2:06, in Japanese) Hayao Miyazaki's newest (and reportedly final) film tells the fictionalized story of Jiro Horikoshi, a gifted aeronautic engineer who is historically notable -- or infamous -- for designing deadly war planes used by Japan in World War II. Mr. Miyazaki's elegantly lyrical film chronicles Horikoshi's process of invention and his poignant romance with his tubercular wife, shadowed by dreamlike premonitions and creative visions. (Rapold)

'The Wolf of Wall Street' (R, 3:00) Wildly entertaining and completely appalling, Martin Scorsese's three-hour bacchanal of drugs, sex and greed zigs and zags across the line between satire and propaganda, propelled by the charm and energy of Leonardo DiCaprio, who plays a crooked stock trader. It's a vivid document of our times, and an essential artifact for future archaeologists trying to figure out what destroyed our civilization. (Scott)

Film Series

The Aesthetics of Shadow, Part 2: Europe and America (through Thursday) This cinematic exploration of Daisuke Miyao's book of the same title, which takes Jun'ichiro Tanizaki's theory on ''the magic of shadows'' in Japanese architecture and adapts it to film theory, first looked at how Japanese filmmakers absorbed this aesthetic. As Part 2 makes clear, the influence arrived in the West in the form of brooding, visually austere films that are frequently -- and perhaps reductively -- described as ''noir'' or ''Expressionist.'' Masters of mood like F.W. Murnau and Josef von Sternberg are represented, and the series wisely includes visually innovative cinematographers like Billy Bitzer, known for his discomfitingly visceral work on D.W. Griffith's ''Broken Blossoms,'' and William Daniels, who played as central a role as anyone in turning Greta Garbo into a screen legend. Museum of Modern Art, 212-708-9400, moma.org; $12. (Eric Grode)

Art of the Real (Friday through April 26) One reason this is considered a golden age for documentaries is because of the increased willingness to expand the form beyond talking-head interviews and vérité footage, resulting in efforts like ''Stories We Tell'' and ''The Act of Killing.'' This brand-new series honors what it calls the documentary-as-art movement with more than 30 largely unclassifiable new and old titles, covering everything from Michelangelo Antonioni's notes on unrealized film projects (''The Makes'') to the 2009 protests in Iran (''The Silent Majority Speaks,'' screening on Thursday at 9:15 p.m.). A sidebar devoted to the trailblazing Sensory Ethnography Lab at Harvard will include the stunning ''Manakamana'' (Saturday at 1:30 p.m.), which uses just 11 shots to dissect the inhabitants of a Nepalese cable car, including a batch of bleating goats. Elinor Bunin Munroe Film Center, Lincoln Center, 144 West 65th Street, 212-875-5601, filmlinc.com; $13. (Grode)

'I Shot Andy Warhol' (Monday) Andy Warhol's Factory was known as a fairly permissive place, but Valerie Solanas -- playwright, prostitute, founder of the Society for Cutting Up Men -- was a jolt even to its jaded ranks. Mary Harron's droll 1996 biopic of Solanas, who got her own 15 minutes of fame in 1968 by committing the titular act, features a stellar performance by Lili Taylor and musical re-creations by the likes of Wilco, R.E.M. and a Velvet Underground-esque Yo La Tengo. The prolific playwright and director Madeleine Olnek (''Codependent Lesbian Space Alien Seeks Same'' -- now there's a film title Warhol would have appreciated) will introduce it as part of IFC Film Center's monthly Queer/Art series. At 8 p.m., IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at Third Street, Greenwich Village, 212-924-7771, ifccenter.com; $14. (Grode)

Panorama Europe (through Sunday) This annual festival of underrecognized European films was called Disappearing Act for its first five years, but now the Museum of the Moving Image and a collection of European cultural institutions have adopted this more optimistic name. A few titles are familiar to New York moviegoers: ''Paradise: Love,'' the first of Ulrich Seidl's gimlet-eyed ''Paradise'' trilogy, and the Spanish police thriller ''Unit 7,'' which appeared at last year's Tribeca Film Festival. Among the other titles are several Eastern European offerings, including ''Dream Team 1935,'' about a Latvian basketball team, and ''Blood Type'' (screening on Sunday at noon), a documentary about Estonian soldiers fighting in Afghanistan. Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Avenue at 37th Street, Astoria, Queens, 718-784-0077, movingimage.us; $12. (Grode)

Tout Truffaut (through Thursday) Film Forum's tribute to one of the cinema's greatest auteur bromances continues. Fresh off its Hitchcock retrospective, Film Forum shifts its attention to his admirer and interviewer, François Truffaut. (The more than 26 hours of interviews resulted in the irresistible 1967 book ''Hitchcock/Truffaut.'') This series is another bonanza for completists: Nestled alongside classics like ''The 400 Blows'' and ''Jules and Jim'' are such lesser-known 1970s titles as his Henry James adaptation, ''The Green Room,'' and the director's cut of his Belle Époque love triangle, ''Two English Girls'' (screening on Friday). 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, 212-727-8110, filmforum.org; $13. (Grode)

Tribeca Film Festival (Wednesday through April 27) It will be intriguing to see what direction this festival, which quickly became a fixture on the downtown cultural scene, will take now that the Madison Square Garden Corporation has purchased a 50 percent stake in it. For now, the concert-going crowd can bask in documentaries about Nas (the opening-night offering, ''Time Is Illmatic,'' featuring a live performance afterward), Bjork, James Brown, Alice Cooper and Bob Weir. If you're on a budget, the screenings on April 25 are free, with Gia Coppola's ''Palo Alto'' and the Hurricane Sandy documentary ''This Time Next Year'' among the 35 offerings that day. The talks and panels will include Aaron Sorkin, Thelma Schoonmaker, Ron Howard and Bryan Cranston. But don't let the lectures on cinematography and big-data mining intimidate you: The festival still found room for the needs-no-description ''Zombeavers.'' Various locations, tribecafilm.com; $9 to $30. (Grode)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/11/movies/movie-listings-for-april-11-17.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/11/movies/movie-listings-for-april-11-17.html)

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**End of Document**



[***If Bases Shut, Who'll Get the Land?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6DY0-002S-X0KG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1377 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD HALLORAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Feb. 26

**Body**

A Hasidic Jewish community would like to turn the Brooklyn Naval Station into a residential area. Three towns in Illinois are vying for Fort Sheridan along Lake Michigan for a park or housing. The University of Utah wants Fort Douglas - free.

Seattle's Mayor would make shelters for the homeless at the Sand Point Naval Air Station. Local leaders near Los Angeles want to use George and Norton Air Force Bases as airports. The Presidio in San Francisco may become a park - but whose?

The scramble to use military bases that have been designated to close even involves other parts of the Federal Government. The Bureau of Prisons wants more jail space. The Department of Housing and Urban Development wants low-cost housing. And the military services are looking for exceptions to keep parts of some bases. #86 Recommended for Closing The rush began when the Defense Secretary's Commission on Base Realignments and Closures recommended in December that 86 bases be shut beginning in 1990, saving $5.6 billion in 20 years.

A few bases on the list, like Fort Dix in New Jersey, are to be retained in case they are needed to mobilize troops or to receive American troops if they are brought home from Europe. The rest will be turned to other uses.

No one in the Federal Government has yet been willing to estimate in public the total value of the bases. But an Air Force official said it would typically cost $1 billion to buy land and build a new air base. The 695 acres of Fort Sheridan, 30 miles north of Chicago and the largest tract of undeveloped property between that city and Milwaukee, would go for $350,000 to $1 million an acre, according to local real estate agents. But land at Chanute Air Force Base in downstate Illinois would bring only $2,000 an acre, a nearby agent said.

The idea that a neighboring base will close is drawing opposition in places where jobs will be lost. The Save-Chanute Committee wants Congress to reject the closing and has threatened court action if that fails. In a community of 20,000 people, Chanute's 3,175 jobs make it the largest employer around.

Near Fort Dix, a similar rear-guard action is being fought. Senators Bill Bradley and Frank R. Lautenberg, both Democrats, criticized the proposed closing in a Congressional hearing Wednesday. Mr. Bradley suggested, ''The commission's report was based on shoddy research.'' Mr. Lautenberg said the decision was ''penny wise and pound foolish,'' noting that ''the Government has invested $160 million to upgrade Fort Dix since 1980.''

By law, unless both houses reject the entire list of proposed base closings in the 45 legislative days starting March 1, all the bases will close.

Presenting a Challenge

Congressional leaders and aides say they expect the list to be approved but note that the same thing was said about the 50 percent Congressional raise that was voted down at the last minute. One supporter of base closings said: ''All we have to do is to get up and say, 'Do you want to cut waste in the Pentagon or don't you?' ''

A better idea of the measure's fate will emerge in more committee hearings in early March. Several groups have filed requests under the Freedom of Information Act to get from the base commission secret information that they believe will undercut the case for closing.

Even if the list is approved, the Congressional fight will be far from over because money needs to be appropriated to carry out the closings. Representatives Barbara Boxer and Nancy Pelosi, Democrats of California, are trying to persuade the Appropriation Committee to keep San Francisco's Presidio open.

The services are also looking at the appropriations process to as a way to exclude parcels they want to keep. Although the law prescribes an all-or-nothing choice, a Pentagon official asserted: ''Any statute can be changed. There's no reason we can't get exceptions.''

Government Gets First Crack

Assuming the measure clears those hurdles, Federal property laws establish a list of priorities. Once Federal property is available, other Federal agencies have first choice on acquiring it. Thus, on paper at least, the Bureau of Prisons would take precedence over local authorities if it wanted to build a prison at Fort Sheridan.

Next come state and local governments. At the bottom are private interests. In many communities, committees have been formed to decide whether it would be better to use the neighboring base for a public park or have a developer build condominiums that would expand the tax base.

In case of conflict, the decision would go to the secretary of the service owning the base, something Pentagon officials fervently want to avoid. ''We do not want,'' one official said emphatically, ''to get in the middle of local politics.''

Even so, potential for conflict abounds.

In Brooklyn, the Brooklyn Navy Yard Development Corporation would like to acquire the naval station next door. ''We want it,'' said David Lenefsky, chairman of the corporation. ''I can make 1,000 jobs in 6 months. I guarantee it.''

But Rabbi Chaim M. Stauber, president of the United Jewish Organizations of Williamsburg, said: ''We're definitely interested in getting housing there. We're growing and have no place to go.'' Mr. Lenefsky, Rabbi Stauber and Joseph Lentol, a state Assemblyman, are scheduled to meet with Pentagon officials in late March.

Fort Sheridan might become a fierce battleground because it is wanted by its three neighbors, the affluent towns of Lake Forest to the north and Highland Park to the south, and the more ***working-class*** town of Highwood to the west. ''There's going to be quite a struggle,'' said Bruno Bertucci, executive director of the Highwood Chamber of Commerce.

Each town is looking for court documents dating to the 1880's that might support claims to the land. Richard Anderson, president of the Lake Forest Preserve District, wants the fort to become a park. ''It belongs to the people because they have been paying the taxes,'' he said.

Senior Citizen Housing

Mayor Fred Ghini of Highwood said the base's golf course should go to his town, with another tract converted to housing for senior citizens. ''They built the foundation of this country,'' he said. ''They deserve some respect.''

Just after learning that Fort Douglas, built in 1862 to protect stagecoach routes from marauders, would be closed, the University of Utah began staking claims for its 119 acres in Salt Lake City. Representative James Hansen, a Republican, has drawn up legislation to give the university part of the post.

But Salt Lake City's Mayor, Palmer DePaulis, sees an Olympic Village to improve the city's chances of landing the 1998 winter Games. And private developers envision a posh residential area.

The Sand Point Naval Air Station in Seattle sits on 150 acres of Lake Washington waterfront and next to a wealthy neighborhood whose residents enjoy splendid views of the Cascade Mountains. Among them is Mayor Charles Royer. He wants the land added to the adjacent Warren G. Magnuson Park.

But the base's public affairs officer, Commander James Britt, said, ''We had half a dozen developers call us the day of the announcement.'' And several community leaders, including the Mayor, have suggested that buildings on the air station be coverted to shelters for the homeless.

The Value of a Runway

Civic leaders in fast-growing San Bernardino County in southern California have talked about using the airstrip at George Air Force Base for private carriers like Flying Tigers and United Parcel Service and turning the base's hospital, golf course, bowling alley and theater to civilian use.

Similar plans are being made for Norton Air Force Base, which the Air Force is ready to leave because of air traffic congestion. A Pentagon official said that commercial aircraft would be less disruptive because ''they are not the same thing as high performance jets.''

The Presidio, which overlooks San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate Bridge and the Pacific Ocean, cannot be sold, because a Federal-state agreement says it would become part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area if the Government gave it up.

Suggestions include a stadium for the San Francisco Giants, a communal farm for the homeless, a place for art exhibits or theatrical performances, a golf course or a college.

**Graphic**

photo of a soldier on the Presidio military base in Calif. (NYT/Terrence McCarthy)

**End of Document**



[***Kindness Is Foundation As Bush Builds Bridges***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6TG0-002S-X3CH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1477 words

**Byline:** By MAUREEN DOWD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Feb. 5

**Body**

Robert Strauss stood with President Bush one recent night on the Truman balcony of the White House, overlooking the capital's gleaming monuments, and told him of the time he had chatted with President Carter on the same spot.

Mr. Strauss, a prominent Democrat, recalled that he had given Jimmy Carter some advice about courting key members of Congress. ''I told him to invite Russell Long and Bob Dole up here and have a drink out on this wonderful balcony and then go in and have dinner,'' Mr. Strauss said. ''I told him, 'When it's all over, somewhere during the evening, Russell Long will tell you how to get your tax bill done.' ''

Mr. Carter never tested Mr. Strauss's advice about how to make sure he had friends among the legislators.

Although President Bush listened to Mr. Strauss with interest, he needed no such tips himself. He wasted no time throwing open the doors of the White House to Democrats, Republicans and diplomats, entertaining many guests with tours of the formerly off-limits family quarters.

A More Informal Style

Mr. Bush understands how to make use of the settings of privilege and the perquisites of power. Because he knows he does not have the regal, charismatic power Ronald Reagan wielded in speeches and on television, Mr. Bush prefers to use more personal settings and a more informal style to ''enfold,'' as one Bush Cabinet member put it, rather than inspire.

By lifting the curtain and inviting people backstage, he offers a level of easy intimacy that he has found effective over the years in softening up rivals and shoring up political alliances. Evenings with President Bush have left former Reagan loyalists on Capitol Hill saying that, in retrospect. Mr. Reagan, the ***working class*** son of Dixon, Ill., was too regal and never treated them like peers, whereas the real patrician by background, Mr. Bush, seems like ''one of the guys.''

''This sounds kind of crass, but George Bush is more of a buddy, as opposed to being a President,'' said Representative Gerald B. H. Solomon, Republican of New York. ''We looked at Ronald Reagan with so much awe, but George Bush just seems more like more one of you.''

At the moment, the President is only selling himself. He has not yet defined his agenda. His aides worry that he may not have the money to keep all his ''kinder and gentler'' campaign promises. The honeymoon seems to be dissolving in tensions over Cabinet confirmations, the controversy over the savings and loan industry and questions about his Administration's approach to ethics and the war against drug abuse.

Other Presidents, Other Evenings

He is focusing right now on selling a personal product: his own affability and childlike delight with his new surroundings, which he hopes will build good will for the rough political fights that are about to begin.

Historically, Presidents have used the office in different ways, some more deftly than others, to massage and impress. President Nixon invited Representative Wilbur D. Mills, the Arkansas Democrat who for years was the powerful chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, to bring his granddaughter down to sit in the President's chair in the Oval Office.

President Johnson spent many an evening on the Presidential yacht hauling members of Congress up and down the Potomac River and, as he put it to his aides, ''pattin' 'em, huggin' 'em and talkin' to 'em about some damn bill.''

Jimmy Carter sold the Sequoia, the Presidential yacht, when he became President. The act came to symbolize what many in official Washington said was his lack of understanding about pride in historic trappings and the human element in politics.

Being Down-to-Earth

Mr. Bush has long understood how being down-to-earth in an upscale atmosphere can help make a good impression. As Vice President, he often offered rides on Air Force Two to Congressional allies, and he allowed advisers to bring in busloads of key constituents for campaign receptions, complete with upstairs tours, at his home in Kennebunkport, Me., and his official residence in Washington.

While the Reagans used Camp David, the rustic Presidential retreat in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains, to shut out the world for weekends of movies and horseback riding, Mr. Bush saw his first weekend as President as an opportunity to foster bipartisan spirit. He invited Jim Wright, the Texas Democrat who is Speaker of the House, and his wife, Betty, to Camp David. The President had to cancel the plans because of a bad cold, but he plans to reschedule soon.

The children in Theodore Roosevelt's White House may have had pony races in the ballroom, but most modern Presidents have spent quiet evenings in the family quarters unwinding from the pressures of the office. President Nixon sat alone there, reading and listening to a recording of ''Victory at Sea'' or visiting with his friend, Bebe Rebozo. The Reagans watched television and ate alone, or occasionally had close friends in for private suppers.

But like President Johnson, Mr. Bush is a man who hates to be alone and who is able to relax and recharge in the company of others. Other politicians may draw a line between real friends and political friends; the Bushes do not.

'Isn't This Beautiful'

Mr. Bush repaid Representative Bob Dornan of California for being one of his earliest supporters in the 1988 campaign by giving him, during a reception for a core group of Republican supporters in the House and Senate, the first chance to stand on the Truman balcony off the residential rooms.

''When I came out here on Inauguration day, tears came to my eyes and I thought, 'Isn't this beautiful,' '' the President told Mr. Dornan on the balcony over the south portico, pointing to the Jefferson Memorial.

Mr. Dornan was a close political ally of President Reagan but had never been invited to go past a gold piano and up the grand staircase to the residential rooms. He said he and his wife, Sally, were impressed and grateful for Mr. Bush's hospitality. He told Mr. Bush that the moment on the balcony reminded him of the Russian comedian Yakov Smirnoff's line, ''What a country!'' Mr. Dornan recalls the President's laughing and repeating, with a Russian accent, ''What a country!''

Above the Balcony

Like F. Scott Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby giving Daisy Buchanan a tour of his bedroom and silk-stocked clothes closets in an eager attempt to prove he had finally arrived, Mr. Bush did not stop at the balcony. He took his Republican Congressional guests up another flight to show them his own dressing room.

He invited them into the private bathroom he shares with his wife, Barbara, where the guests were delighted to see that the President and First Lady leave their wet towels crumpled on the floor like ordinary people.

He showed them, with an astonished note in his voice, the Monet and Cezanne paintings that hang in the family quarters. In the sitting room, he proudly exhibited the blue needlepoint rug with birds, flowers and Chinese symbols that his wife worked on for a decade.

He pointed out the picture of his mother above his bed and the radio tuned to a country music station and the bedroom wallpaper of exotic birds that does not repeat the same bird. Whispering ''Bar will kill me'' to the Congressmen and their spouses, he opened closed doors and showed them the Western art he was removing from his study, and the three-story-high magnolia tree that obscures the view to the west.

A Wifely Retaliation

When he showed them their private bathroom, with Mrs. Bush's glasses and face powder on the sink, his wife teasingly retaliated by asking the group, ''Do you want to see where George dresses?''

Mr. Bush told his guests he was as excited as they were to be cavorting about the family quarters because he had rarely been allowed up in the Reagan era, except to an outer reception room where foreign dignitaries like Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Britian were greeted.

The high point for many members of Congress who came to the reception for longtime Republican supporters was Mr. Bush's grabbing a Polaroid camera and taking snapshots of Congressmen and senators and their wives sitting on the giant Victorian bed in the Lincoln Bedroom.

The legislators lined up for couple of shots as though it were prom night. ''The President was like a little kid with a toy, cranking away, taking pictures, having a ball,'' recalled Representative Guy Molinari, a New York Republican who was there.

Republicans and Democrats agree that, while legislators would not vote against their consciences, such evenings inspire a loyalty that will pay political dividends for Mr. Bush later.

''He builds personal bridges, and that makes the margin of consideration for him broader,'' said Representative Charles (Chip) Pashayan Jr., Republican of California. ''It's harder for someone who has some personal affinity with George Bush to deny him when he makes a request.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Representative Don Sundquist and his wife, Matha, taken by George Bush

**End of Document**



[***Chicago Nears Vote On Choice for Mayor As Race Issue Flares***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6DT0-002S-X0H7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Feb. 26

**Body**

The campaign for the Democratic mayoral nomination has entered its closing days marked by an increase in racial rhetoric and in the kind of Byzantine maneuvering that often makes Chicago politics resemble those of the Middle East, not the Middle West.

Although Eugene Sawyer and Richard M. Daley have repeatedly stressed the need for racial unity in a city where there are about as many blacks as whites, the campaign has been stained in recent days by inflammatory comments by black supporters of Mr. Sawyer and an accusation that Mr. Daley made a racially charged remark.

But the sharper language, the tougher television commercials, and the scheming in ward organizations that characterized the final weekend of the election could not obscure its unusually quiet, amicable nature, itself a reflection of the two candidates' characters.

While support for Mr. Daley and Mr. Sawyer will almost certainly cleave closely to racial lines Tuesday, the two men who would succeed Harold Washington, who died in office 14 months ago, are more alike than they are dissimilar: both are descendants of the city's once powerful Democratic machine - Mr. Daley by birth and Mr. Sawyer by circumstance.

Mr. Daley, 46 years old and the prosecuting attorney of Cook County, is the scion of Chicago's most famous political family. Wherever he goes, voters recall his father, Richard J. Daley, who served as Mayor for 21 years until his death in 1976.

Mr. Sawyer, 54 years old, is a quiet-spoken politician who served 16 years on the City Council, one of the few black Alderman elected with Mayor Daley's blessing. Moreover, it was the support of a coalition of old-guard Democratic aldermen in the City Council, most of them white, that enabled Mr. Sawyer to be elected Acting Mayor in December 1987, over a black rival, Alderman Timothy C. Evans, after Mr. Washington's death.

Mr. Sawyer's selection split black voters, some of whom said he had sold out the legacy of Mayor Washington, the city's first black mayor. His chances Tuesday will largely depend on whether he can get enough black voters to turn out and help him, as he has said, ''keep the keys'' to City Hall.

The most recent public opinion polls show Mr. Daley ahead of Mr. Sawyer, although Mr. Sawyer's campaign says their own polls suggest the race is too close to call. Whoever wins Tuesday will run in the April 4 general election against the Republican nominee and Mr. Evans, who is running as an independent candidate.

The winner will serve just 24 months, filling the last two years of Mayor Washington's second term.

'Born and Bred Racist'

Among the inflammatory comments made by black public figures here in recent days was a remark by Representative Gus Savage, who at a rally for Mr. Sawyer described Mr. Daley as a ''born and bred racist.''

Mr. Daley, meanwhile, was accused by a civic organization of telling a group of supporters that the city needs ''a white mayor.''

Mr. Daley denied making the statement, and reporters who reviewed tapes of the incident suggested that Mr. Daley, who sometimes becomes entangled in his own rhetoric, simply stumbled over his words.

Meanwhile, rival black and white camps contrived last-minute plots to consider crossing over and voting in the Republican primary, after Edward R. Vrdolyak, a former Democratic alderman who is a bitter foe of Mr. Daley, declared he would be a write-in candidate on the Republican ballot.

Richard M. Daley

His friends in high school called him ''mayor,'' and everyone assumed that the eldest son among seven Daley children would some day run the city.

But for all his involvement in politics - he has been serving in public office since he was elected to the Illinois State Senate in 1972 - Mr. Daley is often an awkward campaigner.

Last week, for example, he met with a group of black teen-agers, but his answers to their questions offered bits and pieces of campaign literature repeated from rote.

''He's not a Happy Harry like most other politicians.'' said his younger brother, Bill, a lawyer. ''He is shy, a private person.''

With his wife, Maggie, and two children, he lives in Bridgeport, the same ***working class***, Irish-Catholic neighborhood where he was reared and where his father lived.

In appearance and in style, he resembles his father, short and stocky and sometimes tangled in his syntax.

Surrounded by Memories

Memories of his father surround him. For example, his father's old license plate number, 708222, appears on the plates of his own car. The number represents the votes the elder Daley tallied in his first mayoral victory in 1955.

It was only after Mayor Daley's death, his friends and advisers say, that Richie, as he is best known, emerged as a personality of his own.

He was elected Cook County State's Attorney in 1980, running as an outsider against the hand-picked Democratic candidate.

Two years later, he ran unsuccessfully for mayor, splitting the bulk of the white vote with Mayor Jane Bryne and allowing Harold Washington to win the Democratic primary and go on to be elected Mayor.

Return to Machine Feared

Mr. Daley's adversaries argue that his election will mean a return to machine politics, and point to the recent indictment of three of his aides for petition fraud involving a 1986 ballot issue that would have favored Mr. Daley.

Even so, Mr. Daley has been successful not only in shaping a reputation as his own man, but winning over some of his father's old enemies like the newspaper columnist Mike Royko.

''A decade ago it would have been hard to imagine the day would come when the reform candidate for mayor of Chicago would be named Richard Daley,'' The Chicago Tribune wrote in its endorsement. ''The day has come.''

Eugene Sawyer

By almost any measure he seems the perfect candidate for the times, a moderate black schooled in the political art of compromise. He has run a campaign that has emphasized racial harmony, and a civic group last week commended him for rejecting racially inflammatory remarks made by Mr. Savage and some other supporters.

Analysts give him high marks for his tenure as acting Mayor. Among other things, he has overseen the most successful reforms yet of the city's troubled public housing system, and shepherded a human rights ordinance through the City Council.

But some blacks remain skeptical of the man they call ''Mayor Mumbles,'' because of his barely audible speaking style. And his indecision last year in dismissing an aide who made virulently anti-Semitic remarks has hurt him among many liberal white voters who supported Mr. Washington.

Mr. Sawyer and his supporters, including the Rev. Jesse Jackson, have worked for a strong black turnout Tuesday, and diminish the notion that Mr. Sawyer sold out the legacy of Mayor Washington.

While Mr. Sawyer has come a long way in the polls since last year, when his candidacy was given little chance, some of his endorsements still have a palliative quality.

'No Uncle Tom'

Last week, at a church on the city's South Side, Mr. Jackson urged parishioners to be good Christians, go to the polls and forgive Mr. Sawyer, noting that his former white allies in the Council had abandoned him for Mr. Daley.

The Rev. Clay Evans, a powerful pastor in the city, also spoke on Mr. Sawyer's behalf, insisting he was ''no Uncle Tom.''

Mr. Sawyer was born and reared in Greensboro, Ala., at a time when Jim Crow held sway across the South.

He graduated from Alabama State University in Montgomery, and took a job in the city's water plant in the late 1950's. He soon started working for Robert Miller, the former Sixth Ward alderman and machine loyalist.

In 1971, with Mayor Daley's blessing, he was elected Alderman and loyally supported the Democratic organization until 1983, when he was the first black Alderman to break ranks and endorse Harold Washington.

''There are no virgins in Chicago politics,'' Mr. Saywer said in an interview. ''We all started in the Daley machine. Harold Washington, Tim Evans too.''

Called 'Gentleman Gene'

As an adlerman, he was know for his fine clothes, fancy cars and expensive jewelry, despite a salary of only $25,000 a year.

He now favors a more moderate appearance, but he is still known as ''Gentleman Gene,'' an unusual reputation for a politician in a city with such rough and tumble politics.

When the Sawyer campaign was criticized for airing political commercials making fun of Mr. Daley, showing him fumbling with note cards which, among other things, reminded him of his name, Mr. Sawyer pulled them off the air.

His own advisers sometimes grind their teeth with frustration: ''I'll say to him, 'Your Honor, you have got to hit back, you got to get tougher,' and he'll just shake his head and say, 'Two wrongs don't make a right.' ''

**Graphic**

photos of Richard M. Daley; Mayor Eugene Sawyor of Chicago (NYT/Jonathan Kirn) (pg. A16)

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[***The Brian McNally Recipe: He Can't Define It But His Restaurants Work***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6J30-002S-X2ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 22, 1989, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 3; Living Desk

**Length:** 1271 words

**Byline:** By TRISH HALL

**Body**

NEARLY every night there are celebrities at the tables near the front of Canal Bar. Big stars like Madonna, and little ones like the gossip columnist Taki. Lesser mortals, too, trek to this isolated part of SoHo, where neither cabbies nor pedestrians normally venture.

For more than a year Canal Bar has been one of the most popular restaurants in Manhattan. There is no obvious reason: the food is merely good, the decor merely pleasant.

The restaurant is owned by Brian McNally, who has been involved with three restaurants that have captured more than their share of sophisticates: the Odeon, a bistro in TriBeCa; Indochine, a Vietnamese restaurant across from the Public Theater; and now Canal Bar, which serves American food. He will soon open a Brazilian restaurant in SoHo.

Mr. McNally says he has no idea why his places attract stars and yet last, while others fade after a brief fame. ''If I knew,'' he said, ''I could sell the formula.''

But spending a day with him gives some insight into the flexibility and creativity that contribute to his success. He grew up in a ***working-class*** section of London, where food wasn't a big topic. Even today he would rather talk politics than food or, certainly, celebrities. ''It's not like they're my pals,'' he said.

Maybe not. He doesn't pander. But his personality is crucial. ''He has a great deal of personal charisma,'' said Mary Boone, an art dealer who uses Canal Bar for parties. ''He's friendly, warm, funny and very professional, yet not officious or overbearing. I think he makes people feel comfortable.''

Mr. McNally, who is 39 years old, finished school at 16 and roamed the world, doing odd jobs. Twelve years ago he stopped in New York to visit his brother Keith, and ended up working as a bartender. ''I didn't have any ambition at all,'' he said.

With his brother, who was also working in restaurants, he opened Odeon in 1980 at 145 West Broadway, near Thomas Street, using $160,000 borrowed from friends and investors. They had no culinary aspirations, but had heard from two people about a chef named Patrick Clark. ''We said, 'Patrick, cook,' '' Brian McNally recalls. ''We didn't know anything about food. I couldn't fry an egg. I still can't.''

Mr. Clark, who now owns Metro at 23 East 74th Street, said he doubted that anyone would go downtown for dinner. But the restaurant thrived and for a while the brothers balanced each others' strengths.

''I'm the superficial one,'' Brian McNally said. ''I go around talking to people.'' Keith McNally, who declines to talk to reporters, is described by people who know him as very shy. After nearly three years the two went their separate ways, apparently after a personal falling out. A year ago Brian McNally sold his share of Odeon to Keith, who also owns Cafe Luxembourg, 200 West 70th Street, and Nell's, 246 West 14th Street.

Brian McNally puts in long days tending his growing business. A recent one went like this: 10 A.M.: He has tea and croissants with his Parisian wife, Anne, and son, James, 2, in their Greenwich Village house after their daughter, Jessica, 6, has left for school. 11 A.M.: Mr. McNally drives to his office on Spring Street, a simple loft with gray carpeting. He signs some papers and answers calls, some from people who want him to open restaurants in their cities.

''You get lots of offers to do stuff,'' he said. But he won't do restaurants forever. ''I want to pack it in,'' he said. ''It's great for someone like Andre Soltner. Food is his life. It's a mission.'' Not, however, for Mr. McNally. ''I like the part where you don't have to work anymore and you're living in Barcelona,'' he said.

He professes to have no particular goals. His father, a stevedore, and his mother, who did an assortment of jobs, never pushed him to succeed, and weren't overly impressed when he did, he said. He remembers winning a place in a top school when he was 11 or so and running home to tell his mother, who was outside with a neighbor. ''She said, 'That's lovely, dear,' and went on talking.''

Noon: He goes to the Bowery to visit his friend Brice Marden, an influential painter whose work fetches up to half a million dollars. They pace the loft, looking at paintings that Mr. Marden is working on. 1 P.M.: Off to Jerry's at 101 Prince Street, near Greene Street. It has red booths, plastic-laminate tables and an easygoing crowd. Mr. McNally, whose partner here is Jerry Joseph, wants to create more restaurants like this, where celebrities are irrelevant.

''You don't have to be here every night,'' he said, ''being Uriah Heep, groveling and ingratiating yourself.''

Mr. McNally, who struggles to stay thin, has English tea and fruit salad. Unbidden, a new custard dessert arrives. He finds it too sweet. 2 P.M: He stops at Indochine at 430 Lafayette Street, near Astor Place. Downstairs he meets with the architect and contractor who are turning the space into a bar. A party is planned there for the following week. Clearly the bar will not be in its final form. ''We'll just fake it,'' he said. ''We've done it before.'' One thing he hasn't done before is use an architect. ''I decided to this time because it seemed more grown-up,'' he said. ''At Indochine, all I said was, let's put some banana leaves on the wall.'' 3 P.M.: Back at Indochine Mr. McNally doodles on a white tablecloth, forcing himself to come up with a presentation for some potential investors. Finally, he scratches down a few numbers on a piece of paper. Pressed, he tries to articulate his restaurant philosophy.

''The energy can't be contrived,'' he finally said. ''People use a place in a way you can't anticipate. You can't force people to have fun.'' Three things, he said, are important: cleanliness, moderate prices and staff. Everyone who has worked in his restaurants for a year or more gets a free four-day trip to Florida. 3:45 P.M.: Off to SoHo to meet with the investors, Edward Penson and David Swersky. For a man who says he dislikes financial dealings, he is quick and efficient to lay out terms and payback times. He tells them about his new place, still unnamed, on Wooster Street, to open April 1.

With two friends from Brazil he decided to create the restaurant, but when he tasted Brazilian cuisine, he was not impressed.

''It was dreadful,'' he said. He said that rather than change the theme he will serve his version of Brazilian food. With the opening six weeks away, he has no menu and no chef.

Later Mr. Penson explained why he wants to invest. ''I know how the restaurant business is, how many stars disappear,'' he said. ''He has bucked that trend.'' 5 P.M.: Mr. McNally returns to Indochine, talks with the cooks - mostly from Vietnam or Cambodia - and grabs a few french fries from a plate. Out front he answers telephone calls and orders his own fries. 5:30 P.M: Off to Canal Bar, 511 Greenwich Street, at Spring, where he goes over reservations with the manager to make sure favored customers will get prime tables. 6 P.M.: Back home, to spend some time with his family. 9 P.M.: He returns to Canal Bar with his wife and some friends for dinner. He orders sausage with chutney prepared by the sous chef. ''He might be the chef at the new place,'' he said, then after tasting the dish, ''He's going to be the chef at the new place.''

Friends and customers say hello. There is much backslapping and chatting. By 11 P.M. men in suits and women wearing perfume have left. People wearing black remain. There is much kissing and standing. 11:15 P.M.: Mr. McNally drops his wife at home and heads for Indochine, where he talks with friends and customers. At 2 A.M., the restaurant closes and his day is over.

**Graphic**

Photos of Brian McNally standing outside his Canal Bar; inside the Canal Bar (NYT/Fred R. Conrad) (pg. C1); McNally doodling on a tablecloth; the outside of McNally's new restaurant to open April 1; McNally standing inside the new unopened restaurant (NYT/Fred R. Conrad) (pg. C6)

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[***In Third World, the Legacy Of Marx Takes Many Shapes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-71M0-002S-X3FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 24, 1989, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 2; Foreign Desk; Series

**Length:** 1464 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL T. KAUFMAN

**Series:** COMMUNISM NOW: WHAT IS IT? IN THE WORDS OF THE FAITHFUL - LAST OF THREE REPORTS

**Body**

In countries that regard themselves as part of the third world, Communism has lost much of its power to bind and inspire with common, universal dreams and strategies.

In many of these developing lands, new nationally distinct strains - heresies to the orthodox - are replacing the formulations for economic and political activity that for so long focused on Soviet or Chinese experience.

Such tendencies to national Communism are hardly new. They were apparent in Tito's defiance of Stalin, in the Prague Spring and in the Chinese-Soviet split. But lately, as the Kremlin under Mikhail S. Gorbachev has begun to deviate from long-established writ, third-world Communists are questioning old authorities and old assumptions more often and more deeply.

No Single Set of Beliefs

Twenty men and women from 10 third-world countries were interviewed by correspondents of The New York Times about their hopes, beliefs and frustrations. All declared themselves to be Communists, but no single set of beliefs, no unifying standard and no transcendent vision of the future emerged from the interviews. [Ten voices, pages A10-A11.] There were wide differences in tone, emphasis and enthusiasm. Some of these points of view, like Maoist or Trotskyist beliefs, reflected historical schisms. But most were distinguished by their nationalistic or regional perspectives.

The people who spoke made it clear that it was a time of revision, reformation and counterreformation, a time of confusion over what it means to be a Communist - particularly among those who once thought that Marxist analysis, Leninist party organization and adherence to the Soviet example would inevitably bring about revolutionary transformations of backward economies and unjust social systems.

Cohesion and discipline in the party are lessening, and old internationalist slogans are fraying. Communist heroes differ from country to country, with many of them not widely known beyond their national borders. In Peru, young Communists speak of Jose Carlos Mariategui, who laid the foundation for their party in the 1920's, with at least as much reverence as they show for Marx. In Chile, the man who inspires is Luis Emilio Recabarren, who founded the party in 1922. A black South African says his white Communist compatriot, Joe Slovo, was a catalyst for his conversion to Communism.

Virtually every aspect of traditional Communism was challenged by at least some of those interviewed. Most disputed the idea that the Soviet Union and its party had a vanguard role in the world Communist movement, saying individual nations' cultures and needs were more important. Some ques-tioned the Leninist notion of rule by a single party. Some defended a need for power-sharing. Many favored managerial blends that would meld state ownership with democratic practices once denounced as bourgeois.

There was considerable support for replacing leadership through election, which many said was a more useful mechanism than waiting for death to determine a change. A few rejected the old Communist insistence on atheism and spoke sympathetically about the Roman Catholic theology of liberation.

The degree to which Communists should cooperate with capitalism was also variously interpreted, though none advocated the kind of total insulation attempted by the Albanians or the Cambodians. Some spoke of the ''West,'' or ''North American imperialism'' in terms of familiar stereotypes of the archenemy; others said they no longer perceived the West as decadent. Certainly there were only faint echoes of earlier assertions that held the Communist bloc to be the natural ally of the underdeveloped world. The closest thing to any common denominators that emerged were widely shared but variously defined beliefs in state ownership and the dominance of the ***working class***.

''Socialism is now in global and universal crisis,'' said Luis Sanchez Sancho, a 46-year-old Nicaraguan whose Socialist Party is in opposition to the ruling Sandinistas. Sitting beneath a portrait of Lenin, he acknowledged that once he had thought ''socialist countries were states of complete social, political and human perfection.'' Now he says that socialism in the Soviet Union is not functioning well and that the model being forged in his own country by the Sandinistas is also not working.

In another part of Managua, Bayardo Arce, a member of the Sandinista high command, said, ''There is nothing absolute or sacred about Marxism.'' In any case, he said, he has not read ''Das Kapital.''

''Communism is beautiful in theory,'' Mr. Arce said. ''Something like heaven is to Christians.''

'A Small-C Communist'

And then there was the view of Paul Sweezy. As a New Yorker, Mr. Sweezy is not part of the third world. While he has never been a party member, he calls himself ''a small-c communist.''

''I'm not quite sure what a Communist is,'' said Mr. Sweezy, the editor of The Monthly Review. ''There are so many different kinds of Communists. The idea of a Communist being some monolithically defined creature, which was plausible enough at one stage, certainly isn't plausible anymore.''

Of those interviewed by The Times, the man who espoused ideas that would not have shocked Marx was Gustavo Espinoza Montesinos, a member of the Peruvian Congress.

''We are proudly orthodox Communists,'' he said, describing the Soviet Union as a nation once feudal and backward that has now made great scientific and social advances.

In distinction to almost all the others, Mr. Espinoza defended the Soviet moves into Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan in 1979. Of Hungary, he said, ''The outcome in 1956 would not have been happy for the Hungarian people without the presence of Soviet troops, because it would have led to the victory of the counterrevolution.''

Many applauded the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan as a step toward peace, but others, particularly members of the Communist Party of India - Marxist, which has long supported the presence of Soviet forces in Afghanistan, took the decision as a symptom of Moscow's reduced interest in the third world.

Gorbachev Speech Assessed

Nilotpal Basu, a 31-year-old West Bengal student leader, put into sharp focus the Indian attitude when he spoke of a passage in a Gorbachev speech in November 1987. The speech caused an uproar in the third world, where listeners heard Mr. Gorbachev emphasize Soviet-American relations and arms agreements -at the expense, people like Mr. Basu felt, of the Soviet interest in the third world.

''If really the spirit of detente gets strengthened, then ultimately it will also help the internal battles of the third world,'' Mr. Basu said. ''But we think that certain tenets of that particular speech have certain portents which may ultimately prove to be costly for the third world objectively.''

Cuba and Fidel Castro were also variously praised and criticized. For many, Cuba is the most visible success of Communism in the third world. Cuba under Mr. Castro has also played a visible role in the third-world struggle, notably in Ethiopia and Angola, and in the movement of nations espousing nonalignment. Communists in the developing and developed worlds often cited Mr. Castro and Ernesto Che Guevara as pioneers who adapted Communism.

But such admiration was often balanced by criticism for Cuba's economic dependence on the Soviet Union, for its political stagnation and for what critics called Mr. Castro's doctrinaire opposition to the changes being advocated in the Kremlin.

Mr. Sanchez, the Nicaraguan, described his own disillusion with Cuba and Castro in terms of the visits he had made to Havana.

''Fidel has an extraordinary personality,'' Mr. Sanchez said. ''He is a leader, a caudillo. But he made the mistake of placing his own personal desires above the general interests of the revolution and socialism. Apart from the material problems Cubans have, I have been very impressed with the obvious fact that there is a lack of freedom in Cuba.''

The Times sought to interview Cuban Communists both individually and through Government officials, but none of the interview requests were granted.

Despite the fragmentation of views, international Communist solidarity is a beacon for some, like Mzala, who fled his native South Africa. Sitting in the ramshackle London office of The African Communist magazine, he said he came to Communism largely because he realized that the white South African policemen who interrogated him hated and feared Communists.

Now in London, his faith in the future of freedom for South Africa is bound to his certainty in Communist deliverance: ''I think that socialism has very definite parameters, because if it didn't, then the theory that guides the development and establishment of socialism as an economic system would not be scientific at all.''

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[***Knotty Issue for Belfast: Fate of Royal Ulster Police***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPV-RS80-007F-G2XF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1592 words

**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland, May 15

**Body**

Streets shiny from rain, arched stone bridges, weathered men in oatmeal sweaters and tweed caps, pubs with hearty laughter inside and names outside that begin O' -- the villages of Northern Ireland have the same postcard allure as those in the South.

Then you see the police stations.

Gray fortresses topped by floodlights, pivoting cameras and furious curls of razor wire, they are high-tech eyesores, looming over mossy churchyards and thatched-roof white cottages in the town centers.

If these hulking gray blocks of architecture seem to have no place on an Irish main street, then the men and women with their bulletproof vests, pistols and automatic rifles who emerge from behind the walls in their armor-plated Land Rovers seem to have no business in a land -- Britain -- that is famous for its tradition of unarmed policing.

They are members of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, the most heavily armed police force in Europe and the institution that polls show most preoccupies the warring Protestant and Catholic communities of Northern Ireland as they prepare to vote May 22 on the Northern Ireland peace settlement.

The R.U.C., as it is commonly called, is 93 percent Protestant, and Catholic leaders say it has always been the enforcer of the Protestant domination of their community. They demand that it be disbanded and replaced by an entirely new force.

Protestant leaders, on the other hand, make ringing assertions for its record at fighting terrorism, its traditions of loyalty and discipline and the gallantry represented by the more than 300 of its members who have been killed in action and the thousands wounded and disabled. They believe it should be hailed, not assailed, and protest any plans to reform it.

A poll by Ireland's largest newspaper, The Sunday Independent, showed that of all the matters on the minds of voters who will be deciding whether to approve the peace settlement, police reform and freeing prisoners are the priorities.

As with so many issues in this polarized province, the clashing attitudes about the R.U.C. are absolute and uncompromising. The negotiators from eight political parties and the Governments of Britain and Ireland who produced the settlement last month considered the subject so volatile that they shunted it off to a commission for recommendations 14 months from now.

If the referendum passes, an international panel will be created under the chairmanship of Chris Patten, the former Governor of Hong Kong. Its aim will be to create an unarmed force that is more representative of the makeup of the population (which is 53 percent Protestant and 47 percent Catholic), more suited to neighborhood crime control and more trusted.

Long scrutinized by international human rights organizations and United Nations agencies, the Constabulary has repeatedly been accused of beating and torturing people, designating militant Catholics for assassination squads from Protestant paramilitary groups, attacking protesters with plastic bullets, and intimidating lawyers. There are book-length documents with depositions from people about harsh treatment they received from officers.

In the 1980's, the force came under strong suspicion of having issued shoot-to-kill orders, and an investigation that was homing in on senior commanders was aborted under questionable circumstances.

Its officers operate under emergency powers that allow them to stop, question, search, detain and interrogate people on suspicion of criminal activity. Suspects can be held up to seven days without charge, and access to lawyers can be deferred for the first 48 hours of custody. There are no jury trials for crimes deemed political, which go instead to special single-judge courts.

Their strength has grown to 13,500 for an area that would require only 4,000 officers were it anywhere else in Britain. There are "no go" areas in Belfast and some border counties that officers will enter only if accompanied by British troops and a military helicopter to track their passage through the town streets and along country lanes.

In fact, even former critics acknowledge that the R.U.C. has changed itself internally in significant ways, curbing past abusive behavior and laboring to establish lines of communication with disaffected communities. A recent study by the University of Ulster's Center for the Study of Conflict credited it with making "strenuous efforts to improve its professionalism."

But distrust, particularly in ***working-class*** Catholic neighborhoods, is so huge that even moderate Catholic leaders have refused to take part in the overview and liaison groups that have been created over the years to try to bridge the gap between the police and residents.

In the face of near certainty that major change is in store, the Chief Constable, Ronnie Flanagan, has adopted a defiant stance, calling the force "quite simply the bulwark between anarchy and disorder."

"I'm convinced the R.U.C. is unsurpassed," he said, "and therefore it's up to us to demonstrate that to any committee." In the same public statement, he complained of the "bombardment of propaganda leveled at us often at an international level with no basis in fact or evidence."

Joseph D. Brewer, head of the department of sociology at Queen's University in Belfast and an author of a number of books on policing divided societies, said he was an admirer of Mr. Flanagan but wondered about his current attitudes.

"I'm not sure that Ronnie Flanagan doesn't recognize the need for fundamental change, but can't admit it for fear of endangering morale, which is already low," he said.

Attitudes of the officers themselves range from fatalistic to defensive.

"We've become a political football, we've been willing to pay the supreme sacrifice, yet we're pilloried," said Cyril Donnan, a superintendent who until recently commanded the headquarters at Lurgan, where the last two officers to be killed by Irish Republican Army guerrillas were shot dead. "There's a lot of fear and a lot of uncertainty in the organization, and sometimes it makes us ask what has it all been for."

He said that when he joined the force 27 years ago, he walked a beat alone and had daily contact with people, but that in later years the R.U.C. had to work in places where the officers know they are detested.

"I've seen children too young to walk who have been taught to hate us, to spit on us" he said. "It's just a part of the culture." The challenge to their authority does not come just from the Catholic community. When the force cracked down on Protestant gangs in 1986, there were more than 500 retaliatory attacks on officers and their homes.

The tendency of police officers to live and gather together is heightened in Northern Ireland by the fear they share of intimidation and violence even when off duty. Many officers have been killed out of uniform, had their homes firebombed and are followed menacingly when they leave their station houses after work.

"When you live in that environment, it's very difficult to be so security conscious all the time," said Mr. Donnan, "so we're very much restricted in where we live and socialize. You also have to be sure that your family doesn't go around talking about Daddy's job, that your child doesn't blurt it out at school."

Because of special "danger money" and the large amounts of overtime involved in public-order policing, officers are better paid than any other British policemen. "In a way the R.U.C. are Northern Ireland's yuppies," said Mr. Brewer, the sociologist. "We don't have any stock market population here, and it's the R.U.C. that get the good suits and the fast cars and the foreign holidays at an earlier age than their peers."

Mr. Donnan said he realized the handicap the presence of so few Catholics presented the R.U.C. in its effort to claim to be impartial. But he argued that the cause was not discriminatory hiring practices but rather "the historic factor dating from the day the Republicans never accepted the state of Northern Ireland."

Catholics who express interest have frequently been threatened by the Irish Republican Army. When the I.R.A. called its first cease-fire in 1994, the percentage of Catholic applicants rose from 12 percent to 22 percent. Many of those now on the force are from England rather than Northern Ireland.

Mr. Donnan said, "We don't fear change, as long as it is constructive change." But in conversations with officers at the force's campus-like headquarters in suburban Knock, even proposals for solely cosmetic revisions still met resistance.

To rid the Constabulary of symbols that Catholics abhor, there have been suggestions that the force drop the word "Royal;" that it abandon the militaristic "red hand of Ulster" emblem, which is associated with Protestant Unionist politics; that it eliminate the crown from its badge, and that it change its dark green uniforms to blue ones.

"The word 'Royal' and the badge are things that make the force distinctive," Mr. Donnan protested. He wondered why Catholics objected. "The badge also has a harp and shamrocks, and the green uniform makes us more Irish, doesn't it?" He dismissed the proposals as "tokenism, change just for the sake of change."

Mr. Brewer winced at hearing the comment. "There's more division over symbols than there is over how to shift resources to make them more locally accountable, get them into normal crime-fighting, encourage more efficiency and achieve the goal of balance," he said. "It's so typical of Northern Ireland that people should be going on about flags, and uniforms, and badges. It's sheer madness."

**Graphic**

Photo: Polls show the Royal Ulster Constabulary most preoccupies Protestants and Catholics of Northern Ireland as they prepare to vote on a peace pact. Officers in Belfast stood guard this month for Prime Minister Tony Blair. (Carlos R. Lopez-Barillas for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 1998

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[***Bronx Juries: a Defense Dream, a Prosecution Nightmare - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3J30-0014-53FP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 2; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1350 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER

**Body**

''The testimony of a police officer,'' Judge Robert L. Cohen recently cautioned the potential jurors assembled in New York State Supreme Court, Part 39, the Bronx, ''should not be arbitrarily accepted.''

This standard legal counsel falls on particularly willing ears in the Bronx, where the juries in criminal cases -overwhelmingly black and Hispanic -have established a reputation for skepticism of the testimony of police officers, mostly white. Prosecutors say that makes getting convictions difficult, and defense lawyers say it reflects the reality of the jurors' experiences with the police on the tough, mean streets.

''When I started in this office 20 years ago, the strongest case you could have as an assistant district attorney was when all your witnesses were police officers,'' said Bronx District Attorney Paul T. Gentile. ''Now, sadly, it is the weakest.''

Crack Cases Swamp the Court

The gray, eight-story Bronx County Courthouse on the Grand Concourse, built as a kind of civic monument with its chandeliers and wood-paneled courtrooms, now handles some 8,000 felony cases a year, said Administrative Judge Burton B. Roberts. More than 85 percent are settled by plea-bargaining lest the system simply choke.

The remainder are the province of 336 prosecutors, mostly white. Nearly all the defendants are black and Hispanic, mainly young, bouncing into the courtrooms in outsized sneakers, the laces untied. In the mornings, crack vials are piled up by the concrete benches outside the courthouse.

The violence of the lucrative crack trade, where profits can run 10 times higher than from other drugs, is increasingly swamping the streets and courts of the Bronx, as the drug gangs, or ''posses,'' rip off one another and unwary customers. ''Who's a witness, who's a victim and who's a defendant in these cases is all a matter of chance,'' an assistant district attorney said. ''It all depends on who shoots first.''

This is ''Bonfire of the Vanities'' country, the venue of Tom Wolfe's best-selling novel, where, the author writes, the criminal juries know that the police may lie and the civil juries regard themselves as instruments for redistributing wealth.

The latest example was the acquittal of Larry Davis late last month on charges of attempting to murder nine police officers. The bare facts were hardly in dispute: Mr. Davis had wounded six of the officers in a shootout at his sister's South Bronx apartment two years ago, then escaped, only to surrender in a besieged housing project after a manhunt. Last March, in a verdict that surprised even the defendant, he had been similarly acquitted of murdering four people suspected of being drug dealers.

The defense was based on the argument that Mr. Davis had become involved with corrupt police in the drug trade who came to assassinate him lest he expose their deals. The defense claimed the police fired first and Mr. Davis was acting in self-defense.

''Yes, I think there was some corruption in the police,'' said Celia Thompson, the forewoman of the jury, which was composed of 10 black and two Hispanic members and which deliberated 38 hours before acquitting Mr. Davis of the attempted murder charges but convicting him of weapons possession. ''Not everyone, mind you, but some of those officers intended to kill him.''

''You have to approach it with an open mind,'' Calvin Tompkins, another juror in the case, said in a telephone interview. ''You can't say a cop don't make mistakes. In any kind of business, you have good people and bad people. We felt the person was innocent.''

'These Are Streetwise Juries'

With an exodus of whites over the last two decades, the Bronx is now more than two-thirds black and Hispanic. Whites are concentrated mostly in the wealthy Riverdale section, many with the kinds of business or professional commitments that provide easy excuses to avoid jury duty. The jurors are largely ***working class*** or lower middle class, judges in the court say, with a number of civil servants, but juries are distinctly different in racial composition from those in the city's four other counties or in Westchester to the north.

''It's true that Larry would have been convicted in Westchester,'' said William M. Kunstler, the lawyer who successfully defended Mr. Davis. ''The special thing in the Bronx is that these are streetwise juries. They are not juries composed of people who have very little contact with the police.

''There's no question it's because of their race. A white Westchester jury would be composed of people whose relationship with the police was always a cordial and friendly one, helping, getting their kids across the street. In the Bronx, they do not necessarily look at them as a friendly force. They may be a dangerous presence. They are not going to automatically believe a police officer. They will look on him with suspicion.''

Police Feel It's 'Open Season'

The police take a different view. Officers in the South Bronx's 44th Precinct hung out a banner reading: ''Need help? Call Larry Davis.''

''Outrageous, beyond comprehension,'' the president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, Phil Caruso, said of the verdict. ''The upshot is that police officers feel that open season has been declared on them.''

Ivan Warner, a Superior Court judge who is black, has seen the composition of the juries change over the last 19 years.

''We tell them they are not supposed to leave their common sense and their life experiences behind them,'' Judge Warner said.

''The important question is, What is the life experience of these jurors?'' he continued. ''From what one can gather, their experiences are not that good. We are not talking about the criminal element here, because they do not serve on juries. What happened to them, or their relatives or somebody they know, whether it was an insulting remark with a traffic ticket, or whatever.

''A black person has many daily trials and tribulations, and then all of a sudden you find yourself 1 of 12 able to make a determination. Bells start ringing.''

Judge Roberts, who made his own reputation as a tough, flamboyant prosecutor, said: ''A defendant is entitled to a jury of his peers. And that means a jury that has some knowledge, some street smarts, about the mores, the culture of the defendant and the witnesses they must evaluate.'

The boom in crack has begun to change the attitude of many of the jurors, the chief narcotics prosecutor, Anthony Schepis, believes.

''We went 12 and 3 trying cases last month, and that's good,'' Mr. Schepis said. ''I do see a change, and it coincides with the tremendous increase in crack sales in streets and buildings. They're beginning to accept undercover police operations not as an intrusion, but as a way of getting dealers out of the neighborhood.''

Risa Sugarman, the chief homicide prosecutor, said: ''We're way over the number of bodies from last year. We had 356 murders. We passed that about a month ago. Crack has had an unbelievable effect on the murder rate. It's multiple bodies, drug dealers hitting on other dealers or steerers. If the attitude is the defendant has done the community a favor by taking a dealer off the street, we've got to convince them we can win a second time by putting him away, too.''

A Strange World at Courthouse

In the warren of prosecutors' offices on the sixth floor, there are endless discussions of the strange world of the Bronx courthouse: the witness stopped at a traffic light transporting goats and chickens from New Jersey to sacrifice in Santoria rites, a blend of voodoo and Catholicism; the witness who conceded that his nickname among his peers - a group called T.C.K., or The Crime Kings - was ''Beastmaster''; the way police witnesses can be shaken because the straightforward account on the standard UF61 crime report form pales before the embellishments on their applications for commendations. But, always, the talks return to the juries.

''It's bizarre. Everything here is truly stood on its head,'' a homicide prosecutor said. ''The jurors are overwhelmingly suspicious of cops. If you have a case involving cops, you are almost certain to lose.''

**Correction**

A picture on Dec. 6 with an article about the jury that acquitted Larry Davis of attempting to murder nine police officers was published in error.

It showed Mr. Davis on the witness stand during a 1987 Correction Department hearing, not at the recent trial. He did not testify at the trial.  
**Correction-Date:** December 20, 1988, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Larry Davis testifying at State Supreme Court (NYT/Marilynn K. Yee)

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[***POP/JAZZ;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3KX0-0014-51YK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Two Bands That Survived The Summer of Punk Rock***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3KX0-0014-51YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1988, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** By JON PARELES

**Body**

IN 1977, the summer of punk rock, bands weren't thinking about building careers. They had other things on their minds, among them overturning an ossified superstar system and reclaiming rock's rawness, simplicity and do-it-yourself spirit. But by the time college radio stations and an alternative circuit of clubs and independent labels had arisen that could support them, most of the first-generation alternative bands were gone. Some had spectacular flameouts, others simply dissolved as their rebellion was transformed into a fashion statement. But two punk-rooted bands that have carried on uncompromising, self-directed careers since 1977 will be back in New York clubs this weekend - the Feelies at the Ritz tonight and the Mekons at CBGB tonight and tomorrow.

Both have survived, they say, because they never planned to. ''The band has a life of its own,'' said Jon Langford of the Mekons. ''I choose to believe it's not really a career, it's just what we do.''

''We've never really been a band that has set that many goals or looked into the future that far,'' said Bill Million of the Feelies. ''I think that's probably the reason we are still together.''

The Mekons got started in the northern English city of Leeds in 1977 as an angry, raucous, overtly political punk band. ''You had to be in a band in 1977,'' Mr. Langford said. ''That's what you did. Punk seemed to be a very direct political thing at the time. With the punk ethos, musicianship didn't matter, and we were basically nonmusicians at that time.''

But as some punk bands geared themselves toward the top of the pops (and others resumed their day jobs), the Mekons held on to punk's insistence on spirit over technique. Musicians and nonmusicians came and went in the band, which had a core of three guitarist-singers - Mr. Langford, Tom Greenhalgh and Kevin Lycett - but the music stayed loose and noisy. After the Mekons' first United States appearance, on New Year's Eve of 1980, the band gave up live performances, but continued to record fitfully. A 1982 album called ''The Mekons Story'' (perversely, since most of the material was new) left most people thinking the band was defunct.

It wasn't. In 1984, a new assortment of Mekons appeared in public, playing their first shows as benefits for the British miners' union. When ''Fear and Whiskey'' was released in 1985, it was clear the Mekons' music had changed; although the group retained what Mr. Langford calls ''a certain brutal austerity,'' the gnashing chords of punk-rock had been replaced by fiddle, accordion and a countryish guitar twang, although no one would mistake the music for a product of Nashville or Los Angeles. Pushed along by the solid drumming of Steve Goulding (formerly of the Rumour), the songs lurched and stomped, with tidings of despair and frustration and some raw, out-of-tune singing. ''When we didn't do any live gigging, we were growing up,'' Mr. Langford said. ''We were no longer just interested in what's new, not teen-agers anymore. And to me what made sense were simple songs that summed up our political despondency.

''A lot of people like the 'Fear and Whiskey' album because it was almost romantic,'' Mr. Langford said. ''Although the despair was politically inspired, it could be taken as sentimental. Since that album, we've tried to point the finger more and be more specific. It's not, 'Isn't everybody having a terrible time,' but 'Why is this happening?' I'm not the first to say this, but the personal is political - politics runs through every inch of your life. Why sing preachy slogans when the point you should jump off from is your own immediate environment?''

Songs of the Dispossessed

On succeeding albums, the Mekons have done just that, singing about an England in which all but a wealthy few are dispossessed. The lyrics are often indirect, cramming together shards of imagery, while the lyrics sheets include quotes from and references to such books as E. P. Thompson's ''Making of the English ***Working Class***.'' But the music kicks along, and the band has developed a real sense of melody. ''You can't go for 11 years and pretend that you still can't play,'' Mr. Langford said. ''Our playing is still erratic, but when it does click, it's really, really good. It's not 'Sing along with Herbert Marcuse.' ''

''So Good It Hurts,'' the most recent Mekons album, is a collection of songs about mavericks, from Robin Hood to Fletcher Christian. ''With the collapse of any organized political opposition in England, you almost have to be a maverick,'' Mr. Langford said. ''It's the way we're perceived, too. We're not an easy band, but why do people want another easy band when there are already so many?

''After a while, you realize that even if you want to create an alternative to the business, you're wrapped up in it up to your neck - selling things. So you don't make pious statements about how stupid and cynical everyone else is. You also decide you're not going to preach, because that's useless. And then you see what you've got left. We're not the answer to anyone's prayers - we're just sort of charting our own little course.''

The Mekons are to perform tonight and tomorrow at CBGB, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker Street (982-4052). Their set, part of a quadruple bill starting about 10 P.M., begins about 12:30 A.M.; admission is $10.

Their Own Kind of Austerity

The Feelies have their own kind of musical austerity. From their beginnings, in 1977 in Haledon, N. J., the Feelies have been writing songs with just two or three chords, strummed and strummed and strummed in patterns that gradually thicken and speed up. Unlike most rock bands, the Feelies work on a long time frame, assembling albums and live sets that build slowly but pay off magnificently.

''The best rock-and-roll has always been two or three chords,'' Mr. Million said, ''ever since Buddy Holly started writing music. When we started, we were listening to the Velvet Underground and the Stooges and Brian Eno, for his experimentation with sounds and trancelike things. And we were always Beatles fans -they did a lot of things at the endings of their songs. We weren't familiar with Philip Glass or Steve Reich until an article came out in The Village Voice and compared us to them.''

Although the band was deliberately nondescript on stage - ''The posing aspect of rock-and-roll never really appealed to us,'' Mr. Million said -its audience in New York grew fast. But less than a year after making their first album, ''Crazy Rhythms,'' the Feelies disbanded, while their songwriters, Glenn Mercer (who writes the lyrics) and Mr. Million, got involved in other musical projects, among them three bands, the Willies, the Trypes and Yung Wu. A new Feelies, including members of the Trypes, coalesced in 1983, and after an experimental four-week tour across the United States, the band had the ''impetus to start recording again,'' Mr. Million said. The Feelies have since made two albums, ''The Good Earth'' in 1986 and the new ''Only Life.'' They also performed, as the high-school reunion band, in Jonathan Demme's film ''Something Wild.''

'An Intuitive Thing'

''With the initial band, we were locked into this high-speed tempo,'' Mr. Million said, ''and a good half of the band didn't want to do anything else. Now, everybody gets along a lot better. Writing songs is an intuitive thing with us, a gradual process. Most songs start with chord arrangements that appeal to us. The chord arrangement will inspire that melody and out of that melody, certain words might come to mind. The words are usually ambiguous enough so that people can put their own interpretation on what they mean. We have a strong interest in the intros and outros of our songs - it's almost the most interesting thing for us. For our music, it's not a distraction or an afterthought. It's an essential part because we want to get that hypnotic quality.''

The Feelies are to perform tonight at the Ritz, 119 East 11th Street (529-5295); Big Dipper opens at 11 P.M., followed at 12:30 A.M. by the Feelies. Tickets are $14.50.

**Graphic**

photo of Jon Langford (Bert Roberts)

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[***Hoboken: Having It All, Then Leaving It***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0030-008G-F0K9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1456 words

**Byline:** By EVELYN NIEVES,

By EVELYN NIEVES,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOBOKEN, N.J., July 4

**Body**

At times like this, when her son is twirling around monkey bars with his friends and she is standing on playground rubber chatting with hers, Annette Vidal Lisa would rather live here than anywhere else. But her boy is almost 3 years old, so she figures it is time to leave.

"It's a shame," she said. "But when my son reaches full-time school age, we want to be ready."

In Hoboken, that's life. People start moving out as soon as their children are out of diapers. The city enjoys a reputation as a hip and urbane yet quaint and neighborly place. But it suffers from the notoriety of its school system.

In a way, the city is like any where the public schools are considered poor performers: middle-class parents can choose private schools. But in Hoboken, almost no one can afford to ignore the public schools. Property taxes are among the highest in the state, with 60 cents of every dollar funneled to the ever-shrinking school district. As enrollment keeps dropping, the district loses state aid, even as the cost per student goes up.

"People wonder why they're paying for all these taxes on top of private school for a system that doesn't work," said Ms. Vidal Lisa, who was born in Hoboken, went to the public schools and has nothing good to say about them. "It's why so many look elsewhere."

A Revolving Door

"For Sale" signs plaster apartment windows and dangle from the railings of brownstones and rowhouses all over the city. "Usually the people who move to Hoboken do not have children," said Ray Fiore, a longtime broker. "When they move on, other professionals come in, and so on." In other words, Hoboken has become a revolving door, a glaring example of how much the life of a community is affected by its schools.

On the face of it, Hoboken looks like a haven for young families. Parents pushing strollers crowd Washington Street, the city's main avenue. Playgrounds jam in good weather. Groups of new parents meet in cafes. The city's population, however, is shrinking -- from 42,460 residents in 1980 to 33,400 in 1990, according to the Census Bureau. The share of households consisting of families with children under 18 has dwindled from 52 percent to 39 percent.

The 1980's real-estate craze has played a role. Larger, poorer families, many of them Hispanic, were forced out by rising rents and condo conversions; then they were replaced by middle-class childless couples, said Grizel Ubarry, a public policy consultant who has studied Hoboken and its schools.

"People always used to say if you can bring the white middle class back, you can eventually improve the schools, the theory being that because they are educated and have more resources they'll fight to improve things," he said. "Hoboken is clearly a case where that theory has a chance to be tested and it is failing miserably."

Not the Marrying Kind

To the school district's defenders -- it does have some -- the middle-class professionals who began flocking to this old ***working-class*** port in the 1980's have always treated Hoboken as a good-time date, one you would never consider marrying. Yuppies, they say, use the public schools as an expedient excuse to return to the suburbs from which they sprang.

"I think a certain group of people use the schools as the reason for moving, but it's not the real reason," said Louise Boscia, president of the teachers' union. "The urban living that Hoboken is famous for, the night life, is wonderful when you're 21. When you have children, you're not that interested in going out."

Ms. Boscia said racism and class bias may also prompt whites to leave. As in most cities where the public schools are a last resort, minorities are the majority in Hoboken's schools. Hispanic residents, 30 percent of the population, provide 65 percent of the students. Non-Hispanic whites, 62 percent of the population, account for roughly 20 percent of the schools' enrollment. Blacks, Asians and East Asians make up the rest.

"What it comes down to sometimes, for the people who can afford to come and go, is when little Johnny has to sit next to the children from the projects. They would rather he be in a familiar setting," Ms. Boscia asserted.

Had a Bad Reputation

Hoboken's schools had a bad reputation before the real-estate boom. Italian and Irish-American families, for decades Hoboken's two largest ethnic groups, began sending their children to the Catholic schools in large numbers in the 1970's, when Hispanic families in large numbers began moving in, said Dr. Edwin Duroy, the district superintendent.

Hoboken teachers, city officials and school board members have also long sent their children to private schools, and they still do. In 1980, 35 percent of Hoboken's school-age children were in private schools, including parochial schools; in 1990 the figure was 40 percent.

Only now, it takes a much healthier income to afford private school and own a home than it once did. In 1980, houses here sold for about $50,000. The same houses now sell for $250,000 to $375,000, more than twice that of neighboring Hudson County towns. The average homeowner pays more than $6,000 in taxes a year.

"I'm paying $8,000 in taxes -- for what?" said Phyllis Spinelli, a school board member who was elected on a slate called Choice for Change. Her son, who just finished the first grade, is leaving public school for Catholic school this fall.

Two Schools Close

The school system, which had about 8,000 students in 1980, now has under 3,000. Two schools have closed. The remaining six -- three elementary schools, two middle schools and a high school -- are all under capacity. One reason the district's per pupil costs are so high -- close to $13,000 -- is that as it has whittled down, the district has developed a senior staff. None have less than 16 years of experience, and close to 80 percent earn salaries at the highest end of the pay scale (about $59,000).

Compared with many urban districts, Hoboken's does not seem so troubled. In a city where the biggest policing problem is a rowdy weekend bar scene, inner-city plagues -- crime, homelessness, rampant teenage pregnancy -- have barely touched the system. There are no tales of gun fights in the hallways or graffiti. Schools have enough supplies. Student-teacher ratios rival those of suburban schools. While the drop-out rate is nine percent, 60 percent of the graduates go on to college, 49 percent to four-year schools. Last year, for the first time, the district began offering advanced placement courses.

Most people still remember, however, that until two years ago, Hoboken hovered at the bottom of New Jersey's district rankings in student test scores and was threatened with a state takeover.

It was not until last fall that the district was removed from state monitoring and accredited for five years, a move that means the district is meeting minimal passing standards.

Bitter Factionalism

At the same time, the politics of the school system tends to pit the city's newcomers against the old-timers, or born-and-raised Hobokenites, leading to bitter animosities.

"It's hopeless here," said Anne-Marie Pelletier, who was president of the Parent-Teacher Organization at the school where her son completed first grade. She echoed the most enduring criticism of the system, that after years of little teacher turnover, it is rife with cronyism.

She and her husband, who moved here from Montreal five years ago and now have three boys, are considering a move to Ridgewood or Summit, affluent suburbs noted for their public schools.

"I do think some who leave are ready for grass," said Maureen Singleton, a real-estate broker whose three children graduated from Hoboken High School. Recently, she said, she listed the brownstone of a couple with two children moving to Montclair. The Essex County suburb is known as Hoboken West because so many Hoboken families migrate there. "I assumed they were moving because of the schools," Ms. Singleton said. "It turns out they're putting their kids in private school."

Beth Welsh, a Choice for Change school board member whose son just finished the first grade in public school, said she did not plan to move or pull her children from the system. "How long can I keep them in the public schools?" she said. "With home enrichment, probably 12 years."

It is probably no accident, however, that Hoboken is becoming a mecca for single college graduates in their first job, no strings attached. Rentals are in such demand that brokers put ads in the local newspaper begging for apartments.

"Everybody knows Hoboken is a transitional place," said Joe Calhoun, a 25-year-old unemployed writer who lives in a three-bedroom rental with two roommates. "You have a lot of bars and real estate offices. Like everyone's saying: 'Have fun and split.' "

**Graphic**

Photos: The notoriety of Hoboken's school system has caused many families to move as soon as their children are ready to start school. Residents strolled along Washington Street, the city's main thoroughfare (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times), while children enjoyed the seasonable weather over the weekend at the playground in Stevens Park. (Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

Graph: "Demographics: Who Lives in Hoboken" shows an ethnic breakdown of Hoboken and its school children. (Sources: Bureau of Labor Statistics)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** July 5, 1994

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[***A Second Life! (in British Tabloids)***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3PD0-0014-52N6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1378 words

**Byline:** By STEVE LOHR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Nov. 10

**Body**

The story of Eddie Shah reads like a bittersweet tale plucked from a London tabloid: a daring entrepreneur helps revolutionize the British newspaper industry by creating a new newspaper, only to come up empty-handed himself when the newspaper fails to meet expectations. But the 44-year-old Mr. Shah, a self-made millionaire, is not a man who accepts defeat easily, and he is out to engineer a happy ending to the story.

So today, Mr. Shah started a new newspaper - The Post, a popular tabloid and his second try at a new national newspaper in just over two years. He is going after a piece of the lucrative mass-market tabloid field with a strategy of trying to tone down Britain's traditional tabloid sensationalism and using printing techniques based on personal computers and desktop publishing technology.

In March 1986, Mr. Shah started Today, a middle-brow tabloid, amid great fanfare about its modern computer technology and color pictures. Yet the sales goal of nearly a million copies a day proved wildly optimistic, as circulation quickly slipped below 400,000 and eventually near 300,000.

Technological Teething Problems

Today also ran into technological teething problems that kept the management and senior editors from really addressing the paper's underlying weakness: the lack of a clear-cut editorial focus and well-defined target audience.

Control of the financially pressed venture passed first to Lonrho P.L.C. and then to Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, Britain's leading publisher, the titles of which include The Sun, The Times and The Sunday Times. Under Mr. Murdoch's stewardship, Today has been revamped and circulation has climbed to 410,000.

Despite his failure at Today, Mr. Shah served as the catalyst for the sweeping changes in the British newspaper industry in the last two years. The stranglehold the print unions once held on the industry has been broken, modern computer technology has replaced antiquated type-setting practices and profitability has soared.

Emboldened Rest of the Industry

It was Mr. Shah's much-touted move to modern technology that emboldened the rest of the newspaper industry, especially Mr. Murdoch, to confront the printers' unions. In fact, Mr. Murdoch's celebrated move to a modern plant at Wapping, dismissing more than 5,500 printers, came just before Today was started. But it was well after Mr. Shah's plans became final.

Since then, the profits of some of Fleet Street's established newspapers have nearly quadrupled because of drastically reduced costs. Lower production costs have also made it possible for new papers to enter the market, the most striking example being The Independent, a quality newspaper, the circulation and stature of which have risen steadily since it was started in October 1986.

With The Post, Mr. Shah is going after the mass-market tabloids, the juicy slice of the British newspaper market that has benefited most from the technological revolution in which he played a crucial, if thus far unprofitable, role.

The Sun and The Mirror's Market

It is a market dominated by Mr. Murdoch's Sun and Robert Maxwell's Daily Mirror. Pretax profits on The Sun now run about $72 million a year, analysts estimate, while The Mirror's yearly pretax earnings are roughly half that, at $36 million.

Those totals, industry experts calculate, are roughly four times the level of profits in 1985, before Mr. Shah arrived on the national newspaper scene.

Britain's three national tabloids sell an average of 8.2 million copies a day, with The Sun selling 4.2 million, The Daily Mirror 3.1 million and The Daily Star a million. To their readers, the popular tabloids serve up a diet of the most colorful and, at times, most questionable journalism to be found anywhere: bare-breasted young women, gossip about the royal family and movie stars, lurid accounts of grisly crimes, sex and diet tips and large helpings of sports news.

Aiming for Less Sensation

In this lively marketplace, The Post plans to carve out a niche by being less sensationalist and less sexist. ''We will reject the growing trend for gutter journalism,'' said Lloyd Turner, The Post's editor. ''Pornography and the crude language of violence have no place in The Post.''

Accordingly, The Post will not run pictures of scantily clad young women. The crime stories and particularly crimes of sexual violence, the editors insist, will be covered differently in The Post. ''If a woman is raped, she's raped and that's a personal tragedy,'' said Mr. Turner, who for nine years was the editor of The Daily Star. ''But we're not going to go into the sordid details.''

With this approach, The Post hopes to attract more readers who are women or members of the increasingly better-educated English ***working class***.

Independent research, commissioned by The Post, found that 17 percent of readers of the three popular tabloids were dissatisfied with their paper. Of these disgruntled readers, 91 percent said popular tabloids were too sensationalist, 83 percent said the tabloids often insulted their intelligence, and 87 percent said they did not trust much of what they read in them.

The Advertising Standpoint

''We're for the people who have grown out of The Sun, The Mirror and The Star but still want a light, entertaining, quick read,'' said Paddy Shanahan, an advertising sales manager for The Post.

Advertising experts are taking a wait-and-see attitude toward The Post's less-sensationalist formula. ''It is a credible approach,'' said Ian Rogers, media director for Chris Ingram Associates, a London media-buying agency. ''But I'm not sure that is what the mass market wants.''

The first issue got mixed reviews from industry analysts, who said that the picture reproduction seemed uneven and the articles lacked urgency, but they added that any new paper needed at least a few weeks to hit its editorial stride. The 32-page paper carried numerous color pictures and, if less lurid in presentation, still contained the lively fare familiar to tabloid readers.

First Issue's Top Stories

The front-page article was about the struggle to save the life of a 6-year-old girl who was the only survivor of a head-on car crash. The first big article inside the paper was about a prisoner who was able to smuggle his girlfriend into jail for weekend visits.

''Eddie Shah has a very difficult battle on his hands,'' said Terry Connor, an analyst for James Capel & Company, a London brokerage house. ''Newspapers generate great reader loyalty and great apathy. It takes a great deal to make a reader switch, especially at the lower end of the market.''

Mr. Shah is convinced that The Post will be a success. Unlike the Today start-up, his sales targets are more modest this time, and he has made changes in printing, distribution and technology.

Circulation Target of 500,000

The Post will begin with a print run of nearly a million copies a day, but it hopes to stabilize its sales after a couple of months at roughly 500,000. Still, because of its low costs of production, the paper can break even at a circulation of 370,000 copies a day.

With Today, Mr. Shah tried to handle his own printing, and he set up his own distribution network. But with The Post, printing is subcontracted to outside printers and the paper is being distributed through traditional news agents.

The American computer system used on Today had a central computer with many terminals linked to it.

For The Post, the technology, though innovative, is essentially an upgraded version of the desktop publishing system of Apple Macintosh computers using Pagemaker software. These computers communicate with each other by special networks that Mr. Shah has used for 18 months in his highly successful publishing business in Warrington, near Liverpool: 27 giveaway and paid-for weeklies with a combined circulation of 600,000.

''Newspapers don't interest me that much,'' Mr. Shah said with characteristic candor. ''They are a business to me. My job is to give the creative people the tools they need. I was never able to do that with Today because we weren't really ready for the launch.

''But this time we are. It will be a struggle, but this time people should not be up to their necks in logistics, so they should have the time to spend on the basics - editing and marketing the paper.''

**Graphic**

photo of Eddie Shah (NYT/Jonathan Player)

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[***From Memory to Page, Or How Pete Dexter Wrote a Prize Winner***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3J40-0014-53HG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 5, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 5; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1300 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

America's reading public will never have a chance to savor perhaps the best part of ''Paris Trout,'' the novel by Pete Dexter that won the 1988 National Book Award for fiction Tuesday night. Sixty days' work - ''I reckon about 110 pages,'' he said -were instantly and perpetually digested by his word processor.

Every writer's nightmare happened to Mr. Dexter at home in Sacramento, Calif., in July 1987, when he completed the middle section of his novel about a town's response to an interracial murder in the early 1950's in the Deep South. ''I gave the F1 and F8 commands to paginate the text,'' Mr. Dexter recalled the other day, ''and I got a message that said: 'Disk drive error. Correct and reset.' '' To make the insult more unbearable, all he could get the computer to disgorge ''was a line of little yellow happy faces.''

He was so angry he stalked into the kitchen and aimed a punch at a wooden stool. ''I broke a knuckle, noticed I didn't even dent the stool and realized that I'd also lost my punch,'' he recalled.

After recovering from his rage -and his injury - he reconstructed the missing section. ''But my first version was better - and 10 pages longer,'' he said.

''I'll bet those 10 pages were the most brilliant I've ever written,'' he said, laughing.

If the book award is be seen as sweet vindication in the worldwide struggle of writers against word-processor dependency, the 45-year-old Mr. Dexter said he never counted on beating the four other fiction finalists, Don DeLillo, Anne Tyler, J. F. Powers and Mary McGarry Morris, ''though I went in feeling lucky.'' It was the second straight year that the fiction award committee selected a relatively unknown novelist; Larry Heinemann won last year for ''Paco's Story.''

By trade, Mr. Dexter is an ink-stained wretch - ''a computer-stained wretch, actually,'' he said - who has written a column for The Sacramento Bee three times a week for the last two and a half years. Previously, he wrote a street column for The Philadelphia Daily News, ''and I'd still like to be writing a street column, but we don't have any streets in Sacramento.''

Fiction Award and Journalism

These days, Mr. Dexter is getting offers to write his column in other cities. He does not believe that winning the fiction award will take him away from journalism or change his working style, ''despite the prize-winning sort of guy I've now become,'' he said self-mockingly. ''I like being in the paper three times a week,'' he said. ''I got to get out and talk to people. I'm not interested in becoming a hermit, because then you'll just listen to your own voice.''

''Paris Trout,'' which was published in July by Random House, ''got some good reviews, but I think it sold 11 copies,'' he said. Actually, it sold 26,000 copies from a first printing of 33,000, and Mr. Dexter's award may help sell a few more.

Much given to laughter, easy profanity and the well-timed punch line, the wiry Mr. Dexter has also thrown a few real punches in his time. Mickey Rosati, the owner of a celebrated Philadelphia gym bearing his name, where Mr. Dexter used to box six days a week, is among those to whom he dedicated ''Paris Trout.'' At 5 feet 10 inches tall and 155 pounds, Mr. Dexter is a light middleweight, he said, ''But if I were in shape, I'd be a welterweight.''

He was born in Pontiac, Mich., moved to South Dakota at the age of 2 with his mother after the death of his father, and moved again to Milledgeville, Ga., when his mother remarried. Milledgeville is the model for the fictional Cotton Point of ''Paris Trout''; Mr. Dexter spent four years living in the South as a child, between the ages of 5 and 9. The violent fictional denouement of the book was inspired by the real murder, in Milledgeville, of a prominent and beloved local lawyer.

''I was 9 at the time and I think I remember hearing the gunshots,'' he said. ''That was a time and a place so vivid to me that it was something I had to write about.''

'Paris Trout' Nominated Again

''Paris Trout'' has been nominated by the National Book Critics Circle among five finalists for its fiction award, which is to be announced Jan. 9.

Paris Trout, in Mr. Dexter's book, is the name of a white store owner and part-time moneylender who tracks down a young black man who has failed to pay a bet he lost. Instead, Trout's fusillade of bullets kills a 14-year-old black girl. The subsequent trial and its aftermath puts Trout in direct and violent confrontation with his wife, his lawyer and the citizens of Cotton Point.

It is a Southern gothic tale of insanity, murder and physical and sexual abuse, and William Styron, in a book-jacket blurb, likened Mr. Dexter's ear for speech to that of Flannery O'Connor.

Mr. Dexter, while grateful for such praise, insists, ''I'm not a Southern writer, and I would never presume to speak to, or for, the South.'' He laughs at reviews that have compared him to William Faulkner and that have characterized the depravity of his villainous character, Trout, as Snopesian. ''The time in college I was supposed to be reading Faulkner,'' he says of the University of South Dakota, ''I got the Cliff Notes for Faulkner, and I could not even understand them.''

To those who see his novel as a symbolic vision of racism, class war and inhumanity in the pre-civil-rights-era South, he says: ''This could have happened anywhere. The South has no lock on violence. In fact, South Philadelphia is more violent than the South.''

Despite his comic-opera view of the universe, Mr. Dexter said, he's ''very comfortable writing about violence, since I understand a lot about it.'' Indeed, seven years ago, in a case that made the newspapers, he participated in ''the most celebrated bar fight in the history of South Philadelphia,'' he said.

He and a pal, the heavyweight boxer Randy Cobb, fought about 30 angry and inebriated local people who were angered by a Dexter column. Mr. Dexter suffered a broken leg, a broken back, scalp lacerations and chipped teeth.

Writing While Recuperating

The author used his recuperation to finish his first novel, ''God's Pocket,'' which chronicled the oft-risible, oft-macabre doings in a ***working-class*** South Philadephia neighborhood called God's Pocket. His second novel was ''Deadwood,'' a black-comic romp through Wild West lawlessness in the Dakota Territory. Both books were also published by Random House.

While working on ''Paris Trout,'' which took him 18 months to finish, Mr. Dexter wrote 900 words of fiction a day - the same length as his newspaper column - ''because after that the freshness disappears,'' he said.

The five-judge National Book Award fiction panel singled out Mr. Dexter's book for ''the quality of the prose,'' said Joel Conarroe, chairman of the panel.

''I know what beautiful lyrical writing is, and I don't even try to do that,'' Mr. Dexter commented. ''But I try to make each sentence as clear and clean as it can be because the integrity of the book is tied to the clarity of each individual sentence.''

He feels that his $10,000 award ''just might partially pay for this stay in New York for a few days,'' he said. Sitting in the Random House headquarters, at 50th Street and Third Avenue in Manhattan, he speculated that his second wife, Dian, and their 10-year-old daughter, Casey, were ''buying an 11-foot something or other at F. A. O. Schwarz even as we speak.''

When he was a child in Milledgeville, his mother took him to see the peacocks at Flannery O'Connor's farm on the outskirts of town, and he reveres the author's courage for writing ''so well while she was dying and she knew it,'' he said. Mr. Dexter had wanted to name his daughter Flannery: ''But my wife bridled at the idea that she'd go through life with a handle like that. So we named her after someone else whose use of the language I admired -Casey Stengel.''

**Graphic**

photo of Pete Dexter (NYT/Marilynn K. Yee)

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[***Bias Charged In Selection Of U.S. Juries***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0FP0-008G-F4WC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 1994, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Length:** 1549 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH P. FRIED

By JOSEPH P. FRIED

**Body**

For years, the Federal court district that covers three New York City boroughs and Long Island has brought many people in from Long Island -- with its mostly white population -- to serve on juries in Brooklyn. But people from the city portion of the district -- with its larger percentage of minority residents -- do not serve on juries in the district's two Long Island courthouses.

Defense lawyers have increasingly argued that the disparity is unfair to black and Hispanic defendants, and the Federal prosecutor for the district also wants the system changed because, he says, this perception undercuts confidence in the courts.

Court officials are now considering several proposals to revamp the system, including one plan to exclude Long Island residents from juries at the Federal courthouse in Brooklyn.

Under the current system, jurors for the Brooklyn courthouse are summoned from among residents of the entire Eastern District of New York -- the two Long Island counties as well as the New York City boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island -- but jurors for the courthouses in Nassau and Suffolk Counties are summoned only from Long Island.

Seeking a 'Fair Cross-Section'

But because Nassau and Suffolk have a much lower proportion of black and Hispanic residents than the New York City part of the district, having Long Island residents among jurors in the Brooklyn courthouse but not having city residents as jurors in the Long Island courthouses has a discriminatory impact, lawyers challenging the system contend.

Court officials say this system has evolved over the years because of problems stemming from judicial vacancies and the practical difficulties jurors face in commuting by public transportation from Staten Island, Brooklyn and Queens to Uniondale in Nassau County and Hauppauge in Suffolk, where the Long Island courthouses are located.

But Richard A. Greenberg, a lawyer who opposes the current system, said, "The plan dilutes minority representation on juries at the Brooklyn courthouse while it maintains predominantly white juries at the Long Island courthouses." He contends that this violates a defendant's right to "a jury that's drawn from a fair cross-section of the community."

The issue came up recently in a trial at the Brooklyn courthouse of four black men and one Hispanic man charged with extorting construction jobs on behalf of minority labor coalitions. The defense asked for a jury made up only of residents of the New York City portion of the district.

The judge granted the request, ruling that there was no longer any valid reason to use a district-wide jury pool for the Brooklyn courthouse but a Long Island-only pool for the Long Island courthouses.

The jury then chosen included nine black or Hispanic members. Four of the five defendants were acquitted.

Even Richard Levitt, the lawyer for the one man convicted, Matthew Taylor, said: "I don't think there's any question that having a larger representation of minority jurors provided the jury a perspective it wouldn't otherwise have had. I say that because the case concerned allegations that the defendants extorted jobs, and the defense was that they were lawfully -- albeit with great determination -- trying to get jobs from fields in which historically minorities were excluded."

The chief Federal prosecutor in the district, United States Attorney Zachary W. Carter, has acknowledged that the racial and ethnic differences between the populations of New York City and Long Island make it "statistically likely" that minority representation on juries will differ, depending on whether the panels are formed from residents of the district as a whole or from the city or Long Island portions.

Mr. Carter said that he believed the current selection system "can survive constitutional attack," but that it should nevertheless be changed because it fed a "perception" of racial distinctions that was "very destructive to public confidence in the judicial system." And, he said, the procedure has led to "an explosion of litigation" about the jury selection process.

Yet Mr. Carter's own attempt to offer a solution illustrates the difficulty that court officials face in trying to deal with a tangle of constitutional principles, clashing definitions of "community" and travel obstacles in a district that extends more than 100 miles from Staten Island to the eastern end of Long Island.

Problems With Transportation

Mr. Carter first proposed to Judge Thomas C. Platt, chief judge of the Eastern District, that the current system of a districtwide pool for the Brooklyn courthouse and a Long Island-only pool for the Long Island sites be replaced by the same districtwide jury pool at all the courthouses. He argued that this would avoid "the unfortunate perception that the quality of justice depends on the race of the jurors, which in turn depends on the courthouse to which the case is assigned." Mr. Greenberg said in an interview that he also favored this approach.

But Mr. Carter later modified his suggestion because of "transportation concerns," and he now proposes an "overlapping" pair of pools: jurors for the Brooklyn courthouse to be drawn from Brooklyn, Staten Island, Queens and Nassau County, and those for the Long Island courthouses from Nassau, Suffolk and Queens. Mr. Carter said a similar system of overlapping jury pools is used in the Southern District, which includes Manhattan, the Bronx and several counties north of the city.

But Mr. Levitt, the lawyer in the construction-extortion case, held that the solution should be to continue drawing Long Island-courthouse jurors only from Long Island but to draw Brooklyn jurors -- as was done in his case -- only from the three city boroughs.

"This would certainly reflect more accurately the communities served by the courthouses," he held.

In fact, the court adopted this plan in 1988 but never carried it out. Judge Platt said in court documents that it had not been put into effect because judicial vacancies had kept the court from having "a full complement of judges in Nassau and Suffolk, with the result that a great many Nassau and Suffolk County case were being reassigned" to the Brooklyn courthouse. He said that fact had justified the retention of the district-wide pool and its contingent of jurors from Long Island.

A 20-Year Policy

The court now hopes to decide by early next year whether to keep the current system or adopt one of the proposed alternatives, Judge Platt said.

While the thrust of the criticism has been that the current system discriminates against black and Hispanic defendants, lawyers for somewhite defendants at the Brooklyn courthouse have also sought a jury drawn only from the three city boroughs because, racial factors aside, they thought such a jury would more likely be understanding of the defense case than a jury that included suburbanites.

In one such trial in February, Martin B. Adelman, the lawyer for Carlo Muzzi, who was charged with conspiring to steal money from the Brooklyn armored-car company he worked for, sought a "boroughs jury" because "we felt the defense would be better received by a jury of ***working-class*** people from the boroughs as compared to the more conservative-establishment type people that we normally identify with Long Island."

Judge Carol B. Amon granted the motion, but Mr. Muzzi was still convicted of conspiracy and theft.

The current system dates from the 1970's, court officials say, when the district's first Long Island courthouse was established, in Nassau. Previously, litigants and lawyers from Long Island had to go to the Brooklyn courthouse. The Suffolk site was added in 1987.

Shopping for Jurors

Black and Hispanic people make up 42 percent of the voting-age population of the city portion of the Eastern District but only 12 percent of voting-age residents of the Long Island slice, 1990 census figures show. Black and Hispanic residents total 31 percent of those above voting age in the district as a whole.

In a recent letter to Judge Platt, Mr. Carter cited a string of cases since 1990 in which the jury-selection system was challenged and relief sought.

"Defendants at the Long Island courthouses have sought to be tried by juries drawn from the district-wide pool in use in Brooklyn," he said. "Defendants at the Brooklyn courthouse have sought to be tried by the three- county 'city' jury that they see as their fair counterpart to the two-county 'suburban' jury in use in Long Island. Defendants whose trials are moved from one courthouse to the other seek to be tried by the jury they would have had at the courthouse where the case originated."

Cases may be moved when the judges handling them change courthouses or for administrative reasons, said Robert C. Heinemann, clerk of the Eastern District.

While the court does not gather statistics on the racial composition of prospective jurors summoned to the various courthouses, those called "would reflect in rough form the population of the areas they're drawn from," said Mr. Heinemann.

The court also does not keep statistics on the proportion of Long Island residents summoned to the Brooklyn courthouse, he said, but here too they generally reflect population data. The 1990 census showed Long Island residents to be 36 percent of voting-age residents of the Eastern District.

**Load-Date:** June 2, 1994

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[***ARE THERE A THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3RB0-0014-54WY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 30, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1522 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM J. GRINKER; William J. Grinker is New York City's Commissioner of Human Resources.

**Body**

THE LIMITS OF SOCIAL POLICY

By Nathan Glazer.

215 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:

Harvard University Press.

$22.50.

In recent months, we have witnessed the re-emergence of Harvard University as a cradle of significant works espousing national initiatives to deal with the problems of the poor. In ''Poor Support,'' David Ellwood of the Kennedy School of Government gave us a cogent blueprint for major welfare reform and a program for combating poverty that moves well beyond current Federal legislation. Then, in her optimistic primer on effective social initiatives, ''Within Our Reach,'' Lisbeth Schorr of the Harvard School of Public Health provided a series of examples of successful social programs and health policies that can be built upon.

Such books are certainly a welcome change from the ''nothing works'' chorus of the Reagan School of Doom and Gloom Social Philosophy espoused by George Gilder in ''Wealth and Poverty'' and Charles Murray in ''Losing Ground: American Social Policy.'' According to their way of thinking, the Federal Government should abstain from social policy initiatives before it does lasting damage to the national economy. Although less pessimistic than Mr. Gilder and Mr. Murray, the sociologist Nathan Glazer moderates any new-found optimism his fellow Harvard academics would raise by providing a healthy and thoughtful degree of skepticism about prospects for positive change at the national level and by delineating the factors that inhibit a fully executed national social policy from succeeding.

Mr. Glazer, while generally classified as a neoconservative, is far from an ideologue. Although he finds little to praise in his review of social policy over the last 25 years, including the development of the War on Poverty in which he participated, or the various attempts at welfare reform, he nonetheless believes that future successes are possible through ''a growing acceptance of diversity and variety in programs,'' and a growing reliance on ''the fine structures of society'' - family, community and informal associations - as a way of creating a more effective and humane social policy.

A recurring theme throughout ''The Limits of Social Policy'' is the failure of welfare policy and, until now, all efforts at meaningful reform. By offering an alternative to work, welfare policies unwittingly led to a breakdown of conventional family values. The resulting long-term dependency led to a desire for reform, but efforts to achieve that during both the Nixon and Carter administrations foundered, as Mr. Glazer sees it, because they relied on incentives that made no effort to bolster ''traditional norms of family behavior'' and parental responsibility.

Mr. Glazer believes that the approach of the Reagan Administration, with its focus on individual responsibility and its insistence on the Government's limited capacity to solve social problems, has been more efficacious. I find it hard to concede that Mr. Glazer is more than part right. As even Mr. Glazer documents the case, Mr. Reagan's social policies are anti-poor and they certainly have not resulted in any substantial reduction of welfare or dependency. In fact, by encouraging and fostering benefit reductions for the poor, the Administration has contributed mightily to the growth of such 1980's phenomena as soup kitchens and homelessness, and to keeping 13.5 percent of the nation (32.5 million Americans) below the poverty line, with less than 4 percent of the nation's total disposable income.

Another 1980's phenomenon, totally separate from anything wrought by Reagan policy, has engendered support for the current round of welfare reform: the basic change in traditional family life brought on by the increased participation of women, especially women with young children, in the labor market. Thus, while to this point, it is true that efforts to reform welfare have come a cropper, often for reasons accurately cited by Mr. Glazer, it seems too dogmatic to reach his conclusion: ''What we will not see is a return to more centralized and uniform schemes of social policy.''

Through private research organizations' analyses of various state and local welfare reform schemes, the social engineering that Mr. Glazer disparages will continue to guide the formation of national social policy. The very variety of centrifugal forces in American society, which Mr. Glazer cites as inhibiting national social welfare policy, is a reason why that process will continue. The abiding role of federalism, and the belief that citizens can better themselves through individual effort are two of these forces. The ethnic and racial diversity of this nation and the special history of blacks in our society are others. And a final factor is the historical importance of locally based autonomous, independent institutions (profit-making as well as not-for-profit) as providers of human services.

Those characteristics of American society do impair the Federal Government's ability to develop a national social policy. But Mr. Glazer exaggerates their role in inhibiting national action. Furthermore, one cannot simply dismiss, as he does, the lasting social policy initiatives of the New Deal and even those of more recent vintage such as Medicare, Medicaid and food stamps. Instead, it would be more appropriate to ask what coalition of forces must come together to overcome inhibitions to the development of social policy. It is clear that the major periods of national social initiatives correspond closely with periods of national trauma and upheaval: the Civil War, the Great Depression and the civil rights movement. But policy is not static; it continues to develop at the national level between such watershed periods. And Mr. Glazer is absolutely on target when he points out that it is generally not possible for Government to move toward a system of social justice as an overriding goal but that it can and must move in a more piecemeal way.

Mr. Glazer's analysis of the value of locally based ''mediating structures'' - neighborhood groups, voluntary organizations, churches, among them - as an alternative to national initiatives is useful. It is important to recognize the value of structures that draw their strength from the family, the community and informal associations, as a means to create more humane and effective social policy. Nevertheless, we must also acknowledge the spectacular failures of the two major national policy initiatives of the 1960's designed to build on them: the War on Poverty's doomed community action strategy and the Federal manpower development and training initiative, which did little to open up opportunities for the poor. A major reason for the inadequacies of these well-intentioned efforts was the lack of substantive national standards and the overwhelming reliance on somewhat romanticized local organizations to guide policy development.

Mr. Glazer also sets forth with great insight the basic antipathy of these local structures to the national goal of equality. But he is too optimistic in his belief that the racist and anti-poor sentiments that have been such an inherent force in the ''new federalism'' of the 1970's and 80's and in the ''fine structures of society'' are behind us. The stand of the Yonkers City Council and a majority of its citizens against low-income housing in white areas is only the most recent dramatic example that such sentiments are still very much with us.

Unfortunately, the very forces at the local level that are so attractive for their reliance on custom and tradition and that feed our diversity, are so parochial that the effort to achieve equality and social justice must be made on the national level. Mr. Glazer may be correct in saying that if this quest for equal rights and opportunities for all succeeds (as it must if we are to have a just society), the role of local organizations will be undermined and there will be little hope for more harmonious relationships among the many groups in society and better functioning community institutions. But perhaps that is only because we have emphasized individual rights while ignoring individual responsibilities.

Mr. Glazer's book is a compilation of essays that have been written over the last 18 years, and revised. So, there are overlappings that I would have liked to see trimmed and replaced with elaborations of some of Mr. Glazer's more interesting insights, which he seems just to cast off. Among them are: a rationale for lawyers, instead of local representatives, having become the spokesmen for many local interests; the claim that the failure of our public education system is primarily a black problem and not a low-income or ***working-class*** or Hispanic issue; and the suggestion that the failure to provide medical coverage for the working poor is the biggest rend in the social safety net. In sum ''The Limits of Social Policy'' is must reading for the domestic policy makers, regardless of party, who will presume rather rapidly after they capture the White House that their capacity to mold American society knows no bounds if only they can pull the right political levers in Washington.

**Graphic**

Photo of Nathan Glazer in his Harvard University office in 1984 (NYT/Marty Katz)

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[***A Glimpse At the Bench From the Inside***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47VG-4W20-01KN-245R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 2, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1849 words

**Byline:**  By JILL P. CAPUZZO

**Dateline:** SOMERVILLE

**Body**

BARRY T. ALBIN was a bit taken aback when his 5-year-old son looked up from playing with his robots the other day and told his father, "With great power, comes great responsibility."

At first, he thought his son, Gerald, was a genius, having perfectly crystallized the thoughts that had been weighing on the mind of the newest member of the state Supreme Court these last few months. Then he realized the boy was simply quoting from his new favorite movie, "Spiderman."

So maybe the full meaning of his position as one of seven members of the highest court in the state has not sunk in with his young son, but it has not been lost on Mr. Albin, who has spent much of his career taking the side of the underdog, never dreaming he would be expected to make decisions that would affect the entire state -- and sometimes beyond.

In a rarely granted interview by a sitting member of the state Supreme Court, Mr. Albin last week gave an insider's look at what it takes to get appointed to the bench, the behind-the-scenes decision-making process of the state's highest court, and the thinking and personality of its newest member.

Mr. Albin, who is originally from the Bayside section of Queens, is not the typical Supreme Court justice -- most of whom spend years in public service, either in the state attorney general's office or sitting on lower benches before being named to the highest court in the state. InsteadMr. Albin spent his last 20 years in private practice as a partner at the renowned Woodbridge firm of Wilentz, Golman & Spitzer. There he handled some of the toughest criminal and civil rights cases, often against the very public servants who might have aspired to a seat on the Supreme Court.

And over those same 20 years, he became the favored son of the firm's titular head, Warren Wilentz, and developed a tight bond with James E. McGreevey, crossing paths in 1982 at the Middlesex County prosecutors office, where Mr. Albin was just leaving as the future governor was arriving. In the intervening years Mr. Albin and Mr. McGreevey became close allies, especially after Mr. McGreevey was elected mayor of Woodbridge.

"We instantly became friends, and that friendship grew and evolved over the years," said Mr. Albin. "From the earliest days, he was a hard-working, hard-driving person who had as a primary goal public service and doing something good with it. And I had a similar motivation."

While he described himself as "never a politically overt person," Mr. Albin was a generous contributor to Mr. McGreevey's various campaigns, dating to the governor's successful run for state Senate in 1993. When it came time for the governor to make his first pick for the Supreme Court, the 51-year-old lawyer was at the top of the list. Mr. Albin declined to speculate on how much his personal connections to the governor played into his selection except to say that "a governor doesn't put someone on the Supreme Court unless he or she thinks that person has the legal ability, intellectual acumen, experience and judgment."

Others in the state's legal community had predicted the selection.

"I knew he had a close relationship with Jim McGreevey and that he thought highly of him, but regardless of who the governor was, Barry would be on anyone's short list for the Supreme Court," said Alan Zegas, a criminal lawyer from Chatham. "He's one of the finest trial attorneys I've ever met in my life anywhere."

Now Mr. Albin finds himself seated beside six justices appointed by Gov. Christie Whitman. As a Democrat replacing Justice Gary Stein, a Republican who is retiring, Mr. Albin tipped the political balance on the bench, which now consists of four Democrats, two Republicans and one independent. With Justice James Coleman reaching the mandatory retirement age of 70 later this year, there has been some pressure on the governor to replace him with a Republican. While acknowledging that his party choice reflects his value system, Mr. Albin insisted that one's party affiliation has no bearing on the Supreme Court.

"The politics of party play no role whatsoever in the discussions of the court," he said. "There's no political partisanship, no political labels are tossed around. We are interpreting the Constitution and do not decide cases along a political construct."

Just how they do make their decisions is a puzzle to the general population, and the desire to demystify the process was one reason Mr. Albin agreed to be interviewed.

"If people could look into the conference room, I think they'd be very proud of how dedicated these justices are," he said. "I sometimes wonder how we are able to dispose of so many matters, that seven people could be so productive in the course of a day."

Thinking this would be a "life style change for the better," Mr. Albin said he has been most surprised by the volume of work involved. Rather than spending more time with his wife, Inna, and his two sons, Gerald and Daniel, 3, Mr. Albin -- the self-described "rookie on the bench" -- is putting in more time than ever poring over the law books.

The court sits for two days every other week from September through May, hearing oral arguments on a total of about 150 cases a year -- or about 10 percent of the cases the judges are petitioned to hear. In weighing the merits of hearing a case, Mr. Albin said the judges apply two standards: if the case raises an issue of paramount public importance, or if it should be decided in the interest of justice.

In addition to reviewing the petitions and hearing cases, the court also handles any case that had a dissenting vote at the appellate level, all death penalty cases, all the administrative rules governing the legal profession in the state, and about 1,500 motions from the lower courts each year.

The 1,500 petitions of certification are divided among the seven judges, who meet every other week in conference to discuss which cases they will take and to debate the cases they heard the previous week. The process is very democratic, Mr. Albin said, with each justice getting a chance to go first in presenting his or her opinion.

Once a cases is decided, the chief justice assigns the judge who will write the majority opinion, as well as who will write the dissenting opinion if it is a split vote. As it is the job of each judge to persuade fellow justices, Mr. Albin said the discussions are intense, but always collegial.

"I've never witnessed a single word uttered in anger," Mr. Albin said.

Depending on the complexity of the case, it can take the justices from one to six months to issue an opinion. Since joining the bench in late September, Mr. Albin has written one opinion -- as the lone dissenter on a case of a man denied admission to a pre-trial intervention program based on previous arrests. In his opinion, Mr. Albin argued that the prior charges were either unsubstantiated or dismissed, and therefore should not be a factor in determining eligibility in the pre-trial program.

Darren Gelber, a partner at the Wilentz firm, was not surprised by his former colleague's position.

"The first opinion he offered was a dissent," Mr. Gelber said. "That should tell you something about him..

Another member of the firm, Blair Zwillman, pointed to the role played by Mr. Albin -- on the court only about two weeks -- in the widely followed debate over the state Democratic Party's 11th-hour move to replace Robert G. Torricelli with Frank R. Lautenberg in last fall's Senate campaign .

"He's not taking a back seat to anybody," said Mr. Zwillman. "In the Lautenberg case, he took a leading role in the questioning. He's not timid and he's not intimidated."

Mr. Albin gained a reputation in his years in the courtroom as a tough adversary. In fact, he was asked to join the Wilentz firm after beating Warren Wilentz in an arson case while serving as an assistant prosecutor in Middlesex County.

"I was 28 years old, and Warren was one of the majestic figures of the law," said Mr. Albin, a graduate of Rutgers University and Cornell Law School. "I worked like the devil to prepare for that case, knowing I had to make up for what I lacked in experience with hard work.".

After joining the firm, Mr. Albin was taken under the wing of Mr. Wilentz, the brother of Robert Wilentz, a former Supreme Court Chief Justice, and son of the firm's founder, former Attorney General David Wilentz, who prosecuted Bruno Hauptmann in the Lindbergh baby kidnapping case. Today, Mr. Albin calls Mr. Wilentz his "best friend, mentor and father figure."

He took it particularly hard when Mr. Wilentz was paralyzed in an automobile collision last December. Despite his demanding court schedule, Mr. Albin has spent a good deal of time at the bedside of his 79-year-old mentor, who is being treated at the Kessler Institute in West Orange. His own father, Gerald Albin, died in 1980, just months after Mr. Albin met Mr. Wilentz.

Mr. Albin says his interest in public service was awakened when he was 8 years old and John F. Kennedy was president, and was further shaped by the ***working-class*** neighborhood in which he grew up in Queens and by helping his father in the pressroom of The New York Times. His empathy for the underdog developed in his years as an assistant prosecutor and as a criminal defense lawyer.

"I've had paraded before me the entire spectrum of human folly," said Mr. Albin. "People are frail, they have weaknesses and foibles. All this is part of the human condition. When you are exposed to so many, you tend to become less judgmental."

The highlight of his career as a defense attorney came in 1998, when he represented a doctor from Cyprus who had died after being shot by the police in Mount Vernon, New York, then taken to Mount Vernon Hospital. Mr. Albin spent six years living with both a brutality case against the Mount Vernon Police Department and a negligence case against the hospital. During the three days of jury deliberation, Mr. Albin admits the thought crossed his mind that "I might have brought the firm into an economically bad situation." But when the jury came back with guilty verdicts and awarded the family $17.5 million -- one of the largest in a federal civil rights case -- his self-doubt disappeared.

An avid reader of history and a born storyteller with strong opinions, Mr. Albin has had to watch what he says and with whom he talks with since joining the Supreme Court.

"I've had to become a very boring, uninteresting person, even in expressing my personal opinion," said Mr. Albin, who, for instance, would not discuss his views on the death penalty or Roe v. Wade. "I have to be careful that people don't think I'd prejudge some issue that might come before the court."

While he does not view his service on the Supreme Court as a mandate to impose his values on the rest of the world, Mr. Albin does see it as a chance to shape the future.

"This job permits me to address the great legal issues that are confounding the law and society," he said. "I have the unique opportunity of being able to have an extraordinary impact on the development of the law. How many people have that opportunity?"

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Barry T. Albin, the newest member of the state Supreme Court, in his office last week. (Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Barry T. Albin spent the last 20 years in private practice. Last fall he was sworn in as a member of the state Supreme Court by Chief Justice Deborah T. Poritz, left, as his wife, Ina, looked on. (Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** February 4, 2003

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[***Integration Proves Elusive in an Ohio Suburb***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3SD0-0014-528C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1402 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARMA, Ohio

**Body**

Eight years after a Federal judge ruled that this ***working-class*** suburb of Cleveland had actively excluded blacks for at least two decades, the city is building public housing, holding seminars on racial relations and spending $75,000 on an advertising campaign urging blacks to move in.

But after six months of these efforts, imposed under an unusually sweeping court order, only three black families have taken up Parma's invitation. And other blacks who live in Cuyahoga County say they are still routinely subjected to racial abuse when they cross the city line.

Out of 341,000 blacks living in Cuyahoga County, only 57 have even responded to the advertising campaign, officials say. The city remains about one-half of 1 percent black.

Like the bitter and costly desegregation dispute in Yonkers, this is a case that perplexes advocates of fair housing, who wonder if their vision of harmonious interracial coexistence will ever be realized in some of the nation's remaining suburban white enclaves.

It has angered Parma officials who fought the order, at one point saying they felt as if they were in the Soviet Union, and who insist they never discriminated in the first place. And, particularly disturbing to advocates of fair housing, the case has done little to disabuse skeptical blacks despite advertisements seeking to win them over.

Restrictions on Public Housing

''Parma has been dragged, kicking and screaming, into this for 20 years, and they still aren't far from Ground Zero,'' said Martin Sloane, former executive vice president of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, which was active in the suit.

The case began in the early 1970's when the city denied building permits to a subsidized housing project, began requiring public referendums on any low-income housing and set height restrictions and parking space requirements that the Justice Department said were attempts to exclude blacks.

At one point a City Council president, Kenneth Kuczma, said, ''I do not want Negroes in the city of Parma.''

The case was tried in Federal District Court, with Parma arguing that local governments had a right to determine what kind of housing they wanted.

The city also argued that blacks preferred to live with other blacks, whose ''natural migratory patterns'' were east of the Cuyahoga River, Cleveland's informal racial dividing line. Parma, a city of 95,000 people, is west of the river.

In 1980, Judge Frank H. Battisti ruled that the city had ''practiced deliberate racial exclusion'' and ordered sweeping changes, including adoption of a fair-housing resolution, an education program for Parma residents, construction of low-income housing and an advertising campaign to bring in black residents.

Housing Project Completed

After appeals failed the city began complying with the order, completing a 60-unit low- to moderate-income housing project last year and a local fair-housing resolution earlier this year.

The city then began distributing brochures in libraries and churches and running advertisements in local newspapers, including The Cleveland Call and Post, a black weekly, and on radio stations that have a large black audience. Under the court order, Parma is spending $75,000 on such advertisements this year, billing itself as ''an open, interracial community'' that ''welcomes everyone.''

''We have remedied whatever violation they claim we made,'' said Robert Soltis, the city's special counsel. ''We're telling blacks about the community. If they choose to live here, fine.''

City's Commitment Questioned

But critics question the city's commitment and say the advertising is little more than legal notices.

''How does a Parma or Yonkers change its racially discriminatory image? Not through leaflets,'' said Avery Friedman, a leading advocate of fair housing who is a lawyer in Cleveland. ''These people never understood what this case is all about.''

There are also indications that many in Parma do not want to live with blacks, regardless of the court order.

In a recent poll conducted by Cleveland State University, 422 white suburban residents were asked what kind of neighborhood they preferred to live in. Forty percent of those polled said they preferred an all-white neighborhood, as against 18 percent in the predominantly white suburb of Hillcrest and less than 2 percent in the racially mixed suburbs of Shaker Heights and Cleveland Heights. The poll had a margin of sampling error of five percentage points in either direction.

''This seems to suggest that even though there's been a court order in place, there is much more resistence to integrated living patterns in Parma than in other communities,'' said Dr. Dennis Keating, a professor of urban studies at Cleveland State University, who is the author of the study.

Change Will Take Time

Part of the problem is that in Parma, where the children of Eastern European immigrants settled after World War II, people rarely come in contact with anyone unlike themselves. Officials here are planning seminars to help alleviate residents' fears, but they say it will take time.

''It's been so predominantly white for so long,'' said Christopher Boyko, the city's law director. ''It's unrealistic to think that overnight the city of Parma's going to change.''

That is what many blacks are afraid of. In interviews with nearly two dozen black office workers, many of whom already live in racially mixed suburbs, it was difficult to find anyone who would consider moving to Parma.

''They can keep it white,'' said Joyce Tuck, a hospital worker who lives in the mixed suburb of Bedford Heights. ''They didn't want me before. Why should I go now?''

Blacks Express Fears

Blacks who do inquire about Parma are usually fearful for their safety and their children, said Anda Cook, housing services director at a countywide housing agency contracted by Parma to help attract black residents.

''I tell them, 'I can't sit here and say you're going to be O.K. in Parma,' '' Mrs. Cook said. ''But just because there may be a racist or a lunatic who perpetrates some violent act doesn't mean everyone is like that.''

Still, Andrea Swanson, a black resident in the city's new low-income housing project, says she keeps a baseball bat in her car whenever she drives alone. ''They yell things out of the car at you and cut their cars in front of you,'' she said. ''There are usually more of them than me, and you never know if they will jump out and attack you.''

Indeed, the Cleveland chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People regularly gets calls from blacks reporting harassment by Parma residents and police officers when they go there.

White residents and officials say they do not know why blacks feel negatively toward Parma. ''That's their problem,'' said Mr. Soltis, the special counsel. ''People have a right to live where they want to.''

Justice Department Blamed

Advocates of fair housing have blamed the Justice Department for the lack of results, accusing it of being lethargic in following up on the case.

Brian Heffernan, the Justice Department lawyer who prosecuted the case, defended the results, saying: ''The purpose of the suit was to open up housing opportunities in Parma. I don't think anybody had any numbers in mind.''

Experts said Judge Battisti had the authority to order the city to take further action and could impose fines. The judge would not comment on the case.

Some residents are angered by the implications that everyone in the city is racist, and cite a movement in the city to prove things have changed by repealing the ordinance requiring public votes on subsidized housing, the very law that prompted the lawsuit in the first place.

''If people were racist they would be running around with scorecards, standing at the gates of the city, counting the black people as they come in,'' said Ernest Kubasek, a World War II veteran who moved to Parma with his family after the war and later became a City Councilman and author. ''Where does anybody think that a city, within its own confines, can control the racial atmosphere of 100,000 people and its attitudes, or would desire to?''

Still, Mr. Sloane, the former fair-housing official, considers the case a test of the nation's commitment to open housing, saying Parma's actions are meaningless without measurable change. ''The proof is in the results,'' he said. ''When there's a court order, something is supposed to happen.''

**Graphic**

Map of Ohio indicating Parma (NYT) (pg. 1); photos of Avery Friedman, lawywer (NYT/Barney Taxel); Christopher Boyko, city's law director (NYT) (pg. 20)

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[***TALKING MONEY WITH/KEN FOLLETT; No Plot Twists In a Novelist's Portfolio***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43NW-0Y90-0109-T1D6-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 3; Column 1; Money and Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2933 words

**Byline:**  By GERALDINE FABRIKANT

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

IN many of Ken Follett's blockbuster thrillers, men with seedy pasts are prepared to kill, often to serve their governments. Beautiful women, seduced by these men, escape from their sexual hold only when they face almost certain -- and painful -- death. Danger lurks everywhere.

The tales are played out on a global stage -- a storm-whipped, nearly deserted Scottish island, or maybe in Afghanistan or Iran.

It is not just Mr. Follett's stories that are unfettered by national boundaries. Mr. Follett, who has lived in Britain most of his life, is himself something of a multinational enterprise. The author of 13 best sellers -- including "Eye of the Needle," "The Man from St. Petersburg" and "The Key to Rebecca" -- that have been translated into more than a dozen languages, he figures that sales of his books last year "were probably 50 percent in dollars, 30 percent in euros and 20 percent in everything from sterling to yen."

"My home market is very small," he said during a recent interview here on the terrace of Parliament, where his wife, Barbara, is a member of the House of Commons. "The bulk of my income comes from exports."

So Mr. Follett, 52, who sometimes acts more like a chief executive than a master storyteller, watches foreign economies and stock markets closely for their effects on his revenue streams. "If the American stock market is down, and I mean big movements in the stock market, it affects the American economy," said the dapper Mr. Follett, who was dressed, as is often the case, in a well-tailored suit. "Ultimately, that affects how much money people have to buy books."

His many loyal readers have enabled him to reach a net worth that he puts at more than $17 million. It is money he has amassed with the same care to details that he gives to the murders his villains commit in, say, their third-rate hotel rooms.

Unlike his protagonists, Mr. Follett adheres to strict limits on the risks he is willing to take -- at least financially. For the most part, he shies away from buying stocks, an endeavor he considers pure gambling. Even Warren E. Buffett, the legendary American investor, "is just lucky," Mr. Follett said.

"He doesn't know any more than anyone else," he added.

Instead, Mr. Follett has most of his money in real estate and cash or in short-term instruments like bank certificates or Eurodollars, which are dollars held by banks outside the United States; he also spends freely. He is intent on preserving, rather than vastly enlarging, what he earns, and on enjoying the fruits of his labor. Experts aren't for him. He is the one who closely monitors his fortune, using off-the-shelf personal finance software, and who does most of the investing.

Mr. Follett tends his income carefully by striking publishing deals that have brought him as much as $6 million just for the American rights to a single book -- more than all but a handful of authors receive, though not in the league of Tom Clancy or Michael Crichton, who get several times that. He likes to negotiate payments in monthly installments -- a rare demand for authors, who usually receive several payments as a book is completed and published.

"It's a comfort," he said. "It's pleasant to know how much money is coming in every month."

Although he has had no formal financial training, Mr. Follett worked with his bankers to hedge his income from the fluctuations in value of the currencies in which he is paid. That way, when almost all of his income was in dollars, and they were declining against the pound, his income did not suffer.

But he also enjoys living luxuriously. Mr. Follett owns three homes, and just sold a fourth one, in France. His airplane of choice is the Concorde, he hobnobs with celebrities and he used to be a highly visible fund-raiser for the Labor Party.

He may be a socialist, but "I am not St. Augustine," he said, laughing. "I am not interested in wearing a hair shirt," he added.

His associates can attest to that. They say he is generous to others as well as himself. "He doesn't skimp," said Albert Zuckerman, Mr. Follett's longtime agent and the chairman of Writer's House, a group of American literary agents. "He takes suites in first-class hotels and flies first class. He doesn't sit on his money."

BUT until Mr. Follett's first best seller, "Eye of the Needle," was published when he was 29, he had no money to sit on.

He grew up, first in Cardiff, Wales, then in London, the oldest of three children in what he calls a perfectly typical family. His parents "were not desperately poor, but they had no disposable income," he recalled.

"We almost never went to restaurants," he added. "My father began as a clerk for the Inland Revenue. But he worked very hard. Before too long he passed his accountancy exam and he became an inspector," a lesson to his son in the value of hard work.

The family was also deeply religious and belonged to the Plymouth Brethren, a fundamentalist Protestant sect. His mother kept house.

When he was 18, Ken Follett married for the first time, to his girlfriend, Mary, "because we got pregnant," he said. Still, he attended University College London, majoring in philosophy, then became a reporter for The South Wales Echo, in part because of his interest in politics.

His book-writing career began for a most practical reason. His car, a Vauxhall Ventora, needed a $:200 repair, and he had seen a television show on which a guest talked of getting a $:200 advance for a first book.

Soon, Mr. Follett sealed himself in the bedroom after work and began writing "The Big Needle," a novel about drug dealers that was published by Everest Books, a small company in London that hired him shortly after the book came out.

Ten more followed, many with ***working-class*** British backdrops. "None of those books were successful," Mr. Follett said. "But my advances started to go up. I got $:500. You could take the family on holiday to Spain for two weeks for $:250 in those days, so it was real money."

But it was not real success until he followed some advice from Mr. Zuckerman, the agent he met in 1973 and who began representing him. "Al told me, the American book buyer is not interested in the details of English ***working-class*** life; people are not interested in the humdrum."

Mr. Follett paid heed, producing "Eye of the Needle." An outline for the book, a taut World War II thriller, earned a $:1,500 advance in England in 1977, about $2,600 at that time.

He then sold hardcover rights in the United States for $20,000. When the paperback rights were auctioned, based on a second draft, "the floor was $50,000 and someone had told me it would never go for more than that," he remembered.

"I was sitting in my little tract house," he added. "At about 4 o'clock, I called New York and Al told me that it had reached $500,000, of which two-thirds would have been mine because there was a share for the hardcover publisher.

"Then around 8 o'clock that night, Al called me and told me the bidding had stopped at $800,000. I calculated that if I had stayed in my job -- though I had recently quit the publishing position -- until I was 65, the amount of money I would have earned was about the same as the amount of money that phone call gave me."

THAT night, Mr. Follett did what he always did when he sold a book: he bought Champagne. The ritual began with his first book deal, because "I had a check in my hand for $:150 that I hadn't budgeted for and a bottle of Champagne cost $:5." Now, he said, he has Champagne every night.

The book sold by the cartload in the United States, and still sells 100,000 copies a year around the world, he estimated. Within a year, Mr. Follett had saved $1 million. His investment strategy was simple and typically English. He opened a bank account in Switzerland and soon moved to France, where the taxes and the elements were less oppressive than in England.

"Suddenly, you make all this money," Mr. Follett said. "My immediate thought was the south of France. I had been there. I liked it. I liked sunny weather."

The Folletts and their two children moved to Grasse. Though he had an account at a Swiss bank, generally he did not do much investing. "I talked to them about investment, but I kept nearly all my money in cash," he said. "In those days interest rates were quite good. And the Eurodollar market was quite good, so we used to keep our money in dollars."

After two or three years, however, he missed England, so he returned despite the heavy tax burden.

The return had major personal as well as financial consequences. Mr. Follett had become active in the Labor Party after college ("I never accepted my parents' theology, but the habit of belonging to some group with a mission was probably bred into me," he reflected) and reactivated his membership upon his return. At a 1982 Labor Party gathering, he met Barbara Broer. Though he initially found her bossy, and she thought he looked like a weasel, over time they fell in love and left their respective mates. They married in 1984.

During this period, he wrote some of his best-known thrillers, including "The Key to Rebecca," another World War II spy novel. He typically spends about eight months on an outline, often revising it eight or nine times, and then a year writing.

Over the years, he has had his differences with some of his publishers. One deal in particular made news: Mr. Follett and Dell Publishing fought in 1994 over the second book of a two-book, $12.3 million deal. When Dell did not like the proposed theme -- an 18th-century tale of a Scottish countryman who wound up in Kentucky -- the two sides withdrew from the deal, and Mr. Follett moved to Crown Publishers. Since then, Mr. Follett, who has continued to stray from what many people feel is his strength, has had fewer blockbusters and is said to be commanding about $4 million a book for United States rights, a figure he does not dispute. He is now with Penguin Putnam, which is publishing his next book, "Jackdaws," and has returned to writing thrillers set during World War II or the cold war, in hopes of recapturing his core audience.

A smaller part of his income -- about $2.5 million -- has come from adaptations on the big and the small screen. "Eye of the Needle" was a hit film in 1981. "On Wings of Eagles" became a mini-series, as did several other Follett books. (Ross Perot, the billionaire and founder of Electronic Data Systems, selected Mr. Follett to write "On Wings of Eagles," the story of a 1979 mission organized by Mr. Perot to rescue two E.D.S. employees from an Iranian prison.) And Douglas Wick, a producer of "Gladiator," just paid $200,000 to option film rights on "Code to Zero," published last year.

All told, it appears that his deals could be worth about $60 million.

Of course, Mr. Zuckerman has received his 10 percent fee, some of which went to Mary Follett after the divorce, and then there are those onerous British taxes.

Guided by a conservative investing bent, Mr. Follett estimates that about half of his fortune is in real estate. His three homes include a town house, built in 1732, in the Soho district of London. Then there is a nine-bedroom former rectory, complete with a tunnel from the living room to an indoor swimming pool, in Stevenage, the constituency north of London that Barbara Follett represents. A two-bedroom house on Antigua in the Caribbean has its own pool and tennis court. Most of the rest of his assets are in highly liquid investments.

Though his bankers make some equity investments -- which he declines to name -- Mr. Follett generally dismisses the market. (He does, however, have a healthy respect for people who run companies well. "That is not luck at all," he said. "It is character, brains, determination and imagination." Mr. Perot, he said, "did not get this rich because he knows computers; he got rich because he can get other people to work their socks off for him.")

In investing, it is not the risk that bothers Mr. Follett. "It is all that effort I made on the book going up in smoke," he said. "That's what I hate."

Protecting his assets, rather than scoring big, was also the reason he took to hedging. In the 1980's and early 1990's, when most of his income was in dollars, he hedged, he said, to help reduce the risk that a slump in the dollar would mean trading it for fewer pounds. Now, he said, his royalty income comes in so many currencies that they effectively hedge one another.

He says he watches his money for a simple reason: "Some people make investments on my behalf, but I would never let one person have control of everything because who takes care of your money like you do?"

If Mr. Follett's insistence on keeping tight control over his finances suggests arrogance, some publishing executives say privately that he can be imperious and that he does not take editorial direction well. Mr. Follett bristles at that notion, because "I am so focused on pleasing the reader that any good criticism is important to me." Still, he added: "I admit I know best. The decision to take the advice remains with me."

Even when he is at work on a new book, he keeps an eye on his finances, tracking them on Quicken, the computer program. "I have a bookkeeper who inputs the data and writes checks," he said. "It is for ordinary people, and anytime you switch it on, it tells you your net worth."

Mr. Follett doesn't pretend that his attempts to control his fortune will guarantee success, though he feels confident that it is the best route for him. And he dismisses reports in the British media that he has a much bigger fortune, $:25 million pounds (nearly $36 million). "My net worth is actually about $:12 million," he said. "Journalists in this country simply make stuff up."

Given that he is from Britain, where mum tends to be the word, and is a leftist member of the Labor Party, he is surprisingly willing to talk about his wealth. He attributes that directness in part to his Welsh background, and thinks that Richard Burton, another famous Welshman, was a good illustration. "He had a big appetite for life and was open about it -- no stiff-upper-lip nonsense," Mr. Follett said.

Howard Stringer, the Welsh-born chairman of the Sony Corporation of America and a friend of Mr. Follett's, is not surprised by his openness or pride in accomplishment. "Because 50 percent of the work force was in coal mining, there is not much for entrepreneurs" in Wales, Mr. Stringer said. "The Welsh are kind of thrilled when you make it. They cheer you on."

The author says that after all these years of work, "I kind of feel entitled" to the financial rewards. Besides, he said, he is having too much fun to hide it. "How could you hide it?" he asked. "People see the books on the best-seller list. They know we live well and entertain a lot."

Still, friends and associates say he is not pretentious. Mr. Stringer recalled a dinner several years ago at Mr. Follett's London town house, with about 14 people, including the former Rolling Stones bassist Bill Wyman. "We ate in the kitchen, and family members kept coming and going," Mr. Stringer said, "but there was a superb bottle of Bordeaux."

Among those he counts as friends is his former wife, Mary. Mr. Follett's son from his first marriage, Emanuele, recalled that his parents' divorce was difficult for him and his sister, Marie-Claire, as well as for the three children of his stepmother, Barbara. Mr. Follett conceded that the divorce was "terrible" but said the couple never fought over money. "We had been poor together and we got rich together," he said, "and I thought she was absolutely entitled to what she got."

"We never used a divorce lawyer -- we did it ourselves," he added. And after he had paid alimony for seven years, he said, "she phoned me up and said: 'Seven years is long enough. I think you should stop.' "

THE current Mrs. Follett is a graduate of the London School of Economics who has worked within her party to support women who are running for Parliament.

She is, however, far more private about her money. Over lunch in the Churchill Room in Parliament, Mrs. Follett, who helped train political figures for public appearances before she became the Labor Party representative from Stevenage in 1997, bristled when asked about her finances. "I don't know that I really want to talk about my money if you don't mind," she said.

But both Folletts clearly have strong views about financial responsibility, and about how to impart such values to children. All five of theirs are now grown. "They are 26 to 36 years old, and most of them are in the arts," Mr. Follett said. "We have a very simple rule. We gave them an allowance when they were in full-time education. And when they stopped, we didn't give them any money. My daughter is an actress, so that when she came out of drama school, she wasn't making enough money to live on. She washed up in Ed's Diner, that kind of thing.

"There is something about rich kids that bothers me," he continued. "The experience of working -- of having to work for money -- is kind of an important growing-up experience. Knowing that somebody does not give a curse about you as an individual -- he just wants you to wash the damn dishes. If you do it, he will pay you, and if you don't, he won't. That is a growing-up experience."

But Mr. Follett is not as inflexible as he sounds. He helped Emanuele, now 33, buy a building in which he runs rehearsal studios for rock groups. And socialist desires notwithstanding, Mr. Follett intends to leave his fortune to his children when he dies. "I guess looking after your children in the end is more important than living in a just world," he said.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Ken Follett says that he monitors his finances closely because he does not trust anyone as much as himself, and that he also likes to enjoy the fruits of his labor. As a young author, above, he used to buy Champagne each time he sold a book; now, he said, he drinks it every night. His wife, Barbara, far left, is a graduate of the London School of Economics and a Labor Party member of Britain's House of Commons, where her interests include economic development, foreign relations and equal rights for women. The couple, shown at left with most of their combined family, own two homes in Britain and one on Antigua. (Camera Press, 1983); (Associated Press); Ken Follett's latest novel, "Jackdaws," about a team of women secret agents who parachute into France during World War II, is scheduled for publication in December. He has been a best-selling author since the 1978 publication of "Eye of the Needle." (pg. 10); Ken Follett distrusts stocks and says his investing goal is to preserve earnings from his books. He was at a London bookshop, above, in 1998. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. 1) Chart: "Hit List"Thirteen best-selling books have built a small fortune for Ken Follett, their author. TITLE: Eye of the NeedlePUBLISHED: 1978WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 24WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 26WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 50 TITLE: TriplePUBLISHED: 1979WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 34WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 15WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 49 TITLE: The Key to RebeccaPUBLISHED: 1980WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 30WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 16WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 46 TITLE: The Man From St. PetersburgPUBLISHED: 1982WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 23WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 16WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 39 TITLE: On Wings of EaglesPUBLISHED: 1983WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 36WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 26WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 62 TITLE: Lie Down With LionsPUBLISHED: 1986WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 24WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 19WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 43 TITLE: The Pillars of the EarthPUBLISHED: 1989WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 18WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 13WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 31 TITLE: Night Over WaterPUBLISHED: 1991WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 19WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 9WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 28 TITLE: A Dangerous FortunePUBLISHED: 1993WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 14WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 12WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 26 TITLE: A Place Called FreedomPUBLISHED: 1995WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 8WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 7WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 15 TITLE: The Third TwinPUBLISHED: 1996WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 10WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 10WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 20 TITLE: The Hammer of EdenPUBLISHED: 1998WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 5WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): 6WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 11 TITLE: Code to ZeroPUBLISHED: 2000WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Hardcover): 8WEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Paperback): Not yet releasedWEEKS ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BEST-SELLER LIST (Total): 8 (pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2001

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[***TRACK AND FIELD;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S81-T8P0-007F-G3VX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Shot-Putting's Little Big Man***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S81-T8P0-007F-G3VX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 18, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C; Page 3; Column 1; Sports Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1533 words

**Byline:** Kevin DiGiorgio

By MARC BLOOM

By MARC BLOOM

**Dateline:** BAYONNE, N.J.

**Body**

On a recent blustery afternoon at Bayonne Park, Kevin DiGiorgio pushed his father's car across the parking lot, sprinted down a field while pulling a sled carrying 300 pounds and raced up a hill with 140 pounds of extra weight on his torso.

These unorthodox, muscle-searing training methods have enabled DiGiorgio, a 17-year-old senior at Bayonne High School, to develop into the nation's leading high school shot-putter. DiGiorgio has won 25 consecutive shot-put competitions over two years, thrown the 12-pound ball more than a foot farther than his nearest opponent, set several state records and on Sunday won his third straight title in the National Scholastic Indoor Track and Field Championships in Boston.

DiGiorgio, who is also the reigning outdoor national champion, heaved the shot 66 feet 6 1/2 inches in the indoor championships, defeating Van Mounts of Bakersfield, Calif., by 17 inches.

Gaining the power to squat 600 pounds has enabled DiGiorgio to overcome his relatively small size, 5 feet 10 inches and 220 pounds, in an event dominated by people who look like Refrigerator Perry and scowl like Mike Tyson. Baby-faced with a gentle manner, DiGiorgio stands to revolutionize the shot-put with his studied approach, streamlined physique and quick throwing style.

"Kevin's the best athlete I've seen in 25 years," said the Bayonne track and field coach, Rich Treonze. "He has speed, strength and perfect form."

DiGiorgio is aware that he is competing in a discipline permeated by use of performance-enhancing drugs such as anabolic steroids. The last two Olympic shot-put champions, the Americans Randy Barnes and Mike Stulce, previously served suspensions for drug violations. Eight athletes who specialize in weight events like the shot-put and discus are under suspension for drug infractions by USA Track and Field, the sport's national governing body.

"We don't want people to think they have to cheat to keep up," said Dr. Robert Strand, chairman of USA Track and Field's drug education committee. "This battle is not won."

DiGiorgio said that when he wants a boost, he drinks an extra glass of milk. He goes to bed at 9:30 every night. He said he doesn't even eat junk food. Instead, he snacks on four bananas a day for energy.

With coaching from his father, Dominick, a former shot-putter, DiGiorgio appears to be a beacon among teen-age athletes, whose rising levels of drug use have caused some high schools to start random drug testing. Last year, a Penn State University study found that steroid use among high school girls had doubled since 1991. Earlier surveys showed that 6.6 percent of high school boys used steroids, which increase muscle mass and hasten recovery from training.

DiGiorgio, who once burned his hands raw climbing the ropes in gym class, threw the shot 69-8 1/2 in outdoor competition last spring and 67-3 indoors this winter to break state records and lead the nation.

He is aware of the illicit temptations he faces, which will only grow next season when he enters college.

"Many of these guys who took steroids, their kidneys are messed up and they have heart problems," he said, referring to two of the side effects of drug use. "Are you going to jeopardize your health for a gold medal?"

At Bayonne Park, DiGiorgio, intent on building a body of steel, crouched behind the family car, a 1993 Buick LeSabre. His father took the wheel, put the gear in neutral and tapped his foot lightly on the brake. Kevin lowered his body for leverage and, with enormous power generated by the rock-hard, 29-inch quadriceps muscles in his upper legs, began to push the car.

"Brake!" Kevin yelled, asking his Dad to make the task that much harder.

A tavern owner, Dominick has devoted himself to the event's intricacies and coaching his son to Olympic promise. With a carpenter's touch, he constructs homemade training aids, such as a "shot wagon" to ferry Kevin's 15 shots.

The DiGiorgio family, passionate about the shot-put, is a throwback to the blue-collar amateurism of turn-of-the-century police and firemen heaving the shot-put and discus to new records. Kevin's younger brothers, Glenn, 13, and Steven, 11, film his technique and retrieve his implements. Kevin's mother, Eileen, prepares heaping portions of chicken parmigiana to fuel Kevin's three-hour daily training regimen.

"All I do is cook, cook, cook," she said.

Kevin eats, eats, eats, but cannot gain weight. The envy of any marathoner or fashion model, he has 5 percent body fat, in stark contrast to his beefy opposition at Princeton University on Feb. 22, when he threw his 67-footer to win the state indoor title. Competing in a dungeon-like arena far below track level, DiGiorgio triumphed by more than 6 feet and drew a big crowd to an event usually contested with anonymity.

Harnessing speed and power, shot-putters throw from a 7-foot circle. Their backs to the landing pit, they grip the shot with their fingertips, cradling it in necks powdered dry like babies' bottoms, and hurl it with a grunt as they rotate forward. In high school, the 12-pound shot is used; after that, it's 16 pounds.

DiGiorgio has not decided where he will tackle the 16-pound shot, but he has narrowed the list to five schools: Florida State, Manhattan, Ohio State, Rutgers and Wisconsin.

The college recruiters have been awed by DiGiorgio's crisp, whip-like style. "Everybody wonders how such a small person can throw that far," said one recruiter, who spoke on condition that he not be identified because the rules of the National Collegiate Athletic Association prohibit him from speaking about an athlete he is recruiting. "The great ones are often 6-6. But Kevin gets tremendous thrust and power from his legs. I've never seen anything like it."

"Many shot-putters make a mistake," DiGiorgio's father said. "They want big arms. Success is all in the legs."

For some young athletes, success comes in a vial. Alarmed by the increase in student drug use, an increasing number of high schools nationwide are testing athletes for drugs. A 1995 Supreme Court ruling in favor of a school in Vernonia, Ore., was the catalyst for such testing.

While there is no testing in New York City or in Bayonne, several schools in New Jersey, such as Hunterdon Central High School in Flemington and Washington Township High School in Sewell, test athletes. "Our student survey showed a 30 percent increase in drug use," said Chuck Earling, the Washington Township athletic director. "Now we test for marijuana, cocaine, amphetimines and steroids, among other drugs."

Issues of privacy have been raised, and one high school, Ridgefield Park in New Jersey, is under a temporary restraining order not to test, pending a trial in June in Superior Court of Bergen County. The case was brought by the American Civil Liberties Union on behalf of a student on the football team who refused testing on grounds of privacy.

As yet, there is no testing at high school sports events, including track meets, anywhere in the country.

DiGiorgio, whose 69-footer came at the Raleigh nationals last June, said he would welcome testing, but is more concerned with perfecting his craft. He studies films of former champions. He refuses to play football so that he can work on the shot year-round, even in the summer.

At Bayonne Park, as whitecaps danced on adjacent Newark Bay, Dominick loaded metal plates weighing a total of 300 pounds onto a homemade sled. Like a horse pulling a load, Kevin ran 50 yards with the sled in tow. He repeated the drill several times.

"This is for burst of strength," Dominick DiGiorgio said. "It works the whole body."

Kevin's assessment? "Oh, God!" he moaned with a smile.

For his next feat, Kevin slipped on a 50-pound weight vest, picked up 45-pound dumbbells in each hand and proceeded to do sprints up a short, steep hill. Then, with his back to the hill and his mop of curly hair blowing in the wind, he picked up a 25-pound medicine ball and flung it overhead as if it were a beachball.

"If you don't work hard, you're just fooling yourself," said Kevin, inches from becoming the 10th high school shot-putter to throw 70 feet.

The national high school indoor record is 74-11, set in 1990 by the Californian Brent Noon, currently under drug suspension. The outdoor record, considered with suspicion by some shot experts, is 81-3 1/2, set in 1979 by Michael Carter, who went on to play for the San Francisco 49ers.

The drills completed, DiGiorgio moved to a shot-put circle, situated next to a sky-blue all-weather track, an oasis in ***working-class*** Bayonne. Kevin and the city fit like a glove. Last summer, he was honored with a Kevin DiGiorgio Day in Bayonne.

Kevin threw one ball after another, a succession of 60-footers, until the shot wagon was empty. Dominick shouted instructions like "kick left," "cross middle" and "come right through." There was no tension, but mutual respect and a seamless unity in pursuit of the perfect throw. "That's better," Dominick said tenderly as Kevin finally unleashed one almost into Newark Bay.

If Kevin throws like that during the outdoor season, which begins this week, 70 feet and beyond may be his. "Seventy-five feet and I'll dance up and down," Dominick said.

His son could teach him a few steps.

**Graphic**

Photos: In an event characterized by bulging biceps and monstrous frames, DiGiorgio relies on leg power and a quick throwing technique. Kevin DiGiorgio, employing a homemade training method, leads the nation's high school shot-putters. (Photographs by Steve Berman for The New York Times)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; The Endless Infatuation With Getting 'Gatsby' Right***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:423W-WJP0-0109-T4DN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 12, 2001 Friday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 2; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1767 words

**Byline:**  By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

AFTER Ernest Hemingway saw the first dramatization of "The Great Gatsby" -- a Broadway version that arrived in 1926, just a year after F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel -- he groused in a letter to a friend: "I had to pay to get in. Would have paid to get out a couple of times but on the whole it is a good play."

Getting the whole thing right is the tricky part with any adaptation of "Gatsby," from the earliest through the best-known, the 1974 film with Robert Redford's underrated portrayal. Each has brought one or two characters to life and left us with many moments we would happily pay to escape.

In the newest version (on A&E Sunday night at 8), Paul Rudd is a brilliant Nick Carraway, Gatsby's friend and the novel's modest narrator. Through Nick's eyes and Mr. Rudd's lucid voice-over, the glamorous, enticing enigma who is Gatsby gradually takes shape. At first he is merely Nick's rich, mysterious neighbor in the mansion next door. Eventually we come to know, as Nick does, of his persistent longing for a woman from his past, the now-married Daisy Buchanan. Gatsby, who stares across the bay at a green light on Daisy's dock, is full of grand romantic illusions that must lead to a tragic end.

But from the minute this film's Gatsby walks into his own elaborate party, it's all over. Toby Stephens's Gatsby is so rough around the edges, so patently an up-from-the-street poseur that no one could fall for his stories for a second. Rumors may swirl that Gatsby didn't really go to Oxford or that his wealth came from bootlegging. But the possibilities of Oxford and an inheritance have to exist. Instead, Mr. Stephens's blunt performance turns Gatsby's entrancing smile into a suspicious smirk.

In giving us an already diminished Gatsby, this uneven, flat-footed production does what television so often does with a literary work, spelling things out until they are moronically accessible. Yet the failure of this "Gatsby" echoes with the sound of those other partly successful versions. Through the years, the work's colorful surface has been irresistible to dramatists, while the ineffable sense of wonder that surrounds Gatsby himself has made the novel almost impossible to translate to another form.

The presence of a cluster of recent Fitzgerald material suggests how widely and persistently he and "Gatsby" have infiltrated the American imagination. In addition to the A&E version, there is last year's opera by John Harbison. And in the last few months the literary industry has brought out "Trimalchio: An Early Version of 'The Great Gatsby' " and a Library of America volume of Fitzgerald's earliest, pre-"Gatsby" novels and stories.

Only a few of those tales, including "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," are among his best, but the titles of the early Fitzgerald volumes in which they appeared -- "Flappers and Philosophers" and "Tales of the Jazz Age" -- reveal how firmly he helped define the aura of the 1920's. The images quickly became cliches. In his pages, women bobbed their hair and smoked cigarettes; in life Scott and Zelda famously jumped into fountains.

Those popular images do not reveal the soul of Fitzgerald's fiction, though. They veer toward the lurid, Prohibition-era ambience of "The Wild Party," Joseph Moncure March's 1928 verse about lowlife love and murder. Last year's two failed theatrical versions of "The Wild Party" hint at the allure of the era and the difficulty of translating it. Drama can't live by flapper dresses alone.

And "Gatsby" is even harder to transform because it is so purely literary. It, too, includes love and murder, but it is built on emotions and dreams that take shape through language, with a Keatsian sense of loss that becomes more exquisite and heartbreaking with each reading.

"The novel is a wonder," Fitzgerald's editor, Maxwell Perkins, wrote to him, perhaps unconsciously picking up one of the book's most resonant words. At the end, Nick contemplates how the New World of America and the dreams it embodied must have seemed to an early explorer: "commensurate to his capacity for wonder."

It is that sense of wondrous illusion that makes the novel so alluring and romantic and that is desperately missing from the A&E version. The new "Gatsby" is as colorful and easy to watch as the novel is easy to read, and as forgettable as a high school essay. Robert Markowitz's direction is workmanlike; no poetry there. Even Gatsby's parties (shot in Montreal) seem sparsely populated, as if the production couldn't afford a few more dancing extras to fill out the scenes.

Mira Sorvino captures Daisy's seductiveness; she flirts with everyone she sees. Yet Ms. Sorvino assumes a baby-doll voice that is too reminiscent of her portrayal of Marilyn Monroe in "Norma Jean and Marilyn," and her smooth, flowing blond hair looks too contemporary to be convincing.

Martin Donovan does far better, bringing fresh energy and realism to her brutish husband, Tom, so often seen as a stock villain. Together he and Ms. Sorvino capture something rare: the sense that Tom amd Daisy are two of a kind, in cahoots forever despite his affair with the ***working-class*** Myrtle Wilson (Heather Goldenhersh, believably garish) and Daisy and Gatsby's role in Myrtle's death.

The film might have survived its pedestrian style, but it can't survive a leaden Gatsby. Trying to sort out his character, Nick sees him (as he does in the novel) as "an elegant young roughneck" whose "elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd." But Mr. Stephens's reductive portrayal tosses aside the character's elegance and forgets that Gatsby does miss being absurd, by however much of a hairbreadth.

"Elegant young roughneck" is one of the phrases Fitzgerald added when he revised "Trimalchio" and turned it into "The Great Gatsby." He was never entirely convinced that the new title, which his publishers preferred, was an improvement. He liked "Trimalchio in West Egg," even though that would have called for the dust jacket to explain who Trimalchio was. (A character from Petronius's "Satyricon," he gave lavish parties for degenerates, and Gatsby is explicitly compared to him. West Egg, of course, is where Gatsby lived.) Fitzgerald also considered calling his book "Under the Red White and Blue," but in the end wisely shied away from anything that blunt.

Of interest mostly to scholars, "Trimalchio" is not radically different from "Gatsby." The later version includes a few major structural changes (most of Gatsby's history is moved to the middle of the book rather than the end) and rewordings. What the changes reveal is that the language of "Gatsby," which seems so effortless and graceful, was wrought from perfectionism.

That poetic language has been borrowed by every adapter, with passages frequently transferred to different characters, as they are in the Harbison opera. Mr. Harbison's ambitious work is often eloquent, stirring and sad. There is logic in turning "Gatsby" into an opera; after all, Gatsby says of Daisy's lyrical voice that it "sounds like money." And in the faux pop tunes that punctuate the opera and simulate songs of the era, the carefree Jazz Age rhythms point toward the "vast carelessness," as Nick so perfectly describes it, of Tom and Daisy.

Yet by dispensing with Nick as narrator, the opera has Gatsby articulate his own vision, explaining himself. Here Gatsby looks at Daisy's dock and sings of "the green light that haunts my dreams." Later he sings, "I had to invent myself." The opera's self-consciously idealistic Gatsby goes in the opposite direction from A&E's thuggish depiction, yet dispels the wonder surrounding him just as surely.

By capturing that sense of shimmering illusion, Mr. Redford created an iconic Gatsby who casts a long shadow over all others. Mysterious, full of passion and glorious dreams, his Gatsby is one element that the otherwise meandering film gets totally right. (The other is Sam Waterston's modulated, judicious performance as Nick.)

The film introduces Gatsby as an enigma. Nick spots a figure in the distance, his face obscured by shadows; in our second view, Gatsby's back is turned to us as he gazes toward Daisy's house. We know all along, of course, that he is Robert Redford. This Gatsby borrows Mr. Redford's golden-boy, movie-star luster just as the novel's Gatsby borrows Fitzgerald's Jazz Age glamour. Whatever works. Mr. Stephens's demystified Gatsby first appears in flashback, as the modest soldier Daisy once knew; that doesn't work at all.

The Redford portrayal has been criticized as being too stiff, but Gatsby is meant to be opaque, at least initially. As Nick uncovers the layers of his character, the performance warms up and captures the emotion behind Gatsby's dreams and disillusionment. When Daisy (Mia Farrow, in the film's truly chilly performance) says she once loved Tom yet loved Gatsby, too, Mr. Redford expresses all of Gatsby's pained bafflement: "You loved me too?"

The director, Jack Clayton, took a picturesque approach to a perfectly serviceable script dashed off by Francis Ford Coppola (who sandwiched it between directing "The Godfather" and "The Conversation"), and ended up with a two-and-a-half-hour film stuffed with cliched flappers dancing the Charleston. Yet in the center is the definitive Gatsby, a golden presence whose dreams cannot endure.

While working on the novel, Fitzgerald explained what he was about: "That's the whole burden of this novel -- the loss of those illusions that give such color to the world so that you don't care whether things are true or false as long as they partake of the magical glory." For dramatists, getting "Gatsby" whole, in all its glory, may be the most elusive dream of all.

Among the Efforts

The works discussed in Caryn James's critic's notebook article on adaptations of "The Great Gatsby":

ON TELEVISION: "The Great Gatsby," A&E, Sunday at 8 p.m. Directed by Robert Markowitz, written by John J. McLaughlin. With: Mira Sorvino, Toby Stephens, Paul Rudd, Martin Donovan, Heather Goldenhersh and Matt Malloy.

ON VIDEO: "The Great Gatsby" (1974). Directed by Jack Clayton, written by Francis Ford Coppola. With: Robert Redford, Mia Farrow, Sam Waterston, Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Scott Wilson, Lois Chiles. Paramount Home Video. $14.95.

IN PRINT: "Trimalchio: An Early Version of 'The Great Gatsby,' " by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by James L. W. West III (Cambridge University Press, $39.95).

"Novels and Stories 1920-1922," by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Library of America, $35).

IN PERFORMANCE: "The Great Gatsby." Music and libretto by John Harbison. Scheduled to return to the Metropolitan Opera in April 2002.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: "The Great Gatsby": Toby Stephens, left, plays Jay Gatsby on A&E; inset, Robert Redford as Gatsby with Mia Farrow in the 1974 film. (A&E; inset, Odyssey Network Television)(pg. E1); At left, Paul Rudd as Nick and Mira Sorvino as Daisy on A&E, and Dawn Upshaw as Daisy and Jerry Hadley as Gatsby at the Met. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times); (Julie D'Amour-Leger/A&E)(pg. E42)

**Load-Date:** January 12, 2001

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN: Carroll Gardens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-42W0-0014-519V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section 10; Page 11, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1445 words

**Byline:** By DAVID S. HAWKINS

**Body**

''THIS is a neighborhood,'' said Alexandra Corbin describing Carroll Gardens, ''where an investment banker can move in next to a plumber and a sanitation worker, and everybody becomes friends.''

Last February, Ms. Corbin, a 35-year-old artist and her husband, Lawrence, who works on Wall Street, bought a brownstone in this predominantly Italian-American neighborhood in South Brooklyn. ''We liked this neighborhood because it's a neighborhood,'' she said. ''And besides, it's beautiful here. Just look at all the trees.''

The wide streets of Carroll Gardens are lined with maples, pin oaks and gingkos shading the small lawns and gardens that provide oases between asphalt and brownstone. The neighborhood's main thoroughfare, Court Street, is peppered with small family-run shops where one can buy fresh pasta, cheeses, breads and pastries.

Despite a plethora of places to buy great Italian meals, the neighborhood is not known for fine dining out. But among its more popular, moderately priced restaurants are Marco Polo, at Court and Union Streets, and Nino Pizzeria, a lunchtime favorite on Henry Street.

The commercial symbols of gentrification - trendy restaurants, pricey clothing boutiques and gourmet groceries - have yet to replace the little mom-and-pop stores that give the neighborhood much of its flavor.

Still, many of the long-time Italian-American residents of Carroll Gardens fear the changes that may result from the neighborhood's popularity with young professionals seeking refuge from the high rents and frenetic pace of Manhattan and the no-less-expensive trendier Brooklyn neighborhoods.

''Many people fear the changes that the so-called yuppies bring,'' said Michael L. Pesce, a State Supreme Court justice who lives on President Street. ''But what can we do? Throw garbage in the streets to make this a less desirable place to live?''

If the neighborhood is going to change, Salvatore J. Scotto, president of the Carroll Gardens Association, wants its current residents to have some say. ''We can't stop progress,'' Mr. Scotto said, ''but we can try and control it so it works in our favor.''

Mr. Scotto, a community leader who many consider the unofficial mayor of Carroll Gardens, believes that by working with developers, the association can insure that the needs of residents are served.

The association, founded by Mr. Scotto in the early 1960's, has campaigned successfully for the building of a $458 million sewage treatment plant that has cleaned up the Gowanus Canal and the construction of housing for senior citizens on Carroll Street. More important, however, is the sense of local pride that the association has made possible by giving the neighborhood an identity.

The commununity took its name from the association in the 1960's, after the neighborhood was cut off from Red Hook by the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway. The name originates from Charles Carroll, a Maryland signer of the Declaration of Independence, who never actually lived in the area.

During the American Revolution, Mr. Carroll commanded a regiment that defended the Old Stone House at Gowanus, a local landmark, against the British. A street was named after him, then a park and later the community group. ''Gardens'' comes from the deep front yards of many brownstones, often devoted to colorful flower beds.

Carroll Gardens was originally settled in the 17th century by the Dutch, according to the Brooklyn Historical Society. In the early 1800's, many upper-middle-class and wealthy New Yorkers built summer homes there. After the Civil War, the row houses and brownstones were converted into tenements for Irish immigrants.

The historical society said the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1883 opened the area to an influx of ***working-class*** Italians, making the neighborhood one of the largest Italian enclaves in Brooklyn by the turn of the century.

Real estate agents say prices and rents are generally lower in Carroll Gardens than in Brooklyn Heights and Park Slope, which have begun to rival Manhattan in cost. But there is also less available in the way of housing. Most of the three- and four-story brownstones are owner-occupied, the owners living in the parlor and ground-floor levels and renting out the upper floors, and turnover is low, said Michael Mayo of Carroll Gardens Realty.

Prices for large brownstones coming on the market begin at about $400,000, Mr. Mayo said. Rarer one-family homes, usuall 4/5 smaller brownstones, sell for about $250,000, he said. Two-bedroom co-ops and condominiums in renovated brownstones range from $100,000 to $200,000.

''There's a shortage of nice homes available in Carroll Gardens compared to Park Slope, where there are a lot of conversions taking place,'' said Alan Fast of Coleridge Realty in Carroll Gardens.

Nonetheless, some conversions are occurring in the neighborhood, the largest at 376 President Street, near Bond Street, where a former rope plant is being turned into 51 condominium apartments and three two-story town houses. The complex, called The Mill, is being developed by Merit Properties of Kearny, N.J. Apartments will go on sale next month at prices ranging from $124,000 for one-bedroom lofts to $225,000 for two-bedroom penthouses; the town houses will be offered for approximately $300,000.

The more expensive properties are in the northern part of the neighborhood, especially on President and Carroll Streets. Those two streets, between Court and Smith Streets, have been designated a historic district by the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission.

South of Fourth Place, dilapidated apartment buildings and former light manufacturing plants are being renovated and converted into condominiums.

As in other Brooklyn neighborhoods, conversions have reduced the number of rental units available and have contributed to rising rents. Rents for one-bedroom apartments in Carroll Gardens start at about $650 a month, which was the upper limit only five years ago. Two-bedroom floor-through apartments rent for about $1,000; duplexes go for close to $1,500.

Rent regulation has kept many long-time residents in Carroll Gardens, but some are concerned that their children are being priced out of the market. ''Italian families want their children to live down the street,'' Mr. Scotto said. ''But they are finding that they can no longer afford to live in the same neighborhood they were born and raised in.''

The Carroll Gardens Association, he said, is encouraging a nonprofit developer's plans to build 150 units of affordable housing at Smith and Fifth Streets. The 6.5-acre lot was once occupied by the Brooklyn Union Gas Company and is being tested for its suitablility for housing. The association also plans to build 35 rental units at properties it has purchased on Henry Street and DeGraw Street.

CARROLL GARDENS is regarded as one of the safest neighborhoods in the city, according to Detective Timothy Cole of the 76th Precinct, which covers most of South Brooklyn. ''Our calls are predominantly for quality-of-life problems like noise complaints or kids hanging out and drinking,'' he said.

There are two public elementary schools, P.S. 32 and P.S. 58, in Carroll Gardens, and some children attend P.S. 29 in Cobble Hill. At the junior-high school, J.H.S. 142, 62 percent of the students read at or above grade level. The local high school is John Jay High School in Brooklyn Heights.

Although the public schools rank above the median in reading scores for New York City, they are not highly regarded by many Carroll Gardens residents. Many families choose to send their children to parochial or private schools elsewhere in Brooklyn.

The neighborhood's only park, Carroll Park, is a grassless block bounded by Court, Smith, President and Carroll Streets, with a cement wading pool, playground equipment and basketball and bocce courts.

GAZETTEER

Population: 19,086 (1980 census).

Median family income: $13,745 (1980 census).

Median brownstone price: $425,000.

Median 2-bedroom condominium price: $145,000.

Median 2-bedroom co-op price: $125,000.

Median 2-bedroom rent: $900.

Distance from midtown Manhattan: 5 miles.

Rush-hour commutation to midtown: 35 minutes by the F-train, from the Carroll Street subway station at Carroll and Smith Streets. The Brooklyn Bridge and the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel are 10 minutes away by car.

Councilman: Stephen DiBrienza, Democrat.

On Location: Two scenes from the Oscar-winning film ''Moonstruck'' were filmed at the Cammareri Bros. Bakery at Sackett and Henry Streets. The Cammareri family sold the business in 1985 to its head baker, Gilberto Godoy, who came to the United States in 1970 from Argentina. Mr. Godoy appeared in the movie as, of course, a baker.

**Graphic**

Photo of gardens and trees separating houses from the sidewalk on President St.; commercial district on Court St. at President St. (NYT/G. Paul Burnett); map of Carroll Gardens

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[***For Britain and Ireland, One Goal: Peace in Ulster Now, Imposed if Necessary***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S7F-61J0-007F-G2JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By WARREN HOGE

By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland, March 12

**Body**

Fearful of losing the best chance in three decades to forge a settlement of the conflict in Northern Ireland, the Governments of Britain and Ireland have decided on the risky strategy of driving the lagging peace talks to an early conclusion.

To many people in the two countries, with their booming economies, youthful, buoyant images and claims on leadership in modern Europe, Northern Ireland, with its sectarian bloodshed and dour face to the world, is an embarrassment, a persistent irritant, a partitioned place on the wrong continent.

Patience, in addition to time, is running out.

Antagonists themselves for much of this century, Britain and Ireland are now on an equal national footing and united in their resolve not to lose this chance to attack a problem so wearyingly familiar to both societies that it is identified simply as the Troubles.

Northern Ireland has been tormented by a cycle of violence and revenge played out between a Protestant majority, which wants to remain part of the United Kingdom, and a Catholic minority, which wants to unite with the Catholic-dominated Irish Republic to the south. For five months, nearly all parties have been sitting around the same table, haltingly debating terms of a settlement.

The talks are going on at a moment when the major paramilitary groups, which have accounted for more than 3,235 deaths since 1969, have decided that the war is unwinnable solely by military means, and the Catholic population has become emboldened in challenging the long-dominant Protestants.

The cease-fires underlying the negotiations have given the residents of the North an extended respite from widespread bombings and shootings, and the people of Ulster long to make that lull a permanent feature of life.

"They're revolted by the fear of going back," said Mo Mowlam, Britain's Secretary for Northern Ireland.

When the negotiators return here after St. Patrick's Day Tuesday, they will have before them working papers drafted by London and Dublin and an Easter deadline to produce an accord. The hope is to submit the agreement to simultaneous referendums in Northern Ireland and Ireland in May and have elections to a new local parliament in June.

By moving the deadline ahead six weeks to April 12 and by using deliberately bullish language -- Prime Minister Tony Blair of Britain said this week that a settlement is "agonizingly close" -- the two Governments imply that they may impose a solution if the talks fail.

They hope that threat will provide shock treatment to a procedure that is so severely blocked that the members of the largest Protestant group in the room, the Ulster Unionist Party, will not even speak directly to negotiators facing them from Sinn Fein, the political wing of the Catholic Irish Republican Army.

The risk is that if the settlement that emerges appears to be imposed, and not the product of the eight local parties in the talks, it will fail to get the necessary support of the parties themselves or to attract the critical backing of the voters.

"We have declared a precipice," said an official in the Northern Ireland office in London, "and the danger is that when you approach a precipice, you can fall off."

The Governments worry about the growing violence from underground splinter groups opposed to the negotiating process, and fear that the tribal political customs of this divided province will not produce compromise without a strong prod.

They are also determined to have new structures in place before the black-suited men of the Protestant Orange Order swagger onto the streets in July in their annual marching ritual, which in recent years has caused riots across Ulster.

The Catholic cause is in the ascendancy.

The Catholic percentage of the population is increasing and they are moving in substantial numbers from ***working class*** to middle class as opportunity long denied them begins to open up.

In Gerry Adams, president of Sinn Fein, the political wing of the Irish Republican Army, and in John Hume, head of the Social Democratic and Labor Party, who has long sought peace talks, the Catholics have Northern Ireland's most skillful strategist and its most widely admired public figure.

Belfast has declined from its 19th-century fame as a major city of the empire, a builder of its fleet and stoker of its Industrial Revolution, to its lamentable 20th-century status of being known for religious bigotry and political intractability.

On a flight from London this week, the British pilot came on the loudspeaker while the plane was still over England to announce that the weather in Belfast was cloudier "than here in the U.K." He is not the only Briton who does not remember, much less care, that Northern Ireland is part of the United Kingdom.

Belfast's land-owning and manufacturing class has largely disappeared, leaving in its place a Protestant establishment dominated by small businesses and farmers. The Malone Road area of leafy estates and manor houses is now 40 percent Catholic; Queens University, where the Protestant elite was schooled, is now more than half Catholic. The domed Classical Renaissance palace that is City Hall is occupied for the first time by a Catholic Mayor.

Protestant politicians are known as Unionists because of their desire to remain part of the United Kingdom, but disunity has come to their world.

"When I was growing up here, you always referred to the Unionist Monolith," said David McKittrick, a journalist and author of several reference works on the North. Until 1966 all of Ulster's 12 representatives in the British Parliament were Unionists, but now the province's complement of 18 members includes 5 Catholics, and the Protestants have split into three parties.

The contrast between Ireland and Northern Ireland has been turned on its head as the economy to the South has boomed and the one here has stagnated. As a consequence, many Protestant business executives do not share their political leaders' abhorrence of Dublin.

"They want a slice of the Celtic Tiger," said Mr. McKittrick.

The participants in the talks know the overall shape of the agreement and can anticipate the concessions they will be asked to make. Sinn Fein has to put off its dream of a united Ireland, and the Protestants will have to accept more involvement by Dublin in the affairs of the North.

But though every public sounding shows that the population of Northern Ireland yearns for an end to the dispute that has convulsed their land, there is little instinct in the blame-game politics here for the kind of conciliation needed.

"The political pull in Northern Ireland is not toward the center but away from it," said a principal in the closed-door talks. "Catholics have always voted for Catholics, and Protestants for Protestants, and compromise is a foreign concept. There is no win-win, only winners and losers, and that's a part of their history, culture, vocabulary and experience."

Catholics are motivated by their anger and resentment at having been dominated by the Protestants for 300 years, while Protestants are increasingly fatalistic, embittered by their loss of power and control in recent years and facing the certainty of having to give up more in any settlement. Each group burns with the alienating fever of feeling snubbed, and fiercely distrusts any notion of partnership.

The level of violence from fringe underground groups opposed to the cease-fires and the negotiating process is rising now that the talks appear closer to a resolution and the dissidents become more desperate to undermine them. One group, the Loyalist Volunteer Force, published a chilling message this week warning fellow Protestants who "collude" in the peace talks that "they will not be forgotten."

It is a testament to the political will and the public longing for an end to the bloodshed that the nearly 20 sectarian killings since Christmas, many of them of a particularly random savagery, have not succeeded in toppling the talks. Ms. Mowlam said she expected new acts of violence in the weeks to come but thought the talks could withstand their impact.

"The nature of the splinter groups is that they will do anything to destroy these talks, and we have no indication that they are going to stop," she said.

What is at issue is the future of this province of 1.6 million residents, roughly 55 percent Protestant and 45 percent Catholic. The Catholics want links to the Republic of Ireland, ranging from a joint assembly to outright unity; the Protestants want to reinforce Northern Ireland's identity as part of Britain. In general, Catholics are happy to call themselves Irish; most Protestants insist on being called British.

The proposal that leaders hope will lead to swift settlement and rapid voter endorsement is a three-part plan aimed at giving the two sides enough to sell to their constituencies without arousing deal-breaking suspicions from the other side.

The framework is based on three new institutions: a new legislature for Northern Ireland, a ministerial council linking Belfast and Dublin and a consultative council that twice a year will bring together ministers from the British and Irish Parliaments and the three assemblies being created here and in Scotland and Wales.

Other matters -- the police, the fate of prisoners, disarmament and inequalities like the high rate of joblessness among Catholics -- will be assigned to commissions. Protestants, who desire as little change as possible and are reluctant participants in the talks, tend to want to leave things vague. The Catholics, eager for maximum change, focus on details.

There have been many false starts in the effort to bring peace to Northern Ireland. Paramilitary groups have frequently agreed to bury their weapons, but they always remember under what hill or in which cellar.

There is more expectation this time, after the most sustained and inclusive talks ever, but hope in Northern Ireland is fragile.

"What will surprise people here will be success," said a diplomat who has followed the talks closely. "Failure won't surprise anybody."

**Graphic**

Photos: A Catholic and a Protestant, both buried on Dec. 30, two of the more than 3,235 killed in three decades of violence in Northern Ireland. Top: the body of Seamus Dillon, a Catholic, being carried through Coalisland; he was killed in revenge for the death of Billy Wright, a jailed Protestant paramilitary. (Associated Press); Bottom: Mr. Wright's cortege in Portadown. (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** March 15, 1998

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[***The King of Nostalgia, and Maybe of Belleville***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D80-6Y20-TW8F-G353-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1908 words

**Byline:** By MARK ROTELLA

Mark Rotella is the author of ''Stolen Figs, and Other Adventures in Calabria'' (North Point) and is working on a book about Italian-American popular singers.

**Dateline:** Belleville

**Body**

I FIRST heard Danny Stiles on the radio one rainy, spring night. At the urging of a friend who knew my crooner taste in music, I tuned into his Saturday show on WNYC around 9 p.m. Mr. Stiles, who lives in Short Hills, calls himself the ''King of Nostalgia,'' the ''Vicar of Vintage,'' and on various radio stations -- WNYC (820 AM), WNSW (1430 AM) and WPAT (930 AM) -- you can hear him play pop standards and big band tunes performed by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Billie Holiday, Rudy Vallee and Fats Waller.

I knew that, in my 30's, I must have been in the minority that evening among his listeners, who were most likely in their 70's or 80's and had lived their youth dancing and flirting to ''Moonlight in Vermont.'' I imagined them listening to the radio by themselves, rocking away the late hours as Danny Stiles played to the lonely.

The music Mr. Stiles plays suits the remote, mono sound of AM radio. ''And this one goes out to Josie, the Bayonne Bunny,'' he announced in cadences redolent of the 1940's. There was a pause, the hiss of the needle tracking the grooves on what could only be a pancake-thick 78-r.p.m. record, then the voice of a young Vic Damone singing ''You're Breaking My Heart.''

Toward the end of the show, Mr. Stiles reminded his listeners, ''You can always catch me for dinner every Friday night at Three Guys From Italy in beautiful Belleville, N.J., where you can reminisce while dancing to the big band sounds on a huge, postage-stamp size-dance floor.''

There was only one way to find out who listened to Danny Stiles in the darkness of their living rooms -- and that was to join him for dinner. So, one Friday night, my wife and I set out from Jersey City to Three Guys From Italy. We traveled along the Belleville Turnpike -- really a two-lane road that snakes through the tall reeds of the Meadowlands, beneath the maze of highways -- to sleepy Belleville, a ***working-class*** town of wood-frame houses, and a sliver of the true New Jersey.

A Night Out, Old Style

When we arrived, the hostess and waitress, Jetta Vizzone, directed us -- without fanfare or barely a hello -- to a table in the center of the room, between two columns at the edge of the intimate dance floor.

The decor of the restaurant, which seats 110, was long in the tooth, but the overall atmosphere -- including Ms. Vizzone's business-as-usual attitude -- put me in mind of what it feels like to visit Italian relatives. Waitresses carrying plates of veal parmigiana, linguine marechiara, and pork chops with vinegar peppers passed by. A couple talked to a group of three at the next table; one man wearing a pinkie ring called out to a waitress, seeking more wine. Everyone was dressed up for a night out, old style.

A musician with thinning gray hair and a huge smile stooped over the vibraphones and began playing ''Moonlight Serenade.'' To the left was a table of about 10 people, and holding forth was a man whom I realized must be Danny Stiles -- thin, fit, with a head of fine gray hair.

Wearing a blue sports coat, tie and pocket square, his presence dominated the room. He got up from the table and began making the rounds, greeting all the radio faithful who had come out to meet him -- the master of ceremonies on a night he wasn't on the airwaves.

By nine, everyone had finished eating. Someone lit a cigarette. They were getting antsy. The vibraphone player, Angelo J. Vaglio, picked up the beat with ''Witchcraft.''

''Hey, let's get the girls out on the dance floor,'' a septuagenarian gentleman said to his friend. The two couples put their napkins on their tables and got up.

''All right, honey,'' one woman said to her lady friend. ''Let's see you strut your stuff.''

After a few numbers a woman with shapely legs who wore a stylish black-and-white polka-dot dress sashayed to the dance floor with her girlfriend. Her sling-back shoes glided across the wood parquet.

Rina Giancaspro -- a longtime fan of Mr. Stiles -- sat behind us with her 50-something son, Dominick, who is a science teacher at a Newark high school.

''I listen to him all the time,'' she said dreamily, referring to Mr. Stiles. ''I even record his music late at night and listen to it as I shop during the day.''

''She comes every Friday night,'' her son said. ''She's made so many new friends. It's as if she were 20 again!''

Ms. Giancaspro added: ''I listen to him because it's the only place where I can hear this music. You can't find these old records, and you certainly can't find most of this music on CD's.''

It is through his radio shows, which he refers to as the ''The Great American Museum of Historic Records,'' that Mr. Stiles brings to listeners the music of their pasts. And it is at Three Guys from Italy where he gets them out of their living rooms and brings them together to enjoy their present. He opens a window into a bygone era, bringing people back to their youth -- and he himself does this in the most solitary way, by sitting alone in a radio studio.

As it got close to 11, Mr. Vaglio set down his mallets, picked up a mandolin, and played an Italian folksong called ''Malafemmina.''

The entire restaurant sang along.

Straight Out of Newark

Danny Stiles sat in his office at WNSW in Lower Manhattan. A Con Edison glitch had caused a blockwide blackout, and many of the station's technicians had left, but Mr. Stiles continued with business as best he could, arranging his records and CD's for the next show. He was as impervious to the dark and heat as he is to the changing musical times. It seems oddly fitting that as a radio announcer whose shows are most often played in the wee small hours of the morning, he is completely comfortable in the dark.

Mr. Stiles, 80, is of Russian-Polish origin -- though given his taste in food, you could easily mistake him for Italian -- and grew up in Newark. He began his radio career in 1947 with WHBI, now WADO, in his hometown. He remembers exactly when he got his first job because it was on his birthday, Dec. 2. His shows were considered cutting edge back then, with the music of Dinah Washington, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine.

''I played mostly black music to both black and white audiences,'' Mr. Stiles said as he cleaned his glasses, just as meticulously as he stores his recordings. There was no mistaking his speaking voice, which sounds just like his radio voice; there's no change in persona. He is as straightforward in explaining his own accomplishments as he is in recognizing those who have helped him along the way.

After several moves around the region, including to New Brunswick and Asbury Park, he ended up in New York City. There, young singers and musicians and aspiring disc jockeys would turn up and sit with him as he played music, from blues and jazz to rock 'n' roll and doo-wop.

Bobby Darin hung out with him in the studio, as did Connie Francis, and a young jock, Robert Smith, who later made his name as Wolfman Jack.

Through the dull sunlight coming through the window in Mr. Stiles's office, you could follow his history in radio by framed photos, letters and awards that hung on his wall.

Because of his late-night broadcast hours, Mr. Stiles's shows are no longer live, though they feel like it. The day they are aired, the shows are painstakingly taped and engineered. He pulls all the music from his personal collection of 45's and 78's, although for ease he has burned most of the music onto compact discs.

Mr. Stiles is serious about his music, and you get the feeling that he is single-handedly saving it.

''I pick the songs that hit me in the heart, I pick by feeling,'' he said. ''I concentrate on the record itself -- not the songwriter, not the musician -- but the whole thing. I concentrate on the song as I first heard it, what my listeners remember.''

Judging by how often he is on the air and how many stations carry his show, it's hard to miss him. He began at WNYC in 1985, joined WPAT in 2000, and in 1999 started at WNSW. ''That was about two years after my wife Barbara died,'' he said. He paused. ''She really supported me. Without her I wouldn't have been able to do all this.''

Holding gatherings at restaurants is nothing new for Mr. Stiles. ''I've been doing this for years,'' he said. ''A couple of decades ago, I talked to my friend Dennis Carey who owned the Red Blazer on Third Avenue and 88th Street. I asked him what his slowest night was, and said I'd bring in business.''

He brought in a 14-piece band, Gary Lawrence and His Sizzling Syncopators, and filled the restaurant with music lovers who dined and danced into the late hours. And at Three Guys from Italy he has been doing much the same thing for almost three years now, though on a smaller scale.

The Past Is Present

On another recent night at Three Guys, three woman sat at a table together. They were all single and come here every Friday night. ''His songs have a lot of feeling,'' said Susan DiMaggio, an 81-year-old widow who once owned a ballroom dance school in Lyndhurst. Connie Russo agreed. The tall woman with the shapely legs I'd seen on my first visit had been, not surprisingly, a model in Manhattan. She had beautiful, shoulder-length black hair and a friendly face. She admitted that her age was ''39 and holding.''

Ms. DiMaggio grabbed my arm. ''Every night I go to sleep with Danny Stiles.'' The three woman laughed; ''All of Me'' fills the room and Connie Russo took her friend Renee Roselli by the arm and led her to the dance floor. Ms. DiMaggio said she tunes in to Danny Stiles when she gets up at four in the morning. Seeing the surprise on my face, she said, ''Honey, you're too young to realize that at my age you don't get a lot of sleep.''

Suddenly all the names from the Danny Stiles show came to life. Sitting at the head table was the ''Lemon Ice King,'' Jimmy Catarella, a man in his 70's with a full head of hair and drooping eyelids. ''If I had known I would get all this free advertisement on his show, I never would have sold my business.'' Next to him was Josie, the Bayonne Bunny, a pert woman in a red, low-cut dress.

At the end of the evening, Mr. Stiles stood up and sang, with an untrained though no less passionate voice, ''As Time Goes By,'' a song he often dedicates on the radio to his close friend Janet Marchese.

It's another Saturday night and I tune into Danny Stiles's ''Nostalgia Network'' on WNYC -- it's on from 8 to 10. No longer do I think that the music he plays is lulling his listeners further into old age. Now I see them as vibrant and alive, happily looking back on their youths, while still enjoying their present. He often plays ''This Heart of Mine,'' sung by Judy Garland and Fred Astaire and Sylvia Syms's ''I've Got to Sing a Torch Song.'' His most-requested song is ''Midnight, the Stars, and You,'' sung by Al Bowlly.

But, for the King of Nostalgia and his listeners, the memories of a life well lived are close to the surface. At the end of his Saturday night radio show, Mr. Stiles always finishes with ''Goodnight, My Love,'' sung by Shirley Temple. In the last two verses, he sings along. The King of Nostalgia celebrates life's joys while never forgetting the sorrows. At the end of the song, he always remembers his late wife, ''Goodnight, dear, sweet Barbara.''

But Mr. Stiles ends his show on a humorous note: as he leaves the studio, a heavy vault door groans on its hinges, and his footsteps echo. Mr. Stiles is weighted down by crates of 78's.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Danny Stiles holds forth every Friday at Three Guys From Italy in Belleville. (Photo by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

When you're here, you're family: Three Guys From Italy is a home away from home for the D.J. Danny Stiles, top right, with the restaurant's owner, Giuseppe Cucchisi. (Photographs by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** September 5, 2004

**End of Document**



[***BUSH'S BOWS TO THE RIGHT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-42K0-0014-50T8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Having Won Trust Among Conservatives, The Candidate Is Free to Test the Middle***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-42K0-0014-50T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 10

**Body**

Vice President Bush, once viewed as dangerously ''moderate'' by the political right, has now won substantial credibility among conservatives and thus the leeway he may need to move to the political center to win this fall's Presidential election.

By satisfying the right so early, Mr. Bush has largely avoided the sniping from ardent conservatives that might distract him and the news media's attention from the themes he wants to make central to his campaign. In contrast, Gov. Michael S. Dukakis, the Democratic nominee, has suffered just this kind of sniping at the other side of the political spectrum from the Rev. Jesse Jackson, his onetime foe in the Democratic primaries.

At the same time, Mr. Bush, having established his conservative credentials, has been able to reach out to voters in the center on such issues as the environment and education.

On Friday, Mr. Bush began the delicate task of trying to maintain support from opponents of abortion while appearing unthreatening to voters who are ambivalent on the abortion issue or favor legal abortion.

Strategy Is Termed Necessary

Campaigning in Illinois, Mr. Bush said that while he opposed abortion except in cases involving rape, incest or when the mother's life was in danger, he did not believe abortion should be a ''litmus test'' to measure a politician.

John Buckley, a former aide to Representative Jack F. Kemp of New York and to President Reagan's 1984 campaign, said Mr. Bush's move was the necessary strategy for any conservative politician. Mr. Buckley said that the ideal political posture for a Republican candidate is to be seen as an ally of the anti-abortion movement, but also as ''tolerant'' of the views of others.

Conservative Republicans are pleased, and a bit surprised, that Mr. Bush has won himself such credibility with the right and thus such room for flexibility. While Mr. Bush was bound to win conservative votes, it was not at all clear that he would win conservative hearts to the extent that he has.

''The key to being a coalition builder is to give one group at the table what they need so you can turn to another group at the table and give them what they need, too,'' said Representative Newt Gingrich, a Georgia Republican. ''That's exactly what Bush has done.'' 'Room for Maneuver'

Burton Yale Pines, senior vice president of the Heritage Foundation, a conservative research organization in Washington, agreed. ''He's bought himself a lot of room for maneuver,'' Mr. Pines said.

Mr. Bush has moved on several fronts to satisfy the right. He sent conservatives a powerful message by choosing Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana, one of their own, as his running mate.

Mr. Bush was then also helped mightily by the press's inquiries into Mr. Quayle's past, said Representive Vin Weber of Minnesota, a leading conservative Republican. ''He is being portrayed as the victim of the evil liberal media,'' Mr. Weber said, ''and there's nothing that gets conservatives more aroused than the thought that the media might do in one of our people.''

By sticking with Mr. Quayle and defending him vigorously, Mr. Bush vastly enhanced his standing among conservatives, according to Paul Weyrich, president of the Free Congress Foundation, a leading New Right group. ''I got flooded with calls from people from the very hard right who were very lukewarm about Bush,'' Mr. Weyrich said. ''They said, 'Gee, I have to take another look at him.' ''

Pragmatism and Ideology Mix

Finally, conservatives are pleased about how much their themes have become central part to Mr. Bush's campaign. The Vice President's absolute opposition to tax increases and his assaults on Mr. Dukakis on such issues as the national defense, the Pledge of Allegiance and furloughs for prisoners do double duty, Mr. Gingrich said. These issues attract ***working-class*** and lower-middle-class voters who might vote for either party, and they also convince active conservatives that Mr. Bush is at one with their values.

''Conservatives say the Bush people are pragmatists, and that's true,'' said Mr. Gingrich. ''They're so pragmatic that if running an ideological campaign is what they need to do to win, they'll do it.''

But Mr. Bush's overall strategy has another side to it, which involves neutralizing issues that once seemed like winners for the Democrats, notably education, the environment and day care.

Having satisfied conservatives, Mr. Gingrich said, Mr. Bush has been able to strike a moderate-looking stance on these questions. Mr. Bush has even been able to talk about building ''a kinder, gentler nation,'' words that some on the right might view as suspiciously soft were it not for Mr. Bush's tough stands on defense and crime.

Exploring the Center Ground

Mr. Bush has explored the center ground on other issues, notably by saying last week that he supported an increase in the minimum wage. And aides said he was also considering a proposal to encourage employers to give leave to parents after the birth of a new child.

''What he's doing is stealing the middle class-upper middle class laundry list from the Democrats,'' said Kevin Phillips, a Republican voting analyst.

Mr. Phillips said that he was surprised that conservatives have given Mr. Bush as much room for maneuver as they have. ''They can be had for the price of an ideological baloney sandwich,'' said Mr. Phillips, ''which is exactly what Dan Quayle is.''

Some conservatives warn that their price is higher than that. They say that while Mr. Bush has room to maneuver on some issues, there are certain red lines that he cannot cross.

Kissinger Not Popular

Already there are rumblings on the right over a new specter: Henry A. Kissinger, the former Secretary of State.

When Mr. Bush's aides told conservative leaders that the Vice President was planning to name Mr. Kissinger as a member of a campaign advisory committee on national security, some conservatives became apoplectic. They see Mr. Kissinger as the architect of the policy of detente with the Soviet Union and of arms control agreements they opposed.

''He represents all the great U.S. foreign policy defeats of the late 1970's,'' said Mr. Pines. ''George Bush cannot seriously be thinking of turning to a discredited Kissinger for any advice.''

The members of the committee are expected to be announced later this month. One conservative close to the Bush campaign said that a compromise might be arranged under which a highly visible conservative would be added to the committee to balance Mr. Kissinger.

Missile Defense an Issue

Mr. Bush also alarmed conservative leaders when he spoke in an interview with The New York Times of how expensive the proposed space-based defense against missiles would be and mentioned that members of Congress had suggested ''partial deployment,'' as opposed to full deployment, of the system.

Conservatives, who strongly support full deployment of the system, flooded the campaign with expressions of concern. Mr. Bush issued statements assuring conservatives that he was in fact for full deployment and sent emissaries carrying the same messaage.

Even on issues like day care, Mr. Bush has been solicitous of conservative views. His proposal for a refundable tax credit to help the poor families with day care costs was based on an idea from the Heritage Foundation. Conservatives like the tax credit approach because it would keep the Government out of the day care business.

On the abortion issue, Mr. Bush has altered his position somewhat over the years, though Senator Gordon Humphrey, a New Hampshire Republican and a strong abortion foe, says he now regards Mr. Bush as ''A-No. 1 on the right-to-life issue.''

Ambivalence on Abortion Seen

Prof. James Hitchcock, a professor at St. Louis University who has long been active in the anti-abortion movement, said some in the movement had been ''cautious'' about embracing Mr. Bush because he seemed ambivalent in his views on abortion.

But Professor Hitchcock said that, from the point of view of abortion foes, Mr. Bush's position was so superior to Mr. Dukakis's that there was no question about where the bulk of the movement would stand in this election. He said that many anti-abortion leaders planned to work hard for Mr. Bush's election to ''convince him that they are strong supporters of his, so that he in turn will take us seriously if he is elected.''

What is striking is that, up to now, Mr. Bush has paid little political costs for his courting of conservatives.

Mr. Dukakis finally tried to up the ante on Friday by accusing Mr. Bush of imitating the tactics of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. But Representative Gingrich said that Mr. Bush has been careful to run to the right mainly on issues, such as military strength and toughness on crime, where conservative positions are broadly popular.

''You can run a dumb right-wing campaign or a smart right-wing campaign,'' Mr. Gingrich said. ''Bush is running a smart right-wing campaign.''

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[***A Waterfront With Potential, Still Unrealized - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41S9-3BT0-00MH-F0MY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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By CHARLES V. BAGLI

**Body**

For more than 15 years, the Queens West development at Hunters Point in Queens was oft-heralded as the beginning of an East River gold coast, a swirl of apartment houses, office buildings and hotels on a dilapidated industrial waterfront with a spectacular view of Manhattan.

Yet the only new development on the 74-acre parcel is a small park and a 42-story apartment tower that resembles a lone ship on an empty sea.

Now a developer, Avalon Bay Communities, has begun work on a 32-story building with 372 apartments, the first part of a three-building complex. At the same time, the city, the state and the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey are close to designating a developer for a two million-square-foot office complex, hotel and conference center at the center of Queens West, a one- to two-block-wide sliver along the East River from Newtown Creek north to 46th Avenue.

Government officials are also picking a developer, for a 20-acre parcel owned by PepsiCo at the north end of the development. The developer would buy PepsiCo's land and its bottling plant for a $600 million residential complex of seven buildings and 2,700 apartments.

State and city officials are hoping the real estate boom in Manhattan will spill over to Queens West, making it an alternative to the New Jersey waterfront for commercial and residential tenants seeking lower rents.

But before much more can happen, the uneasy partners that make up the Queens West Development Corporation -- the city, the state and the Port Authority -- must overcome their differences and provide tens of millions of dollars for roads, sewers and utilities.

"Right now there's $1.2 billion worth of projects waiting to be developed," said Charles A. Gargano, vice chairman of the Port Authority and New York's chief economic development officer. "But we need some additional funding. We hope it'll come from the Port Authority. We also need some additional money from the city."

The Port Authority's board is expected to discuss investing an additional $65 million at its meeting on Thursday. But Mr. Gargano also wants New York City to contribute $15 million, a suggestion its Economic Development Corporation has not rushed to embrace. Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's administration, in turn, wants Gov. George E. Pataki to put up some cash as well.

Michael Carey, president of the city's Economic Development Corporation, declined to be interviewed.

Real estate executives competing for both the PepsiCo site and the commercial parcel have complained that the bickering among government officials has delayed the selection of developers for months. Sometimes the acrimony can be petty. The Oct. 17 groundbreaking ceremony for the Avalon Bay project, for instance, was suddenly postponed until Dec. 14 when the mayor's office said Mr. Giuliani could not attend, although the date had been picked to accommodate his schedule. That led one state official to grouse privately that the city "was trying to use this situation to control the project."

A real estate executive who requested anonymity because of involvement with negotiations said: "The fact that the Queens West Development Corporation is made up of these entities that don't work well together has made life very difficult. It's enormously expensive for the developers when this thing drags on and on."

Mr. Gargano must also engage in delicate negotiations for funds from the Port Authority, where New York and New Jersey are frequently at odds over the equitable distribution of the bistate agency's resources. Fortunately, say those advocating New York's interests, New Jersey wants an additional $24 million to rebuild some crumbling piers at a Hoboken development, although the amount is far less than what New York needs for Queens West.

There are critics who say that the plan to transform Queens West into a major commercial and residential hub is overly ambitious. City Councilman Walter L. McCaffrey of Queens and some real estate brokers have doubts that major corporations will move their offices to Queens West, given the lack of public transportation, relative to competing sites like Jersey City or Long Island City, which is adjacent to Hunters Point. And the local community board complained that the proposed towers were too tall and could force out the small manufacturers and the ***working class*** residents in the surrounding Hunters Point neighborhood by raising real estate prices.

Still, Mr. Gargano is optimistic. "Right now, the chemistry seems to be right between the city, the state and the Port Authority," he said. "If we get the additional funding, we can not only catch up after 15 years, we can move forward very quickly."

According to real estate executives and government officials, Rockrose Development Corporation, a major residential builder in Manhattan, is the front-runner to develop the PepsiCo site. PepsiCo, however, is leaving nothing to chance; it has continued to negotiate with Time Equities, and with Related Companies, over the land, which would sell for about $45 million.

As for the 2.3 million-square-foot commercial development, the executives said LCOR, a national real estate company, has an edge over Triangle Equities, a Queens developer, in the quest to build three office buildings, a hotel and retail space. Both developers believe the office space will compete with buildings in Jersey City, which has become a haven for New York companies seeking relief from skyrocketing rents in Manhattan.

LCOR, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, Rockefeller University and other medical institutions just across the East River in Manhattan have also talked about creating a biotechnology center at Queens West. One proposal being discussed is for a $100 million, 400,000-square-foot center, linking the academic institutions with private corporations through a research park and low-cost space for start-up companies.

"New York is a center for medical research, but it is woefully behind Boston, San Francisco, Washington and San Diego," said Dr. Harold Varmis, chief executive of Sloan-Kettering. "It's not just the high rents in New York. There's never been an orchestrated effort by both government and the medical institutions."

South of the commercial project, there are no immediate plans for five residential sites next to Newtown Creek. NYC 2012, a private group leading an effort to play host to the 2012 Olympic Summer Games, has proposed an Olympic Village there for athletes and coaches. After the Olympics, the buildings would be converted to housing.

But Claire Shulman, the borough president of Queens and a longtime supporter of Queens West, is adamantly opposed to an Olympic Village. "That's prime property," she said. "I'm not going to hold it up for a twinkle in someone's eye for 2012. If they put it in their application, I'll denounce it."

Despite the recent flurry of activity, few people are predicting that Queens West will be completed quickly. Much of the interest is driven by escalating residential and commercial rents in Manhattan. But no residential developer wants to build more than one tower at a time for fear of getting caught in a recession.

The project's origins date to the early 1980's, when the Port Authority moved to develop crumbling industrial waterfronts at both Hunters Point, a mile-long stretch north of Newtown Creek, and in Hoboken. The authority authorized $125 million for each project.

But it was not until 1994 that New York Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and Mayor Giuliani formally inaugurated what has become known as Queens West, a $2.3 billion project with 19 residential buildings and over 6,400 apartments, more than 2.25 million square feet of commercial space and 20 acres of parkland. It started with a 2.5-acre park, which preserved the tall black gantries that once transferred freight cars from river barges onto the tracks of the Long Island Rail Road.

Construction of the first residential tower was to begin in early 1995. But the heavily subsidized apartment house, Citylights, did not open until 1997. Two years later, Avalon Bay was selected to develop three other parcels, but work did not begin until last month. The Port Authority has already invested $125 million in Queens West, while the city has contributed $30 million; an estimated $80 million is needed to finish preparing the land. In the meantime, developers have come and gone.

"At the time we moved in, it looked sort of sparse," said Edward Sadowsky, a former city councilman who is president of the Citylights cooperative board, "but I have no doubt that it will all come together."

Others are not so sure, at least when it comes to commercial development. Councilman McCaffrey and Barry Gosin, chief executive of Newmark & Company Real Estate, said New York City should concentrate on developing a center for relatively inexpensive office space farther east, near the Citicorp tower, Queens Plaza and Jackson Avenue, where there is more public transportation linking the area to Manhattan. (Advocates of Queens West note that the Vernon Boulevard-Jackson Avenue subway station on the No. 7 subway line is a few blocks away and only one stop from Grand Central Terminal in Manhattan.)

As for the residential buildings, Mr. McCaffrey said he was afraid an economic slowdown would delay construction until the next upswing. He also expressed concern that if Queens West were successful, it would have a detrimental effect on the surrounding neighborhood, which is lined with three- and four-story walk-ups and custom furniture manufacturers' shops, and is home to such businesses as the Paragon Paints factory and Empire City Iron Works.

"After more than 10 years, we have one building at Queens West," Mr. McCaffrey said. "Significant handicaps regarding transportation have never been addressed. I'm afraid it's going to continue to languish."

But Ms. Shulman, who has been involved in the project since 1984, said Queens West was finally ready to take several strides forward. At the same time, she said, "The city should do a little more to attract companies to Hunters Point and Long Island City, rather than letting them go to Jersey City.

"We've been nurturing this for a very long time," she said. "The time for it is now. There's no room left for development in Manhattan. It's an absolutely great site and it's got the most beautiful view of Manhattan."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article yesterday about a development project called Queens West, on the East River, misspelled the surname of the chief executive of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, who has proposed a biotechnology center for the site. He is Dr. Harold Varmus, not Varmis.

**Correction-Date:** November 29, 2000, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: Pepsi-Cola's logo looms over Queens West, a run-down industrial waterfront that some officials hope to reinvent as a blend of apartments, offices and hotels. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)(pg. B1); The Manhattan skyline is the backdrop of the Queens West site in Hunters Point, where one residential tower now stands. Other developments are planned, but money is needed for roads, sewers and utilities. (Edward Keating/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

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[***Cocina Confidential***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7X51-N071-2PBB-20F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By STEPHEN METCALF

**Body**

On a night swaddled in humidity, I made my way down to La Boca, an Italian ***working-class*** neighborhood in Buenos Aires. My guide for the evening was the prominent Argentine writer Uki Goni, and as our cab crawled along, half lost, we peered out at meagerly lit scenes of urban decay. ''I've had taxi drivers who wouldn't take me down here,'' Goni said. Shirtless men carried infants in their arms; the elderly shuffled along without looking up; a well-armed group of policemen turned a corner. These last we asked for directions. They were gracious, but unable to help. Person after person could not point our way to El Obrero, the bodegon we were looking for, an ignorance that left Goni puzzled and slightly dismayed

El Obrero means ''the worker'' -- it is a parrilla, or traditional barbecue joint. (''Go with time,'' an Argentine acquaintance told me. ''Three to four hours, to eat to death.'') It is also, as many parrillas are, a type of bodegon, a simple neighborhood restaurant started by and for immigrants, traditionally of Spanish or Italian descent. Taken together, bodegones form an unofficial institution in Buenos Aires, places where true portenos -- as residents of Buenos Aires, a port city, are called -- go to enjoy mass quantities of comfort food on the cheap.

Stepping inside after we finally found our bearings, I could see why El Obrero is regarded as a temple of fraternal overeating. The dreariness outside gave way instantly to the clatter of dishes, to bright lights and warm blasts of laughter. Rotating fans, relics from the '50s, descended from a high ceiling. The floor was a dingy checkerboard, the menu a chalkboard. The waiters, gallant in burgundy shirt jackets, greeted us with radiant smiles. Goni is an honored guest here. He has come often to El Obrero and the other parrillas of La Boca, on occasion with the actor Willem Dafoe or the director Francis Ford Coppola. Their pictures hang in a corner, though displayed with far more pride of place are a portrait of the King of Spain in a powder blue sash and photographs of the godhead of Argentine futbol, Diego Maradona.

To taste the real and abiding Buenos Aires, Goni took me to El Obrero. On offer was a complete inventory of the bovine carcass: ojo de bife (eye of beef), chinchulines (small intestines), mollejas (gizzards). ''Until fairly recently,'' Goni explained, ''a meal in Argentina was beef, potatoes, maybe -- maybe -- salad.'' The Argentine palate has evolved, and even at a mecca for steak like El Obrero, there is plenty else. I started with the rabas, fried squid rings that melt in your mouth like buttery lozenges, and a liter of Quilmes, a milky Argentine beer. ''There would have been more bodegones here once,'' said Goni, who is in his mid- 50s and is best known in Argentina for exposing the extent of the ''ratline,'' the escape route and eventual haven his country provided Nazis in the aftermath of World War II. ''This is probably one of the last surviving ones.''

Buenos Aires, goes the claim, is a European city located in South America. True, there are stylish clothes, venerable buildings, small cars and gelato. But to better understand his country, Goni insisted, one should read ''The Return of Eva Peron,'' by V. S. Naipaul. The essay is cruel, Goni said, but as true today as when it was written, in the early 1970s. To Naipaul, Argentina was less a country than a staging ground for absurdist public traumas that never add up to an actual history. From dictatorship to hyperinflation to, more recently, the currency crisis, which plunged the economy into chaos in 2001, cataclysm seems to come naturally to Argentines.

An older gentleman with a guitar started serenading the crowd. ''Tourists don't know,'' Goni said. ''They say, 'Beautiful girls, macho lovers -- I'll rent a cute place in Palermo,' '' referring to the neighborhood of suave byways that defines the city's renewal. ''They don't see the underbelly.'' The Argentina of Goni's young adulthood was an economically and, its European roots notwithstanding, culturally insular society. ''We were behind our own iron curtain, in a way.''

Argentina is nearly the size of India, but with less than one-thirtieth India's population. It possesses vast tracts of mineral wealth and agriculturally fertile pampas. Once, much of what was consumed here was made here, if inefficiently. ''You could wait 10 or 20 years to get a phone,'' Goni said. ''Then, in the '90s, we privatized everything. Now you get a phone in two or three days, and maybe 10 million people in the country are much, much better off than ever before. But joining the international community has come at a spectacular price.'' La Boca, for example, is poorer and more dangerous, while Palermo now gleams with international cachet. But, as Goni said, ''Argentines by and large can't afford to go there.''

The old gentleman's lachrymose folklore ended. The crowd applauded wildly. Goni considered, then said, ''Interesting, isn't it, how some things completely transcend our idea of 'good' and 'bad?' ''

BUENOS AIRES HAS BECOME THAT CITY. YOU AMUSE your palate at a sleek ethnic restaurant, fast-friend it with international party people and find yourself at 4 a.m. on the street, amid boys with beers and suspiciously young women in shrink-wrap outfits, as ill-piloted cabs brush against your back pocket. Palermo has given sections of itself over wholesale to the idea of a cheap playpen for affluent wastrels from the Yanqui north. Its film-and-TV barrio is named Palermo Hollywood, its boutique-and-bistro quadrant Palermo Soho. Menus are bilingual, and ''Apartments for Sale'' notices are denominated in dollars. Nonetheless, the city remains poised between ingratiating Americanization and the inscrutable nativism that Naipaul described.

I stayed in a duplex off embassy row, overlooking the jacaranda trees of the Plaza Intendente Seeber. One evening, I went with an American who lives in Buenos Aires to eat at Pizzeria Guerrin, an old-school joint in the city center. (Locals debate whether Guerrin or El Cuartito, in Recoleta and equally drenched in bygone atmosphere, serves the city's best pie; I enjoyed both. Either way, you must have a fugazzeta, a thick crust pillowed over with mozzarella and a dense tangle of onions.) When we returned to our car, he slipped a few pesos into the hand of a dubious-looking man who had appeared out of nowhere. ''A trapito,'' my friend explained. Trapitos ''watch'' your car to make sure ''nothing happens to it.''

Later we headed out to Rumi, a nightclub. Rumi is a boliche, a true porteno club; food and booze are cheap, the dancing interminable and wild. ''The women here are beautiful,'' said my new acquaintance, a Mexican businessman named Hector. I agreed. Hector surveyed the dance floor. ''About half of them are men.''

The key to visiting Buenos Aires, I think, is to locate a city that is neither the ''gaucho curio shop'' that Naipaul so disdained nor the la-la fantasy of the ''Paris of Latin America.'' Stroll out of Palermo's center toward Villa Crespo -- a barrio that has nobly rejected the label ''Palermo Queens'' -- and you come upon silent cobblestone streets canopied by oaks and rosewoods. Out on the main avenue is Scannapieco, a 71-year-old heladaria that serves the best ice cream I've ever tasted, a dulce de leche the consistency of melted cheese. And although tango is the most oversold concept in tourism since the cancan, the milongas at La Catedral, an antique timber warehouse filled with artsy bric-a-brac, wire chandeliers and Christmas lights, are genuinely beautiful. Here an older, more rustic and altogether more sensuous version of the dance has been revived by the younger generation.

But old Buenos Aires is best found in the city's bodegones. ''If it is trendy, expensive or young, it is not a bodegon,'' said Ruben Guzman, an Argentine-Canadian director whom a mutual friend described as an anthropologist of the bodegones. Bodegones started, by and large, as immigrant groceries, divided into two sections: one for retailing traditional home-country foods, the other for alcohol. Customers who bought a drink would on occasion request a place to sit and a bite to eat, and over time, the bodegon sometimes evolved from a shop into a cafe and social hub.

Ruben and I dined at Cafe Margot, a classic of its type. More intimate than El Obrero, Cafe Margot has been, for decades, a gathering place for the notables, mostly futbol jocks and intellectuals and tangueros, of the Boedo district. (No less than Juan Peron was said to treasure its turkey sandwiches.) Cafe Margot's open shelving was filled with wine and liqueurs; charcuterie dangled from the ceiling; olives filled large Mason jars. The brick walls were covered in local art.

''First, a bodegon ought to be cheap,'' Guzman said. ''It has to have at least some homemade food. Charcuterie, the pasta -- preferably everything. Here, in Margot, it is a very high percentage, even their beer. It must not be too clean.'' (Though Cafe Margot is clean.) ''It must have all ages represented in it -- young, old -- for a bodegon is not hip. Preferably with bohemians in it.'' He had described the patrons at Cafe Margot precisely.

We tucked in to a set of picadas, or tapas-like dishes -- in this instance, fleshy tongue-like slabs of roasted red peppers and provolone and provoleta, a fried cheese dish, while we drank pints of the house-brewed beer. When I dipped my bread in the oily remains of a picada, Guzman smiled. ''In Argentina, this is something you don't do in a restaurant,'' he said. ''But in a bodegon, they don't care about manners. In fact, they don't have any.''

Against 30 years of upheaval, the bodegones are reasserting themselves as vessels of generosity and calm. They were faced with near-extinction in the '90s, when they staged an improbable comeback, aided, ironically, by the collapse of the economy. ''Because of the currency crisis,'' Guzman said, ''people had to find their identity as Argentines again. And it wasn't just the currency, but neo-liberalism and heavy Americanization. The bodegones were citadels against gentrification.'' I asked him whether the newfound affection for the bodegones was simply another way to assert Argentine identity without reckoning with Argentine history. He disagreed. Young people didn't really experience the dictatorship, he said. ''They experienced neo-liberalism.'' Globalization has a way of tinting its holdouts in a romantic glow. ''I cannot think of this city without bodegones,'' Guzman said. ''They will survive. It is part of its spirit.''

PIETRO SORBA, AN ITALIAN-BORN FOOD CRITIC AND scholar, is the author of the definitive work on the subject, ''Bodegones de Buenos Aires.'' (The book is bilingual; the English translation is lovely.) Sorba and I met at Miramar, one of the more reputable and longstanding bodegones. It sits on a corner in a former tailor shop, where tango luminaries once came to have suits made. Sorba is a delightful mountain of a man and, from the looks of it, a prodigiously gifted eater. He has been writing about Argentine food for Elle Argentina and Clarin, the local daily, as well as producing documentaries, for years.

We drank malbec, the deceptively soft, dense red wine of Argentina, and passed around a crude wooden tablet listing the platos del dia. We started with pulpo a la gallega, or boiled octopus with potatoes in olive oil and pimenton -- a sort of paprika -- and tortilla a la Espanola, an omelet-like dish with a spicy salami. When I began espousing pet theories about the bodegon, Sorba demurred. ''Bodegon is the opposite of the culinary culture of Palermo,'' he said bluntly. ''It is comfort food -- no tricks -- for people who love to eat. Not for people looking for the fashion thing, or trendy. For my job, I must go to many restaurants. But for me, when I want to eat, I go to a bodegon.''

Eat, eat, eat -- we had moved on to mejillones a la provenzal (mussels, white wine, garlic) and gambas al ajillo (shrimp, garlic, dried chili), all of

it richly drenched in olive oil. ''In Italy,'' Sorba asserted, ''people eat out on the weekend. In Buenos Aires, it is every day. It's historical. Observe the flats in the center city, the oldest part of the city. The kitchen is small -- it's nothing, in fact. In Italy, people live in the kitchen. But here, people are not as interested in cooking.''

For all the voguish talk of localism, it's now possible to get substantially the same meal in any city -- in Copenhagen or London or Sao Paulo. Culinary innovations spoke out to all points of the globe, until food everywhere has been micro-gastronomized into ambrosial dreck. Against the forces of homogenization, the bodegones make an admirable stand. ''This is the first, best example of the porteno menu,'' Sorba said as we moved on to centolla (king crab) and rabo de toro (oxtail stew). ''In the 1990s, we had a new culinary wave. The new culinary trends were impactful, very hard on the life of the bodegones. But I now believe culinary trends are boring. My next book is going to be called 'I Am Up to Here With Gourmet,' '' he said, gesturing to his neck.

Following Sorba's lead, I hesitate to make too large a claim for the bodegones. Nonetheless, in a city where only 500 yards from the Four Seasons one stumbles upon a villa miseria, a sprawling and viciously impoverished shantytown, they are an implicit guarantee that something exists in between extremes of rich and poor. To reach for another cliche -- one that happens only to be true -- the importance of clean and well-lit places to Argentina cannot be exaggerated. On the night Goni and I were cabbing it back from El Obrero, he suddenly asked, ''Do you smell that?'' I did. There was a strong but not entirely unpleasant wood-smokey tang in the air. ''The farmers are clearing land by burning,'' he said. ''Tonight is O.K., but last summer was really bad. What kind of lawlessness must there be, if you can't stop the farmers from putting the country's capital city under an unbearable cloud of smoke?''It is possible that Naipaul was right, that Argentina is fated to cycles of forgetting. Commodity prices are collapsing, and the work that might have been accomplished in fat times -- education and labor market reforms -- remains undone. The ruling Peronists, having mishandled a farm crisis, lost a crucial midterm election. The near political horizon is as Naipaul would have predicted: disarray. But this is why the bodegon is more than a curiosity. ''When you are in a bodegon, you feel like you are in Buenos Aires,'' Sorba said. ''You breathe its history. Its real history. The eternal Buenos Aires.'' We pushed away from the table en (considerable) masse with his simple enough benediction: ''We have eaten.'' STEPHEN METCALF

ESSENTIALS BUENOS AIRES

RESTAURANTS, CAFES AND BARS La Catedral Cool, authentic milongas. Sarmiento 4006; 011-54-9-11-5325-163. El Cuartito A 1930s pizza parlor. Talcahuano 937; 011-54-11-4816-4331; entrees about $6.50 to $15.50. Pizzeria Guerrin Old-fashioned pizza joint. Avenida Corrientes 1368; 011-54-11-4371-8141; entrees $4.75 to $8.50. Guido's Bar Holdout bodegon in Palermo. Republica de la India 2843; 011-54-11-4802-2391; guidosbar.com.ar; three-course meal (with wine) $24. Cafe Margot Picturesque bodegon. Avenida Boedo 857; 011-54-11-4957-0001; entrees $2 to $9.50. Miramar Atmospheric, good bodegon. Avenida San Juan 1999; 011-54-11-4304-4261; entrees $6.25 to $8.50. El Obrero Classic parrilla in La Boca. Agustin R. Caffarena 64; 011-54-11-4362-9912; entrees $5.25 to $8.50. Rumi Popular porteno nightclub. Avenida Presidente Figueroa Alcorta 6442; 011-54-11-4782-1398; rumiba.com.ar. Scannapieco Fantastic ice cream. Cordoba 4826; 011-54-11-4773-1829.

HOTELS The city has its complement of excellent five-star properties, most notably the Alvear Palace Hotel (alvearpalace.com; doubles from $350), the Four Seasons (fourseasons.com; doubles from $495) and the Park Hyatt (buenosaires.park.hyatt.com; doubles from $490). If you're looking for something smaller -- and less expensive -- in a neighborhood setting, consider the funky Boquitas Pintadas (boquitas-pintadas.com.ar; doubles from $60), the elegant La Cayetana (lacayetanahotel.com.ar; doubles from $120) or the slightly more modern 1890 Hotel Boutique (1890hotel.com.ar; doubles from $75), all in Monserrat, or the homey Raco de Buenos Aires (racodebuenosaires.com.ar; doubles from $100).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: LIVING TRADITION: Clockwise from top left: a cafecito at the classic bodegon Cafe Margot, in the Boedo district

a Cafe Margot dining room

the prep cook Llanos Richard in the kitchen at the bodegon Miramar

Miramar's dining area

a spread at Margot

Carmen Romero, the owner's mother, at Miramar

outside Miramar

the local food critic Pietro Sorba at Miramar

outside Cafe Margot. (pg.M2 94)

OLD-SCHOOL NEW: Clockwise from top left: the boxer Javier Turnes at the bodegon El Obrero, in La Boca

the wine list and paraphernalia at El Obrero

treats at the heladaria Scannapieco

El Cuartito, a 1930s pizzeria

sports memorabilia at El Cuartito

El Cuartito's pizza and empanadas.

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRUJILLO PAUMIER) (pg.M2 96)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 2009

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[***The Dawn Raids Of the Park Racers;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S5P-2Y30-007F-G4H7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Cyclists Are Hitting a Finish Line Before Most of Us Hit the Floor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S5P-2Y30-007F-G4H7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 7, 1998, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1508 words

**Byline:** By DAVID W. CHEN

By DAVID W. CHEN

**Body**

It was 5 A.M. last Sunday in Central Park, and it was dark, lonely and eerily silent. There were no joggers. No Rollerbladers. No dog walkers. Not a soul.

Suddenly, two bicyclists emerged from this inky canvas, slinking into a dirt parking lot off East Drive near 79th Street. Soon, another bicyclist approached. Then two more. And then some more, until, at 6 A.M., 300 bicyclists had descended upon the area, the gentle whir of their tires mimicking a chorus of cicadas.

It was that time of the year: the first race of the competitive bicycling season.

For years, these races have been held in Central Park through snow, rain and biting cold, quietly drawing more and more would-be Greg LeMonds each year from places farther and farther away. And yet, the race itself is a slice of life that few of the city's 7,380,906 residents have heard of, much less sampled. Even some people at the Parks Department who were asked about the races were not aware of them.

There is an almost naughty sensation to the spectacle. The whole process -- arriving in darkness, waiting for daylight to begin the races, then scurrying to leave the park before the permit from the Parks Department expires at 8 A.M. -- is consummated before most New Yorkers are even out of bed.

There is something fascinating, too, about people who would immerse themselves in a no-pain, no-gain subculture in which sacrifice is a commandment and obsession is an understatement.

"It's like a calling, almost like the lemmings," said Ron Kahn, 46, of Mamaroneck, N.Y., a 15-year racing veteran. "You get sucked in and you go."

Explaining why, though, is a little harder.

It certainly isn't the money: first place gets the winner up to $76; 10th place, $33. Maybe it is the satisfaction of all-out effort; maybe it is the allure of athletic camaraderie. Or something else.

"When you're on your bike, you're Zen-ed out and in another world," explained Kenny Sloan, 47, of Fort Lee, N.J. "Once you get bitten by the bug, you'll do anything, get up anytime, go anywhere. I tell people, tongue in cheek, that it's an incurable, terminal disease."

The next race is tomorrow, same time, same place. By the time the last one ends on April 26 in Prospect Park, the competition, called the Spring Series, is expected to have attracted 2,500 participants, making it the largest amateur bicycle race in the Northeast, said Kip Mikler, a spokesman for the United States Cycling Federation in Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Spring Series has been around since 1967, founded by a veteran bicyclist, Pete Senia, now in his 70's, who still volunteers at the races. It has swelled over the years from an average of 150 bicyclists each Sunday 10 years ago to more than 300 now, said Anthony Van Dunk, the race's organizer. It has changed in character, too, with older, ***working-class*** men now being joined by younger professionals.

Robert Loewengart, 30, a futures trader in Manhattan, took up the sport three years ago. He has since shed 60 pounds, eased up on mayonnaise and butter, and amended his grocery list to include more vegetables, fish and healthful foods.

"It clears your mind and it's a stress reliever," said Mr. Loewengart, of Harrison, N.Y., who woke at 4 A.M. to make Sunday's race.

The race is held at dawn because the Parks Department, mindful of safety, doesn't want the road to be cluttered with a pack of speeding two-wheelers. And while the permit for the early-morning race is only $25 per park per year, race organizers usually make an annual thank-you donation to the Parks Department, Mr. Van Dunk said.

Rarely is a race canceled because of the elements. Two years ago there was a close call in Central Park following a snowfall. But Mr. Van Dunk and his brother showed up at 3 A.M. and shoveled a stretch where the snow was heaviest, just in time for the 6:30 A.M. start.

This has not been a snowy winter, so bicyclists have been able to ride 100, 200, even 300 miles a week. Still, they seem twitchy up to the last minute. Just ask the bicycle shops that typically field frantic phone calls from bicyclists on Saturday night.

"People are like, 'I need a wheel. I need some lube. I need a Campagnolo seat-post binder bolt,' " said Stelios Tapinakis, a co-owner of Rock and Road, a bicycle shop in Park Slope, Brooklyn. "It's ridiculous because it's kind of like Christmas Eve shopping."

The Spring Series is not the only race around. On Saturday mornings, the Century Road Club Association, a Manhattan organization, holds races for its members; the first this year is scheduled for March 21 in Central Park. There are regional races as well, including a major race in Somerville, N.J., on Memorial Day weekend.

But there is something special about New York City, bicyclists say. Perhaps it is the illusion of ruling the city's biggest playground for a few hours.

Or perhaps it is the serendipitous pleasure of seeing the cusp between the city's night life and its day life. One bicyclist, Rob Neal, a 30-year-old investment banker who works in midtown Manhattan, says he often rides past people spilling out of bars, woozy, at 4 or 5 A.M. He has also glided past pre-dawn photo shoots of naked people posing on the Brooklyn Bridge.

At 5 A.M. last Sunday, Mr. Van Dunk, fully clothed, and a few other bleary-eyed volunteers diligently set up registration tables and dropped orange cones around the six-mile loop to mark the course.

The bicyclists started to arrive in a rainbow of Lycra.

They came from as far south as Philadelphia and as far north as New Hampshire. There were hugs and greetings; it was a reunion of sorts among the mostly male crowd. Some riders inspected the spokes of their wheels the way tennis players fiddle with the strings on their racquets. Some stretched their legs and paced around the parking lot, their racing shoes tapping the dirt with a clip-clop, clip-clop sound reminiscent of horses.

At about 6:15 A.M., the skies began to lighten to a charcoal gray. The sun was absent, the winds were brisk and the mercury was treading a couple of notches above freezing. About two dozen die-hard fans, mainly friends and family of the bicyclists, milled near the starting line, swaddled in blankets and equipped with thermoses of coffee. Mark and Leah Zamir of Framingham, Mass., woke at 1:30 A.M. to drive down and watch their son, Tal, a senior at the University of Pennsylvania, who made the trip up from Philadelphia with the university's bicycling team.

Around the course, race marshals were stationed every quarter-mile to warn the few joggers and walkers who had started to trickle into the park. One marshal, Harris Lonergan, had trained all winter to ride in the race. But a few weeks earlier, on Friday the 13th of February, he had been hit by a car while training, not far from his home on Staten Island.

"As I was hitting the ground, I was like, 'Oh no! The season! The training! It's all going down the drain!' " said Mr. Lonergan, 27, a self-employed chimney contractor. He suffered a bruised tailbone, from which he is still recovering. But he just had to be there on Sunday, he said, because "it's more than a hobby; it's a total life style."

Because it was the first race of the season, the registration lines were long and filled with bicyclists who had not paid the $19 entry fee (which is $6 more than the advance fee). As a result, the race started late, forcing organizers to abbreviate the four scheduled races, which were divided according to skill: the advanced and intermediate groups raced for four or five laps counterclockwise around the East and West Drives, while the so-called beginners had their four-lap race cut in half.

At 6:50 A.M., they were off.

The staggered races, starting a few minutes apart, went smoothly, except for a few bicycle crashes on some of the tighter turns. Bicyclists were flying at speeds of up to 40 miles per hour, in excess of the posted speed limit of 25 m.p.h. Faces and uniforms were flecked with the, um, equine effluent that had kicked up each time they approached Central Park South.

But for the most part, many said that the effort was well worth it, and that the season was off to a fine start.

"It seemed like the race was fairly hard-paced, and fairly intense," said Kurt Cannon, 28, a graduate student studying cell biology at Yale, and the winner of the intermediate race.

A party scene, though, this was not. People spoke in hushed tones, as if worried about rousting residents from their sleep. No one played any music. And then, almost as suddenly as they arrived, the bicyclists dispersed, some riding a few casual laps around the park, others making a beeline toward home, breakfast and a nap.

By 9 A.M., it seemed as if they had never even been there.

Not far from the parking lot was a pushcart vendor, who gave his name only as Gabrle, opening for business. He did not know that there had been 300 presumably hungry and thirsty bicyclists standing in the same neighborhood only a few hours earlier. But he was not moved.

"Six in the morning? Six in the morning?" he said, furrowing his brow. "I'm still sleeping!"

**Graphic**

Photos: SETTING A COURSE -- At 5:30 A.M., John Van Dunk drives around Central Park, dropping cones to mark the six-mile loop. KEEPING THE PACE -- After sunrise, contestants in a Spring Series race zip around the park at speeds of up to 40 miles per hour. WATCHING THE FINISH -- Race organizers and participants review results on a camcorder. (Photographs by William Lopez for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Racers line up to register before a Spring Series race last Sunday in Central Park. Over the contest's three-decade history, the turnout has grown to 300 cyclists, from 150. Whatever the weather, the event goes on. (William Lopez for The New York Times)(pg. B4)

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[***Gentlemen in the Trenches***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0N40-008G-F50J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 15, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1579 words

**Byline:** By Jim Shepard;

Jim Shepard's most recent novel is "Kiss of the Wolf."

By Jim Shepard;   Jim Shepard's most recent novel is "Kiss of the Wolf."

**Body**

THE EYE IN THE DOOR

By Pat Barker.

280 pp. New York:

A William Abrahams Book/Dutton. $20.95.

WRITING about history raises the stakes for the novelist. It's one thing to come up short and render one's own poor life and times as devoid of interest or complexity, but to do the same to the lives of Pablo Picasso or Mary, Queen of Scots, seems like a greater offense. And if the notion of a work of fiction based on history creates in the reader a little extra trepidation and hope, so does the notion of a sequel to a successful historical novel. It's tantalizing to imagine Ishmael in action again, but it's also unnerving.

"The Eye in the Door" is Pat Barker's sequel to "Regeneration," her widely hailed 1992 novel about the work of the psychiatrist William Rivers with young British soldiers traumatized by their experiences in World War I, and particularly with the poet Siegfried Sassoon. In this new book, Ms. Barker continues the story of Dr. Rivers's efforts. The central patient this time around is Billy Prior, a lieutenant tormented by fugue states, blank spots in his memory during which he seems to operate outside his own control. But Prior's essential condition, exacerbated by war, is to be always between worlds: he is "neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring," wearing down under the stress of swinging between pacifism and patriotism, the lower and upper classes, hetero- and homosexuality, madness and sanity, while never feeling he belongs on one side or the other.

Prior's sexual confusion allows Ms. Barker to dramatize a moment of mass hysteria recorded at a crisis point toward the end of the war: a McCarthy-like witch hunt for those "of the homogenic persuasion," who formed part of what was seen as a dangerous and "unholy alliance of socialists, sodomites and shop stewards." The resulting climate of fear provides the book with its paranoiac title.

"The Eye in the Door" succeeds as both historical fiction and as sequel. Its research and speculation combine to produce a kind of educated imagination that is persuasive and illuminating about this particular place and time. We learn, for example, that when you fly in an open cockpit and snap your goggles into place, the splendor contracts "to a muddy pond." We also learn what it's like to walk by a bombed-out house: "As they approached the gap, the pavement became gritty beneath their feet, pallid with the white dust that flowed so copiously from stricken houses and never seemed to clear, no matter how carefully the ruin was fenced off." Such well-deployed detail often quietly underlines the thematic situation, as in the case of another patient of Rivers's, who, leading a double life sexually, notices in the damage to bombed houses "the looped and trellised bedroom wallpaper that once only the family and its servants would have seen, exposed now to wind and rain and the gaze of casual passers-by."

The novel's greatest success, however, has to do with the insight it provides into its central doctor-patient relationships, insight that builds on that of the first novel. Here, Ms. Barker memorably renders the pride and fierce shame, bewilderment, humiliation, fear and icy self-disgust of those young men who, raised to venerate a concept of honor based on self-control, nevertheless broke down under the lunatic horror of trench warfare. She has a nicely understated sense of the apt detail that conveys their vulnerability and need, even as their self-esteem demands that they resolutely deny both. (At one point, a temporarily frustrated Rivers compares Prior to "a toddler clinging to his father's sleeve in order to be able to deliver a harder kick on his shins.")

With a large portion of the book devoted to Prior's story, Rivers doesn't so completely dominate the narrative this time around, but he remains central even when offstage. It's not exaggerating to say that he comes across as a genuine hero. The quality of his doctoring is inspiring, mostly because of the quality of his perception and the persistence of his compassion. Perhaps what's most appealing about Rivers's method is his absolutely scrupulous respect for his patients' intelligence and dignity. As he says of another doctor, it was his "particular gift . . . to involve his patients in the study of their own condition." For Rivers, the doctor-patient relationship becomes a "probing, manipulating, speculating, provoking, teasing" between two equals, a developing friendship and trust, a mutual interrogation of perceptions and intimate ideas.

Years earlier, Rivers and a neurologist friend had severed and sutured a nerve in the neurologist's forearm, then traced its process of regeneration. The first stage, which they termed the "protopathic," involved "a high threshold of sensation" difficult to localize; blindfolded, the neurologist had been unable to find the stimulus causing him such severe pain. In the second phase, the "epicritic," he could perceive more graduated responses and could locate the stimulus precisely and "keep the animal within leashed." The analogy between the process of nerve regeneration and the restoration of war-wrecked psyches is made explicit: "Inevitably, as time went on, both words had acquired broader meanings, so that 'epicritic' came to stand for everything rational, ordered, cerebral, objective, while 'protopathic' referred to the emotional, the sensual, the chaotic, the primitive." This analogy allows the book to reassert its claim that the trauma of war exacerbates, rather than creates, such internal divisions.

Rivers is nearly equally divided against himself; he restores his patients so they may go back to the war that nearly destroyed them in the first place. His fear is that his real role is not as a healer but a silencer of these men; he suspects that their symptoms -- their nightmares and memory lapses, their inability to speak or move -- are unwitting protests of conscience and animal instinct.

Rivers's doubts do not ultimately prevent him from doing his job superbly. His patients' faces, gestures, words and dreams offer up clues, then answers, to their problems. The novel seems to display a boundless faith in the transparent interpretability of dreams: they are used repeatedly to reveal and flesh out emotional states, and their dissection is nearly always presented as comprehensive and utterly reliable.

While conceding the amount of essentially oblique and ambiguous material present in any case, Rivers continues to pursue each with Sherlock Holmes's calm faith in the power of rationality to disperse the fog, a faith that is in nearly every instance rewarded. Even those matters that seem to defeat him, if only momentarily, are not allowed to stand. "He couldn't for the life of him think what was producing this flood of nostalgia," we're told at one point. Then in swoops the next sentence: "Perhaps it was his own experience of duality that formed the link, for certainly in the years before the war he had experienced a splitting of personality as profound as any suffered by Siegfried."

The natural world is also at times a little too willing to pitch in to clear up ambiguities. Immediately after one character is threatened with the exposure of his sexuality, he notes that "there was a curious tension about this yellow light, as if there might be thunder in the offing." Thinking of an interlude with a girlfriend, Prior recalls: "All day he had been wanting to touch her and had not dared do it. The sun lingered, tense and swollen, then spilled itself onto the water." Hmm. Maybe he did touch her. Sometimes the thematic underlining is not so quiet: as a boy, we are told, Prior watched cattle being driven to the slaughterhouse; as a man, staring at a statue of Achilles, he thought, "not for the first time, that he was looking at the representation of an ideal that no longer had validity."

Occasionally the novel's pedagogic impulse, usually smoothly subterranean, surfaces. At times, characters too clearly display mass attitudes, as if standing in for forces at work within British society: "Typical, Prior thought. However determined his father might be to raise the status of the ***working class*** as a whole, he was still more determined to maintain distinctions within it." Historical personages are sometimes deployed as celebrity walk-ons: "The shape of a head caught his attention. Charles Manning, waiting for the lift, and with him -- good God -- Winston Churchill and Edward Marsh." Good God, indeed.

The characters' tendency toward self-dramatization is at times hard to separate from the novel's. Here is Prior, for example, musing about his experiences in the war and sounding, in his portentousness, like a British Rod Serling: "Beyond that . . . the German lines. Full of men like himself. Men who ate, slept . . . blew on their fingers to ease the pain of cold, moved the candle closer, strained their eyes to read again letters they already had by heart."

Ultimately, though, "The Eye in the Door" is an impressive work, illuminating with compassion and insight the toll the war exacted from Britain's combatants and their world. The same society that sent its boys walking in rows into massed machine-gun fire was also, after air raids, sounding "the all-clear by driving boy scouts with bugles round the streets in taxis." Perhaps the book's greatest achievement is the lucid sense it provides of that maddening and heartbreaking species of absurdity one character calls "a certain kind of Englishness."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** May 15, 1994

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[***Court-Ordered Windfall Sends Schools on a Shopping Spree***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SBD-6380-007F-G328-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 29, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1400 words

**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Dateline:** PERTH AMBOY, N.J., March 23

**Body**

For the last few months, every day has been like Christmas in Perth Amboy's nine public schools.

Florence Kostyc, whose third-grade class at E. J. Patten Elementary School has 34 students, has the help of an aide for the first time in her 20-year career. Stephanie Vinajero, a fifth grader, now has a green laptop computer that she can take home every night. And at the William C. McGinnis School, teachers are being paid extra to conduct intensive reading classes, after the regular school day ends, for seventh and eighth graders who need extra help.

The Perth Amboy school district has been on a spending spree since last May, when the New Jersey Supreme Court ordered the state to provide enough money for the state's poorest districts to bring their spending up to par with the wealthiest districts. To satisfy the court's ruling in the case, Abbott v. Burke, the state provided $216 million for the 26 poorest districts for this school year.

For Perth Amboy, a depressed ***working-class*** city on Raritan Bay, where students' test scores are often far below the state average, where many students do not speak English well and the schools are overcrowded, the decision has meant $10.9 million on top of the district's $81 million budget for this school year.

And even as Perth Amboy officials scurry to spend the money according to a tightly monitored plan approved by the state, they are awaiting another decision by the court that could award the same poor districts millions more. The money would be used to pay for all-day preschool for 3- and 4-year-olds, summer programs for students of all ages and health clinics for middle and high schools.

"In a way, I hope we don't get that money," said Jack DeTalvo, the Superintendent of the Perth Amboy schools, "because the wealthier districts already are starting to resent that we have gotten all this extra money."

The May decision marked the most significant opportunity anywhere in the country for wholesale reform of poor urban public schools, experts said. As part of the ruling, the state not only had to provide the extra money, but also had to help the districts determine how to use it effectively to improve student achievement.

"There's not much parallel," said Michael Casserly, executive director of the Council of the Great City Schools in Washington, which represents the 49 largest school systems in the country. "It's not been very often that a large infusion of new money has gone to a school system."

But Mr. Casserly points to the central issue in the New Jersey experience: How long will it take for students in the disadvantaged districts to show marked improvement in academic achievement, and will the state and the taxpayers have the political will to provide the additional aid for as long as it takes?

"I would hope it would be at least long enough to make a difference," Mr. Casserly said. "To me, it's not a 2-to-3-year effort. It's got to be over a longer period of time, closer to 5 to 10 years."

When the court issued its decision in May, Gov. Christine Todd Whitman was clear about her displeasure. "Dollar parity is not the solution to the education issue in the state of New Jersey," she said.

David Sciarra, executive director of the Education Law Center, an advocacy group that brought the lawsuit on behalf of the urban districts almost three decades ago, said the state has been more concerned about preventing misuse of the money than about providing a better education for poor schoolchildren.

"The state is setting these schools up for failure," he said. "The court has said that money is the foundation of a good education, but that more is needed, and that is higher standards. It is precisely the state's responsibility to make certain that the additional funding is used to improve teaching and learning, and they have not done that."

Education experts working for the law center say the state has not helped the districts duplicate the "richer and deeper, hands-on" academic and extracurricular programs available to children in wealthier suburban districts.

State education officials disagree.

They have set up three field offices in the state and hired more than 80 people to work exclusively with the districts receiving the additional money. Fourteen of the new staff members are auditors who visit the districts sometimes several times a week to make sure they are spending the money exactly as they said they would. "We actually make them tag things with labels that say, 'This property purchased with parity funds' so we can track equipment and supplies," said Mike Azzara, assistant commissioner for finance.

About half the new staff members are helping with curriculum and other learning issues.

The added money is transforming schools in each of the affected districts. In Perth Amboy, children scramble over a colorful new playground at the Patten Elementary School. The district has signed a contract to buy property in the southwest part of town for a new elementary school to alleviate overcrowding; the district, which now has an enrollment of 7,750, has been growing by about 200 students a year, many of them immigrants from Latin America. Unopened boxes of new computer equipment fill many corners of the district's buildings. Every school now has its own security guard, thanks to the court order.

But along with the excitement of third graders logging on to the Internet, teachers, administrators and students are also talking about what will spur better learning. There is more money for teacher training. The district has bought new books for each classroom so they will be more readily available to students. Many of the teachers in the elementary schools got 500 new titles for their classrooms.

Because attendance has been a problem -- one school had as many as 180 absences in one day, officials told the state in their report -- some of the Abbott money will be used to hire four new attendance officers who will visit absent children at home. The money is also paying for two new vice principals, one for the high school and one for the McGinnis school, who will be in charge of curriculum and instruction.

"Equipment doesn't do it by itself," said McGinnis's new vice principal, Alfred Cresci. "It's the staff. It's a well-thought-out curriculum. It's all of that, along with equipment."

Since he was hired in December, Mr. Cresci said he has made about 70 visits to observe teachers. He has visited some teachers more than once. When a teacher is not being effective, he said, he tries to help by recommending new methods and approaches.

Every day, even as students and teachers see still more new equipment and books and computers, there is excitement in the air.

In January, McGinnis held a pep rally to spur on eighth graders who were about to take the state-mandated Early Warning Test. The school adopted the 1970's hit song "Ain't No Stopping Us Now" as its theme, and it could be heard blaring from the public address system at various times during the day. Teachers and students wore T-shirts and buttons with the song's title. The results of the test will not be known for several months.

"It was our way of telling the kids, 'We care about you. We want you to do well,' " Mr. Cresci said.

Even though the Education Law Center officials say they believe that the state is not giving districts enough guidance to improve students' performance, teachers at the Perth Amboy schools say they can already see that the money is making a difference.

Mary McAdam, a science teacher at McGinnis, said the new money has infused the whole school with a better spirit. "You can really get excited about all this kind of stuff, when you have people saying, 'We can do this for you. We can do it the right way.' It says to teachers, 'We value your time and your energy.' The morale in the building because of that has been just tremendous. The whole faculty is working better together, and that affects the kids."

Teachers say the attention, all at once, to the various dimensions of a child's ability to learn -- the after-school reading programs, the extra teachers' aides, more microscopes so that each child can spend more time studying a cell -- has helped all teachers in every subject area.

"What a difference it makes when kids can come in and they can read and understand what you are talking about," Ms. McAdam said. "The test scores may not be perfect this year, but they will be eventually."

**Graphic**

Photo: Beverly Sarpa, a fifth-grade teacher at E. J. Patten Elementary School in Perth Amboy, with some of her students and the computers the district has bought with the extra money it received through a court ruling. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. 39)

Chart: "How much Perth Amboy school district can spend . . .

1997-98 school budget before aid award: $81 million

Additional aid: $10.9 million

TOTAL 1997-98 SCHOOL BUDGET: $91.9 million

". . . and how it plans to spend the additional $10.9 million.\*"

RENOVATIONS

Construction of more classrooms. $3.1 million

TECHNOLOGY

Computers and computer labs; technology specialists. $3.0 million

PERSONNEL

Additional teachers, security staff, reading and professional development staff. $3.3 million

SUPPLIES

Textbooks, instructional equipment and other materials. $1.6 million

\*Amounts may not add up to total because of rounding.

(Source: NJ Dept. of Education)(pg. 33)

Table: "KEEPING TRACK: More Money to Spend"

Last May, the New Jersey Supreme Court awarded 26 of the state's poorest school districts, called the Abbott districts, a total of $216 million in additional aid to improve student performance. Here is how the money, a fraction of the total state and local spending of 12.5 billion on education, was distributed.

Abbott Districts distribution of $216 million

Asbury Park -- $2.8

Bridgeton -- $4.8

Burlington City -- $1.3

Camden -- $20.0

City of Orange -- $7.3

East Orange -- $9.3

Elizabeth -- $19.0

Garfield -- $4.6

Gloucester City -- $2.2

Harrison -- $0.9

Hoboken -- +

Irvington -- $2.4

Jersey City -- $26.7

Keansburg -- $0.4

Long Branch -- $0.8

Millville -- $4.4

Newark -- $19.0

New Brunswick -- +

Passaic -- $8.0

Patterson -- $27.3

Pemberton -- $5.0

Phillipsburg -- $2.6

Pleasantville -- $3.8

Perth Amboy -- $10.9

Trenton -- $9.7

Union City -- $7.8

Vineland -- $9.3

West New York -- $5.4

+Not eligible because spending above other, wealthier districts.

(Source: NJ Dept. of Education)(pg. 39)

**Load-Date:** March 29, 1998

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[***CONNECTICUT OPINION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-43X0-0014-53PB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Celebrating the Bland but Influential People of Connecticut***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-43X0-0014-53PB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1416 words

**Byline:** By Christopher Hoffman; Christopher Hofman lives in Middlefield.

**Body**

BEING from Connecticut is like being from Canada: nobody cares. The very idea of the place leaves people disoriented. Perhaps no other state in the Union is as colorless. Say Maine, and people think of lobsters and fishermen in long yellow slickers. Say California, and they think of giant redwoods and Hollywood. Say New Jersey, they think of toxic waste and eight-lane turnpikes. Say Connecticut, and people think . . . insurance?

On my last trip overseas, I offered to buy the Australians and Europeans I met a beer if they could tell me exactly where Connecticut is in the United States. In five months of travel, I never had to buy a single can or bottle of beer. Even Americans are confounded by Connecticut. When you admit to being from Connecticut, people's faces go blank, and you can see them furiously rushing through the files in their minds trying to come up with something to say about the state.Texas (Boy, it's hot down there, huh?), Florida (Ever seen an alligator up close?), or even Iowa (Man, there's nothing out there!) are all easy. But Connecticut? Finally it hits them, the one thing about Connecticut that they know for certain:

''Everybody's rich back there, aren't they.''

In a democratic society like the United States, one does not like to be connected with anything that smacks even vaguely of inherited wealth or privilege. I immediately explain to people that most of that wealth is concentrated in the ''panhandle'' (Texas, Oklahoma, and Idaho all have panhandles. Why not Connecticut?), and that the rest of the state is filled with regular-guy, ***working-class*** towns. I usually get the feeling that they don't believe me.

Perhaps that explains why George Bush is keeping the Connecticut part of his background nearly as big a secret as his role in the Iran-Contra scandal. When Mr. Bush was nominated for President last month, he became the first Connecticut native ever to be nominated for President by a major party. Yet, Mr. Bush rarely if ever mentions his deep roots in the state. Mr. Bush grew up in Greenwich and went to Yale. His father served Connecticut as a United States Senator from 1953 to 1963. It certainly appears that the Bush campaign is purposely playing down the Vice President's Connecticut connection. In his book ''Looking Forward,'' Mr. Bush spends only a few lines describing his childhood home in Greenwich. He goes on for pages about the family retreat in Kennebunkport, Me. He has whole chapters on his experiences in Texas.

Perhaps the Vice President is concerned that Connecticut can only add to his ''wimp'' image. Better to masquerade as a ''good old boy'' Texan in a 10-gallon hat or a taciturn Mainer, complete with picturesque seaside estate and boat. Besides, Texas has 29 electoral votes. Connecticut has just eight. Nobody cares about those Yankees anyway. So what is George Bush ashamed of? What exactly are the people of Connecticut really like? They are solid, calculating, sober and, above all, practical. Extremes are very much frowned upon in the Nutmeg State. Nothing about us, after all, is extreme. The land is pretty, but nothing to knock your socks off. The winters are cold, but not too cold. The summers are hot, but not too hot. We have no floods, no earthquakes, no tornados, no truly dangerous snakes; only the occasional spent hurricane. About the only natural danger in the state is a three-leaved plant called poison ivy. It grows everywhere, especially in forested or brush-covered areas. If you touch it, it gives you a nasty, itchy rash that goes away in three weeks. A fool in Connecticut is a man who clears brush in his backyard while not wearing any gloves. Most of all, though, Nutmeggers are tinkers, inventors and suppliers. We do not make history. We provide other people with whatever they need to make history. During the Revolution, Connecticut provided the Continental Army with so much material that George Washington nicknamed the state the Provisions State.

Charles Goodyear vulcanized rubber for the first time in Shelton in 1939, thereby making the future industrial use of rubber possible. Samuel Colt invented the Colt Peacemaker, gun that won the West, in Hartford. Igor Sikorsky, one of the fathers of the modern helicopter, set up his plant in Stratford.

By far the most famous of the Yankee inventors is Eli Whitney. Whitney put the first assembly line into production making muskets in Hamden in 1798. He also invented the cotton gin, thereby extending the life of slavery another 60 years. Nobody's perfect.

Politically, Connecticut Yankees are not leaders. But that does not necessarily mean that they are followers. Men burning with righteous passion from New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia wrote the Constitution, but it was the delegation from Connecticut that saved it.

The convention was deadlocked over how the individual states would be represented in the legislative branch of the Federal Government. The big states wanted representation based on population while the small states wanted each state to have an equal number of representatives regardless of size. The dispute threatened to break up the convention.

In stepped Roger Sherman and the Connecticut delegation. Level-headed, sober and practical, they proposed a compromise that would create a bicameral legislature in which each state would have two members regardless of size in one house and representation would be based on population in the other. The idea became known as the Connecticut Compromise. It carried the day and saved the Constitutional Convention. It is for that reason that Connecticut is known as the Constitution State (which is emblazoned on our license plates. Much better, I think, than Ohio's ''Fasten your seatbelts.''

This type of thinking continues to dominate Connecticut politics and government. Connecticut is often cited as one of the ''bellwether'' states of the union, but this is a little deceiving. True, Connecticut is decidedly more liberal than most other states, but it actually practices a very conservative form of liberalism.

We believe in trying new things, but only if they have worked somewhere else first. We would never be ones to experiment wildly because that would not be prudent, and we are above all prudent. We let other states (especially Massachusetts) start things. We watch, and, if it works and we like it, we try it. Right now, I am certain that our political leaders have a critical eye turned toward the state-wide health insurance plan being tried in Massachusetts. If it proves successful, I am sure that we will become ''one of the first in the nation'' to adopt a similar plan.

Many writers have lived in Connecticut, but only one has been a Connecticut Yankee to the core: Wallace Stevens. Stevens moved to Hartford in 1916 after taking a job with an insurance company. From that time until his death, he lived an odd double life, rising to become vice president of the company while composing some of the finest verse of his generation. His poetry was somber and sedate, much like his life, and much like the state in which he lived. He was a far cry from his well-known contemporary, the mighty Hemingway (an Illinois boy) who traveled the world, regularly shed and took on wives, shot big game in Africa and fished for huge marlin off the Florida Keys.

Actually, the two men did meet once under unusual circumstances. While Stevens was vacationing in Key West in 1936 (and far from the level-headed influence of Connecticut), he appeared at Hemingway's house wanting to fight. Stevens was a portly, graying, 56-year-old manat the time. Hemingway was 20 years younger and near the height of his pugilistic powers. ''Papa'' decked Stevens in the first round. Stevens went back to Hartford and continued to produce poetry to ever-increasing acclaim right up to his death at the age of 75. Hemingway drank away his health and his talent, and then blew his brains out with a shotgun when he was 61. Was Stevens a wimp? Maybe. But then again, look at how he ended up (happy, healthy, creative virtually to the end) compared with the macho-man Hemingway (physically and mentally ill, unable to write). Maybe it isn't so bad being a wimp after all.

Still, I cannot help but wonder what kind of a man Hemingway would have been if he had been born in Whethersfield instead of Oak Park. Perhaps Connecticut's calming influence would also have caused him to go into the insurance business. In that case, he might have called his first book ''The Premium Also Rises.''

**Graphic**

Photos of notable former Connecticut residents

**End of Document**



[***In Spain, Enthusiasm for Common Market Cools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4HS0-0014-50Y0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1438 words

**Byline:** By PAUL DELANEY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SANTANDER, Spain

**Body**

Spain's success or failure in the European Economic Community depends, to a large extent, on Natividad Perez Somarilla and Aurelio Lopez Mencia and the other people of Cantabria Province.

It is here, in Spain's conservative and poor northern region, where the effects of the transition to full integration in the community by 1992 have had perhaps their biggest effect. And it is here where opinions about the Common Market are the most negative.

Evidence of the good side of membership abounds in well-stocked stores in cities like Madrid, Barcelona and Seville. Consumers cannot seem to get enough of the cheese and champagne from France, chocolates from the Netherlands, suits and shirts from England, and cashmere from Scotland.

But Spain's entry into the Common Market on Jan. 1, 1986, did not produce the good life around Santander, on the Bay of Biscay, where the economy is fueled by farming and steel. In Reinosa, just south of Santander in this region's dairy country, as in other rural areas and small towns, anxiety over this new experience is running high and the venture so far is regarded with suspicion.

Part-Time Jobs in Factories

Many people in this region own parcels of land too small to produce a decent living. To make ends meet, many of the men supplement the farm work with jobs in the local steel mill.

But this is part of the problem for the Socialist Government. The Franco legacy left a host of subsidies for outmoded plants and industries, such as steel, coal mining and shipbuilding, and a list of benefits for individuals that would make a Socialist proud - if the benefits were affordable. Getting rid of these costly subsidies comes under the heading of restructuring and reconversion.

Prime Minister Felipe Gonzalez is trying to do just that and has suffered politically as a result. For much of the first half of 1987 there were almost daily demonstrations and strikes against austere economic policies that encourage the shrinking of some industries and general belt-tightening. The policies have been both applauded as necessary and effective and criticized as placing too much of a burden on the ***working class***.

Cantabria has also suffered because of a dairy glut that resulted in a Common Market decision to cut production. Farmers said they were advised to try to make up for the shortfall by breeding horses for human consumption and for pet food.

Trying to Ease Transition

''This region used to have a tradition of meat production,'' Mrs. Perez's husband, Jose Luis Gutierrez Rodriguez, said. ''But in the 1950's and 1960's, we began changing to dairy farming because it was more profitable.''

''Then when Spain joined the E.C., we were told there was too much milk,'' he added. ''So we switched over to horse breeding. But now the E.C. has quotas on that.''

To ease the pain of transition, the Common Market has juggled and delayed integration dates for several sectors and some countries. For example, Spain has been given about $300 million to modernize its antiquated infrastructure.

In addition, payments will be made to farmers who ''set aside'' 20 percent of their land for five years, and in an attempt to attract younger farmers to remain on the land, incentives will be given for early retirement since more than 60 percent of Spain's nearly 2 million farmers are over 40 years old. One-sixth of the workforce is in farming.

Decline in Enthusiasm

Still, Spain's initial enthusiasm over becoming a member of the Common Market has declined in recent months. A poll released in early May by the Center for Sociological Research showed Spaniards to be pessimistic about the impact of the Common Market on jobs, farming and fishing as well as on their personal lives, and to believe that entry has not been of much benefit to the country.

With the exception of Catalonia, nearly all of the northern half of the country, which includes Cantabria, expressed more negative attitudes about the Common Market than did the rest of the country.

Those polled also confirmed a general belief by Spaniards that they were not yet able to compete with the rest of the Common Market, and that Spanish products were inferior to and priced higher than those of the other countries.

''I was against entry in the first place,'' Mrs. Perez said.

Mr. Mencia said that ''being in the E.C. has not been good for Spain yet, but I guess in the long run things will be better.''

Feeling of Being Left Behind

The higher quality goods - and the ability to buy them, with the nation's spending spree fueled by a growth rate of around 5 percent - has created a whole new way of life for many millions of Spaniards, particularly those in the cities. But in the Reinosas of Spain, there is a feeling of being left off the economic escalator, of benefiting little from closer ties to the rest of Europe.

Those differences are the striking features of the nation's ambivalent attitudes toward 1992 and after. Membership in the 12-member alliance means the free flow of goods, people, money and services across borders, with going from Spain to France or Portugal little different than going from New York to New Jersey or Pennsylvania.

By 1992, the principle of a United States of Europe will touch every aspect of daily life, including, for example, lawyers practicing wherever they wish, banks doing business any place they choose, and airlines being deregulated. Even sports could be affected: in May, the market questioned whether limiting the number of foreign players on a soccer team might be restrictive and in violation of Common Market rules.

Whether things work out as planned remains to be seen. But what is not in doubt is the impact that gearing up for the stretch has been having on Spain since its entry in 1986.

Ways to Improve Productivity

Spaniards themselves question whether the country is ready for the competition. Extensive interviews, and surveys, show that Spaniards believe items from other countries are superior to those made here. Government officials use every occasion to warn residents that they must alter certain habits, like the daily 2-to-3-hour siesta and the 14 annual national holidays, to improve productivity.

While Spain's urban areas are enjoying most of the benefits so far, agriculture is crucial because of its importance to individual states. The most serious difficulty the Common Market faces in integrating that sector revolves around government subsidies and protection for farmers. Much of the task lies ahead: a large part of agriculture is not yet affected by Common Market policies. In addition, about 70 percent of the market budget goes to agricultural subsidies.

Rafael Milan, deputy director general for international agricultural relations in the Ministry of Agriculture, said that Spain is adjusting its economy to compete, and that therefore clear evaluation could not immediately be made.

''Mediterranean products, such as fruits and vegetables, are doing enormously well,'' he said in an interview in Madrid. ''On the other hand, continental products, such as dairy products and milk, represent a great challenge for the future.''

''It will take a major adjustment in order to compete, as far as quality, with Common Market products,'' he said. ''Reduction in small farm holdings will be necessary.''

Problems in Dairy Industry

Miguel Angel Revilla Ruiz, a member of the Cantabria regional parliament, also spoke of adjustments. In an interview in Santander, he said the Spanish dairy industry was less productive, less cost-effective and of poorer quality than its European competitors.

The average number of cattle per farm in Spain is 10, compared to 75 in England and 30 in the Common Market as a whole, he said. Moreover, he said a farm would have to produce 21,000 gallons of milk annually to break even. But in this region, production averages 7,875 gallons a farm.

''The industry is protected by subsidies and production quotas, which give us time to get our act together by 1992,'' he said. ''Even then, if major changes are not made, all small holdings will go under because they won't be able to compete.''

Yet Mr. Mencia and other farmers of this northern region seem to accept the fact that the Common Market is here to stay, and that life as they knew it is changing rapidly and radically. They may be the last generation of farmers in their families, despite their vows to hold on to farming. Many of their children either attend college or are planning to do so, and many have expressed no desire to become farmers.

''My children's ambitions lie elsewhere, but we'll see,'' Mr. Mencia said. ''If they don't find work after college, they can always work the farm.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Natividad Perez Somarilla on her farm in the province of Cantabria, Spain (NYT/Paul Delaney); Map of Spain

**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-49F0-0014-52NT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Views of Jewishness In Museum Video Show***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-49F0-0014-52NT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JOHN RUSSELL

**Body**

This summer, the Jewish Museum has made its debut in the domain of video art. ''Time and Memory: Video Art and Identity'' is the general title of the show. Visitors to the museum will hear and see live canaries as a counterpoint to antiphonal readings from the diaries of Anne Frank and the confessions of a Chilean torturer. Schubert's early masterpiece ''The Erl King'' is sung and played fortissimo on tape while visitors are given the chance to summon at will a wide range of related images on the screen. This visitor had to miss Bart Friedman's ''Harold's Bar Mitzvah'' (1977), which has been giving great pleasure. (I also missed part of Beryl Korot's ''Dachau 1974'' (1975), which I had seen more than once when it first came out.) But Fred Riedel, the guest curator in charge of the show, rings any number of changes during its somewhat erratic course, and some of them have much to teach us.

The most remarkable achievement was also the least experimental. Where others doctor the image, play tricks with the fast-forward and the pause buttons, work with deliberately grainy images and in general tease and torture us, Pier Marton does nothing of the kind. His ''Say I'm a Jew'' (1985) lasts about 30 minutes and consists of cross-cut interviews with young Jewish men and women who were born in Europe and now live in this country.

Not a moment is wasted, nor a word. The speakers are intelligent, articulate, fearless and often very good-looking. What they think, they say. What they feel is written on their faces. We are in the room with a bunch of people - some of them clearly brilliant, all of them truthful - who decided that there are tricky and disconcerting problems in life as to which passivity is not enough.

One of those problems is, or was, the problem of what to do about being Jewish as a very young person in Europe in the immediate aftermath of World War II. People who were not alive at that time have trouble imagining the extent to which fear and dread were fundamental. What a burden, at that time, was the immediate past! Omnipresent were its echoes. Omnipresent, also, the apprehension that it might repeat itself at any moment.

Mr. Marton's still-young people come straight out with thoughts not often so bravely and so clearly expressed. ''Why did I have to be born Jewish?'' is one of them. ''Can I ever pass unnoticed?'' is another. ''Why are we so damnably different?'' is a third. We know why these questions had to surface. Not to be in a state of emotional disarray at that time would have been a mark of some kind of moral paralysis. And, as Mr. Marton says in his notes on the film, ''When opening wounds, the first thought or fear is that of infection.''

It is the wonder of Mr. Marton's film that his young people heal their wounds almost before our eyes. They end not as victims, but as exemplary human beings. And we leave convinced that - to quote again from Mr. Marton - ''nothing short of complete healing is required of all of us.'' This, if ever, is a film that justifies the title of the show - ''Video Art and Identity.'' Individual identity, individual healing, individual transcendence are his subjects. It deserves a much wider audience.

The two videotapes made by Barbara Rosenthal - ''Women in the Camps'' (1976-86) and ''Leah Gluck: Victims of the Twins Experiments'' (1986) - relate to ''Say I'm a Jew'' in so far as they, too, represent an attempt to come to terms with unbearable realities that were experienced at one remove - a long one - from their original source.

Ms. Rosenthal (born in New York in 1948) describes how her father left the Bronx in order to be able to say quite flatly, ''I'm an American,'' when asked what his heritage might be. A ***working-class*** Long Island neighborhood in which Jews were rarely seen seemed promising, but Ms. Rosenthal soon found that the local priest had warned the other children not to play with her. (What did he tell them? That she had personally killed Jesus Christ and had horns?) Learning about the Holocaust, she could not believe that it was over. ''Dozens of times every day when I encounter an imperfection in Reality, I remember how unspeakably worse things could be, and have been, and at this very moment are, in the lives of others.''

After years in which she was ''excluded from an American identity, yet not secure in a Jewish identity either,'' she decided to take her video camera and ask some people who had survived the camps to tell her what it had been like. The films that resulted have no quality whatever as ''art,'' but in their quiet, painstaking, unemphatic way they tell us terrible truths.

The wild card in this pack is the film made by Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, called ''Allan 'n' Allen's Complaint'' (1982). This is basically a movie about Allen Ginsburg, the poet, and Allan Kaprow, the pioneer of the happening, with particular emphasis on their relationships with their fathers.

Nam June Paik is never dull. Allan and Allen are themselves. There is a cameo appearance by the French art critic Pierre Restany that is very droll. The father-son theme is an amusing variant on the mother-son theme of Jewish legend. The film rambles and divagates, but as a historical curiosity it is well worth sitting through.

Thus far, we are mostly looking at a single television screen, in a very comfortable chair. Time ticks by. The forms of our attention are much as they are when we load up the video-cassette recorder and press the button. What do we gain, and what do we lose, when we walk into a room that offers us a complete three-dimensional experience, furnished, packaged and sealed off from even the room next door?

We gain, in terms of theater. The experience envelops us, and we can't get away. Sometimes we are partly or seemingly in control of it, as when the ''Erl King'' story is illustrated or commented upon in many different ways. Sometimes the experience deliberately overlaps with itself, as in Juan Downey's ''About Cages'' (1987), in which the live caged canary overlaps with the caged canary on the television screen and the voices answer, each to the other: the one about Chile and the other about German-occupied Amsterdam.

In this context, Beryl Korot's ''Dachau 1974'' is neither one thing nor the other. It has four screens, and keeps us jumping from one to another, but it has no extraneous enticements. We look. We don't need to listen. Repetition subdues us.

''Dachau 1974'' ranks by now among the incunabula of movies related to the Holocaust. It was one of the earliest of the films that culminated in the great and somber masterpiece of Claude Lanzmann, ''Shoah.'' These are films in which horror is there by implication only and may be all the more haunting for that reason.

Ms. Korot goes about her work in a wordless, unhurrying way. With four screens side by side, she monitors the road outside the wall of the camp at Dachau, the empty scene inside it, the stunned perambulations of the visitors and from time to time a terrible relic of what had once been there and in full operation. This is a film that burns on a long slow fuse, but there is no mistaking the dignity of its stance at a time when it was customary to spell out the hideous facts.

''The Erl King'' and ''About Cages'' work upon us in quite a different way - teasing, provoking, asking riddles, suggesting connections of the kind that we normally make in psychotherapy, if at all. Of the two, ''The Erl King'' is the more ambitious, but also the more diffuse. We are entitled to think that Schubert is made to work as if on a treadmill - no one should be asked to hear that stupendous song over and over again - while Grahame Weinbren and Roberta Friedman, the authors of the film, invite us to take part in a lucky dip in which Goethe, Freud and the Talmud hand out the prizes.

''About Cages'' is visually an ordered and rather distinguished statement, with live birds to add animation. The antiphonal sound has honorable intentions, but does not so much win our sympathy as pre-empt it. So this is a show to move around in, and from time to time to duck out of, but in any case a show to see.

''Time and Memory: Video Art and Identity'' remains at the Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Avenue at 92d Street, through Sept. 1.

**Graphic**

Photo of a clip from ''Leah Gluck: Victim of the Twins Experiments''

**End of Document**



[***Seaside Resort Is Accused of Housing Bias***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0V70-008G-F542-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JON NORDHEIMER,

By JON NORDHEIMER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WILDWOOD, N.J., April 21

**Body**

With city building inspectors on her doorstep, Nancy Carrasco made up her mind.

No, she told them, she would not budge.

They had informed her landlord that the two-bedroom apartment Mrs. Carrasco shared with her two children was out of compliance with the new occupancy code in this southern Jersey seaside resort. Her apartment was now considered too small to meet the new standard, she was told. For the "health and safety" of her children, she was being evicted.

Uh-uh, Mrs. Carrasco told them, setting her jaw. "You'll need a bulldozer to get me out of here," she said. "I know my rights."

That scene took place two years ago, she said, and Mrs. Carrasco is still sitting tight. Earlier this month a Federal district judge in Camden issued a temporary restraining order that prevents the city of Wildwood, just north of Cape May, from enforcing changes that effectively restricted occupancy to one person per bedroom, a requirement far above the square footage required in just about any other municipality in the nation.

Selective Enforcement

Lawyers from the United States Justice Department had argued that the city approved the changes in 1990 in a calculated attempt to drive out low-income families receiving rent subsidies. Most of the activity, they said, was directed at Hispanic residents, chiefly Puerto Ricans, who had been moving into Wildwood in increasing numbers over the last decade, and was in blatant violation of the Federal Fair Housing Act.

Federal Judge Joseph E. Irenas appeared to agree. "Somebody looking at this file," he said in reference to the Justice Department complaint outlining allegations about selective enforcement of the occupancy code, "would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to see what is going on."

City officials refused to comment on the lawsuit but said there was never any intention to discriminate against any group.

"My concern is the safety and well-being of people in this town whether they are white or black, rich or poor," said Mayor Edmund J. Grant. He said professional consultants proposed the code revisions as a way to upgrade existing housing and move Wildwood into a more prosperous future.

Still, Wildwood officials quickly agreed not to challenge the restraining order and told Federal officials the occupancy code revisions would not be enforced until the litigation was ended. Frank L. Corrado, a lawyer representing Wildwood, said it was undecided whether the city would ask for a trial on the matter. The Federal lawsuit, he noted, demanded damages on behalf of tenants who claimed to be injured by enforcement of the revised standards.

Paul Hancock, chief of the Justice Department's housing and civil rights enforcement branch, said in a telephone interview that formal complaints like those against Wildwood were unusual.

But another blue-collar summer resort in New Jersey, Seaside Heights, is being accused of amending the local housing code to drive poor families with children out of the borough.

"Seaside Heights has tried something sightly more clever than Wildwood," said Lindsay Lutz, staff lawyer for Ocean-Monmouth Legal Services, who said he was preparing to file a lawsuit against the borough in State Superior Court on behalf of two people facing eviction who assert that the new housing regulations are selectively aimed at low-income residents.

The amendments to the code, he said, came "after three years of public griping that the borough had become a dumping ground for welfare recipients." He added: "The trouble was the amended code was only enforced between Sept. 15 and May 15. It was all right if 15 drunken kids occupied an apartment in the summer but not if a mother with two kids on welfare lived there in the winter."

Mayor Ken Hershey said he had not been informed of the suit and rejected allegations that housing enforcement had been aimed at any group. "I want the housing enforcer to hit every house in town, rental or residential, and make sure everyone is in compliance with safety and health regulations," he said. "We are also working to stop summer mob scenes when 12 kids rent a house and create disturbances."

The two oceanfront resorts, about 90 miles apart, have many similarities. Both have honky-tonk pasts, drawing large summer crowds of ***working-class*** families and notable throngs of young, at times rowdy, adults, to expansive beaches and boardwalks crammed with rides, arcades and late-night bars. Historically, Seaside Heights has attracted vacationers from North Jersey and Trenton, while Wildwood pulled heavily from Philadelphia and steel and mining towns in Pennsylvania.

The heyday for both resorts was in the 1960's, when families still took a cottage at the shore for a month or a whole summer. New competition, working mothers and more second-home investment radically shifted vacation and travel patterns. And there was little interest in building expensive homes in gritty boardwalk towns where 100,000 young people thronged on weekends and fights spilled out of bars at closing times.

In Wildwood, which runs 1.5 miles along a barrier island shared with North Wildwood and Wildwood Crest, existing housing faded and decayed. Property owners converted structures for winter use and welcomed families that received rent subsidies to fill units that for nine months of the year had no other takers.

Landlords made profits, but other homeowners saw property taxes rise as children from those families streamed into local schools just as the recession was forcing failed businesses off tax rolls. They demanded local politicians do something about it.

Wildwood had a population of 4,484 in 1990. Of this number, 77 percent were white, mainly of Italian-American background, and 19 percent were black. The number of Hispanic residents was small, 312, but the figure had doubled since the 1980 census.

Puerto Rican men who arrived in Wildwood to fill menial summer jobs sent for their families after Labor Day, when many went on unemployment or other assistance, residents said. In a place where fewer than one-third of all households have children, 9 of 10 Hispanic households had children.

In 1991 the city adopted a revised property maintenance code that set the minimum floor space for a family of three at 550 square feet, 200 square feet more than the state minimum for multifamily housing and nearly 150 square feet higher than its previous standard, which followed a model code used by many state and local governments. A fourth resident would require an additional 250 square feet under the revised regulation.

At a noisy meeting later that year of Cape May County freeholders, angry residents from Wildwood complained that the resort was becoming a "welfare town" filled with families receiving assistance whose presence was costing the local school district $1.5 million. The freeholders answered that they could do little because national policies mandated the social-welfare system.

'Dumping Ground' for Needy

Three days later, on Sept. 27, 1991, Wildwood's Mayor, Edmund J. Grant, complained in a letter to state officials that the city was being turned into "a dumping ground for the needy."

County and state social-assistance agencies, the Mayor said, were permitting their "clients to reside in unsafe substandard structures." He proposed using city code enforcement to relieve the situation.

Five months later building inspectors arrived at Mrs. Carrasco's address.

Her second-floor apartment is reached by a creaky rear staircase in a four-story frame building that has three other apartment units and, on the top floor, unheated summer efficiencies. She has occupied it for seven years, paying $500 a month in rent for 455 square feet of living space. Before 1989, when she and her husband separated, the family of four lived there without complaint, she said.

'Couldn't Believe It'

When building inspectors came, she said, she heard them talking on a porch with her landlord. "They were asking how many school-aged children lived in the building," she said.

"It seemed clear they were targeting Hispanics on welfare," said Mrs. Carrasco, a licensed practical nurse who is not Hispanic, though her husband is from Chile, and who does not get a rent subsidy. "I couldn't believe it when they said I had to leave. With all the homeless, they're picking on people with a place to live."

She sought help from Cape-Atlantic Legal Services, whose director, Ken Goldman, brought the matter to the attention of the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development.

"There are a number of communities that use sophisticated and insidious ways to unfairly remove people from their homes if they are the 'wrong' color or class," Mr. Goldman said. "But what took place in Wildwood was outrageous on its face."

**Graphic**

Photos: Two years ago, building inspectors in Wildwood, N.J., told Nancy Carrasco, right, that she and her children would have to move out because the apartment was now considered too small to meet the new occupancy standards. Mrs. Carrasco is still living in that apartment with her family. On the beach in Wildwood, a worker touched up the paint on the boardwalk in anticipation of this year's summer crowds. (Photographs by Keith Meyers/The New York Times)

Map of New Jersey showing location of Wildwood.

**Load-Date:** April 25, 1994

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[***THE TALK OF CONEY ISLAND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4BY0-0014-51RB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Faded Funland: Fears and Hopes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4BY0-0014-51RB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 3; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** By WINSTON WILLIAMS

**Body**

The rusting rides and peeling concession stands have been spruced up. Once again crowds march along the ancient boardwalk to the thumping cadences of rap music and stroll in the amusement park to the strained voices of carnival barkers. It's summertime. Coney Island is vibrant again. Attendance is strong. And, after so many years of false starts and roller-coaster hopes, city officials and developers are moving along with new plans to reverse the de cline of this ''working man's paradise' by the sea.

But to venture off the boardwalk to the low-income housing projects hard by Gravesend Bay is to find another island within Coney Island, an oceanfront high-rise enclave where crime and drugs have long competed with the perennial dreams of rebirth.

The developers and the merchants derisively call the area ''the backwoods.'' The residents of Sea Gate, a neighboring ***working-class*** private community, have erected chain-link barbed-wire barricades around its 800 homes. And the escalating violence from the crack trade is causing it to refortify its gatehouses.

Late last month in the Surfside Gardens housing project, the grisly drug-related murders of Carmen Rivera, 14; her sister, Wanda Rivera, 19, and Jeanette Howard, 27, shocked even this crime-hardened community. Last week, a 23-year-old Bedford-Stuyvesant man, Jayson Austin, was arrested and was charged with the murders.

There have been a half-dozen killings this year in the high-rises, more than in any other city housing project, according to the police, who say a turf war is simmering for control of the lucrative Coney Island drug market. Residents say there have been more than the usual number of daily stabbings and shootings.

Geraldine Jones has lived at Surfside Gardens for 11 years - long enough, she says, to expect more and more violence as summer deepens, long enough to say, ''I really hate to see summer come.''

Stringbeans and Cocaine

Mermaid Avenue runs parallel to the ocean, one block away, for about a mile. Except for the vacant lots planted with stringbeans, okra, tomatoes and eggplant, the street looks like any other bombed-out urban commercial strip.

At dusk the gardeners gather in their plots on the western end of the street, watering their crops and huddling in hushed conversation about the activities on the avenue. At about the same time groups of youths begin to cluster loosely on the corners.

Drivers roll up to the corners and stop briefly. The salty smell of the sea breeze is suddenly mixed with the pungent odor of flaming cocaine. It is now dark and Mermaid Avenue's bustling crack market is in full swing.

Like the amusement park a few blocks away, the upper end of Mermaid Avenue has become a popular destination for pleasure seekers. The illegal drug trade is its specialty, and the avenue has developed into one of Brooklyn's major drug-trafficking centers.

No one in Coney Island expects the violence to end soon.

''There's too much money involved,'' said George Ashby as he and his family picnicked over the weekend on the grounds of one of the housing projects. ''The kids get rich overnight. Look at the $2,000 gold chains around their necks. Look at the 19-year-olds driving Mercedes. They kill just to get a reputation. And in six months they're out on the street doing the same thing.''

Some say the community's isolation and its distance from year-round jobs have fostered among residents a culture of idleness that nurtures the drug trade.

The police say there may be a momentary lull in the killings now that ''all the major players have been eliminated.'' But ''it's just a matter of time before someone moves in to try to fill the void,'' says Charles Damiano, a detective in Coney Island's 60th Precinct.

The high-rise community along Mermaid Avenue began going up in the early 1970's at a time when officials were dispersing low-income housing projects throughout the city. Now the crack epidemic is pushing these residents away from ths shore.

Recently Mrs. Jones, fearing what the long summer would bring, put her 21-year-old son on a train to Columbia, S.C., for protection. ''It's a bunch of teen-agers killing teen-agers,'' she said. ''I told him you can't stay in my house and run around with these gangs at night.''

Jesse Rider, a retired railroad worker who shares a floor in the housing project with a ''crack house,'' wants to get his wife, two daughters and himself out.

''This is a beautiful area,'' he said of his home for the last eight years. ''I used to love it, just a block away from the beach. But it's turned into the O.K. Corral. I don't want to stay here any longer than I have to.''

A Pattern of Neglect

To Mr. Rider and some other people in Coney Island, the crime on Mermaid Avenue seems to be part of a pattern of intentional neglect. According to this version of the red-lining theory, residents will eventually flee the crime and deterioration, ripening the area for development.

The police and city officials dismiss the idea. But either way, signs of revival are all around. The monstrous Cyclone roller coaster was designated a landmark last week. The venerable Shore hotel, once abandoned, is getting a face lift.

And even in the heart of the drug-dealing district, sandblasters are scrubbing down a yellow-brick two-story commercial building.

''The builders are probably the only ones who aren't afraid of the crime,'' said John Nemith, who supervises the thunderous piling work on western Mermaid Avenue.

The site will become the foundation for 90 subsidized town houses. They will join several blocks of similar homes that have been completed in recent years.

But the most ambitious renewal project, a proposed $100 million conglomeration of rides and thrills on the site of the 90-year-old Steeplechase Park, is still moving along but far from reality. Financing has been obtained, but the project is still awaiting some city permits.

The violence in ''the backwoods'' has not helped. ''The investment community reacts emotionally,'' said Horace Bullard, the developer of Steeplechase Park. ''When something like these killings comes up, it puts me in the position of defending an area I'm not involved with.''

Plans are being considered for a sports complex that could bring minor-league baseball and big-time college athletics to Brooklyn. The State Urban Development Corporation has financed a feasibility proposal and is interested in the project. Brooklyn borough officials are also studying the plans.

Vitality at End of Line

The eastern end of Mermaid Avenue is near the Stillwell Avenue subway terminal, the end of the line for four routes. The street draws vitality from this resource. And its way of life, like that of a handful of middle-class enclaves on Coney Island, clashes in contrast to its neighbors on the other end.

The cluster of shops near Stillwell - a fish market, a dry-cleaner, a drug store and a sporting goods shop among other - looks like dozens of others in more prosperous neighborhoods. In the old Dime Savings Bank on the corner of 17th Street, where splendid surroundings of marble and brass isolate the staff from the area's seedier elements, bank officers had not even heard of the triple drug murders a day later.

Across the street the monumental brick bell tower of a Roman Catholic church, Our Lady of Solace Shrine, has dominated the Coney Island skyline since 1925. The church is now shuttered on weekdays.

But noontime masses are held in a small chapel in the convent. ''Deliver us from all evil,'' the Rev. William Smith prayed the day after the slayings.

On the same weeknight dozens of fashionable diners, several bedecked in thick gold jewelry, filled the white-cloth covered tables of the 60-year-old Carolina Italian Restaurant by 8 P.M. ''The same thing could happen on Park Avenue,'' one woman dining there said with a shrug.

''Carolina is one of the few stable points in our changing world,'' reads a blurb on the menu. The restaurant, however, has bowed to changing conditions by adding a walled-in parking lot with an attendant for its customers.

The amusement park's one-day attendance record of 2 million set on the Fourth of July has buoyed some hopes. Joe Vono, a manager of the Carolina, still expects good business this summer despite the crack violence.

''That's another world,'' he said, referring to the drug-infested area a half-mile away. ''As long as nothing happens in front of the door they keep coming.''

Mr. Vono and other merchants are encouraged by plans and the renovations already under way. ''It's getting better very slowly,'' he added.

**Graphic**

Photos of Coney Island's Mermaid Avenue (NYT/Ruby Washington); Coney Island amusement park (NYT/Vic DeLucia); Jerry Best and Luther Johnson (NYT/Ruby Washington) (pg. B4); map of Brooklyn showing Coney Island (NYT) (pg. B4)

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[***Still Guilty After All These Years: A Bouquet of Advice Books for the Working Mom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0PP0-008G-F1KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:** By Susan Chira;

Susan Chira writes about family issues for The New York Times.

By Susan Chira;   Susan Chira writes about family issues for The New York Times.

**Body**

THE most consistent gift and burden of motherhood is advice. Every year books on mothers appear to mark Mother's Day. Most mothers do not have time to read about motherhood; they're too busy practicing it. But take a look at the books that typically initiate them, the classic baby care books, and it is easy to understand why so many mothers -- working ones, in particular -- still feel so guilty, so inadequate, so tormented.

These books -- the top three among them are Benjamin Spock and Michael B. Rothenberg's "Baby and Child Care" (Pocket Books), Penelope Leach's "Your Baby & Child" (Knopf) and T. Berry Brazelton's "Infants and Mothers" (Seymour Lawrence/Delta) -- are the near constant companions of new mothers. (Before I am attacked by all the new fathers out there, I single out mothers because they are the ones society still expects to perform these tasks, and they are the ones criticized if they work outside the home.)

Let me say from the outset that these are classic baby books for a reason: they are nuanced, sympathetic, even exhaustive guides to children's bodies and minds. Yet to read them, Dr. Spock generally excepted, is to be immersed in a world in which a mother's needs do not count. The authors may fairly protest that they must be children's advocates and help parents understand the developmental rationales for children's often exasperating and relentless demands. But they generally fail to recognize that an unfulfilled mother cannot meet these needs. For all their emphasis on the importance of interaction between mother and child, most of these experts are strangely oblivious to the fact that a mother who is depressed, frustrated or bored is unlikely to be a very good mother.

Yet statistics showing that more than half of women with children under a year old now work outside the home have not escaped these authors; all include sections on when to return to work and how to choose good child care. These concessions, however, are grudging; the underlying message is that mothers shouldn't work while children are young.

The thrust of these books seems to suit what we are led to believe is a new national mood. Articles abound detailing working mothers' stressed and guilty lives and praising mothers who have decided to leave high-powered jobs for the one that really counts. Studies like the ones released last month by the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Families and Work Institute, documenting the poor quality of much American child care, frighten parents, although no one turns a similarly critical eye on how well many mothers would measure up to such standards themselves.

Several new books drive home the point that to be a working mother is to be somehow derelict. In "Children First" (Knopf), Penelope Leach drops the gloves altogether and criticizes all forms of substitute care for at least the first 18 months of life. In "Becoming Attached" (Warner), Robert Karen expands on the theory of attachment between mother and child to reason that mothers should stay at home longer.

Amid such societal messages, mothers who turn to some of the classics will find scant comfort, whether they are working outside the home or not. The experts in most of these books are so genuinely absorbed by babies that they tend to write about them breathlessly, as if every gesture and action were equally fascinating. They seldom acknowledge that even the most devoted mother can get fed up, and that this is not only allowable but healthy for children's characters and their sense of limits.

"Some women hate it," Penelope Leach writes about the first six months of child rearing in "Your Baby & Child." "Instead of taking pleasure in being so much enjoyed and needed, they feel shut in and consumed by the baby's dependence." For a moment there, she seems sympathetic.

But she continues: "Understanding your own importance is both the prevention and the cure. All the vital developments of these months are waiting inside your baby. . . . You can help him develop and learn or you can hinder him by holding yourself aloof. . . . Like it or not, you are a family now."

Note that she is not suggesting to go out for a walk, hand the baby to someone else or, heaven forbid, return to work even part time. Nor does she concede for a moment that these feelings might be valid. They simply get in the way of the baby's development, so change them.

Most baby books also tend to romanticize the mother who stays at home, as if she really spends her entire day doing nothing but beaming at the baby and whipping up educational toys from pieces of string, rather than balancing cooing time with laundry, cleaning, shopping and cooking.

T. Berry Brazelton writes compassionately about maternal guilt and stress, and takes pains to avoid compounding it. In his introduction to the revised edition of "Infants and Mothers" he writes: "Inadvertently, I may have added to mothers' feelings of guilt when they were not able to stay at home throughout the first year. This has not been my intent, for I have seen how critical it was to many young women to include a job in their daily lives."

But later in the book, he suggests that such attitudes might change if only women understood just how crucial a job mothering is: "My bias is that a woman's most important role is being at home to mother her small children, but I have learned that there is a time when a mother's awareness of her needs is critical to her and to their adjustment. . . . An understanding of the importance of their role as mothers, as well as a realization of its potential in their developing families, should help them to see mothering as a goal that is as important as anything they can achieve in their professional life."

Perhaps because they hear the cris de coeur of so many guilty and exhausted working mothers, the experts also tend to depict working motherhood as a grievous trial. In another book, "Working & Caring," written in 1985 to reassure and advise working parents, Dr. Brazelton highlights many real problems: poor child care, maternal guilt, the frenetic rush to combine child care and household chores. Certainly no one would deny the hardships of working mothers, particularly those who work -- because they must -- at grueling, unrewarding jobs.

But almost nowhere in that book, or in the experts' general discussion of working parents, is there mention of the compensations even hard-pressed ***working-class*** mothers have said they enjoy: a certain sense of self-sufficiency, social contacts with other adults and the satisfaction of setting an example of the work ethic for their children. And there are only fleeting glimpses of the joy some mothers feel when they return home to children they love after doing work they love.

Yet there are authors who make a point of championing parents' needs, among them the most venerable, Dr. Spock. In a welcome disclaimer in "Baby and Child Care," he writes that books like his sometimes give the mistaken impression that parents are "meant to have no needs themselves."

Working mothers in search of solace can also turn to sources like Ellen Galinsky and Judy David's book "The Preschool Years" (Ballantine), which includes a thorough review of research on the known effects on children of their mothers' employment outside the home. The consequences are mostly positive or benign, with a few troubling exceptions that are discussed judiciously (for instance, in a small number of cases, children under the age of 1 have had some difficulties adjusting when left in day care). Instead of proclaiming hard and fast rules, Ms. Galinsky notes that research shows that how a mother feels about working, the amount of stress she experiences at work and the quality of her child care determine how her child will fare.

THE newly published "Everything a Working Mother Needs to Know," by Anne C. Weisberg and Carol A. Buckler (Main Street/Doubleday), and "What to Expect the First Year," by Arlene Eisenberg, Heidi E. Murkoff and Sandee E. Hathaway (Workman), are practical, nonjudgmental guides that include useful tips on matters like negotiating part-time work.

But a little-known book written by two mothers who held jobs long before most others did makes the strongest case for working motherhood. In "Child Care/Parent Care" (Doubleday, now out of print), Marilyn Heins, a pediatrician, and Anne M. Seiden, a psychiatrist, write that they searched vainly for a book that reflected their personal and professional experience: that parents ignored their own needs at their children's peril. They begin the book, which I found at a library, with a chapter on how parents can take care of themselves. Then they weave psychological insights into age-based discussions of child development, discipline and medical care.

The authors who join Dr. Spock in calling on parents to acknowledge their own needs are not advocating hedonism or self-absorption. Motherhood and fatherhood always call for sacrifices and compromises, big and small. But they warn against an imbalanced life. "Parents cannot effectively give to children what they do not have to give," Dr. Heins and Dr. Seiden write. "When parents are too stressed, or too unfulfilled, or too guilty to take their own needs into account, the children suffer."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** May 8, 1994

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[***The Republicans in New Orleans;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4680-0014-54F8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Seeing Risks in All the Candidates, Bush Chose One With 'Star' Quality***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4680-0014-54F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By GERALD M. BOYD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 17

**Body**

As Vice President Bush retired to the seclusion of his residence on the grounds of the Naval Observatory last weekend, several considerations about a running mate were swirling around in his mind and were scrawled on a notepad.

With the intense three-week process of picking a Vice-Presidential candidate nearing an end, aides said today, Mr. Bush had come to believe that any choice he made was a risk. He was convinced that no potential candidate guaranteed victory nationally, regionally or in any of the swing states the Bush campaign planned to concentrate on.

Mr. Bush also wanted to excite the voters with his ticket, with a Republican Vice-Presidential choice who could effectively take the battle to Michael S. Dukakis this fall.

Someone to Relish the Role

And he also felt strongly that his running mate should not merely relish the role of serving as Vice President but should also relish the role of serving as No. 2 to George Bush.

In the end, Mr. Bush decided on Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana. When the first telephone call went out, the junior Senator was strolling in the French Quarter here and was unreachable. On the second try, the Vice President reached Mr. Quayle and said:

''You are my choice, you are my first choice, you are my only choice.''

But leading up to that simple declaration was a complicated process in which Mr. Bush called a dozen candidates before the Indiana Senator ever came under consideration.

Mr. Bush, acting alone, made the final decision in Mr. Quayle's favor early Tuesday morning as he left Washington to come here.

He wanted to pick someone who was seen as ''and who was a rising star, both in the Senate and in the Republican Party,'' said Robert Teeter, Mr. Bush's chief poll taker, who is a key player in the selection process. ''He wanted someone who was a leader of the future, of a different generation.''

But Mr. Teeter added a disclaimer voiced by other senior Bush aides today: ''In the last analysis, nobody ever knows exactly why someone picks someone.''

According to aides involved in the selection process, Mr. Quayle was not under consideration at first. His name was raised by a senior Bush adviser at a staff meeting and his stock grew gradually over recent weeks, an aide said.

Another senior Bush aide said that once Mr. Quayle's name was mentioned, he received serious consideration because senior advisers believed he offered a ''fresh face.''

''The only question that had to be answered was whether we thought he had the stature to handle the job,'' the aide said. ''Once we decided he did, he became the leading candidate.''

Although he lacked the national standing of several also-rans, other factors played to the Senator's advantage. Earlier in the summer he battled in the Senate to remove a provision from the trade bill requiring workers to receive 60-day notification of plant closings. His effort, strongly opposed by organized labor, ultimately failed and President Reagan, unhappy with the provision, vetoed the trade bill.

One aide said Mr. Bush had been impressed with Mr. Quayle's attempt to deflate the issue in the debate on plant closing, which posed a troubling political problem for the Vice President. Mr. Bush had hoped the President could avoid vetoing a bill with such strong support among workers.

Aides Familiar With Quayle

In addition, at least two of Mr. Bush's top aides were quite familiar with Mr. Quayle's campaigning skills: Roger Ailes, the Vice President's chief media adviser, had handled advertising for Mr. Quayle's successful 1986 Senate re-election bid, and Mr. Teeter had conducted private polls for Mr. Quayle since Mr. Quayle's first Congressional campaign in 1976.

''Just from my knowledge of his Indiana campaigns, he ran very well among ***working-class*** voters and I don't ever believe any of his campaigns had a gender gap,'' Mr. Teeter said.

Aides said that from the start the selection process was designed to be thorough but not necessarily easy. As one who had gone through a similar selection in 1980, Mr. Bush was sensitive to any appearance of demeaning those under consideration and thus decided not to conduct personal interviews which, as the center of press attention, could become public spectacles. .

Instead, his questions to the candidates were relayed to Mr. Teeter and Robert Kimmitt, a Washington lawyer who was responsible for the background investigations of the candidates.

According to aides, Mr. Ailes pushed extremely hard for Mr. Quayle, while Mr. Teeter also supported him.

But Mr. Bush was also receiving other advice. The process devised by the Vice President asked for recommendations from a variety of sources: governors, members of Congress and Frank J. Fahrenkopf Jr., the chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Repeatedly, one Bush aide said, the top choices of various advisers included Senator Bob Dole of Kansas and Representative Jack F. Kemp of New York, two of Mr. Bush's Republican primary opponents. In addition, several of his senior campaign aides also supported Mr. Dole, who was actively campaigning for the nomination.

For his part, Mr. Bush refused to show how he was leaning, although he asked questions and took notes when aides discussed the subject.

No Hint of Leanings

''I've played a lot of poker and this guy would just sit there stone-faced,'' said one participant in the meetings.

But if there was a turning point, Bush advisers say, it came when Mr. Teeter began polling to determine if any candidates helped the Vice President nationally or at least in a swing state the campaign was coveting, such as Pennsylvania, Illinois and California. ''We did not find that there was someone from a state that we looked at that absolutely guaranteed their state,'' Mr. Teeter said.

Because of that finding doubts were raised about several of the candidates, including Dick Thornburgh, the former Governor of Pennsylvania, and Governors James R. Thompson of Illinois and George Deukmejian of California.

With the lack of a compelling electorial college argument for selecting a particular candidate, Mr. Bush's aides began to promote other factors.

Mr. Bush had campaigned for Mr. Quayle in House and Senate races since 1976 and thus knew him, although not as well as he knew some others under consideration. He was told, however, that Mr. Quayle was popular with the right wing of the Republican Party, had done well getting votes from women, was an aggressive campaigner and was a strong vote getter in the Midwest, a region where Mr. Bush is weak.

Moreover, he could presumably communicate with his generation of ''baby boom voters'' more effectively than somene older and thus offered an appeal that other candidates lacked.

''I think you've got a group of voters who now have a candidate of their own generation - the first one - someone younger than most candidates for President and Vice President. That alone will make him an interesting pick for a large number of voters.''

Emphasizing the Future

Moreover, by choosing Mr. Quayle, Mr. Bush was told that he could pursue a ''future-oriented'' campaign, a point made Tuesday by James A. Baker 3d, Mr. Bush's campaign manager.

Some aides had raised Mr. Quayle's association with Paula Parkinson, a lobbyist who said that she had had affairs with ''fewer than a dozen'' Republican Congressmen seven years ago. But, according to Mr. Teeter, Mr. Bush was assured by Mr. Kimmitt that he had looked into it ''very carefully'' and that there was ''absolutely nothing'' to it.

Another senior aide said that the Bush campaign staff had examined the facts of the Parkinson matter through at least one other channel besides Mr. Kimitt's review. He would not elaborate except to say that the second review confirmed Mr. Kimitt's assessment that Mr. Quayle had done nothing improper.

Mr. Quayle said today he had nothing to add to his previous denials of any impropriety.

According to Craig L. Fuller, the Vice President's chief of staff, Mr. Bush deliberated over the weekend, often referring to the notes on his yellow legal pad. By the time he reached New Orleans he had decided on Mr. Quayle.

Telling Mr. Reagan when he arrived of his decision, he then placed calls to those not selected before calling Mr. Quayle. Next, he called former Presidents Nixon and Ford, to inform them of his decision before his surprise announcement on the waterfront in New Orleans Tuesday afternoon.

**Graphic**

Photo of V.P. Bush talking with Sen. Dan Quayle (NYT/Paul Hosefros)

**End of Document**



[***Crusading for Harmony as a Skinhead Spy;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-11Y0-008G-F0J4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Repentant Racist to Go Into Hiding After Giving Data on New Jersey's Neo-Nazis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-11Y0-008G-F0J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By CLIFFORD J. LEVY,

By CLIFFORD J. LEVY,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** EDISON, N.J., March 31

**Body**

Dominick Bruno Jr. says he first took a razor to his scalp when he was 15, submitting to the rites of a neo-Nazi skinhead gang that prowled the mall-encrusted landscape of suburban New Jersey. Soon he was preaching bigotry in the schoolyard and flooding increasingly diverse neighborhoods with fliers that said, "Deport Niggers, Spiks, Jews!"

But recently, something snapped in Mr. Bruno, a leader of the S.S. Action Group, one of the more virulent skinhead gangs. He said he began to feel repulsed by the subculture he had embraced: the bristling hostility to nonwhites, the throbbing racist music from Germany and Britain called oi, the violent teen-agers who seemed little more than small-town losers hungry for attention.

So, he said, he quit. But first, he became a spy.

He will go into hiding soon, he said, having given anti-racist groups reams of information about neo-Nazis that seem to provide a rare glimpse into the workings of a shadowy movement whose growth has alarmed the authorities in both the United States and abroad. When he surfaces, he will still be a zealot, he said, only this time he will crusade for racial harmony.

Fancies of Being Master Propagandist

"I don't have it in me anymore," Mr. Bruno, now 18, said in an interview at the apartment he shares with his father. He recalled how he once fancied himself a master propagandist, spending hours a day at a computer in his swastika-adorned bedroom, chain-smoking as he wrote to racists around the world and fashioned incendiary pamphlets, fliers and letters to the editor.

"It was just seeming more and more stupid to me," he said. "My beliefs slowly drifted further and further away, until I reached a point where it was the exact opposite."

He said there was no one incident that inspired the turnaround, though he was impressed by anti-bias literature from the New Jersey Freedom Organization, a nonpartisan advocacy group that lobbies for opportunities for young people. When he resolved to resign, he called Cliff Smith, the group's 24-year-old president, seeking help, Mr. Smith said. Mr. Bruno says that the people of New Jersey may be skeptical of his conversion, perhaps remembering the many times he marched down their streets in military fatigues, taunting passers-by with the straight-armed fascist salute and calling for a white homeland in North America.

And even if everything he says is true, it remains to be seen whether Mr. Bruno, a high-school dropout with a short, slight frame, will return to bigotry in the future. For now, the anti-racist groups that he has assisted are cautious. But they say that so far, Mr. Bruno is credible.

"I would accept him as legitimate," said Irwin Suall, an expert on neo-Nazis at the Anti-Defamation League in New York, adding, "A number of things that he spoke of correspond with information that we know to be accurate."

Mr. Suall said the intelligence that Mr. Bruno was turning over to the league was "quite valuable," particularly details on how American neo-Nazis exchange information, music and aid with those in Germany, Britain and other countries.

Worried About Safety

But Mr. Suall also said he was worried about Mr. Bruno's safety. "The skinheads are so impulsive and mindless in their behavior, so violence-oriented, that they are not going to weigh the pros and cons of going after him," Mr. Suall said. "They are simply going to try and seek revenge quickly."

The Anti-Defamation League says that there are as many as 30 skinhead gangs in New Jersey with about 400 members, but that because they are made up of teen-agers and people in their early 20's, the groups tend to be loosely organized. Mr. Bruno said he thought the number of members was closer to 250, though he said he regularly heard of gangs' springing up.

The gangs use names like Eastern Hammerskins, White Rights Union, Aryan Glory Skins, Doc Marten Skins and the Skinhead Assault Crew. The total for New Jersey is among the highest in the country, but officials in Trenton say it is unfair to compare New Jersey with other states because it is one of the few with systems to report bias crimes.

Recent New Jersey Violence

In recent years, there have been a number of violent incidents in New Jersey involving neo-Nazis, including one in Keansburg in 1992 in which 12 skinheads were arrested on attempted murder and other charges. They were accused of attacking an acquaintance because he had a Hispanic friend.

Several were tried and convicted, the police said.

"The younger neo-Nazis are increasingly turning to acts of violence and vandalism," Mr. Bruno wrote in an 11-page report for the Anti-Defamation League that included the names, addresses and phone numbers of scores of neo-Nazis and other racists in New Jersey and elsewhere.

Through he considered himself a "full-time racial activist," Mr. Bruno said he was never arrested for violence, which he said he had disavowed except when provoked. But he was expelled from several schools for disciplinary problems. And the police said they had been monitoring him closely for months. He said he had not told officials that he was quitting, but he said he hoped to work with them on anti-bias campaigns.

The skinhead activity in New Jersey may be fueled by a recession that has wiped out many blue-collar jobs, stoking the resentment of ***working-class*** whites, and by the changing makeup of the suburbs in the nation's most densely populated state.

'Trying to Keep Them Out'

"The minorities are starting to come out of the cities and they are coming into our towns, selling their drugs here, doing their robberies here, and we're trying to keep them out," said Douglas Moditz, 19, who started the S.S. Action Group four years ago in New Jersey. Mr. Moditz, once a close friend of Mr. Bruno, apparently did not know that Mr. Bruno has betrayed the group.

Though the S.S. Action Group has not been linked to serious violence, its two or three dozen members in the state have created an uproar by distributing tens of thousands of racist fliers and holding marches in Edison, Carteret, Woodbridge, Rahway, Linden and other central New Jersey communities.

"We've received a lot of complaints," said Robert W. Gluck, the Middlesex County Prosecutor. "People were obviously very offended."

The authorities in Winfield in Union County arrested Mr. Bruno, Mr. Moditz and two other gang members in early February on disorderly conduct charges. The case is about to be dismissed on First Amendment grounds.

Helping the Arch-Enemy

Mr. Bruno began discussing his life as a neo-Nazi skinhead after he was contacted by a reporter about his arrest. After three interviews, he revealed that he was dropping out and helping the Anti-Defamation League, which many racist groups consider a kind of arch-enemy.

He said he became a skinhead for some of the same reasons other teen-agers enter gangs, from the Bloods and the Crips to the Latin Kings: camaraderie and an outlet for anger.

"In some ways it's another form of teen-age rebellion," he said. "It's starts off that way. But then you start getting the literature and you start getting more into it and then it's not rebellion anymore; you're in the movement. That's what happened to me."

He said the Ku Klux Klan, the Christian Posse Comitatus, the New Order and other long-established racist groups exert influence over skinhead gangs but generally do not control them. The S.S. Action Group obtained much of its literature by tapping into a network of white-power groups, including one based in West Virginia, he said. The groups are also eager to give legal and organizational advice.

100,000 Printed Pieces

The S.S. Action Group traveled to marches and paid for printing from donations sent to its post office box in Colonia, which is stamped on its fliers. Mr. Bruno said the gang handed out more than 100,000 pieces of literature in 1993, a figure that officials do not dispute. People often joined after reading the literature.

Mr. Bruno said he was hoping to patch up relations with family members and others who had rejected him when he became a skinhead. He is also trying to figure out what to do about a $20 tattoo on his lower arm: a swastika coiled around a cross.

"I've been too happy since I got rid of the movement," he said. "That's another reason I want to speak out to kids. You lose so much. It's almost impossible to get a job. You lose all your friends. I kind of like to look at this as being cool timing because it's around Easter, which is about rebirth. I have a new outlook, a new life, a new way of living."

**Graphic**

Photo: "I don't have it in me anymore," said Dominick Bruno Jr., a leader-turned-spy in the virulent skinhead gang, S.S. Action Group. He lives at home in Edison, N.J. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)(pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** April 4, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Events in Iraq Prove a Distraction And a Guide for Wisconsin Voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D3G-V0X0-TW8F-G268-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 15, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 1; CAMPAIGN 2004: THE SWING STATES

**Length:** 1728 words

**Byline:** By MONICA DAVEY

**Series:** STATE BY STATE: Wisconsin -- A series exploring the presidential race in swing states

**Dateline:** MILWAUKEE

**Body**

Mirna Zavala, a 53-year-old medical technician, is just the kind of voter, her thoughts still shifting and swerving, who could tip the presidential election in Wisconsin. Ask whom she favors and she instantly pours out all her uncertainties about what is happening in Iraq, doubts that she expects will last all the way to November.

''Honestly, I don't know what to do,'' Ms. Zavala said as she wandered near Lake Michigan clutching the hand of her young granddaughter. Ms. Zavala voted for President Bush in 2000 and says her relatives still adore him. Never far from her thoughts, though, is that her son-in-law is a soldier, and so her uncertainty keeps growing.

''Now, when I look at it, I think Bush misled the people about Iraq, and I feel sad for all the families, for all these soldiers that had to die,'' she said. ''But then I don't really know what Kerry would do about it either.'' Ms. Zavala stopped, then finally said, ''I guess I can only wait and see what happens.''

There lies a central complication for the campaigns as they fight for a state that gave Al Gore just an ounce more support than George W. Bush four years ago. From ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Racine in the southeast to the pine- and fern-covered hills near Lake Superior, voters speak of factories that have closed, schools short on money and health insurance beyond reach.

But many seem focused on the United States' role in Iraq, and the issue divides the state. In June, the Badger Poll, conducted by the University of Wisconsin Survey Center for The Milwaukee Journal Sentinel and The Capital Times, found that 26 percent of those polled considered the government's handling of Iraq mostly or completely a success, while 44 percent deemed it ''only partly'' a success and 27 percent found it to be mostly or completely a failure.

And unlike so many other political issues, where the parties can control the terms of the debate, the conflict in Iraq is ever changing, and it will likely go right on changing until Election Day, and beyond.

''That is what is so difficult about this whole issue for both sides: So much depends on events that haven't happened yet,'' said G. Donald Ferree Jr., associate director for public opinion research at the University of Wisconsin Survey Center. ''And each side is caught in exactly that mess.''

The toll here, military officials say, is comparable to it in other states, and like elsewhere, the war has struck home in Wisconsin in deeply personal ways.

In July, Rhinelander, a small Northwoods town in a state of mostly small towns, buried Staff Sgt. Stephen Martin, an Army reservist and police officer who had patrolled the community on bicycle. In April, people here watched one suburban Milwaukee family's very public and wrenching struggle: After one sister, Michelle M. Witmer, 20, a National Guard specialist, was killed, two others in the Guard had to choose whether to return to Iraq. (They decided no.)

More than 70 other Wisconsin residents have come home wounded, 19 have been killed and scores of other service members have learned that their tours were being extended.

Gov. James E. Doyle, a Democrat and the chairman of John Kerry's campaign here, says he senses faith in the Bush administration wavering. ''We want to believe that the young men and women who have died, our Wisconsin sons and daughters, have done it for a worthy purpose,'' Governor Doyle said, ''so I think generally people in Wisconsin want to give the president the benefit of the doubt in a question of war.

''But I think there are really very significant doubts that are creeping into that now, questions that people really have on whether this is worth it, and, again, it's more of sort of this vision, of what was his purpose, has he made us safer by going to Iraq, has it been worth the terrible loss that we've suffered.''

Rick Graber, the state Republican chairman, counters that he hears praise for President Bush on questions of security and war. ''Most people in this state believe it's a safer world without Saddam Hussein and they believe President Bush has handled it well,'' Mr. Graber said.

Four years ago, Mr. Gore won the state by so few votes that everyone in politics here recites it to the final digit: 5,708.

That miniscule split -- two-tenths of one percentage point -- has ensured the campaigns' attention as both sides vie for the state's 10 electoral votes. Political advertisements already fill television broadcasts, tens of thousands of volunteers from each campaign are busy making phone calls, and both candidates, with their offices and paid staffs here, keep coming back.

Most of the time, Democrats do well in the state's two largest cities, Madison and Milwaukee, where liberals are numerous and some of the state's largest concentrations of Hispanic and black voters live. Republicans tend to do well in Milwaukee's wealthy suburbs.

Both sides are turning to the small towns that run down the western edge of the state, along the banks of the Mississippi, where Mr. Gore fared well in many cases in 2000 but where Republicans now hope to win over rural voters. And both sides are tangling in the Fox River Valley -- a fast-growing, eastern swath of the state that includes Green Bay and Appleton -- and in places like Racine County, one of the counties that, like the state as a whole, split nearly in half four years ago.

In a way, though, the fight is everywhere. As political operatives tell it, a single reversed vote in each ward in 2000 would have changed the outcome here.

So on a morning in downtown Milwaukee, young interns from the League of Conservation Voters -- one of several independent groups directing attention on Wisconsin voters on behalf of causes and candidates -- led cheers for Mr. Kerry on a street corner. The volunteers then marched door to door to chat about what they call President Bush's grade of ''F'' on the environment in a state known for its lakes, streams and farmland; they intend, they say, to visit 150,000 Wisconsin homes three times before Election Day.

Meanwhile, one Milwaukee woman spends at least 40 hours a week volunteering for the Bush campaign, she says. The official Bush campaign Web site features the woman, Kari Rae (she does not use her full name to avoid unwanted phone calls) as its ''No. 1'' volunteer nationally for having, it says, recruited 227 volunteers, signed up 5 friends, contacted 294,488 people to register to vote, called 89 radio talk shows and written 21,288 letters to news editors.

''I am committed to this president,'' Kari Rae, 52, said.

No Republican presidential candidate has won the state since Ronald Reagan did two decades ago, but that may mean less than it would somewhere else. Partisan politics are complicated here. Since the days of Robert M. LaFollette, this state's Republican governor and leader of the progressive movement a century ago, Wisconsin voters have defined themselves by independence: they happily split tickets and rarely cling to a particular political party for the sake of loyalty.

Although both of its United States senators are Democrats, the state's House members are evenly split between the parties, and Republicans dominate both bodies in the Legislature in Madison. For now, most statewide polls show Mr. Bush and Mr. Kerry in a near tie.

In addition to the situation in Iraq, a critical question for both parties is voters' perception of the economy. From January 2001 to January 2004, Wisconsin, a state with a strong manufacturing base, lost 79,000 factory jobs. Then came surprising news this June from state labor statisticians: Unlike some of the other manufacturing-based battleground states, Wisconsin had begun to see a surge in new jobs.

Republicans have pointed to the 20,900 new manufacturing jobs since January as evidence of a crucial and optimistic trend for November.

''The economy is doing better,'' said Tony V. Nestoras, 40, a computer programmer from a Milwaukee suburb. ''And Bush deserves at least some of the credit for that. Who knows where we'd be if Gore had won.''

Some workers, though, question the quality of the new jobs. ''We're talking low-wage jobs and no benefits,'' said Susan Conhartoski, 32, of South Milwaukee, whose husband, John, was out of work for a year.

David E. Azarian, the owner of the Main Street General Store in Racine for 25 years, said his sales had been down for three years running. ''Say what you will, but I say the economy is doing terribly,'' Mr. Azarian, 60, said.

Democrats hope the choice of Senator John Edwards as Mr. Kerry's running mate will help the ticket. In the primary election here, Senator Edwards campaigned hard and had a strong second-place showing. ''Edwards helps,'' said Jon Di Piazza, an undecided voter from Middleton. ''He came off well here.''

Ralph Nader, meanwhile, remains a question mark for Democrats. In 2000, Mr. Nader won 94,000 votes, about 4 percent of the vote, and he should have no trouble getting on the ballot as an independent: only 2,000 signatures are required by a Sept. 7 deadline.

Senator Russell D. Feingold, a Democrat considered by some to be one in Wisconsin's long line of political mavericks, also faces a contest this fall, potentially complicating the presidential race. Four Republicans are vying for the chance to oppose Mr. Feingold, and some Republicans say they hope to make an issue of his lone vote in the Senate against the broad antiterrorism legislation known as the USA Patriot Act.

Still, the voters' thoughts keep coming back to Iraq. In Appleton, beside the Fox River on the state's eastern side, opinions on the war were starkly divided.

Eating in a cafe on the downtown thoroughfare, Angie Schiesl, a hairdresser, said she was unfazed by findings that intelligence information used to justify the war against Iraq was flawed.

''Something had to be done with Saddam Hussein,'' said Ms. Schiesl, 41, who said she voted for Mr. Bush in 2000 and would do so again. ''The weapons of mass destruction don't matter.''

A block away, Brad Lindert, 21, said the war was probably the single most important election issue for him.

''I still cannot figure out what we are doing there,'' said Mr. Lindert, who said he would vote for Mr. Kerry. ''I don't know what Kerry will do about it. I don't know what anyone can do about it. But at this point, I don't like what Bush is doing.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: ''Say what you will, but I say the economy is doing terribly,'' says David E. Azarian, who owns a Racine store. (Photo by Erol Reyal for The New York Times)

The presidential leanings of Mirna Zavala, 53, of Milwaukee change with the news from Iraq. ''Honestly, I don't know what to do,'' she says. (Photo by Erol Reyal for The New York Times)(pg. 26)Chart: ''A Narrowly Divided State''In Wisconsin, a state the Democrats narrowly won in 2000, many voters seem focused squarely on the war in Iraq.HOW THE COUNTIES VOTED IN 2000In each county, squares are sized by the total number of votes cast and shaded by the winning candidate.MARGIN OF VICTORYIn percentage points for past presidential elections.2000DEMOCRATIC: 0.2 POINT WIN1996DEMOCRATIC: 101992DEMOCRATIC: 41988DEMOCRATIC: 41984REPUBLICAN: 91980REPUBLICAN: 5WISCONSIN'S ECONOMYGraph tracks the change in real household income versus year earlier from 1999-2003.Graph tracks the change in median home price versus year earlier from 1999-2003.Graph tracks the unemployment rate for Wisconsin and the U.S. from 1999-2003.Graph tracks the percentage without health insurance for Wisconsin and the U.S. from 1997-2002.ELECTED OFFICIALSREPUBLICANGOVERNOR: --SENATORS: --REPRESENTATIVES: 4DEMOCRATGOVERNOR: 1SENATORS: 2REPRESENTATIVES: 4DEMOGRAPHICSWIS.WHITE: 87%BLACK: 6%HISPANIC: 4%ASIAN: 2%OTHER: 2%65 OR OLDER: 13%MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $46,351U.S.WHITE: 69BLACK: 12HISPANIC: 13ASIAN: 4OTHER: 365 OR OLDER: 12MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: 43,052(Sources by Dave Leips Atlas of U.S. Presidential Elections

Economy.com

Bureau of Labor Statistics

National Association of Realtors

Census Bureau)

(Chart by Matthew Ericson/The New York Times)(pg. 26)Map of Wisconsin highlighting how each county voted and the margin of victory for the winning candidate. (pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** August 15, 2004

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[***The Gifts to Open Again and Again***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MK5-J480-TW8F-G1X9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section E; PT2; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 41; BOOKS

**Length:** 2307 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM GRIMES

**Body**

I've made my list, and I'm checking it twice. It's a list of the qualities that make the ideal holiday book, and after carefully considering the books of Christmas past, I have come up with some guidelines. A gift book should either be no surprise or a big surprise: the one you always wanted or the one you never knew you wanted. It should either be expensive and large, or cheap and small. It should be high-minded or totally frivolous. And no matter what, it should not require sustained attention, which is impossible during the yuletide season. My gift selections, chosen entirely at random but with exquisite taste, satisfy at least two of these requirements.

Let's open the big presents first. The season's whopper, in every way, is ''New York 2000,'' the fifth installment in Robert A. M. Stern's architectural history of New York. The series starts in 1880, when 10 stories qualified as a skyscraper, and has now caught up to the new millennium. Taken together, the volumes make an enormous, endlessly fascinating family scrapbook for New Yorkers, who can coo over baby pictures of the Flatiron Building and leaf forward, through many hundreds of pages and thousands of photographs, to the big, grown-up New York of the Lipstick Building, countless Trump projects and the new Tweed Courthouse.

At 1,520 pages and 10 pounds 12 ounces, ''New York 2000'' makes a big impression. By the time you finish, the next volume in the series might be ready. The authors document the resurrection of Times Square, the evolution of SoHo from art district to shopping mall and the changes, both actual and proposed, in neighborhoods from Battery Park City to Flatlands, Brooklyn. There is a chapter devoted to interiors: restaurants, boutique hotels, apartments, offices and shops. You can shed a tear over lost bits of the city, like Adam Purple's Garden of Eden on the Lower East Side, shoved aside by a housing project, or ooh and aah over dreamscapes past and present: rejected plans for projects long since completed, or dropped (Frank Gehry's Wall Street Guggenheim), or still floating in the tantalizing realm of the possible, like the various riverside parks envisioned on the West Side.

Venice also gets the treatment this year. Flammarion, the French publishing house, has bundled three lavishly produced volumes into one sumptuous box. I was prepared to scoff when picking up the book titled ''Lifestyle,'' but the chapter on Venetian cuisine, illustrated with photographs and paintings, won me over instantly. One topic leads seductively to the next: cafes, conversation, carnival. ''Venice in a Minor Key,'' one of the lifestyle essays, takes a tour of the less fashionable districts and describes ***working-class*** life. History gets its own volume, as do art and architecture. This is a brilliant package for the intellectual armchair tourist.

There are destinations more exotic than Venice. Mars, for instance. Earthlings can sample its arid delights in ''Postcards From Mars,'' Jim Bell's visual dispatches from NASA's Mars expeditions. Mr. Bell led the design team responsible for the Pancam cameras on the Mars rovers, Spirit and Opportunity, which sent back more than 150,000 color images. ''Postcards'' reprints 150 of them. Some are wide-angle, Ansel Adams vistas of stark desert; others are extreme close-ups of rocks, dust, dunes and clouds. It's the Red Planet. Need I say more?

Meanwhile, back on Earth, two books size up the lay of the land. The first, ''Home Ground,'' is an encyclopedia of words about the American landscape that takes a poetic view of its subject. Some of the entries are common, like estuary, others quirky and local, like ensenada (a cove or inlet suitable for harborage), mezquital (an ecoregion in southwestern Texas) and riffle (''the little brother of a rapid''). Each entry gets its own miniature essay. Many are contributed by writers with a sensitivity to place, like Charles Frazier, Barbara Kingsolver, Jon Krakauer and Joy Williams. Everyone -- especially crossword and Scrabble fans -- should know about erg. It's a sand sea, and the only active one in North America is the Gran Desierto of northern Sonora.

There are no ergs in ''Historical Atlas of the United States,'' but a 1550 map made in Dieppe, France, manages to push the St. Lawrence River halfway to Florida and sprinkle a few unicorns and tigers along the route. Derek Hayes, the author of several other books on historical maps, works his way from the discovery and settlement of North America to the ever-evolving maps recording America's westward push and onward to the early maps of the automobile age. Among many oddities is a Soviet map of the Eastern Seaboard intended to help nuclear missiles hit the right spot.

In this season of peace, there happen to be some terrific war books on the shelves. ''Fighting Techniques of the Ancient World'' and ''Fighting Techniques of the Early Modern World'' combine solid historical essays on topics like naval warfare in the ancient world, or the role of infantry in early modern times, with ingenious color illustrations of key battles. Anyone who has wondered what exactly went on at the battle of Cannae, every commander's ideal of total victory, can see it unfold here, as little color-coded Roman legions and cavalry square off against Hannibal's army of Celts, Spaniards and Numidians. The early-modern volume includes the battle of Blenheim, the siege of Quebec, the naval battle of Lepanto and many others. The comprehensive, busily illustrated ''Battle'' covers 5,000 years of combat in one volume, from the Old Kingdom of Egypt to recent conflicts in the Balkans and Chechnya. Although written for adults, these books would have thrilled me starting at about the age of 9.

Three nature books also appeal to all ages. The Encyclopedia of Animals, packed with photographs and color illustrations, begins with a handy user's guide, then plunges right into the wonderful world of mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes and invertebrates, in that order. Each family comes with a ''fact file,'' a series of compact profiles of the specific individuals illustrated. The chapter on deer includes fact blocks on, among others, the lesser Malay chevrotain (''the smallest of all even-toed ungulates, this animal has legs about as thick as a pencil''), the chital and the giant muntjak, with icons indicating height, weight, social unit, habitat and conservation status (extinct, endangered, common and so on).

''Birds of the World'' rests on a simple, indisputable premise: ''Birds are beautiful animals and many people enjoy watching them.'' Les Beletsky, an ornithologist, makes this point in the first sentence of his preface and honors it in the ensuing 500 or so pages, which contain 1,600 original illustrations describing more than 200 families and 1,300 species in a field-guide format. In another book, ''Bird Songs,'' Mr. Beletsky solves the nagging problem encountered by anyone trying to imagine what per-WHEET-WHEET actually sounds like. The book, which describes 250 North American birds, comes with an electronic plastic attachment that allows readers to play the song of the bird they are reading about. Vultures sound creepy.

A good coffee-table book balances brains with sex appeal. Eye-popping pictures are not enough. ''Perfume,'' at first glance, looks like a bimbo but turns out to be a well-researched history of the subject, with wonderful historical illustrations from art and advertising. Richard Stamelman, a professor of romance languages and comparative literature at Williams College (and an honorary member ofthe Societe Francaise des Parfumeurs), adopts the right tone, recognizing perfume as one of life's harmless pleasures while carefully documenting its history, and its alluring presence in the works of Baudelaire, Colette and of course Patrick Suskind, the author of the novel ''Perfume.''

Those who find that gilt-edged bonds, rather than opium, get the pulse racing will appreciate ''The Origins of Value,'' a serious collection of essays on subjects like the invention of interest, Roman shares, futures trading in 17th-century Amsterdam and the origins of the New York Stock Exchange. This may sound like a book that only Scrooge could love, but it comes with copious illustrations of, for example, early Chinese paper money and banking documents from Renaissance Florence. Be sure to read aloud the chapter on perpetuities, as the children listen in rapt attention.

Language books are always welcome. More steadily than blue chips, they throw off dividends throughout the year. ''The Yale Book of Quotations,'' handsomely printed, brings modern voices into the company of standbys like Shakespeare, Samuel Johnson and Mark Twain, who squeeze together and make room for B. B. King (''Nobody loves me but my mother -- and she could be jivin', too''), Fran Lebowitz (''Sleep is death without the responsibility'') and Stanislaw Jerzy Lec (''No snowflake in an avalanche ever feels responsible'').

In ''The New Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes,'' John Gross, a former book critic of The New York Times, updates with distinction a book that has always been good for endless hours of random reading. Open at any page, at any time. You will be rewarded in unexpected ways, by unexpected writers.

The new paperback edition of ''Mind the Gaffe,'' by the American linguist R. L. Trask, efficiently untangles problems of style and usage, while administering justice with a strong hand. Mr. Trask, who died in 2004, takes on academic jargon, fad words and other forms of stupidity with a flaming sword. One example: ''Do not write drivel like Galliano is at the epicenter of women's fashion: all this means is 'Galliano is important in women's fashion, and I am a pretentious twit.' ''

Two books of no redeeming value whatsoever must be recommended. ''The Dog Dialed 911'' gathers together a generous assortment of official documents and strange artifacts, most connected to unfortunate encounters with law enforcement. These include celebrity mug shots (say cheese, Nick Nolte!), bad bank-robbery notes and name-change applications filed by citizens like the unfortunate William Gerard Doody.

The utterly mindless ''Pop-Up Book of Celebrity Meltdowns'' lets readers interact, in a hands-on way, with critical moments in recent history. These include Tom Cruise's manic appearance on ''Oprah'' (pull the tab and make Tom jump up and down on the couch), and the O. J. Simpson car chase (pull tab very slowly to ensure verisimilitude).

Onward to the stocking stuffers. The best personals ads in The London Review of Books have been selected for ''They Call Me Naughty Lola.'' The British do not go in for the cheery, self-affirming personals favored by Americans. Their style is more like this: ''Shy, ugly man, fond of extended periods of self-pity, middle-aged, flatulent and overweight, seeks the impossible.'' The Penguin Great Ideas series, whose volumes usually consist of just a few shorter essays or a long one wrapped in a spiffy embossed cover, fit nicely into a back pocket. ''On the Pleasure of Hating,'' by William Hazlitt, might be a little off-message for this joyous time of year, but there's one title that fits beautifully: ''Conspicuous Consumption,'' by Thorstein Veblen.

Finally, Stanley Weintraub's ''11 Days in December.'' It's not a warmhearted holiday story. It's a compact history of the Battle of the Bulge, and it serves as a useful reminder that no matter how tough your holiday season might be, Christmas really can be a whole lot worse.

Roam the Streets of Venice or Explore the Evolution of Times Square

Here is information about the books mentioned:

BATTLE by R. G. Grant (DK Publishing); 360 pages; $40

BIRDS OF THE WORLD by Les Beletsky (Johns Hopkins University Press); 513 pages; $50

BIRD SONGS, by Les Beletsky (Chronicle Books); 368 pages; $45

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION by Thorstein Veblen (Penguin Press); 112 pages; paperback, $8.95

THE DOG DIALED 911 by William Bastone, Andrew Goldberg, Daniel Green and Joseph Jesselli (Little, Brown); 216 pages; paperback, $15.99

11 DAYS IN DECEMBER by Stanley Weintraub (Free Press); 201 pages; $25

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANIMALS, consultants, Fred Cooke, Hugh Dingle, Stephen Hutchinson, George McKay, Richard Schodde, Noel Tait and Richard Vogt (University of California Press); 608 pages; $39.95

FIGHTING TECHNIQUES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD by Simon Anglim, Phyllis G. Jestice, Rob S. Rice, Scott M. Rusch and John Serrati (St. Martin's Press); 256 pages. $35

FIGHTING TECHNIQUES OF THE EARLY MODERN WORLD by Christer Jorgensen, Michael F. Pavkovic, Rob S. Rice, Frederick Schneid and Chris Scott (St. Martin's Press); 256 pages; $29.95

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE UNITED STATES by Derek Hayes (University of California Press); 280 pages; $39.95

HOME GROUND by Barry Lopez and Debra Gwartney (Trinity University Press); 447 pages; $29.95

MIND THE GAFFE by R. L. Trask (HarperCollins); 289 pages; $13.95

NEW YORK 2000 by Robert A. M. Stern, David Fishman and Jacob Tilove (Monacelli Press); 1,520 pages; $100

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF LITERARY ANECDOTES by John Gross, (Oxford University Press); 385 pages; $29.95

ON THE PLEASURE OF HATING by William Hazlitt (Penguin Press); 119 pages; paperback, $8.95

THE ORIGINS OF VALUE by William N. Goetzmann and K. Geert Rouwenhorst (Oxford University Press); 404 pages; $50

PERFUME by Richard Stamelman (Rizzoli); 384 pages; $85

POP-UP BOOK OF CELEBRITY MELTDOWNS by Bruce Foster, Mick Coulas and Heather Havrilesky (Melcher Media); 22 pages; $29.95

POSTCARDS FROM MARS by Jim Bell (Dutton Books); 196 pages; $50

THE YALE BOOK OF QUOTATIONS by Fred R. Shapiro (Yale University Press); 1,067 pages; $50

THEY CALL ME NAUGHTY LOLA, by David Rose (Scribner); 165 pages; $16

VENICE by Alain Vircondelet (Flammarion); three volumes, 477 pages; $150

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: From ''The Yale Book of Quotations'' to ''Postcards From Mars,'' a selection of the best holiday books. (Photo by Lars Klove for The New York Times)(pg. E41)

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: Vivid, fact-filled resources for nature lovers.

MINDLESS ENTERTAINMENT -- Pull the tab to see your favorite celebrity self-destruct.

BY THE POUND -- These hefty books can make a big impression as holiday gifts.

READY FOR COMBAT -- Revisiting wars and historical battles during the season of peace. (Photographs by Lars Klove for The New York Times)(pg. E46)

**Load-Date:** December 15, 2006

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[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VICE PRESIDENT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41J3-WD30-00MH-F1NC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***GORE TEAM RENEWS CRITICISM OF BUSH AS INEXPERIENCED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41J3-WD30-00MH-F1NC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE and RICHARD PEREZ-PENA

**Dateline:** MUSKEGON, Mich., Oct. 29

**Body**

Vice President Al Gore portrayed the presidential election today as a chance for people to reject special interests, while his wife and running mate pronounced Gov. George W. Bush too inexperienced to be president.

Those two themes dominated the day as Mr. Gore scoured for votes throughout Michigan on a bus tour that had him speaking before black churchgoers in the morning, Reagan Democrats in the afternoon and a throng of about 15,000 supporters this ***working class*** city in Western Michigan.

"You have the power," Mr. Gore said at an afternoon rally in East Lansing. "You have the opportunity, because on that one day every four years, the special interests tremble at the thought that you will penetrate the smoke screen, that you'll see through the efforts to fool you, that you'll ignore the clever, the cleverly designed TV commercials."

But instead, he predicted, "You will vote what's right for your family and for your future and for the loved ones that are depending upon your right as an American citizen to cast in the right way."

By contrast, Mr. Bush was off the campaign trail today. He spoke by satellite from his home in Austin, Tex., to a group of Hispanic Republicans in California. His aides, meanwhile, outlined what they called the largest ever Republican grass-roots effort to get out the vote. Page A15.

While Mr. Gore was emphasizing what he wants to do as president, his campaign was trying to sow doubts about how Mr. Bush would perform in the job.

Senator Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut, Mr. Gore's running mate, made the round of Sunday talk programs to voice this emerging campaign theme, and Tipper Gore declared it to a few thousand people at a rally in Warren, Mich.

"It's not 'The Dating Game,' " Mrs. Gore said, perhaps tacitly ceding the edge in likability to Mr. Bush.

"You don't have to fall in love with Al Gore -- I did that," Mrs. Gore said. "What you need to do is figure out who you're going to vote for for president, and I know that you are going to weigh experience. That's important."

Mr. Lieberman used forceful if less personal language this morning.

"I don't think Governor Bush is ready -- based on his experience, his record, his proposals in this campaign -- to be the kind of president that the American people need at this point in our history," Mr. Lieberman said on the ABC News program "This Week."

"His proposals way overspend the projected surplus," Mr. Lieberman said. "They take us back into deficits, raise interest rates, drop the stock market, raise unemployment."

Mr. Gore did not talk about his opponent's qualifications, sticking to his vow not to personally attack Mr. Bush. But he did assail Mr. Bush's record and proposals, delivering sermons laced with lines from his stump speech at two black churches in Detroit.

Describing Mr. Bush's tax-cut plan, he warned a church congregation that if Americans "put our trust in that disproven, discredited, failed theory that says give it to those at the very top and ultimately it will work its way down, we tried that. Been there, done that, still paying the bill."

As his campaign caravan cut through Michigan today, Mr. Gore pleaded for votes at every stop, portraying Mr. Bush as a captive of special interests like drug companies, the oil industry and the managed-care industry, and telling voters that Election Day was their chance to strike back.

"This country belongs to you, and I want to give it back to you," Mr. Gore shouted at the rally in Muskegon on the first day of a two-day bus caravan in Michigan and Wisconsin. "And if you elect me on Nov. 7, I will give it back to you."

Casting his 24 years in political office as those of a crusader against the "special interests," Mr. Gore added, "I know where the rats in the barn are, and you know what, the rats in the barn know that I know, and that's why they're coming out trying to stop us."

Mr. Gore's day began with a private meeting with two dozen representatives of Arab-Americans, who make up an important voting bloc in this state, and after the meeting, six endorsed him.

James Zogby, president of the Arab-American Institute and chairman of the Arab-American Democratic Leadership Council, said that about 20 Arab community leaders would endorse Mr. Gore on Wednesday when he returned to Michigan.

"It was a very good discussion," Mr. Zogby said. "He asked for frankness, and people gave him frankness."

Some Arab groups have been concerned that Mr. Gore's selection of Mr. Lieberman as his running mate would make him biased in favor of Israel.

"He made it very clear that he was a friend of Israel," Mr. Zogby said. "But he said, 'Look, I'm also a friend of Egypt, I've worked to promote job development in the West Bank,' " a reference to Mr. Gore's having been a sponsor of a group called Builders for Peace, which is an Arab-American and Jewish-American alliance to promote investment in the West Bank.

"It was a group that wants him to be evenhanded and establish ties on both sides," Mr. Zogby said, "and they went away convinced that he's done that for the last seven years."

At the church services, Mr. Gore talked stump and Scripture as he sought to inspire the congregants to go to the polls for him.

"Paul wrote twice, to the Galatians and Second Thessalonians, 'Do not grow weary in well doing.' We have done well in the last eight years," Mr. Gore said from the pulpit at the Hartford Memorial Baptist Church. Continuing to quote, he said: "But in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Then, switching to his stump speech, he blurted out: "You ain't seen nothing yet."

He found a new way to illustrate Mr. Bush's tax cut: "My opponent proposes to spend more money on tax benefits to the wealthiest 90,000 multimillionaires than all his proposals to spend money on 90,000 public schools all across the United States of America."

And he boiled down his criticism of the governor's prescription-drug plan to this: "The only thing you need to know about the proposal my opponent has made is that the big pharmaceutical companies support it."

Describing the problems that some older people have in paying for their medications, he added: "Those seniors are choosing between skipping pills and skipping meals. They're choosing between this medication and the other one. And it is wrong. The big drug companies are deeply involved in this election. They've supported not only my opponent's proposal, but supported him massively."

He raised the audience to its feet by declaring: "You have the ability to make a difference. This state has the ability to decide this close election. You have the ability to decide what this state decides."

With his hands stretched out, the vice president implored the crowd, "Don't sit down, because I don't want you to have to get right back up again."

In the spring, Mr. Gore contended that Mr. Bush lacked the experience to be president, but he has not made that argument for months, presumably for fear of being seen as breaking his vow not to personally attack the governor.

Mr. Gore has even gone to some lengths to tell reporters that he is not making that argument. In a late-night flight on Saturday from Minneapolis to Romulus, Mich., Mr. Gore was asked about an editorial in The New York Times, which in endorsing Mr. Gore said that Mr. Bush was too inexperienced for the job.

Asked if he believed that, the vice president responded, "I haven't said that I believe it, because I don't think it's my place to say that I believe it."

Nonetheless, Tad Devine, a top Gore strategist, said the campaign intended to capitalize on the "tremendous sense of unease" that voters feel about Mr. Bush's lack of experience.

"In many ways, Governor Bush is not up to the job of being president," Mr. Devine said, adding that while Mr. Gore's positions on issues would be the central argument for the vice president's election, the campaign would make the lack of experience the central issue against Mr. Bush.

Mr. Devine also said that Mr. Gore would be linking Mr. Bush more directly with Congressional Republicans, an argument Mr. Gore began to make on Saturday in an address in Pennsylvania when he said a health care bill provided millions for health maintenance organizations but did not include patient protections.

"He will be tied in with the Republicans in Congress," Mr. Devine said. "This is why he's having difficulty in Florida, after the Republican takeover, and it's why Gore is ahead there -- there's a perception that the Republicans in Washington have done some very bad things for programs that people rely on. This could be very damaging to Bush."

In His Own Words

AL GORE

Remarks yesterday at a rally in Macomb, Mich.:

"The Supreme Court is at stake. There are going to be three, maybe four -- somebody wrote this morning, maybe even five -- justices of the Supreme Court appointed by the next president of the United States. That means a majority on the court that will interpret our rights under the Constitution for the next 30 to 40 years. These young children here will have children of their own that will live under the interpretations of our Constitution determined by the election nine days from now. Think about it.

We want the Americans with disabilities to have rights in this country to participate in the mainstream. There is a 5-to-4 decision now pending in the Supreme Court that will be revisited by the next court that will determine whether or not the Americans With Disabilities Act survives or not.

Think about civil rights. Think about women's rights. Think about human rights. Think about antitrust law. Think about Federalism. All of these issues are on the ballot this Nov. 7."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The Gores yesterday in East Lansing, Mich., on a day when Tipper Gore led the attack on her husband's rival. (Reuters)(pg. A1); A rally in East Lansing, Mich., was one of several campaign stops yesterday for Vice President Al Gore on a bus trip across the state. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. A14)

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[***Transcript of the Republican Presidential Debate in Detroit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5J75-65K1-JBG3-6451-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Following is a transcript of the Republican debate, as transcribed by the Federal News Service.

KELLY: Good evening, and welcome to the fabulous FOX Theatre in downtown Detroit, the site of the 11th Republican presidential debate of the 2016 campaign.

KELLY: I'm Megyn Kelly, along with my co-moderators, Bret Baier and Chris Wallace.

BAIER: 59 Republican delegates are at stake here in the state of Michigan during next Tuesday's Republican primary, the biggest prize out of four states holding contests that day. For tonight's debate we're partnering with Facebook. The conversation about this election has been intense, as the crowd is here.

Since January 1st, 53 million people in the U.S. have been talking about the election on Facebook.

WALLACE: Tonight there are just four candidates on this stage. Their position has been determined by their standing in an average of the five most recent national polls as recognized by FOX News, and conducted and released by March 1st. Here they are.

Businessman, Donald Trump.

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

Texas Senator, Ted Cruz.

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

Florida Senator, Marco Rubio.

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

And, Ohio Governor, John Kasich.

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Tonight's rules are simple. Up to 60 seconds for each answer, 30 seconds for each follow-up response, and if a candidate goes over the allotted time, you will hear this.

(BELL RINGING)

BAIER: So pleasant.

KELLY: Really.

BAIER: We have a big crowd here, and while we expect the audience to be enthusiastic and responsive at times... (CHEERING) (APPLAUSE)

BAIER: ... they may have already been -- we also expect them to be respectful, and we want the candidates to get their full time. So, somewhere between a library and a Red Wings game.

(LAUGHTER) (CHEERING)

BAIER: Am I right? Is that OK?

Let's get started.

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, as you may have heard, the 2012 Republican nominee for President, Mitt Romney, had some things to say about you today.

He said your domestic policy will lead to recession, he's said your foreign policy will make us less safe, and then he listed what he said are your personal qualities. Quoting now Romney on Trump, quote, ''the bullying, the greed, the showing off, the misogyny, the absurd, third-grade theatrics''.

(CHEERING)

He challenged you to answer with substance, not insults. How do you answer Mitt Romney, sir?

TRUMP: Well look, he was a failed candidate, he should have beaten president Obama very easy.

He failed miserably, and it was an embarrassment to everybody, including the Republican party. It looked like he went away on a vacation the last month. So, I don't take that, and I guess, obviously, he wants to be relevant. He wants to be back in the game.

As far as domestic policy and trade which is killing our country, he said free trade and I believe in free trade also. But, if you look at China, and you look Japan, and if you look at Mexico, both at the border, by the way, where they're killing us.

Both at the border, and with trade -- and every other country we do business with we are getting absolutely crushed on trade. And, he said free trade, I say free trade great. But, not when they're beating us so badly.

With China we're going to lose $505 billion dollars in terms of trades. You just can't do it.

Mexico, $58 billion dollars.

Japan, probably about, they don't know it yet, but about $109 billion dollars.

Every country we lose money with. As far as I'm concerned, we've got to reduce -- we have to redo our trade deals 100 percent. I have the greatest business people in the world lined up to do it. We will make...

(BELL RINGING)

TRUMP: ... great trade deals.

(CHEERING)

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, Romney also talked about your position on race, and the controversy over your failure to denounce David Duke on Sunday. You have repeatedly disavowed him since then, but I'd like to go deeper than that. What are your views on the Klu Klux Klan, and white supremacists?

TRUMP: I totally disavow the Klu Klux Klan. I totally disavow David Duke. I've been doing it now for two weeks, this is your -- you're probably about the 18th person that's asked me the question. It was very clear, that question was also talked about in the form of groups. Groups, I want to know which groups are you talking about? You have to tell me which groups?

Ultimately, he got to the Klu Klux Klan, which obviously I'm going to disavow. And, by the way, if you look on my Twitter account, almost immediately after the program they were disavowed again.

You know, it's amazing. When I do something on Twitter, everybody picks it up, goes all over the place. But, when I did this one nobody ever picks it up. Take a look at my Twitter account.

WALLACE: Thank you, sir.

TRUMP: Thank you. Thanks.(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Senator Rubio, three weeks ago you said, quote: ''I don't do the personal attacks, primarily because it's not who I am, because I think it's beneath the office that I'm seeking but also because I don't want to embarrass my kids.''

But in the past week you've mocked Mr. Trump's tan. You've made fun of his spelling. You called him a con artist. You suggested he wet himself backstage at the last debate, along with other vulgar jokes and jabs. So what happened?

RUBIO: Yes, you know, Bret, let me say something. This campaign for the last year Donald Trump has basically mocked everybody with personal attacks. He has done so to people that are sitting on the stage today. He has done so about people that are disabled. He has done it about every candidate in this race.

So if there is anyone who has ever deserved to be attacked that way, it has been Donald Trump, for the way he has treated people in the campaign.

Now that said, I would much prefer to have a policy debate. I hope that's what we will have here tonight. Let's have a policy debate...

TRUMP: And we will.

RUBIO: ... let's talk about Donald Trump's strategy and my strategy and Ted's strategy and John Kasich's strategy when it comes to ISIS. And on health care and on the important issues facing this country.

But let's be honest too about all this. The media has given these personal attacks that Donald Trump has made an incredible amount of coverage. Let's start talking again about the issues that matter to this country. I'm ready to do that starting right here right now tonight.

BAIER: Mr. Trump, your response?

TRUMP: Well, I also happened to call him a lightweight, OK? And I have said that. So I would like to take that back. He is really not that much of a lightweight. And as far as -- and I have to say this, I have to say this. He hit my hands. Nobody has ever hit my hands. I have never heard of this. Look at those hands. Are they small hands?

(LAUGHTER)

TRUMP: And he referred to my hands, if they are small, something else must be small. I guarantee you there is no problem. I guarantee.

BAIER: OK. Moving on.

KELLY: OK, Senator Cruz, you say that you are the true conservative in this race. But 15 states have voted now, and you have won only four of them. You have lost repeatedly with what is supposed to be your core voter groups, including evangelicals and conservatives.

Hasn't your brand of conservatism been rejected by an electorate that appears to be more taken with Mr. Trump's populist message?

CRUZ: Well, Megyn, you know, at the end of the day for the folks at home, this is not about the insults back and forth between the candidates. This is not about what attacks we can throw at each other. This is the people at home who are struggling through seven years of Barack Obama.

This is the single moms who are working two and three jobs, 28, 29 hours a week because their hours have been forcibly reduced because of Obamacare. This is the truck drivers and the steel workers and the mechanics with calluses on their hands who have seen their wages not grow year after year after year while the cost of living goes up.

This is all the young people coming out of school with student loans up to their eyeballs that aren't able to find a job.

And I don't think the people of America are interested in a bunch of bickering school children. They are interested in solutions, not slogans. It's easy to say, make things better, make things great. You can even print it and put it on a baseball cap.

But the question is, do you understand the principles that made America great in the first place? As president, I will repeal every word of Obamacare. I will pull back the regulators that are killing small businesses.

And we will pass a simple flat tax and abolish the IRS. And what that's going to do, Megyn, is small businesses are going to explode. We are going to see millions of high-paying jobs. We are going to see wages going up. We are going to see opportunity.

That's where our focus needs to be. That's where my focus is. And that is why our campaign is the only campaign that over and over again has beaten Donald Trump to date, and it's why we are the one campaign that going forward can and will beat Donald Trump in this election.

KELLY: Go ahead, Mr. Trump. TRUMP: I have heard Ted say that over and over again on television, that he is the only one that can beat me. Just, for the record, I have won 10. He has won three or four. Last week, in fact, on Tuesday, I was a half a million votes higher than him. I was a million votes higher than Marco, 1 million votes. That's a lot of votes. And was by far in first place.

So I keep hearing that he is the only one that can beat me but he is getting beaten very, very badly. So where does this come from? Where does it come from?

KELLY: Go ahead, Senator Rubio.

RUBIO: Yes, I would just say a couple of things. There is no doubt that Donald has done well in these elections. There is no doubt about that. The numbers are there.

Here is what the numbers also say. Two-thirds of the people who have cast a vote in a Republican primary or caucus have voted against you. They do not want you to be our nominee.RUBIO: And, the reason why is because we are not going to turn over the conservative movement, or the party of Lincoln or Reagan, for example, to someone whose positions are not conservative. To someone who last week defended Planned Parenthood for 30 seconds a debate stage. To someone, for example, that has no ideas on foreign -- someone who thinks the nuclear triad is a rock band from the 1980's.

TRUMP: Oh yeah, you're...

RUBIO: ... To someone who time and again on issue after issue has not proven that he has the principals...

(BELL RINGING)

RUBIO: ... That outline what the conservative movement has been about. And, as Ted said, the things that made America great.

America is great because of the conservative principles of limited government and free enterprise, and a strong national defense...

KELLY: ... OK...

RUBIO: ... And, our nominee needs to be someone that stands by those things...

KELLY: ... Alright...

RUBIO: ... Donald has not demonstrated that.

KELLY: ... Go ahead, Mr. Trump, and then we're going to have to go to Governor Kasich.

(APPLAUSE)

TRUMP: Very nice words, but happens to be wrong. CNN just came out with a poll two days ago that...

RUBIO: ... (INAUDIBLE)

TRUMP: ... That national poll -- excuse me...

RUBIO: ... (INAUDIBLE)

TRUMP: ... The national poll -- a national poll where he's at 15, he's at 14... RUBIO: ... (INAUDIBLE)...

TRUMP: ... And, I'm at 49, so when he says 75 percent, that would mean that 80 percent of the people don't dig you, and I'm back down to 50...

RUBIO: ... Of all the people on this stage, he performs the worst against Hillary Clinton.

TRUMP: Wrong...

RUBIO: ... If you're our nominee, we will lose...

TRUMP: ... I beat Hillary Clinton. I beat Hillary Clinton in many polls...

RUBIO: ... You lose by (INAUDIBLE) points (ph). She will wipe you out.

TRUMP: I beat Hillary Clinton in many polls...

RUBIO: If you're our nominee (INAUDIBLE)...

KELLY: ... Hold on, Senator, hold on...

TRUMP: ... I think I'm talking...

RUBIO: ... Oh, excuse me (INAUDIBLE)...

TRUMP: ... I beat Hillary Clinton...

KELLY: ... Hold on, hold on, hold on...

TRUMP: ... I hope you think (INAUDIBLE)...

KELLY: ... The audience cannot understand when you're talking over each other. Finish your point, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP: ... I beat Hillary Clinton in many polls. The Cue (ph) poll just came out. I beat Hillary Clinton in a recent Fox poll, I beat Hillary Clinton in USA Today, I beat her today in a poll in Ohio. I beat -- I'm the only one that beats Hillary Clinton.

I beat -- and I have not started on Hillary yet. Believe me, I will...

(CHEERING)

TRUMP: ... start soon. I haven't even started.

KELLY: OK.

BAIER: Governor Kasich, today you admitted that you have a narrow path to the nomination through a contested convention. Today also Mitt Romney proposed that Republicans should vote for Senator Rubio in Florida. They should vote for you in Ohio. They should vote for Senator Cruz in states that he can beat Mr. Trump to prevent Mr. Trump from getting the nomination.

So, do you buy Romney's blueprint, and can you say tonight to your Florida supporters that they should vote for Senator Rubio to get a contested convention?

KASICH: You know, this so much about process. It frankly is boring to me. I would like it clear though, since we're talking about polls, I beat Hillary Clinton by more than 11 points, and the reason it happens...

(CHEERING)

TRUMP: ... In one poll...

KASICH: ... The reason it happens...

TRUMP: ... In one poll...

KASICH: ... You know, the reason is because, as the Democrats tell me all the time, I can get the crossover votes. You see, because throughout this campaign I've talked about issues, I have never tried to go and get into these scrums that we're seeing here on the stage. And, people say everywhere I go, ''you seem to be the adult on the stage.''

(APPLAUSE)

In terms of -- you know, Mitt Romney's a great guy, but he doesn't determine my strategy. The fact of the matter is I'm running for president because I worked hard to fix this country when I was in Washington as the Chairman of the Budget Committee where we had some of the most significant job growth after we balanced the budget.

We had wages going up, it was very successful in Ohio. Our wages grow faster than the national average. We're up over 400,000 jobs. We paid down, back in the old days, they paid down half a trillion dollars of the national debt. It's a formula that works. And, I believe that formula will work when I return to Washington as the president.

And, by the way, I won't need on the job training because I know how to do all of this, and within the first 100 days I will have a plan that will pass the Congress because...

(BELL RINGING)

KASICH: ... It is reasonable, and I can bring both sides together...

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: ... But Governor, this is all about process. For voters, they need to see a path to get to the nomination if they're going to support you.

On Super Tuesday you finished in single digits in nine out of 11 states. So, you can see that your path is through a contested convention. How do you...

KASICH: ... Well, Bret, I think we're all really there. I mean, the simple fact is that, you know, you all wrote me off. You wrote me off before I even got to New Hampshire, then when I finished in New Hampshire you wrote me off in the South, then you wrote me off in Super Tuesday.

I split delegates in Vermont with Donald Trump, I finished second in Massachusetts, and we won delegates in Virginia. But, guess what? It's now March Madness and we're heading up North to the place -- to my turf, OK?

(CHEERING)

KASICH: And, let me just tell you this, I will win Ohio, and I am going to move all across this country, and over time as people begin to finally hear my message -- you know what people say, Bret, to me all the time?

Why don't they give you any time on the debate stage? Why is that?(CHEERING)

KASICH: So now all of a sudden, I'm starting to get it, and what I want the people to know is, I know how to bring people together, Republicans and Democrats. I have successfully, both at the federal level and the state level brought economic growth, wage growth, and economic security to this country.

And I want to go back and do it again, and I'm going to keep talking about my message of bringing people together and motivating people in the neighborhoods that realize they don't need somebody from Washington galloping in. There are many things they can do where they live, because the strength of our country is in our neighborhoods and our families. And I'm going to keep doing this.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Thank you.

WALLACE: Well, then, we want to focus now on the economy, which is one of the top issues on Facebook, with 6.6 million people discussing it online. A lot of that conversation is happening here in Detroit, where the unemployment rate is 10.9 percent. That's more than double the national average.

Senator Rubio, you have taken to calling Mr. Trump a con artist who portrays himself as a hero to working people while he's really been, in your words, ''sticking it'' to the American workers for 40 years. But he has built a big company that employs thousands of people. Question. How many jobs have you created?

RUBIO: Well, first of all, government doesn't...

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

First of all, Chris, my point is exactly right. He has spent a career of convincing Americans that he's something that he's not in exchange for their money. Now he's trying to do the same in exchange for their country. This is a fact. He talks about these great businesses that he's built. He inherited over $100 million.

TRUMP: Wrong. Wrong.

RUBIO: And with that money, he lost more money than he made.

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, it's not your turn. You'll get your turn, sir.

(CROSSTALK)

RUBIO: He can start tonight by announcing that all the Donald Trump clothing will no longer be made in China and in Mexico, but will be made here in the United States.

(APPLAUSE)

And on the issue of job creation, I find this interesting. The private sector creates jobs. The jobs of those of us in public service are to put in place policies that allow the economy to grow.

That's the problem with the Democratic Party. They think government is what creates jobs. Government does not create jobs.

Now, the way you create jobs is you make America the easiest and the best place in the world to start a business or to expand an existing business. If you go on my website, marcorubio.com, you will see a real plan to fix our taxes, to roll back regulations, to repeal and replace Obamacare, not just lines around the states. Serious policies and proposals.

WALLACE: Sir? Mr. Trump, I'd like you to respond. You have 30 seconds to respond. But as part of that, could you respond to his specific assertion about Trump Collection clothes, which you say some of it is made in Mexico?

TRUMP: This little guy has lied so much...

RUBIO: Here we go.

TRUMP: ... about my record.

RUBIO: Here we go. It's personal.

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: He has lied so much about my record.

WALLACE: Mr. Rubio -- Senator Rubio, why don't you let him finish?

TRUMP: And I will tell you this. First of all, I got a call from my sister and brother tonight, and they said we had no idea Dad gave you $200 million. Believe me, I started off with $1 million. I built a company that's worth more than $10 billion. And I say it not in a bragging way, but that's the kind of thinking we need.

Very low debt, tremendous cash flow. My financials are all -- they're all in there with the federal elections. You've seen them. Everybody has seen them. I say it only because that's the kind of thinking this country needs with $19 trillion in debit. Believe me.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: But wait one second. Specifically and quickly on the question, will you promise that you will -- and how soon will you move your clothing collection, the clothes that are made in China and Mexico?

TRUMP: They devalue their currencies. I will do that. And by the way, I have been doing it more and more. But they devalue their currencies, in particular China. Mexico is doing a big number now, also. Japan is unbelievable what they're doing.

They devalue their currencies, and they make it impossible for clothing-makers in this country to do clothing in this country. And if you look at what's happened on Seventh Avenue, and you look at what's happened in New York with the garment industry, so much of the clothing now comes out from Vietnam, China, and other places. And it's all because of devaluation.

By the way, the Trans-Pacific, if you look at the TPP, a total disaster, which, by the way, Marco is in favor of, they need -- it is a disaster for our country. It's trying to be approved by various people, including President Obama. And I'll tell you something. The biggest problem with that is: They don't take into concurrence the devaluation. They're devaluing their currency.

WALLACE: Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Trump. Senator Rubio?

TRUMP: And they're killing -- they're going to...

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: Wait, wait, Senator Rubio.

RUBIO: The answer is, he's not going to do it. And you know why? Because there are plenty of clothing makers in America.

(APPLAUSE)

(CROSSTALK)

RUBIO: If you go on my website, marcorubio.com, everything we have on there is made in America. The reason why he makes it in China or Mexico is because he can make more money on it. That's why he's doing it.

And the second point, you see what happens, again, when you challenge him on a policy issue. You asked him about the economy, and the first thing he does is launch an attack about some little guy thing. Because he doesn't have answers.

TRUMP: No, no. I have very good answers.

RUBIO: And he's asking us to make him the president of the United States of America.

(CROSSTALK) (APPLAUSE)

RUBIO: This is not a game.

TRUMP: I know what's happening with the economy. You don't know a thing.

RUBIO: Well, then answer the economy question.

TRUMP: You haven't employed in your life one person.

RUBIO: But he doesn't answer the employment question.TRUMP: I have employed tens of thousands of people.

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: You haven't employed one person.

RUBIO: You ever heard of Trump Steaks? You ever heard of Trump Vodka?

TRUMP: Oh, you know what? You know what? Take a look at Trump Steaks.

RUBIO: All of these companies he has ruined.

TRUMP: By the way, that's the other thing...

RUBIO: Trump Steaks is gone. You have ruined these companies.

TRUMP: Mitt Romney...

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: ... false, totally false. And now the funny thing is he didn't talk about the hundreds of really successful jobs, the buildings all over the world that have made a fortune.

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: I have a policy question for you, sir.

RUBIO: Let's see if he answers it.

TRUMP: I will. Don't worry about it, Marco. Don't worry about it. Don't worry about it little Marco, I will.

RUBIO: All right, well, let's hear it big Donald.

TRUMP: Don't worry about it, little Marco.

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: Gentlemen. Gentlemen.

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: You have got to do better than this. TRUMP: This guy has a number one -- the number one absentee record in the United States...

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, I would like to ask you a policy question.

TRUMP: He doesn't show up to vote.

WALLACE: Your proposed tax cut...

TRUMP: That's why the people in Florida do not like him.

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, your proposed tax cut would add $10 trillion to the nation's debt over 10 years, even if the economy grows the way that you say it will. You insist that you could make up for a good deal of that, you say, by cutting waste, fraud, and abuse.

TRUMP: Correct.

WALLACE: Like what? And please be specific.

TRUMP: Department of Education. We're cutting Common Core. We're getting rid of Common Core. We're bringing education locally. Department of Environmental Protection. We are going to get rid are of it in almost every form. We're going to have little tidbits left but we're going to take a tremendous amount out.

We have various other things. If you look at the IRS, if you look at every single agency, we can cut it down, and I mean really cut it down and save. The waste, fraud, and abuse is massive.

Larry Kudlow, great guy, everybody respects him, said my plan for taxes and tax cutting is the best by far of everybody.

WALLACE: But, Mr. Trump, Mr. Trump, your numbers don't add up. Please put up full screen number four. The Education Department, you talk about cutting, the total budget for the education department is $78 billion.

And that includes Pell grants for low-income students and aid to states for special education. I assume you wouldn't cut those things. The entire budget for the EPA, the Environmental Protection Agency, $8 billion.

TRUMO: OK.

WALLACE: The deficit this year is $544 billion. That's more than a half trillion dollars. Your numbers don't add up, sir.

TRUMP: Let me explain something. Because of the fact that the pharmaceutical companies -- because of the fact that the pharmaceutical companies are not mandated to bid properly, they have hundreds of billions of dollars in waste.

We don't bid properly. We don't have proper bidding procedures. The reason we don't is because they take care of all of the senators, all of the congressman, and they don't bid. They don't go out to bid. WALLACE: Mr. Trump...

TRUMP: Take a look -- excuse me. You are talking about hundreds of billions of dollars...

WALLACE: No, you are not.

TRUMP: ... if we went out to the proper bid. Of course you are.

WALLACE: No, you're not, sir. Let's put up full screen number 2.

You say that Medicare could save $300 billion a year negotiating lower drug prices. But Medicare total only spends $78 billion a year on drugs. Sir, that's the facts. You are talking about saving more money on Medicare prescription drugs...

TRUMP: I'm saying saving through negotiation throughout the economy, you will save $300 billion a year.

WALLACE: But that doesn't really cut the federal deficit.

TRUMP: And that's a huge -- of course it is. We are going to buy things for less money. Of course it is. That works out...

WALLACE: That's the only money that we buy -- the only drugs that we pay for is through Medicare.

TRUMP: I'm not only talking about drugs, I'm talking about other things. We will save $300 billion a year if we properly negotiate. We don't do that. We don't negotiate. We don't negotiate anything.

KASICH: Can I...

WALLACE: No. I promise I will get to you in a moment, sir.

Senator Cruz, one of centerpieces of your campaign, in fact, you mentioned it again tonight, is that you will abolish the IRS. Question though, who will collect the taxes that you are still calling for? Who will oversee to make sure that people pay the taxes that they rightfully owe? And who will check on the various tax deductions and tax credits that you still want?

CRUZ: So my simple flat tax I have rolled out in precise detail how it will operate where every American can fill out our taxes on a postcard. And if you want to actually see the postcard, see all the details, you can find them on our Web site. It's tedcruz.org.

When he we get rid of all the corporate welfare, all the subsidies, all the carve-outs in the IRS code, it dramatically simplifies it. And under Obama, the IRS has become so corrupt and so politicized we need to abolish it all together.

Now, at the end of that there will still be an office in the Treasury Department to receive the postcards but it will be dramatically simpler. CRUZ: And let me take a moment, Chris, to go back to go back to this exchange that was going on.

In between all of the insults, let me point out the specificity that was lacking. It's very easy to say, ''Let's cut waste, fraud, and abuse.'' I've rolled out a detailed plan to cut $500 billion in federal spending, specifying exactly what I would cut.

(APPLAUSE)

It's easy to say it, but one of the great disconnects to all the people, all of the voters, I understand the folks who are supporting Donald right now. You're angry. You're angry at Washington, and he uses angry rhetoric.

But for 40 years, Donald has been part of the corruption in Washington that you're angry about.

(APPLAUSE)

And you're not going to stop the corruption in Washington by supporting someone who has supported liberal Democrats for four decades, from Jimmy Carter to John Kerry to Hillary Clinton. You're not going to stop the corruption and the cronyism by supporting someone who has used government power for private gain. Instead, we need a president who stands with the American people.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Governor Kasich, I promise I will get to you. But you do get 30 seconds to respond, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP: Well, all of a sudden, I hear for 40 years I've been involved in Washington. I have been supporting people for many years. And these people have been politicians, and they've been on both sides, Democrats, Republicans, liberals, conservatives. I've supported everybody, because, until recently, I wasn't a politician, and I hope maybe you don't all consider me a politician right now. I hate the term politician.

But I've been supporting politicians. A recent article somewhere said Donald Trump is a world-class businessman who goes out and he does get along with everybody. I've supported Democrats, and I've supported Republicans. And as a businessman, I owed that to my company, to my family, to my workers, to everybody to get along.

Part of the problem we have in Washington, Chris...

WALLACE: Mr. Trump...

TRUMP: ... is it's total gridlock. Nobody gets along. We need people to get along. We need to be able to get things done.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Governor Kasich, Democrats, as you know, will make income inequality a big issue in the general election. You support raising the minimum wage, although you say not to the $15 an hour that Democrats are talking about. Mr. Trump opposes any increase because he says it will price American workers out of the world market. Is he wrong about that? No increase in the minimum wage?

KASICH: Well, well, wait a minute, first of all, I didn't say I was for an increase in the federal minimum wage. I said in Ohio we increased it modestly every single year. So I'm not for a federal minimum wage increase.

WALLACE: But you did talk about states doing it.

KASICH: Well, states -- if states want to do it, they ought to sit down with businesspeople and the lawmakers and figure out what will work. But hold on a second here with everything else.

I'm the only person on this stage who actually was the chief architect of balancing the federal budget. It's not a theory for me. It's not -- it's not some -- you have to know how to put everything together. And you know, I spent 10 years of my life to get there, and I did not do that because I'm worshiping at some balanced budget shrine.

The reason I did it is when you have commonsense regulations, lower taxes on individuals and businesses, and you have a fiscal plan that makes sense, the job creators will expand employment. And what happened? When I was there, the jobs were exploding. Bill Clinton's tried to take credit for it. When I went to Ohio, we're up 400,000 jobs. It's the same formula.

But it isn't easy. I fought the entire Washington establishment and won, because when you balance a budget, you must affect every single thing. Everything in the federal government specifically. You cannot get there with theories or broad statements, and you have to be willing to take the heat. In fact, I fought a Republican president, who I thought was not offering constructive proposals to fix this economy.

So when we talk about all this, there's one person on this stage and one person who's been a candidate for president in either party that restored economic strength, growth, a balanced budget, paid down debt, cut taxes, the things that people in this country want. No theories. Reality.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Thank you, Governor.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: All right. Let's talk immigration for a little bit. Senator Cruz, let's start with you. You have repeatedly touted how you have stood shoulder to shoulder with Senator Jeff Sessions to fight illegal immigration and amnesty. But Senator Sessions just endorsed Donald Trump. If voters want Jeff Sessions-style immigration policies, isn't their choice rather clear?

CRUZ: Yes, their choice is very clear. If you look to the actual record -- you know, Donald mentioned a moment ago that he was just doing business when he was writing checks to liberal Democrats. But that's not, in fact, the checks he was writing.

Listen, we could all understand if you write a check to a city commission because you're looking for a zoning waiver on building a building. That may be corrupt, but you could understand real estate developers doing that.CRUZ: That's not what Donald Trump did. Donald Trump supported Jimmy Carter over Ronald Reagan. Donald supported John Kerry over George W. Bush. If you don't like Obamacare, Donald Trump funded Harry Reid and Nancy Pelosi taking over Congress to pass Obamacare.

On immigration, if you don't like amnesty, if you don't like the Gang of Eight, Donald Trump funded five of the eight members of the Gang of Eight $50,000.

And let's talk about this election. The choice Republican primary voters are making is who is best prepared to stand up to Hillary Clinton and beat Hillary Clinton. Donald Trump has written checks to Hillary Clinton not once, not twice, not three times. Ten times. And four of those checks were not to her Senate campaign. It wasn't that she was the New York senator and it was a cost of doing business. It was to her presidential campaign.

Donald Trump in 2008 wrote four checks to elect Hillary Clinton as president.

KELLY: OK.

CRUZ: So I'd like to ask Donald, why did you write checks to Hillary Clinton to be president in 2008? It wasn't for business. And how can you stand on a debate stage now with her and say you don't think she should be president?

(APPLAUSE)

TRUMP: Actually, it was for business. It was. It was. It was for business. I pride myself, including outside of the United States. I'm doing almost 120 deals outside of the -- which I hope to be able to stop very soon and let my children handle it -- but we're doing many, many deals outside of the United States.

I support politicians. In 2008, I supported Hillary Clinton. I supported many other people, by the way. And that was because of the fact that I'm in business. I did support very heavily Ronald Reagan. I also supported George Bush, by the way.

KELLY: All right. Mr. Trump...

CRUZ: But what would you say...

KELLY: Well, stand by -- stand by, Senator Cruz.

CRUZ: ... to Hillary Clinton on the debate stage when you wrote her a check in 2008, wrote her four checks to be president?

TRUMP: Let me tell you, something, Ted. The last person that Hillary Clinton wants to face is Donald Trump. That I can...

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Let's move on. And with all due respect, we have -- we have questions. We have questions.

TRUMP: That I can tell you.

(CROSSTALK)

KELLY: No, no, no. Hold on. Hold on. We can do more of this later. Mr. Trump, hi.

TRUMP: Hello.

KELLY: How are you doing?

TRUMP: Nice to be with you, Megyn.

KELLY: Great to have you here.

TRUMP: You're looking well. You're looking well.

KELLY: As are you.

(APPLAUSE)

Back in January, you gave an off-the-record interview to the New York Times. It was apparently audiotaped. Now, a recent report in Buzzfeed citing sources at the Times reports that in that interview you expressed flexibility when it comes to your immigration policy, specifically with respect to your promise to deport the 11 million people who are now living here illegally. You have suggested that you may have expressed some flexibility when it comes to the size of the wall that you want to build. But did you tell them, specifically, that you are flexible when it comes to your deportation plan?

TRUMP: I don't know exactly what -- when you talk about off the record. First of all, Buzzfeed? They were the ones that said under no circumstances will I run for president. And were they wrong. But a lot of people said that.

Then, I did have a meeting with the editorial board of the New York Times, a very nice meeting. Many of those things were off the record, I think at their suggestion and my suggestion. And I think being off the record is a very important thing. I think it's a very, very powerful thing.

And I will say this. These three gentlemen have gone off the record many times with reporters. And I think they want to honor it, and I would always honor that.

I will say, though, in terms of immigration -- and almost anything else -- there always has to be some, you know, tug and pull and deal. And, you know, when I watch Ted stand on the Senate floor, I had great respect for what he did. He stood there for a day-and-a- half or something. In the meantime, what came of it? Nothing. You have to be able to have some flexibility, some negotiation.

Now, sometimes you ask for more than you want and you negotiate down to the point. I may have discussed something like that with the New York Times, but I would never release off-the-record conversations. I don't think it's fair, frankly, to do that to anybody.

KELLY: How flexible are you on this issue?

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

TRUMP: Not very flexible. No, not very flexible. I give the example -- I'm going to build a wall. I'm the one that wants the wall. I'm the one that can build the wall.

(APPLAUSE)

It's going to get built. And by the way, Mexico is going to pay for the wall. I can tell you that. Mexico is going to pay for the wall.

(APPLAUSE)

But -- and I used an example. And this isn't necessarily what was said, but whatever was said, the wall's 50 feet high. Is it going to be 45 feet or 40 feet? That could very well be. That could very well -- he wants it to be higher.

(LAUGHTER)

That could very well be. But there's always give and take. There's always negotiation. And the best negotiator that knows what he's doing will make a great deal. But we need give and take in government. If you don't have give and take, you're never going to agree on anything.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Senator Rubio, you not only supported the failed immigration reform effort through the Gang of Eight, but you're still on record as favoring an eventual path to citizenship for those who are here illegally. And in addition...

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

... you favored in-state tuition for Florida illegal immigrants. You've been hitting Mr. Trump hard on this flexibility discussion with the New York Times, but his supporters might say at least his opening stance was tough.

RUBIO: Well, first of all, let me say that on the issue of the off-the-record, that's not up to the New York Times. That's up to you, Donald. If tonight you tell the New York Times to release the audio, they will do it, and we can exactly see what your true views are on immigration...

TRUMP: Fine (ph).

RUBIO: ... because it is a major issue, in your campaign that you've made a center issue. Now, as far as my record on it is concerned, I absolutely want to solve this issue. And I did the best we could in a Senate that was controlled by liberal Democrats and Harry Reid in the hopes that the House, made up of conservatives, would take it up and make it even stronger. And I said that repeatedly at the time.

I'm not just saying that now; I said it throughout that process. We do need to do with this issue. (AUDIENCE BOOS)

RUBIO: When I'm president it will not be dealt with the way it was done in the Senate.

It will be done first and foremost by bringing illegal immigration under control and proving it to the American people. And only after that is done can anything else happen.

And it will be something the American people support. We'll see what they are willing to support. It's not going to be an executive order and we're not going to ram it down their throats.

KELLY: Mr. Trump, we will let respond, but will you release the tapes? Will you authorize of The Times to release the tapes?

TRUMP: I will say one thing, what Marco said is -- I understand it. He is talking about a little give and take and a little negotiation. And you know what? That's OK. That's not the worst thing in the world.

There is nothing wrong with that. I happen to be much stronger on illegal immigration. Sheriff Joe Arpaio endorsed me. And if he endorses you, believe me, you are the strongest, from Arizona.

But give and take is OK. And I thought what he said is OK. We may differ on the degree. But what he said to me is OK.

KELLY: Will you release the tapes?

TRUMP: No. I never do that. I would not do that. I don't think -- I have too much respect -- if I deal with you off the record, if I deal with Bret or Chris off the record, I have too much respect for that process to say, just release everything. I would not do that.

KELLY: OK. Stand by. We're going to continue this right after the break. We have more.

BAIER: Coming up, more with Megyn on immigration, plus questions on other top issues, including the war on terror. The ''FOX News Republican Presidential Debate Live from Detroit'' continues after a quick break.(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

KELLY: Welcome back everybody to the FOX News Republican presidential debate, live from the FOX theater here in Detroit. Let's get back now to the questions.

Mr. Trump, your campaign website to this day argues that more visas for highly skilled workers would, quote, ''decimate American workers''. However, at the CNBC debate, you spoke enthusiastically in favor of these visas. So, which is it?

TRUMP: I'm changing. I'm changing. We need highly skilled people in this country, and if we can't do it, we'll get them in. But, and we do need in Silicon Valley, we absolutely have to have.

So, we do need highly skilled, and one of the biggest problems we have is people go to the best colleges. They'll go to Harvard, they'll go to Stanford, they'll go to Wharton, as soon as they're finished they'll get shoved out. They want to stay in this country. They want to stay here desperately, they're not able to stay here. For that purpose, we absolutely have to be able to keep the brain power in this country.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: So you abandoning the position on your website...

TRUMP: ... I'm changing it, and I'm softening the position because we have to have talented people in this country.

KELLY: And you're not releasing the discussion with the New York Times behind closed doors...

TRUMP: ... That is correct.

KELLY: Which will have some asking whether, on your immigration policies, you're really just playing to people's fantasies, which is a tactic...

TRUMP: ... No, I'm not playing.

KELLY: ... you praised in your book, The Art of the Deal.

TRUMP: I'm not playing to anybody's fantasies, I'm playing to the fact that our country is in trouble, that we have a tremendous problem with crime. The border is a disaster, it's like a piece of Swiss cheese. We're going to stop it, we're going to stop people from coming into our country illegally. We're going to stop it.

(APPLAUSE) (CHEERING)

KELLY: Senator Cruz, not long ago you propose quintupling the number of these foreign worker visas. After you announced for president, you reversed yourself, citing reports that the program was being abused. But, that abuse had been around long before your 180. In fact, it was so bad that just a few months earlier that a bipartisan group of senators called for an investigation and you declined to join them.

Isn't it a good thing that the American public didn't trust Ted on that one?

CRUZ: Well, the abuse of the H1-B program has been rampant. On the face of that H1-B abuse, I have proposed, and promised as president that I will impose a 180 day moratorium on the H1B program to implement a comprehensive investigation and audit because you got U.S. companies that are firing American workers, bringing in foreign workers, and forcing them to train their replacements.

And, I would note that is not dissimilar to what we discovered at the last debate concerning the hotel that Donald owns down in Florida. Down in Florida that hotel has brought in hundreds of foreign workers, and afterwards it was really striking.

I watched the CNN interview Donald did where he explained, he said, well the problem is you can't find Americans who are qualified, or who want to work as waiters and waitresses. Now, let me ask the people here, how many people have worked as a waiter or waitress?

(APPLAUSE)

CRUZ: Millions across this country. That is an astonishing statement. You know, Marco's Dad started as a bartender. My Dad started washing dishes, and yet, you know how many Americans wanted those jobs?

(BELL RINGING)

CRUZ: Roughly 300 applied, Donald hired 17. And, that's why this New York Times tape is so troubling because what's been reported is that Donald told the Editorial Board of the New York Times what I'm saying on immigration, I don't believe. I'm not going to build a wall, I'm not going to deport people, this is all just rhetoric for the voters.

Now, if he didn't say that, he has an easy solution. Simply release the tape.

But, for everyone at home who's mad at politicians that lied to us, Donald's record right now as he standing here...

KELLY: ... OK.

CRUZ: ... His record right now is one of repeatedly hiring illegal aliens...

KELLY: ... Times up, sir...

CRUZ: ... abusing (ph) American workers...

KELLY: ... Go ahead, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP: First of all I've had tens of thousands of people working for me, most of which are -- 98, 97, 98 percent of the people in this country, from this country. I'm very proud of it. You have a club in Palm Beach, Florida called the Mar-a-Lago Club, it's a very, very successful club. It has a very short season, it's called, the Season, and it goes from November until March.

It's a few months, five months at the most. People don't want a short-term job. They don't want -- so, we will bring people in, and we will send the people out. All done legally, all done with the process that's...

(BELL RINGING)

TRUMP: ... Approved by government in Palm Beach, or West Palm Beach. We bring people in, we bring them out. We want to hire as many Americans as we can, but they don't want part-time, very short part-time jobs.

KELLY: Understood. Thank you.

RUBIO: That's not accurate. I'm sorry, Megyn, that's not accurate. That's my -- there were at least 300 Americans that applied last year, none of them were hired. Some of them...

TRUMP: ... Wrong...

RUBIO: ... have been interviewed...

TRUMP: ... That's wrong.

RUBIO: ... They were not hired...

TRUMP: ... Wrong...

RUBIO: ... And, here's why he does it this way, let me explain why he (INAUDIBLE) H2-B...

TRUMP: ... Wrong...

RUBIO: ... Because when you bring them in this way, when you bring someone in on one of these visas they can't go work for anybody else. They either work for you or they have to go back home. You basically have them captive, so you don't have to worry about competing for higher wages with another hotel down the street. And, that's why you bring workers from abroad.

You argue that you're here to fight on behalf of the American worker, but when you have chances to help the American worker... (BELL RINGING)...

RUBIO: ... but when you have chances to help the American workers, you're making your clothes overseas and you're hiring your workers from overseas.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Go ahead, sir.

TRUMP: The -- the -- the other hotels during the season, they do the same thing. They take in a lot of people, because you can't get them. They take in a lot of people. Long-term employees, we don't do that, but short-term employees, we have no choice but to do it, and other hotels in that very, very hot area. It is a very hot area.

RUBIO: There were Americans in that hot area.

TRUMP: It's very, very hard to get people. But other hotels do the exact same thing. And just so you understand, just again, this is a legal process. This is a procedure. It's part of the law. I take advantage of that. There's nothing wrong with it. We have no choice.

KELLY: All right.

CRUZ: Donald, you could resolve this issue very quickly by simply...

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

... releasing the New York Times tape. Because, listen, maybe it's right.

TRUMP: This wasn't on the subject.

CRUZ: ... that you didn't tell them you're misleading the American people. If that's the case...

TRUMP: Tapes were not on the subject, but that's...

CRUZ: If you didn't tell them that, the tapes will prove you're innocent.

KELLY: OK.

CRUZ: But if, in fact, you went to Manhattan and said I'm lying to the American people, then the voters have a right to know.

TRUMP: No, no. You're the liar. You're the lying guy up here.

(CROSSTALK)

CRUZ: Because we've been lied to too many times.

TRUMP: You're the -- you're the one. You're the one.

CRUZ: Why don't you release the tapes? Release the tapes.

TRUMP: You're the one. Now, let me just tell you. Let me just tell you.

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: Excuse me. Excuse me. I've given my answer, Lyin' Ted. I've given my answer.

KELLY: All right. Let's leave it at that.

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

Let's leave it at that. We have more to get to.

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

BAIER: Gentlemen, the next topic to discuss is terrorism. Senator Rubio, ISIS is a big topic of conversation on Facebook. We have a map that shows the conservation about ISIS around the country. You proposed sending a larger number of American ground troops to help defeat ISIS in Syria and Iraq...

RUBIO: That's correct, and Libya.

BAIER: ... but military commanders say the biggest ISIS threat to Europe in particular now is coming from Libya, not Syria.

RUBIO: Correct.

BAIER: So just to be clear, if you're for putting more U.S. ground troops in Iraq and Syria, are you also ready to send U.S. ground troops on the ground in Libya?

RUBIO: Well, Bret, what I've argued from the very beginning is ISIS -- in order to defeat ISIS, you must deny them operating spaces. This is how ISIS or any radical group, for that matter, can grow. It's how Al Qaida was able to carry out 9/11, is that the Taliban gave them an operating space in Afghanistan.

Today that operating space has largely been based in Iraq and Syria, but I've been warning about the Libyan presence for the better part of two years. So they need to be targeted wherever they have an operating space. They do need to be defeated on the ground by a ground force made up primarily of Sunni Arabs themselves. This is a radical Sunni movement. They can only be defeated if they are driven out and the territory is held by Sunni Arabs. But it will require a specific number of American special operators, in combination with an increase in air strikes. And that will include, if necessary, operating spaces in Libya, which, in fact, they are using to project into the Sinai against Egypt and ultimately into Europe, as well.

BAIER: Governor Kasich, would you put ground troops in Libya?

KASICH: Well, first of all, just to be clear, not only did I serve for 18 years on the Defense Committee, more than anybody on this stage, but, secondly, I was called into the Pentagon after 9/11 to help Secretary Rumsfeld with some of his difficulties.

I will say, look, let me tell you what happened with Libya. And I pointed out in the last debate -- Hillary Clinton worked aggressively to depose Moammar Gadhafi. We had no business doing it. He was working with us. He was cooperating with us. He denuclearized. And now they pushed him out, and now we have a fertile ground for ISIS.

Fortunately in Libya, there's only a few cities on the coast, because most of Libya is a desert. The fact of the matter is, we absolutely have to be -- and not just with special forces. I mean, that's not going to work. Come on. You've got to go back to the invasion when we pushed Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait. We have to be there on the ground in significant numbers. We do have to include our Muslim Arab friends to work with us on that. And we have to be in the air.

And we -- it should be a broad coalition, made up of the kinds of people that were involved when we defeated Saddam. Now, you've got to be on the ground and in the air both in Syria and Iraq. And at some point, we will have to deal with Libya. I am very concerned about ISIS getting their hands on the oilfields in Libya and being able to fund their operations. The fact is cool, calm, deliberate, effective, take care of the job, and then come home. That's what we need to do with our military foreign policy.(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Mr. Trump, just yesterday, almost 100 foreign policy experts signed on to an open letter refusing to support you, saying your embracing expansive use of torture is inexcusable. General Michael Hayden, former CIA director, NSA director, and other experts have said that when you asked the U.S. military to carry out some of your campaign promises, specifically targeting terrorists' families, and also the use of interrogation methods more extreme than waterboarding, the military will refuse because they've been trained to turn down and refuse illegal orders.

So what would you do, as commander-in-chief, if the U.S. military refused to carry out those orders?

TRUMP: They won't refuse. They're not going to refuse me. Believe me.

BAIER: But they're illegal.

TRUMP: Let me just tell you, you look at the Middle East. They're chopping off heads. They're chopping off the heads of Christians and anybody else that happens to be in the way. They're drowning people in steel cages. And he -- now we're talking about waterboarding.

This really started with Ted, a question was asked of Ted last -- two debates ago about waterboarding. And Ted was, you know, having a hard time with that question, to be totally honest with you. They then came to me, what do you think of waterboarding? I said it's fine. And if we want to go stronger, I'd go stronger, too, because, frankly...

(APPLAUSE)

... that's the way I feel. Can you imagine -- can you imagine these people, these animals over in the Middle East, that chop off heads, sitting around talking and seeing that we're having a hard problem with waterboarding? We should go for waterboarding and we should go tougher than waterboarding. That's my opinion.

BAIER: But targeting terrorists' families?

(APPLAUSE)

TRUMP: And -- and -- and -- I'm a leader. I'm a leader. I've always been a leader. I've never had any problem leading people. If I say do it, they're going to do it. That's what leadership is all about.

BAIER: Even targeting terrorists' families?

TRUMP: Well, look, you know, when a family flies into the World Trade Center, a man flies into the World Trade Center, and his family gets sent back to where they were going -- and I think most of you know where they went -- and, by the way, it wasn't Iraq -- but they went back to a certain territory, they knew what was happening. The wife knew exactly what was happening.

They left two days early, with respect to the World Trade Center, and they went back to where they went, and they watched their husband on television flying into the World Trade Center, flying into the Pentagon, and probably trying to fly into the White House, except we had some very, very brave souls on that third plane. All right?

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Senator Cruz, you were mentioned.

TRUMP: I have no problem with it.

BAIER: Senator Cruz?

CRUZ: Bret, you know, I think the American people understand that yelling and cursing at people doesn't make you a tough guy. We need a commander-in-chief that, number one, will rebuild the military, just like Ronald Reagan did in 1981 coming out of the weak Jimmy Carter administration. He passed tax reform and regulatory reform. The economy took off. It generated millions in high-paying jobs, trillions in new revenue. He rebuilt the military, bankrupted the Soviet Union, and won the Cold War.

As president, I will do the exact same thing with radical Islamic terrorism. We will rebuild this military so that it remains the mightiest fighting force on the face of the planet. And then, when I am commander-in-chief, every militant on the face of the Earth will understand that if they go and join ISIS, if they wage jihad against the United States of America, they are signing their death warrant.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: But, Senator Cruz, in 2013, you said you were open -- you were open to the possibility that Edward Snowden had performed a considerable public service, you said back then, in revealing certain aspects of the NSA procedures. Many of your colleagues in the Senate, including Senator Rubio, called him a traitor. It took you until January of this year to call him a traitor and say he should be tried for treason. Why the change of heart? And why did it take you so long?

CRUZ: Well, Bret, as someone who spent much of his life in law enforcement, I believe you should start with the facts and evidence first before ending up with the verdict. When the news first broke of the United States government engaging in massive surveillance on American citizens, that was a very troubling development, and it's why the United States Congress acted to correct it.

Now, at the same time, I said in that initial statement that if the evidence indicated that Edward Snowden violated the law, he should be prosecuted for violating the law. And, indeed, since then, the evidence is clear that not only does Snowden violate the law, but it appears he committed treason. Treason is defined under the Constitution as giving aid and comfort to the enemies of America, and what Snowden did made it easier for terrorists to avoid detection.

And Snowden's comments afterwards, and his behavior afterwards, he fled to Russia, he fled to China. His conducts afterwards indicates that he was not a whistleblower, but instead he was undermining the ability to defend this country. But we need a president who isn't rash, who doesn't just pop off at the -- at the hip, but waits to see what the facts are and then acts to defend this country.(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Mr. Trump, you've repeatedly deflected calls for specific national security or defense policy plans with the claim that you'll ask the best people when you become president, and take their advice.

So who are the best people? Can you reveal two or three names that you trust for national security?

TRUMP: I think Richard Haass is excellent. I have a lot of respect for him. I think General Keane is excellent. I think that there are -- I like Colonel Jacobs very much. I see him. I know him. I have many people that I think are really excellent but in the end it's going to be my decision.

When you just asked the question about Snowden, I will tell you right from the beginning, I said he was a spy and we should get him back. And if Russia respected our country, they would have sent him back immediately, but he was a spy. It didn't take me a long time to figure that one out. Believe me.

But I would get the best people, people that I'd be comfortable with. And we will do the right thing.

KASICH: Bret, it's very interesting to note, I think it's for the good of the record here that they took a survey of foreign policy magazines, 700 foreign policy experts, who would be the best person to conduct foreign policy of all the candidates in the race?

I received 55 percent of the vote. Jeb Bush received 30 percent of the vote. And everybody else, none of them made double digits. And that's because you have to have the experience.

And you know, we hear about Ronald Reagan rebuilding the military. I was there when Ronald Reagan rebuilt the military. I worked with him. I was there when Ronald Reagan rebuilt the economy. I was there, and I worked with him. I knew Ronald Reagan.

And I'll leave it right there with what comes after that. You can figure that one out.

BAIER: Governor Kasich, thank you.

KELLY: We're going to have more questions for the candidates right after this break. And during the commercial break, join us for a -- Facebook live on the FOX News Facebook page and tell us what you think about tonight's debate in the comment section. (COMMERCIAL BREAK)

BAIER: Welcome back to the historic Fox Theater in downtown Detroit and the Republican presidential debate. Let's get right back to the questions.

KELLY: Mr. Trump, one of the things people love about you is they believe you tell it like it is. But time and time again in this campaign, you have actually told the voters one thing only to reverse yourself within weeks or even sometimes days. We've teed up just three examples in a videotape, similar to those we used with Senator Rubio and Senator Cruz in the last debate. The first is on whether the war in Afghanistan was a mistake. Watch.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

CUOMO: What about in Afghanistan? Do you believe that American boots should stay on the ground in Afghanistan to stabilize the situation?

TRUMP: We've made a terrible mistake getting involved there in the first place. That thing will collapse about two seconds after they leave. Just as I said that Iraq was going to collapse after we leave.

(UNKNOWN): About Afghanistan, you said we made a terrible mistake getting involved there in the first place.

TRUMP: We made a mistake going into Iraq. I've never said we made a mistake...

(UNKNOWN): Our question was about Afghanistan. That day on October...

TRUMP: Well, OK, I never said that.

(UNKNOWN): ... was on Afghanistan.

TRUMP: OK. Wouldn't matter. I never said it.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

KELLY: Next, on whether we should accept...

TRUMP: Should I respond to that first?

KELLY: Two more, and then you'll have the floor. Next on whether we should accept the Syrian refugees...

TRUMP: You'll be here a long time.

KELLY: On whether we should accept the Syrian refugees.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

O'REILLY: Do you object to migrants who are getting out of the Middle East and North Africa? Do you object to them coming to the USA?

TRUMP: I hate the concept of it, but on a humanitarian basis, with what's happening, you have to. It's living in Hell in Syria; there's no question about it. They're living in Hell.

HANNITY: Are you saying absolutely people from Syria, the Middle East, should we allow any of them into this country?

TRUMP: Look, from a humanitarian standpoint, I'd love to help, but we have our own problems. We have so many problems that we have to solve.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

KELLY: Most recently, on whether President George W. Bush lied to get us into the Iraq war.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

TRUMP: They lied. They said there were weapons of mass destruction; there were none. And they knew there were none.

I don't know if he lied or not. He could have lied. Maybe he did. Maybe he didn't. I guess you'd have to ask him.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

KELLY: And there are many other examples. So how is any of this ''telling it like it is''?

TRUMP: Well, on Afghanistan, I did mean Iraq. I think you have to stay in Afghanistan for a while, because of the fact that you're right next to Pakistan, which has nuclear weapons, and we have to protect that. Nuclear weapons change the game.

And I was always against going into Iraq. In fact, I -- believe me, I was always against it. There was some cases where I sort of -- in one interview with a great friend of mine, and yours, Howard Stern -- said that -- said that...

(LAUGHTER)

I said very meekly, long before we went in, I said very meekly, well, maybe, maybe, I don't know. By the time it got to that point, I was always against Iraq. But Afghanistan, I felt -- and in that one, if you notice, I corrected it the second day. OK? Second question? KELLY: There are several examples, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP: No, no. But...

KELLY: We went through the Afghanistan being a mistake. Within one day, you reversed yourself on Syrian refugees.

TRUMP: Now on -- let me explain that. You're right. Let me explain. First time the question had been put to me, it was very early on. The migration had just started. And I had heard that the number was a very, very small number.

By the second day, two or three days later, I heard the number was going to be thousands and thousands of people. You know, when they originally heard about it, they were talking about bringing very, very small numbers in.

And I said, begrudgingly, well, I guess maybe that's OK. It was not like, ''Let's bring them in,'' because I think we should build a safe zone in -- we should really -- what we should be doing is building safe zones so they can stay in their own country and not go all over, and at least this way we're not going to have the problem. That's what we have to do.

(APPLAUSE)

But just -- just to set -- because I fully understand what you're asking. When I first heard the question, first time the question was ever asked to me, first time I really had known about the question, the migration had just started. I was very much like, OK, by the time I went back and studied it, and they were talking about bringing thousands and thousands, I changed my tune. And I don't think there's anything wrong with that.

KELLY: But the point I'm going for is you change your tune on so many things, and that has some people saying, what is his core?

TRUMP: Megyn, I have a very strong core.

(APPLAUSE)

I have a very strong core. But I've never seen a successful person who wasn't flexible, who didn't have a certain degree of flexibility. You have to have a certain degree of flexibility.

(APPLAUSE)

You can't -- for instance, let's say, on -- on the second question, you can't say it's OK, and then you find out it's not OK, and you don't want to do anything. You have to be flexible, because you learn. I mean, before I knew the question was asked by Bill, and the next day, or the couple of days later, the question was asked by, by -- you know -- I was asked by a number of people, actually. I was asked by Sean, but I was asked by a number of people. But by that time, the number had increased significantly.

KELLY: Sean was the next day after Bill.

TRUMP: The next day. But I had learned. I mean, nobody had ever asked me the question. This was brand new. But -- and I really mean it. You have to show a degree of flexibility. If you're going to be one way and you think it's wrong, does that mean the rest of your life you have to go in the wrong direction because you don't want to change? (APPLAUSE)

KASICH: Megyn.

TRUMP: (INAUDIBLE)

KELLY: Go ahead, Governor.

KASICH: I did 200 meetings in New Hampshire, I don't know how many in Michigan now. In these townhalls people come in and they're very emotional meetings. And, you know what they really want to know? If somebody tells them something, can they believe it?

And, the reason why people are so upset in this country is because politicians all the time tell them what they want to hear. And, they go to Washington, or they go to the state capital, wherever, and they don't deliver on those promises.

You know, when I ran for Governor of Ohio, I said not only would we balance the budget, but we would cut taxes. People said that can't be done. I wouldn't have said it if I didn't believe it.

We cut taxes in Ohio more than any governor in the country, and $5 billion dollars worth of tax cuts -- we're not running a surplus in Ohio. But, you see, what's getting in the hearts and souls of the people is they want change, and they keep putting outsiders in to bring about the change, then the change doesn't come. Then they put more outsiders in because we're putting people in that don't understand compromise. They don't understand policy...

(BELL RINGING)

(APPLAUSE)

KASICH: ... They're getting more and more frustrated with the system which is why we must pick somebody that has a record of achievement, not just talk.

KELLY: OK.

KASICH: Not just talk, but a record of achievement. That's how we'll restore credibility..

RUBIO: ... This isn't just about flexibility.

KELLY: Go ahead, Senator. RUBIO: There's a difference between flexibility and telling people whatever you think you need to say to get them to do what you want them to do.

(CHEERING)

RUBIO: And, that's what Donald has done throughout his career.

TRUMP: (INAUDIBLE)

RUBIO: Well, he did, and that's why Trump University...

TRUMP: ... That's not right...

RUBIO: ... Is so relevant here. I saw this video last week where he's sitting in front of a camera saying we're going to hire the best people, and I'm going to hand pick them. There are going to be hand picked and instructors, the best instructors in the world. One of them, but the way, was the manager at a Buffalo Wild Wing. And, that's who they hired to do this, and people borrowed money, and they signed up for this fake university.

And, these people owe all this money now, and they got nothing in return for it, but you are willing to say whatever you had to say...

(BELL RINGING)

RUBIO: ... To get them to give you their money...

KELLY: ... Go ahead, Mr. Trump...

TRUMP: ... We'll find out when we have the (INAUDIBLE)...

RUBIO: ... And, we're not going to do that to our country...

TRUMP: ... And, by the way, just so you understand...

(APPLAUSE)

TRUMP: ... This is a case I could have settled very easily, but I don't settle cases very easily when I'm right. Ninety-eight percent approval rating, we have an ''A'' from the Better Business Bureau...

RUBIO: ... That's false...

TRUMP: ... We have a 98 percent approval rating from the people who took the course. We have an ''A'' from the Better Business Bureau. And, people like it. Now, he's saying they didn't learn.

We have many, many people that will be witnesses. Again, I don't settle cases. I don't do it because that's why I don't get sued very often, because I don't settle, unlike a lot of other people.

We have a situation where we will win in court...

(BELL RINGING) TRUMP: But, many of the people that are witnesses did tremendously well, and made a lot of money...

RUBIO: ... That's false...

TRUMP: ... By taking the course.

KELLY: Go ahead, Senator.

TRUMP: You're going to see, you don't know...

RUBIO: ... The Better Business Bureau gave it a ''D'' minus.

TRUMP: You're going to see, you're going to see.

KELLY: ... It's Senator Rubio's turn...

TRUMP: ... No, no. Before they had the information...

RUBIO: ... Go on my website, Marco Rubio.com...

TRUMP: ... Before they had the information...

KELLY: ... Senator Rubio, standby, let him finish his point, and then I'll give you the floor...

TRUMP: ... Before they had the information it got -- it is right now an ''A'', once they had the information...

RUBIO: ... (INAUDIBLE) this anymore.

TRUMP: ... The only reason that is was a ''D'' was because we didn't care -- we didn't give them the information...

RUBIO: ... A third of the people (INAUDIBLE)...

TRUMP: ... When they got the information it became an ''A''...

KELLY: ... With respect -- wait. With respect...

TRUMP: ... Marco you don't know (INAUDIBLE)...

KELLY: ... With respect, we went back and looked at this...

TRUMP: ... Yes.

KELLY: The rating from the Better Business Bureau was a ''D'' minus...

(CHEERING) (APPLAUSE) TRUMP: ... (INAUDIBLE)

KELLY: ... that's the last publicly available rating in 2010, and it was the result of a number of complaints they had...

TRUMP: ... But it was elevated to an ''A''...

UNIDENTIFIABLE MALE: (INAUDIBLE)

KELLY: ... That's never been publicly available.

TRUMP: ... I can give it to you. I can give it to you tomorrow..

KELLY: ... Let's just bring the viewers up to speed, let's just bring the viewers up to speed.

TRUMP: ... It was elevated to an ''A''.

KELLY: Let me just set the record, and then you guys can have at it. There was Trump University, which was a business that you started, and it was marketed...

TRUMP: ... Small business...

KELLY: ... to many people, and now there is a class-action of over 5,000 plaintiffs against you, Mr. Trump...

TRUMP: ... Right...

KELLY: ... And, it involves veterans, and it involves teachers, and it involves so-called little guys, ***working class***, and lower- ***working class*** and middle class who say that they were fleeced, who say that it was as scam. The class has been certified, and in that case you counter-sued the lead plaintiff alleging that you were being defamed.

That case was thrown out against her...

TRUMP: ... The lead plaintiff is now getting out of the case because it's so bad for her...

KELLY: ... But, what happened was...

TRUMP: ... Excuse me, the lead plaintiff signed a letter saying how great it was, and it on tape saying how great it was.

KELLY: OK, no, but -- standby. But, what happened in that case was you counter-sued her. The court threw out your counter-suit, and made you pay almost $800,000 dollars in legal fees of hers, and you made the same argument about 98 percent of the people being happy with Trump University. And, that woman in particular signing a survey saying she liked it while someone was standing over her shoulder...

TRUMP: ... She's trying to get out of the case. She's trying to get out of the case...

KELLY: ... And this is what -- standby, this is what the Court of Appeals found. They said that the plaintiffs against you are like the Madoff victims...

TRUMP: Oh, give me a break... KELLy: ... This is what the Court of Appeals said.

TRUMP: Give me a break.KELLY: This is what the court of appeals said.

TRUMP: Give me a break.

KELLY: They found that victims of con artists often sing the praises of their victimizers until they realize they have been fleeced.

TRUMP: You know what, let's see what happens in court. This is a civil case. Very easy to have settled. Could settle it now. Very easy to have settled. Let's see what happens at the end of a couple years when this case is over, OK?

KELLY: It has been going for five years.

TRUMP: Yes, it has been going for a long time.

KELLY: Go ahead, Senator.

RUBIO: I spoke to one of the victims yesterday.

TRUMP: We'll win the case.

RUBIO: I spoke to one of the victims yesterday.

TRUMP: One, one of the victims.

RUBIO: No, there are several. Obviously there are so many, I can't talk to them every day. I spoke to one of them, he told me exactly what happened. They signed up for this course because they believed Mr. Trump was this fantastic businessman, that Donald is going to teach them the tricks of the trade.

They signed up. They paid $15,000 for this course. They were asked for additional money for this course. If they really wanted the real secrets of success, they had to pay even more money, and so they did.

And you know what they got in these courses? Stuff you can pull off of Zillow. When they finally realized what a scam it was, they asked for their money back.

And you refused to give them their money back. Why don't you tonight...

TRUMP: I gave many people their money back. RUBIO: Then why don't you tonight say you're going to give the money back to everybody who wants...

TRUMP: Let me just...

(CROSSTALK)

KELLY: OK. Senator Rubio, let him answer.

(CROSSTALK)

KELLY: Let him answer.

Go ahead, Mr. Trump.

TRUMP: We will see who's right at the end of a few years. But all of the -- almost all of the people, many, many people signed what's called the report card at the end, did you like the course, how did you like it.

Almost all of them said it was terrific, OK? With letters, with this. Some of them are on tape saying it was terrific. Let's see what happens at the end of three years.

KELLY: With respect, Mr. Trump, one-third of the plaintiffs in that case demanded refunds. So it's not the case that 98 percent were...

TRUMP: I gave some refunds to people because if they asked for the refunds in a certain period of time, and we gave refunds to people.

KELLY: OK.

TRUMP: But let's see what happens at the end of three years. Let's see who's right.

KELLY: Still a pending litigation.

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: It's called pending litigation.

RUBIO: Megyn, this is why this is relevant to this election.

KELLY: All right. Senator Rubio then Senator Cruz. Go ahead.

RUBIO: This is why, because he's trying to do to the American voter what he did to the people that signed up for this course. He's making promises he has no intention of keeping. And it won't just be $36,000 that they lose, it's our country that's at stake here.

The future of the United States and the most important election in a generation, and he's trying to con people into giving them their vote just like he conned these people into giving him their money. TRUMP: Let me tell you the real con artist. Excuse me. Excuse me. The real con artist is Senator Marco Rubio who was elected in Florida and who has the worst voting record in the United States Senate.

He doesn't go to vote. He's absent. He doesn't go. Now, the people of Florida can't stand him. He couldn't get elected dogcatcher. The people of Florida -- the people of Florida -- and by the way, I know he's going to spend $25 million on ads. Without that he wouldn't have a chance. He's 20 points south.

The people in Florida wouldn't elect him dogcatcher. He couldn't get any -- he's right now 21 points down to me. And, you know...

KELLY: OK.

TRUMP: ... again, there will be a lot of advertising. It's the only thing that might save him. But I doubt it.

RUBIO: Notice that's not an answer.

KELLY: I'm coming to you next. But go ahead.

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: He scammed the people of Florida. He scammed people. He doesn't vote. He doesn't show up for the U.S. Senate. He doesn't vote. He scammed the people. He defrauded the people of Florida.

KELLY: With respect, you've made that point.

Go ahead.

RUBIO: There's no -- as you can see in his answer, it's always the same thing.

TRUMP: You defrauded the people of Florida, little Marco.

RUBIO: He has defrauding people out of things, and not just -- and not just, by the way, on the issue of Trump University. He had another development in Mexico that he had nothing to do with except his name on the building. People put money into that building.

TRUMP: That was licensing.

RUBIO: They lost their money. Yes, licensing, but you told them you owned the building. So they gave him his money. They lost their money. Time and again...

KELLY: All right. Stand by. I will come back to you. Senator Cruz wants to weigh in. You're coming back.

Go ahead.

CRUZ: Megyn, let me ask the voters at home, is this the debate you want playing out in the general election? The stakes in this election are too high. For seven years, millions of Americans, we've been struggling, wages have been stagnating, people are hurting, our constitutional rights are under assault.

And if we nominate Donald, we're going to spend the spring, the fall, and the summer with the Republican nominee facing a fraud trial...

TRUMP: Oh, stop it.

CRUZ: ... with Hillary Clinton saying...

TRUMP: It's just a minor case. It's a minor case.

CRUZ: ... why did you give my campaign and my foundation $100,000?

TRUMP: It's a minor civil case.

CRUZ: And with Hillary Clinton...

TRUMP: Give me a break.

CRUZ: ... pointing out that he supported her four times in her presidential race.

TRUMP: It's a minor civil case.

CRUZ: Donald, learn not to interrupt. It's not complicated.

TRUMP: There are many, many civil cases.

CRUZ: Count to 10, Donald. Count to 10.

TRUMP: Give me a break.

CRUZ: Count to 10. The stakes are too high and if you are one of the 65 to 70 percent of Republicans who recognize that nominating Donald would be a disaster, then I ask you to come join us. If you're supporting other candidates, come join us.

We welcome you to our team because we've demonstrated not once, not twice, not three times, but five separate times we have beat Donald. And if you don't want him to be the nominee, then I ask you to stand with us as a broad coalition of people who believe in the Constitution, believe in freedom, and want to turn this country around.

KELLY: Go ahead, Mr. Trump.TRUMP: I don't believe these politicians. All talk, no action. I'm standing here listening to -- I'm hearing him say about a percentage. CNN, he gets 15. That means 85 percent, based on what you're saying, of the people don't dig you, number one, number one. Is that a correct statement? How do you get -- are you at 15 in the new CNN poll? Do you believe in CNN? I mean, I know we're with FOX. But CNN spent -- CNN...

CRUZ: All right, I'll respond...

(CROSSTALK)

TRUMP: CNN spent a lot of money on a poll, just came out. I'm at 49. He's at 15. He tells me about 65 percent of the people. It's not 65 percent of the people. If you go by that, 85 percent of the people.

Then he goes, we have five. And -- well, excuse me, I won 10. I won 10 states. If you listen to him, it's like -- I won 10 states. Everybody knows that on Super Tuesday Trump was the winner. There wasn't one person that didn't say that. Even the two people on your left and right said we did a great job. So how does he take -- how does he take five and say it's better than 10?

KELLY: Go ahead, Senator.

TRUMP: I am by far the leader. But if you listen to a politician, he'll try and convince you otherwise.

KELLY: Senator Cruz, go.

CRUZ: All right, well, Donald lives by the polls every day. He tweets about the polls.

TRUMP: No, I don't. No, I don't.

CRUZ: He's told us to look to the CNN poll. Well, that's a very good poll to look to, because that CNN poll showed that head to head Donald Trump loses to Hillary Clinton by 8 points. He doesn't just lose close; he loses by 8 points. That same poll he told you to look at shows me beating Hillary Clinton.

(APPLAUSE)

We cannot mess this up. And, by the way, the last four polls in a row, when you nominate a candidate who literally has been on every side of every issue, and in the course of this debate may be on two other sides before we're done, that's not how you win. And the stakes are too high. (CROSSTALK)

KELLY: All right. I'm going to let Mr. Trump -- I'm going to let -- let me just...

TRUMP: According to your poll...

(CROSSTALK)

KELLY: I'm going to let you respond to that, Mr. Trump. I'm going to then go to you, Governor. You're up next.

TRUMP: ... I know, but your recent polls have me beating Hillary Clinton, and very, very easily.

KELLY: OK. Do you want to weigh in?

KASICH: All right, look, honestly, when I see people at these meetings, these town halls, where we take massive questions, and I get to spend time with them. Last night, there was a woman that came to tell me about the loss of her 15-year-old son, who took his own life.

See, there's people in this country -- and Ted's right -- their wages haven't gone up for so long, they see the rich get richer, they believe, and they're not moving. And they put their money in the bank, and they got no interest on their money. They receive none. And their sons or daughters are living in the basement because they can't get a good job after they rang up so much college debt.

What people are hungry for is, who can fix this? People want to know who -- what can you do to solve the problems in Washington, to make sure that we have stronger job growth and better wages? But you know what else they're yearning for? They want to believe that they have the power to fix things where they live, and they want the power back, so they can begin to do things in their community.

Now, listen, this has been going on for a long time here. And I appreciate the discussion back and forth. But there are a lot of people out there yearning for somebody who's going to bring America back, both at the leadership level and in the neighborhood, where we can begin to reignite the spirit of the United States of America. And let's stop fighting.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Governor, thank you. Gentlemen, thank you.

WALLACE: Much more to come live from the Fox Theater, including where the candidates stand on the social issues facing the country. The Republican presidential debate continues in a moment.(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

KELLY: Welcome back, everybody, to the Fox News Republican presidential debate. We want to get right back to the questions.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: We are here in Detroit. The top issues in Michigan, according to Facebook, are displayed in a word cloud you're taking a look at. The second biggest issue is clean water. That, of course, is directly tied with the situation in Flint.

Senator Rubio, Bernie Sanders and Hillary Clinton have both been to Flint. They are both running ads in this state focusing on that, focusing on supporting Flint and fixing the problems, showing images of people in Flint thankful that they're there.

Without getting into the political blame game here, where are the national Republicans' plans on infrastructure and solving problems like this? If you talk to people in this state, they are really concerned about Flint on both sides of the aisle. So why haven't GOP candidates done more or talked more about this?

RUBIO: Well, I know I've talked about it, and others in our campaign have talked about it, and other candidates have talked about it, as well. What happened in Flint was a terrible thing. It was systemic breakdown at every level of government, at both the federal and partially the -- both the state and partially at the federal level, as well.

And by the way, the politicizing of it I think is unfair, because I don't think that someone woke up one morning and said, ''Let's figure out how to poison the water system to hurt someone.''

(APPLAUSE)

But accountability is important. I will say, I give the governor credit. He took responsibility for what happened. And he's talked about people being held accountable...

(APPLAUSE)

... and the need for change, with Governor Snyder. But here's the point. This should not be a partisan issue. The way the Democrats have tried to turn this into a partisan issue, that somehow Republicans woke up in the morning and decided, ''Oh, it's a good idea to poison some kids with lead.'' It's absurd. It's outrageous. It isn't true.

(APPLAUSE)

All of us are outraged by what happened. And we should work together to solve it. And there is a proper role for the government to play at the federal level, in helping local communities to respond to a catastrophe of this kind, not just to deal with the people that have been impacted by it, but to ensure that something like this never happens again.

BAIER: Thank you, Senator.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Governor Kasich, the city of Detroit has long suffered with urban blight, broken street lights, dilapidated and vacant houses, and so on. In 2013, Detroit actually declared bankruptcy, which helped, but the schools here remain a big problem. They're $3.5 billion in debt and are some of the most troubled and poorly testing in the country. The kids too often go to classrooms that are unsafe, falling apart, infested with rodents and insects. Experts say the schools could go bankrupt by next month.

Question to you. If the federal government bailed out the auto industry here in Detroit, should it also bail out the Detroit schools?

KASICH: Well, look, first of all, I think the mayor now is controlling the schools. This is not much different than what happened in Cleveland, Ohio, where the African-American Democrat mayor, the union, and business leaders came to see me and said, ''Would you help us to pass legislation to really create a CEO environment so that we can take control of the schools?''

We even invested in a buyout plan, where we bought out the teachers who had been there a long time, because there were so many young teachers who had been laid off who were so enthusiastic to get back in the schools. It worked beautifully. Cleveland's coming back. The Cleveland schools are coming back because of a major overhaul.

It's the same thing that has to happen in all of our urban schools. And, frankly, look, if I were president, I'd take 104 federal programs, bundle them into four buckets, and send it to the states, because fixing schools rests at the state and the local level, and particularly at the school board level. (APPLAUSE)

KASICH: Now, I also believe -- I also believe that you need to introduce vocational education in those schools. You need mentoring in those schools. And you need to have a situation where people can have an alternative forum to get a degree. And you need school choice, both vouchers and charter schools. All of those things can come together to help, Megyn.

But here's the bottom line. And I'll go quickly. We as adults have to fight in our neighborhoods, in our communities, for our children's education. Put the politics aside, and everyone in this room can play a role in lifting their schools and lifting the students who are in those schools, because too much politics gets in the middle of it, and where we focus as adults, and put children first, we see tremendous results. And the people of this town are going to rise. And they need to be involved. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: For -- for half a century, as you all know, Detroit was the symbol of America's industrial might: 300,000 manufacturing jobs in this city. At last count, there are now fewer than 30,000 manufacturing jobs here, and the unemployment rate in this city is 11 percent, twice the national average.

Senator Cruz, I know that you have general plans for tax reform, but what specifically would you do to bring manufacturing jobs back to America and train residents of cities like Detroit to do those jobs?

CRUZ: Well, Chris, thank you for that question. Let me start by observing that Detroit is a great city with a magnificent legacy that has been utterly decimated by 60 years of failed left-wing policy.

(APPLAUSE)

You know, Henry Ford revolutionized automobile manufacturing and brought automobiles to the middle class. During World War II, Detroit provided -- funded the arsenals of democracy to help us win World War II. In -- in the 1960s, Detroit was the Silicon Valley of America. It had a population of 2 million people, had the highest per capita income in the country.

And then, for 50 years, left-wing Democrats have pursued destructive tax policies, weak crime policies, and have driven the citizens out. (APPLAUSE)

This city now has just 700,000 citizens. There are vacant homes, one after the other after the other. Crime has been rampant, and it is an outrage. And let me say to folks in the media: That is a story that the media ought to be telling over and over again, the destruction of left-wing policies and the millions who have hurt because of it.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Well, I was going to say, I'll give you 30 seconds to try to answer my question. What specifically would you do to bring manufacturing jobs back to Detroit and to train the residents here to do those jobs?

CRUZ: The way you bring manufacturing back to America is, number one, you lift the regulations. As president, I will repeal Obamacare, the biggest job-killer in America.

I will pull back the federal regulators, the EPA and all the regulators that are killing small businesses and manufacturing.

And my tax plan, which is a very, very detailed plan on the website, tedcruz.org, is what's called border adjustable. We get rid of all the taxes. We get rid of the corporate income tax and the death tax and the Obamacare taxes and the payroll tax. And we replace it with a 16 percent business flat tax that is border adjustable, which means all exports are entirely tax-free and all imports pay the 16 percent business flat tax. That's a 32 percent differential.

What that will do, Chris, is bring millions of manufacturing jobs back to this country, bring the steel industry back to this country, create an environment where when we compete on a fair and level playing field, American ingenuity can beat anyone. But right now, the federal government isn't giving us a level playing field.

WALLACE: Thank you, Senator.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Gentlemen, the next series of questions will be on social issues. Governor Kasich, the last debate, you were asked a question about religious liberty, in a hypothetical situation where a same-sex couple approaches a cupcake maker to do their wedding. Here's what you said.(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

KASICH: If you're in the business of selling things, if you're not going to sell to somebody you don't agree with, today I'm not going to sell to somebody who's gay, then tomorrow maybe I won't sell to somebody who's divorced.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

BAIER: Governor, some faith leaders got nervous about that answer. Do gay marriage dissenters have rights?

KASICH: Well, look, first of all, I try to be a man of faith every day as best as I can, and I try to focus in my faith on the dos and I think the don'ts will take care of themselves once I get the dos right, which is humility, and loving my enemy, and caring for my neighbor.

But secondly, look, you're in the commerce business, you want to sell somebody a cupcake, great. OK? But now if they ask you to participate in something you really don't like, that's a whole 'nother issue, OK? Another issue.

Here's what I'd like to see happen. The Supreme Court ruled, I don't agree with the ruling. I'm of favor of marriage between -- you know, traditional marriage, a man and a woman. What I hope was going to happen after the Supreme Court ruling is things would settle down.

If you go to a photographer to take pictures at your wedding, and he says, I'd rather not do it, find another photographer, don't sue them in court. You know what, the problem is in our country -- in our country, we need to learn to respect each other and be a little bit more tolerant for one another.

And at the end of the day, don't go to court. Can't we have common sense in America? That's the way it used to be. And there was a book written called ''The Death of Common Sense.'' We need to bring it back.

But at the end of the day, if somebody is being pressured to participate in something that is against their deeply-held religious beliefs, then we're going to have to think about dealing with the law.

But you know what, I'd rather people figure this out without having to put another law on the books and have more arguments in this country. Why don't we come together as a country, respect one another, love one another and lift this country? I think that's what people want.

So thanks for asking.

BAIER: Senator Cruz, the U.S. Supreme Court obviously declared same-sex marriage legal in all 50 states, a decision you have criticized. Given the current status of the law, do you believe a gay couple should be able to adopt?

CRUZ: Well, listen, adoption is decided at the state level and I am a believer in the 10th Amendment in the Constitution, I would leave the question of marriage to the states, I would leave the question of adoption to the states.

That's the way it has been for two centuries of our nation's history until five unelected judges in an illegitimate and wrong decision decided to seize the authority over marriage and wrongfully tear down the marriage laws of all 50 states.

Now, interconnected to this is the question of religious liberty. And at the last debate, one of my colleagues on this stage said on the question of religious liberty and Supreme Court nominees that he'd be willing to compromise and negotiate.

I can tell you, for me, there are areas that we should compromise on. Marginal tax rates, we can reach a middle ground on. But when it comes to core principles and convictions, when it comes to the Constitution and Bill of Rights, I can tell the men and women at home I will never compromise away your religious liberty.

And for me, Bret, religious liberty has been a lifelong passion. I've spent two decades defending religious liberty, including defending the Ten Commandments before the U.S. Supreme Court and winning. Defending the Pledge of Allegiance before the Supreme Court and winning.

And defending the Mojave Desert Veterans Memorial, a lone white Latin cross that was erected to honor the men and women who gave their lives in World War I. I represented 3 million veterans for free defending that memorial and we won 5-4 before the Supreme Court.

BAIER: Senator, thank you.

Senator Cruz definitely avoided saying your name, Mr. Trump, but I think he was referring to you and your religious liberty answer. Would you like to respond?

TRUMP: I have nothing to say. I mean, generally speaking, agree with what he said. I would have certainly have rather left it to the states. I was always in favor -- I was very surprised when they came up with that decision.

I would have certainly -- I would have preferred had it been left to the states and I think most people would have preferred that.

BAIER: Senator Rubio, the late Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, a conservative icon, obviously, pointed out, in the United States versus Heller, that like most rights, the Second Amendment right is not unlimited.

Just like the First Amendment doesn't allow you to go into a theater and yell fire, he said the Second Amendment leaves room to regulate guns. So do you agree with Justice Scalia? And if so, what limits would you draw around the Second Amendment?

RUBIO: As few as possible. The Second Amendment, as I've said before, is not a suggestion. It is the constitutional right of every American to protect themselves and their families. It is a right that -- it is the Second Amendment for a reason.

It is right after the defense of the freedom of speech for a reason, for clearly the founders of our nation understood and the framers of the Constitution understood that you cannot have life and you cannot have liberty and cannot pursue happiness if you are not safe.RUBIO: And the Second Amendment -- when people talk about gun laws, what they need to realize is, criminals don't follow gun laws. They're criminals. By definition, they ignore the law.

(APPLAUSE)

But the gun rights of Americans, if you are talking to a law- abiding citizen and a gun-owner like myself, if you pass a law, I will follow whatever the law is. A criminal will not do it. They will continue to pursue these guns on the black market, where they then go out and commit crimes and they steal guns from each other.

Gun laws are not effective. They simply do not provide for safety. But they do, however, ensure that law-abiding people don't have access to weapons to protect themselves and guns to protect themselves, but criminals always will be well armed. They don't care about the law; they don't follow the law. We will protect the Second Amendment when I'm president of the United States.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Mr. Trump, you were once a supporter of an assault weapons ban. So do you think there should be any restrictions on the Second Amendment?

TRUMP: No, I'm a big defender of the Second Amendment. And if you look at what's happened, whether it's in California, where you had the 14 people killed, whether it's in Paris -- which, by the way, has the toughest gun laws in the world and 130 people killed. Many, many people in the hospital gravely injured. They will be dying. Many people will be dying in addition.

If we had guns, or if they had guns on the other side of the room, with the bullets going in the opposite direction, you would not have had 130 people killed. That I can tell you right now.

(APPLAUSE)

So I'm a very, very big supporter of the Second Amendment.

BAIER: But in 2000, you wrote in your book, ''I generally oppose gun control, but I support the ban on assault weapons.''

TRUMP: I don't support it anymore. I do not support the ban on assault.

(AUDIENCE BOOS)

BAIER: Senator Cruz? Any limits to the Second Amendment?

CRUZ: Well, listen, unlike Donald, I would not support banning firearms. In that instance, Bill Clinton banned many of the most popular firearms in America. And by the way, the study showed that ban did nothing to reduce violent crime. It just took away the Second Amendment rights of law-abiding citizens.

(APPLAUSE)

And let me point out, you know, it is easy for political candidates to have rhetoric and say, ''I support the Second Amendment.'' But you cannot say that and at the same time say what Donald just said, which is that on the question of Supreme Court nominees he wants to compromise and reach a middle ground with Harry Reid and Chuck Schumer. That's what he said in the last debate.

TRUMP: I -- I did not say that. I did not say that.

CRUZ: And any justice that Harry Reid and Chuck Schumer sign off on...

TRUMP: I did not say that.

CRUZ: And I would point out, Harry Reid and Chuck Schumer are both Democrats that Mr. Trump has written checks to repeatedly. Any justice that those two sign off on is going to be a left-wing judicial activist who will undermine religious liberty, and we are one vote away from the Heller decision being overturned, which would effectively erase the Second Amendment from the Bill of Rights.

If you care about the Second Amendment, then you need to ask who on this stage do you know will appoint principled constitutionalists to the court and not cut a deal with your Second Amendment rights?

BAIER: Mr. Trump...

TRUMP: So we're listening to the all-talk, no-action politician, and he was the primary supporter of John Roberts, who gave us Obamacare.

CRUZ: That's flat-out wrong.

TRUMP: No, it's not. You take a look. He was the primary supporter. He pushed John Roberts, and pushed him, and pushed him, and Bush ultimately appointed him. He got appointed. And when it came his time to raise his hand and kill Obamacare, not once, but twice, he let us down, and he did the wrong thing.

This is the man that was the primary supporter. And you can read law journal, you can read whatever you want to read -- I've read plenty of it. There was no stronger supporter of John Roberts than him. And it was a very, very big mistake.

BAIER: Quickly, Senator Cruz. CRUZ: You know, Donald has a tenuous relationship with the truth.

(LAUGHTER)

I wrote one op-ed supporting President Bush's nomination after he made it. I would not have made that nomination. But let me point out...

TRUMP: Not what you say in the op-ed.

CRUZ: ... if Donald actually cared about...

TRUMP: That is not what you said in the op-ed.

CRUZ: But, Donald, please, I know it's hard not to interrupt. But try.

TRUMP: Yeah, I know it is. But it's not what you said in the op-ed.

CRUZ: Breathe, breathe, breathe.

TRUMP: Lyin' Ted.

CRUZ: You can do it. You can breathe. I know it's hard. I know it's hard. But just...

RUBIO: When they're done with the yoga, can I answer a question?

CRUZ: You cannot.

(LAUGHTER)

RUBIO: Unbelievable.

CRUZ: I really hope that we don't -- we don't see yoga on this stage.

RUBIO: Well, he's very flexible, so you never know.

(APPLAUSE)

CRUZ: But you cannot, in fact, care about conservative Supreme Court justices and support Jimmy Carter for president. You cannot care about conservative Supreme Court justices and support John Kerry for president, as Donald did. You cannot care about conservative Supreme Court justices and support Harry Reid for Senate majority leader.

And you cannot care about conservative Supreme Court justices and write four checks to Hillary Clinton for her to be president if you care at all about the Second Amendment or religious liberty or anything else.

BAIER: Gentlemen, gentlemen, we're going to move on. Thank you very much. We want to talk about some more policy questions coming up.

WALLACE: And coming up, the candidates tackle foreign policy. But first, during the commercial break, join us for a Facebook live on the Fox News Facebook page and tell us what you think about tonight's debate in the comments section. Stay with us. More to come. (COMMERCIAL BREAK)

KELLY: Welcome back, everybody. We're going it get right back to the questions.

WALLACE: And gentlemen, we're going to focus for a bit now on foreign policy.

Senator Rubio, you like to take a shot at Mr. Trump on the campaign trail saying that negotiating a hotel deal in a foreign country is not foreign policy. The other day you even compared him to Kim Jong-un, the North Korean leader, as lunatics trying to get a hold of nuclear weapons.

Please tell Mr. Trump why he's unprepared to be commander-in- chief.

RUBIO: Well, first of all, I think, as we've seen throughout this campaign, Donald has not shown a seriousness about the issues of foreign policy. He just simply hasn't.

Whether it was the structure of our military, even today he was asked a question about the issue of commanders not following his lead on killing the family of terrorists. And his answer basically was, if I tell them to do it, they're going to do it. Now that's just not true.

Foreign policy is not only consequential, I think much of our future now depends on it. You know, I see a lot of young people at my events around the country. I feel great when they come.

And I always them that despite the hardships of the moment, I honestly believe that today's Millennials have a chance to be the greatest generation we've had in 100 years. I really do.

Because the world today has hundreds of millions of people that can afford to be their clients, their customers, their partners, people they collaborate with. But that won't happen if the world is dangerous and it's unstable.

And that will require strong American leadership. The next president of the United States is going to have eight years of a mess of a foreign policy to clean up. That's why it can't be Hillary Clinton.

And quite frankly, that's why it can't be someone who simply has not shown the intellectual curiosity or the interest in learning about these very complicated issues. And Donald simply hasn't.

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, your response.

TRUMP: Well, let me just say this. I've gotten to know Marco over a period of time, believe me, he is not a leader. Believe me.

RUBIO: But that doesn't answer the question. (CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: He didn't interrupt you. Let him talk.

TRUMP: He didn't answer -- he's not a leader. And, frankly, when I say they'll do as I tell them, they'll do as I tell them. And that's very -- it's very simple. It's very simple.

We are in a very dangerous place. We have a depleted military. Totally depleted. We have -- by the way, our vets are treated horribly. We're going to take care of our vets. We're going to start taking care of our vets, properly, like we should.

(APPLAUSE)

But we're going to build up our military, and we're going to get the equipment we want, not the equipment that's sold to us by somebody that gave him and him and not the governor campaign contributions. OK? We're going to get the equipment that the generals and the soldiers want.

I will prove to be a great leader. And, you know, it's very interesting, we talk about the polls. Every single poll when it comes to ISIS and the military and the border say, by far, Trump is the best.

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, your time is up.

RUBIO: Yeah, I just want to -- a couple points. Once again, he was pressed on a policy issue to show his understanding of the foreign policy, and his reaction was just to attack somebody else with a name.

Here's the bottom line. And I'm going to repeat it again. The world today is as complicated and as complex as it has been certainly in a very -- certainly in the lifetime of anybody here today. You indeed do have a lunatic in North Korea with nuclear weapons. You indeed do have the Chinese government taking over the most important shipping lane in the world. And Vladimir Putin, who you've expressed admiration for, Donald...

TRUMP: Wrong. Wrong.

RUBIO: You've expressed admiration for him.

TRUMP: Wrong.

(CROSSTALK)

RUBIO: Donald, you said he's a strong leader.

TRUMP: Wrong.

RUBIO: He is now dividing Europe up...

TRUMP: He said very good things about me, and I said...

(CROSSTALK)

RUBIO: All right, I'm going to finish my statement here.

TRUMP: Yeah, finish.

RUBIO: And he's also sowing instability in the Middle East. You have Iran who's going to get $100 billion of sanctions relief. You have radical jihadists spreading all over the world. This is a time for seriousness on these issues. You have yet to answer a single serious question about any of this. Will you give us a detailed answer about foreign policy any time you're asked on it?

TRUMP: Let me just tell you, first of all, I've been hearing this man so long talking about Putin. Putin said about me -- I didn't say about Putin -- Putin said very nice things about me. And I say very nicely, wouldn't it be nice if actually we could get along with Russia, we could get along with foreign countries, instead of spending trillions and trillions of dollars?

You're talking about Flint, Michigan. You're talking about places -- we need to rebuild the infrastructure of our country. Wouldn't it be nice if we got along with the world, and maybe Russia could help us in our quest to get rid of ISIS, et cetera, et cetera?

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: Gentlemen, you both have had a chance to talk. You both have had a chance to talk a couple of times. I'd like to move on to Senator Cruz. Senator, we have some breaking news tonight. North Korea's dictator, Kim Jong-un, has ordered that country's nuclear weapons to be made ready at a moment's notice.

CRUZ: Yes. Yes.

WALLACE: And this comes just hours after the U.N. Security Council announced that -- approved the toughest sanctions in two decades against that country. Assume you're President Cruz tonight. What do you do?

CRUZ: Well, you're right, the news is very disturbing that Kim Jong-un has put their nuclear weapons on ready state. I'm glad that we're sending another carrier group to the South China Sea. I'm glad that Congress passed sanctions on North Korea.

But this is all the result of the failures of the Clinton administration two decades ago that negotiated a deal with North Korea lifting the sanctions, allowing billions of dollars to flow in, and they used that money to develop nuclear weapons in the first place.

What we -- now we're in a much harder position. When you have a lunatic with nuclear weapons, to some extent, it constrains your options. We need to be moving the carrier -- carrier group to the South China Seas. We -- we need to be putting in place missile defense, such as the THAAD missile defense system in South Korea.

We need to be pursuing space-based missile defense. One of the advantages of space-based missile defense is that if you have a missile launch in North Korea or you have a missile launch in Iran, a space-based missile defense can take out one or two or three missiles before it can cross over and do damage.

And we also need to be putting pressure on China, because North Korea is effectively a -- a client state of China. All of that will happen with a strong commander-in-chief that is devoted to keeping this country safe.

WALLACE: Thank you, Senator.

Governor Kasich, I want to move back to the debate that we heard earlier about Vladimir Putin. In December, after Vladimir Putin had some nice thing to say about Donald Trump, calling him bright and talented, your campaign ran a video suggesting that Trump might name the Russian president as his running mate. Here's a clip.

KASICH: I'll have to see this.

(BEGIN VIDEO CLIP)

(UNKNOWN): If elected, Trump promised that the dictatorial duo would, quote, ''make tyranny great again.''

TRUMP: I think I'd get along very well with Vladimir Putin. I just think so.

(END VIDEO CLIP)

(LAUGHTER)

WALLACE: That was your campaign video, sir.

KASICH: That was a pretty good one.

WALLACE: Well, OK.

KASICH: No, I...

(CROSSTALK)

WALLACE: If I may -- sir, if I may ask my question...

KASICH: Of course.

WALLACE: I think you were kidding...WALLACE: But it was your video and the serious question is, because the suggestion is, do you think that Donald Trump is naive about the threat that Vladimir Putin represents?

KASICH: I'm not biting. Let me take you around the world, OK? Let me -- look, I'm going to take you very quickly.

In Russia, we need to tell them we're going to arm the Ukrainians with defensive lethal weapons. And we're going to tell Putin if you attack anybody in Eastern Europe in NATO, you attack Finland and Sweden, which is not in NATO, consider it an attack on us. And he will understand that.

Secondly, I would tell the Chinese you don't own the South China Sea. Stop hacking us. And we're going to beef up our cyber command. And we're going to be in a position to be able to take out your systems if you continue to do this.

Now let's move over into the Middle East. The Egyptians, they know they're on their last legs there because of the attack from ISIS. The Jordanians are -- really have been our friends. They know that they are at risk. So do the Saudis. So do the Gulf states.

They are our allies, really, or have similar aims, we need to bring them closer to us. Turkey a critical avenue to the Middle East. We have to bring them towards the West, and not towards the East.

WALLACE: Governor...

KASICH: And we have a joint, good human intelligence. That is called a semi-trip around the world. And if you gave me more time, I'd finish the trip.

WALLACE: Governor, thank you.

KASICH: Thank you.

BAIER: Coming up, a final question and closing statements. And take a look at this. The volume of conversation on Facebook surrounding the remaining candidates over the last month. Whether that conversation is good or bad, Donald Trump clearly dominates the field.

We'll be back with more of the Republican presidential debate live from Detroit. (COMMERCIAL BREAK)

BAIER: Welcome back to the Republican presidential debate. Let's get back at it.

Gentlemen, this is the last question of the night. It has been a long time since our first debate, seven months ago in Cleveland. A lot has transpired since then, obviously, including an RNC pledge that all of you signed agreeing to support the party's nominee and not to launch an independent run. Tonight, in 30 seconds, can you definitively say you will support the Republican nominee, even if that nominee is Donald J. Trump?

Senator Rubio, yes or no?

RUBIO: I'll support the Republican nominee.

BAIER: Mr. Trump? Yes or no?

RUBIO: I'll support Donald if he's the Republican nominee, and let me tell you why. Because the Democrats have two people left in the race. One of them is a socialist. America doesn't want to be a socialist country. If you want to be a socialist country, then move to a socialist country.

The other one is under FBI investigation. And not only is she under FBI investigation, she lied to the families of the victims of Benghazi, and anyone who lies to the families of victims who lost their lives in the service of our country can never be the commander- in-chief of the United States.

BAIER: Senator...

RUBIO: We must defeat Hillary Clinton.

BAIER: Senator Cruz, yes or no, you will support Donald Trump is he's the nominee?

CRUZ: Yes, because I gave my word that I would. And what I have endeavored to do every day in the Senate is do what I said I would do. You know, just on Tuesday, we saw an overwhelming victory in the state of Texas where I won Texas by 17 percent.

And I will say it was a powerful affirmation that the people who know me best, the people who I campaigned, who made promises that if you elect me, I'll lead the fight against Obamacare, I'll lead the fight against amnesty, I'll lead the fight against our debt, and I will fight for the Bill of Rights and your rights every day, that the people of Texas said you have kept your word, and that's what I'll do as president.

BAIER: Governor Kasich, yes or no, would you support Donald Trump as the Republican nominee?

KASICH: Yeah. But -- and I kind of think that, before it's all said and done, I'll be the nominee. But let me also say...

(APPLAUSE)

But let me also say, remember...

BAIER: But your answer is yes?

KASICH: But I'm the little engine that can. And, yeah, look, when you're in the arena, and we're in the arena. And the people out here watching -- we're in the arena, we're traveling, we're working, we spend time away from our family, when you're in the arena, you enter a special circle. And you want to respect the people that you're in the arena with. So if he ends up as the nominee -- sometimes, he makes it a little bit hard -- but, you know, I will support whoever is the Republican nominee for president.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Mr. Trump, I'm going to ask you a version of the same question. As we saw today with Mitt Romney, the #NeverTrump movement is gaining steam. Some people are talking about contributing millions of dollars to try to stop you. Again today, you raised the possibility that you might run as an independent if you feel you're treated unfairly by the Republican Party.

So I'm going to phrase the question that the other three people on this stage just got. Can you definitively say tonight that you will definitely support the Republican nominee for president, even if it's not you?

TRUMP: Even if it's not me?

(LAUGHTER)

Let me just start off by saying...

WALLACE: Thirty seconds, sir.

TRUMP: ... OK -- that I'm very, very proud of -- millions and millions of people have come to the Republican Party over the last little while. They've come to the Republican Party. And by the way, the Democrats are losing people. This is a trend that's taking place. It's the biggest thing happening in politics, and I'm very proud to be a part of it. And I'm going to give them some credit, too, even though they don't deserve it. But the answer is: Yes, I will.

WALLACE: Yes, you will support the nominee of the party? TRUMP: Yes, I will. Yes. I will.

KELLY: Candidates, it's now time for your closing statements. Governor Kasich, we'll start with you.

KASICH: Well, ladies and gentlemen, I love being here in Michigan, and I want to say to all of you here that I have a record of being able to solve some of the biggest problems. It's not just talk, and it's not theory.

I did it in Washington by helping people get into a healthier economic situation. I've done it in Ohio. And as we've made progress in Ohio, we've left no one behind. We've not left behind the mentally ill, the drug addicted, the working poor, the developmental disabled, and we have raised our minority community.

And as president of the United States, I will go back to Washington, I will take the formulas that I used, and I will -- I will fix the problems in Washington, and you'll work with me as I send you power to fix your -- your communities, your neighborhoods, your state, and together, we'll restore the spirit of America. And I know you want that. Thank you.

(APPLAUSE)

WALLACE: Senator Rubio, 30 seconds, closing statement.

RUBIO: Well, I know this has been an unusual election cycle, as it continues, and there's a lot of problems in America, and people are truly hurting. But this election is not just about confronting our problems; it's also about embracing our opportunities.

I believe the 21st century holds the potential to be the greatest era in the history of the United States, if we get this election right and if we act now. If we do, if we do what needs to be done, we can leave our children as the freest and most prosperous Americans that have ever lived, and the 21st century can be the greatest era in the amazing story of America. So I ask everyone to vote for me and join our effort at marcorubio.com.

(APPLAUSE)

BAIER: Senator Cruz, your closing statement?

CRUZ: I want to talk to every soldier and sailor and airman and Marine. I want to talk to every mom and dad and sister and brother and son and daughter of someone fighting for this country. For seven years, you've had a commander-in-chief that doesn't believe in you, that sends you into combat with rules of engagement that tie your arms behind your back. That is wrong. It is immoral. And in January 2017, it will end.

I want to also talk to all the police officers and firefighters and first responders who have been left behind with this president. Starting in January 2017, I will have your back.

(APPLAUSE)

KELLY: Mr. Trump, your closing statement.

TRUMP: Thank you. I am going to bring jobs back to the United States like nobody else can. We're going to fix our very depleted military. We're going to take care of our vets. We're going to strengthen our borders. And you're going to be very, very proud of this country in just a few years if I'm elected president. Thank you.

KELLY: Thank you, sir.

And that will do it for the 11th Republican primary debate of the 2016 presidential race. But the night is not over yet.

WALLACE: Not by a long shot. A special edition of ''The O'Reilly Factor'' is next. And remember, Fox News has the race for the White House covered, all the way to the conventions and onto the general election.

BAIER: Our thanks to Detroit and the crowd here. Thank you again for joining us. Have a great evening.

Find out what you need to know about the 2016 presidential race today, and get politics news updates via Facebook, Twitter and the First Draft newsletter.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/03/04/us/politics/transcript-of-the-republican-presidential-debate-in-detroit.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/03/04/us/politics/transcript-of-the-republican-presidential-debate-in-detroit.html)

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[***After House Fire, Mutual Aid Setup Stirs Controversy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RW0-4J70-007F-G39W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ELSA BRENNER

By ELSA BRENNER

**Body**

THE call for the house fire came in at 2:47 P.M. Four hours later, an expensive Rye Brook home was gutted and its occupants left out in the cold. No one was in the dwelling when the blaze began, and no lives were lost. But what occurred between midafternoon and nightfall that December day laid bare the weaknesses of the county's fragile mutual aid system, a fire safety arrangement affecting hundreds of thousands of lives.

Last month's incident has also riveted attention on the fallout from a continuing power struggle between Rye Brook and Port Chester over the delivery of fire services as well as the potential risks that the conflict poses for residents.

In the aftermath, the company that owns the $1 million house destroyed in the blaze is considering a lawsuit, believing that it may have become the victim of both a political struggle between two municipalities and a faulty mutual aid system, said Joseph Ferriero, a Tuckahoe lawyer representing the company, Jovic Realty.

The County Board of Legislators, worried about the public safety issues raised in Rye Brook and throughout Westchester, has offered to mediate the conflict before more property -- and possibly lives -- are lost. "The situation has the potential for becoming very serious," said Richard G. Wishnie, a member of the Board's Criminal Justice and Public Safety Committee.

Similarly, fire officials throughout Westchester are calling for a revamping of the county's more than 70-year-old mutual aid system. At no time were the problems more clearly seen than on Dec. 8, when flames clambered up the side of the Rye Brook home, and a skeleton crew fought to save it.

On that cold afternoon, four members of Rye Brook's privatized fire company struggled alone to contain the blaze, unable to muster more than three of its reserve firefighters and frustrated in its calls for mutual aid from neighboring companies.

The Port Chester Fire Department, under direction from the city administration not to respond to Rye Brook's calls, sent no equipment. "We had our orders," the village's fire chief, William M. Barnes, said. Nearby Rye reported that it was unable to summon a stand-by crew. Finally, Greenwich sent help, and Purchase covered the Rye Brook station house. Chief Martin Drexelius of Rye Brook said his small department of nine firefighters "didn't need 40 men and women sitting around all day waiting for a fire to happen." When a crisis occurred, he assumed mutual aid would be forthcoming. In two years on the job, this was the first emergency.

But instead of welcoming contingents of helpful firefighters, an exhausted Chief Drexelius observed groups of men -- some of whom were wearing Port Chester Fire Department shirts -- watching from the sidelines. The Mayor of Rye Brook, Salvatore M. Cresenzi, who reported heckling coming from the Port Chester crowd, said he also heard someone say, "Let the Jews burn." (The people who lived in the house are Italian, the Mayor observed.)

Firefighters in Port Chester denied that anyone in their group made the remark, and the Mayor said his back was turned to the men and the sky was darkening when the words were allegedly spoken, so he cannot point a finger at anyone.

But only two years earlier the villages had been a team, with Port Chester providing fire services for both municipalities. Port Chester, a blue-collar, ***working-class*** community, has 25,000 residents in a two-square-mile area; Rye Brook, an upscale bedroom suburb, has 8,000 residents spread over 3.5 square miles. Despite their dissimilarities, they worked well together for more than 12 years.

But then, as in a marriage gone sour, they fought over money and one partner's attempts at independence. "Port Chester gave us a take-it-or-leave-it contract, and we left it," Mr. Cresenzi recalled, explaining that the neighboring village had demanded that Rye Brook pay half of the costs of running the company but did not grant it any say in its management.

After they parted ways and Rye Brook contracted with RuralMetro, a private fire safety company based in Scottsdale, Ariz., matters between the two villages grew more rancorous. Trustee Joseph Pellino of Rye Brook recalled that "there were a lot of threats and intimidation against Rye Brook," even a "couple of death threats."

"It was a rather tense time," he said. "But we weren't caving in."

In the weeks that followed, Mr. Cresenzi said the police warned Rye Brook officials to be alert for package bombs and "to feel for wires." Observing that Rye Brook's alliance with a private firefighting concern was the first such agreement in the state, he said, "It was a period of change, and a lot of people don't take well to that."

Port Chester denied that their firefighters were responsible for any threats.

Nevertheless, tensions were running high between union firefighters in Port Chester and the privately paid firefighters whom Rye Brook had hired. RuralMetro's regional president, Kurt Krumperman, said the publicly traded company, which provides health and safety services in 23 states, "sometimes encounters opposition from unions, but never with the intensity, ferocity and staying power" of that in Port Chester.

Mayor Sam Kathryn Campana of Scottsdale, where RuralMetro began in the 1950's, said that there had been frictions at first between union and nonunion firefighters there. But, she added, "No building ever burned because of lack of cooperation."

Mr. Krumperman acknowledged that the company has experienced difficulty lining up a dependable local reserve force to supplement its paid company of nine firefighters in Rye Brook. In response, the village has given the private company 60 days to correct the situation.

Although Mayor Cresenzi said recently that "there is no way we would go back to Port Chester," some fire officials have reported that the two municipalities are considering kissing and making up.

"It's like breaking up and getting back together again," said Duncan MacCrae, an adviser to the Port Chester Fire Department and formerly the executive vice president of the state Professional Firefighters Association. "It happens all the time."

Thomas G. Murphy, president of the Port Chester Professional Firefighters Association, suggested that the two municipalities form a fire district, with each party having an equal say.

"It's a shame it fell apart," Mr. Murphy said, adding that Rye Brook has begun to admit that its arrangement with the private company has not worked out well.

And while the rift between the two villages may heal soon, the recent weaknesses exposed in Westchester's mutual aid system will most likely take longer to remedy.

Westchester's Fire Coordinator, Walter L. Groden, said the fire in December in Rye Brook was the first time in the history of mutual aid that one company refused to help another "on the basis of who it was."

"Companies have declined for other reasons, such as equipment problems," Chief Groden said, "but in this case Port Chester said, 'We don't provide services to Rye Brook.' It's a first that I know of."

In White Plains, John M. Dolce, the Commissioner of Public Safety, said he was distressed by the events. "Politics should not get in the way of our mission," he said of firefighting.

In Yonkers, Fire Commissioner Thomas J. Lorio said that even though RuralMetro had not lived up to its agreement to provide an adequate firefighting staff, other companies -- even union ones -- had "a moral obligation" to help out in times of need.

But he observed that large fire companies, like his own, the largest in the county, are often misused by smaller companies who call on them for mutual aid instead of beefing up their own ranks.

Similarly, Anthony Pagano, president of the Yonkers Firefighters Association, Local 628, questioned why taxpayers in one municipality were bearing the burden for others. He, too, said that mutual aid, "which should be mutual," is often misused by municipalities to fill in for inadequate departments. He cited Eastchester and Mount Vernon as examples of municipalities that depended on larger companies to fill in the gaps.

Mr. Pagano called for "an overhaul" of the current mutual aid system and said standards needed to be set and politics pushed to the side. "To begin with, each department has to live up to individual obligations before calling for help," he said.

Many officials worried that personal animosities between fire companies or unclear mutual aid responsibilities would further jeopardize Westchester residents' welfare. "It's pretty disturbing that where you live determines whether a call for help is answered," Mr. Pellino, the Rye Brook Trustee said.

But Chief Groden and Susan Tolchin, a spokeswoman for County Executive Andrew J. Spano, called the problem "just a local issue" and said there were no plans for the county to step in. "The issue is between two municipalities," Chief Groden said, adding that the county was not authorized to assign blame or mete out punishment.

Westchester invented the concept of mutual aid during the 1920's and refined it during World War II to be ready in case of enemy attack. The system includes 39 volunteer fire departments, three union departments (New Rochelle, Mount Vernon and Yonkers) and 15 others (combinations of union firefighters and volunteers). Mr. Groden oversees the dispatch service for the county's mutual aid system.

Legislator Wishnie said that even though the county had no official clout to regulate mutual aid, the Board of Legislators was troubled by recent events and was therefore willing to step into the fray.

"The basic instinct is to save property and people and to help," he said. "What has been happening flies in the face of that basic tenet. No one is proud of the events that have taken place. We need a solution quickly, and the county's role needs to be clarified. Who's in charge?"

**Graphic**

Photo: Chief Martin Drexelius of Rye Brook Fire Department, in the firehouse. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

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[***60's Find a Place in 80's Classrooms***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4VB0-0014-517X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1422 words

**Byline:** By JOSPEH BERGER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

With surprising scholarly detachment, Boston College's History 101 class recently analyzed two documents of the 1960's: the lyrics of Janis Joplin's recording of ''Bobby McGee'' and of Steppenwolf's ''Born to be Wild.''

The words were not as weighty nor as hoary as, say, ''The Gettysburg Address,'' but there was a genuine thoughtfulness to the way the students treated these stories of the open road and themes like ''freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose.'' When Prof. Marilyn B. Halter played tapes of the songs, whose rhythms had set her generation dancing, few of the 180 students in the lecture hall tapped their toes or pens.

''There's a feeling of immortality, of living for today, of get it while you can and live for now,'' said Maria Tecce, 20 years old, a sophomore at Boston College, trying to articulate the songs' spirit.

Decade of Tumult

The 1960's, that decade of political, racial and sexual tumult, of Camelot, Selma, Mylai and Woodstock, has now ripened sufficiently to become a subject of classroom study.

At least 80 courses on the 1960's are being taught at campuses from Boston to San Francisco, complete with syllabuses, reading lists, and that mainstay of history courses, the document collection. A few hundred more courses focus on such central events of the decade as the Vietnam War, the civil rights movement and the women's movement, according to a recent survey.

The courses are teeming with students who say they find the free-wheeling individualism of that period appealing at a time when parents and society are pushing them toward lucrative careers. Others are beguiled by the period's dedication to political change.

''College kids now are worried about going for a job, being an investment broker, and not being political because that might be on their record,'' said Matthew Devlin, 20, of Houston, a student in Professor Halter's class. ''What intrigues us all is that people in the 60's were willing to put their own lives on line and do what they wanted and questioned the morals of society.''

Many of the teachers came of age in the 1960's, danced to Janis Joplin, ''dropped acid,'' and took part in civil rights demonstrations. Professor Halter, 38, dressed in a blue suit recently, was an antiwar protester at Brandeis University and lived in a commune for awhile. While some teachers like Professor Halter went on to establish careers at colleges once shut down by demonstrations of the 1960's, they can testify about the decade's Zeitgeist out of their own experience, with irony and occasionally disillusionment.

'It Was Live for Today'

Many are revising youthful visions of the decade and producing new historical scholarship. Students contribute to this shift. Professor Halter's class sensed a paradox in the decade's robust optimism at the same time thousands were dying in Vietnam and national leaders were being assassinated. But one student proposed a resolution: ''It was live for today because you may not be here tomorrow,'' the student said.

What is taught is often difficult to grasp for students who came of age in the relatively conservative era of President Reagan. Nelson Lichtenstein, a 43-year-old history professor at Catholic University of America, speaks of his students' baffled looks when they read old leaflets of the radical Weather Underground, with their caustic language accusing the United States Government of ''a criminal conspiracy.''

''The students look at them like they're from Mars,'' he said. ''I find it takes me a long time to explain the psychohistorical state that produced that kind of message.''

The relative nearness of the 60's in time allows for some classroom encounters that history classes seldom experience. As guest lecturers, Professor Halter has brought in Jabreel Khazan, who as Ezell Blair Jr. was one of the four black college students to sit in at a whites-only Woolworth's lunch counter in Greensboro, N.C., in 1960, and Paul Camacho, a Vietnam veteran.

'Strong Loyalty to Friends'

''Jabreel talked about how scared he was to sit in,'' Professor Halter said. ''He tried to hide, saying he was too busy. Finally, he said he was trapped. He had this strong loyalty to his friends.''

To illustrate 60's style, Professor Halter showed up in class one day with a pair of faded jeans from her Brandeis days and a denim jacket that had survived several antiwar demonstrations and hitchiking across Europe.

Joshua B. Freeman, 38, who taught a 1960's seminar last term at Columbia University, says he uses a study of his fellow 1970 Harvard graduates to demonstrate his argument that social class and race determined who fought in the Vietnam War. There were 1,200 graduates, and of those whose records could be traced, only 56 served in the military and only 2 served in Vietnam, he said. ''That's a dramatic illustration that students at elite colleges simply did not fight in Vietnam,'' Professor Freeman said.

Professor Halter appreciates the irony of a onetime rebel now giving her students the formalities of tests, papers and grades in a large lecture hall, and she tries to limit such requirements.

But Professor Lichtenstein said he was worried about the course being considered faddish, adding, ''So I made it very rigorous, with lots of exams and papers.''

In looking at the 60's with the distance of time and new scholarship, teachers are finding themselves revising some of their assumptions about that decade, wondering what it actually accomplished, appreciating anew its political activism and its initial optimism.

Professor Lichtenstein, who, as a demonstrator at Berkeley, felt the sting of tear gas, believes the 60's were ''the fulcrum of postwar American history,'' bringing ''an end to unquestioned American hegemony and to social stability.''

Economic Forces Played Role

''Nostalgia deadens and muffles historical understanding,'' he said. ''The 60's obeyed the same historical dynamics of any other epoch.''

Much of what happened in the period, Professor Lichtenstein said, was generated by economic forces. The initial optimism of the period may have been the culmination of three decades of economic growth, he believes. He said the boom came to an end partly as a result of the social movements of the 60's, which led to costly wage increases and expenditures for environmental and occupational safeguards.

Scholars are also re-evaluating the origins of student protests, rejecting the conventional wisdom about the era, Professor Lichtenstein said, adding: ''It didn't come out of despair or a rejection of America. It came out of a belief in the possibilities of liberalism and a desire to expand those possibilities.''

After 1967, a growing frustration with the pace of liberal change led to more violent confrontations by black and antiwar protesters, he said.

Though the image of hard-hat construction workers attacking antiwar protesters lingers to this decade, Mr. Lichtenstein says that scholarship has shown that opposition to the Vietnam War was greatest among ***working-class*** and poorer people. The hard-hat hostility to the protesters was partly the result of resentment of middle-class draft resisters by people whose children were going off to fight the war.

'A More Sour Look'

Professor Freeman said he had come to take ''a more sour look at the counterculture.''

''It seems to me,'' he said, ''that it to often had an element of contempt for people, particularly blue-collar Americans.''

Professor Halter regularly stresses the role of women throughout the decade. She feels men in the radical movements often relegated women to making coffee and operating copy machines.

''The standard interpretation of the decade,'' she said, ''was that it was a period of rising hopes followed by incredible despair. But if you look at what was going on for women, there were no rising expectations in the early part of the decade, and towards the end, with the beginning of women's consciousness groups, they were just beginning to experience the hope for an end to sexism.''

Scholars believe the interest in the 1960's may even portend a dawning activism. Todd Gitlin, author of the recent book, ''The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage,'' believes that the conservative ''counterreformation'' of the 1970's and 1980's is ending with a realization by liberals that the 1960's reforms left many issues unresolved.

That comment is echoed by Michelle Volpe, a student in Professor Halter's class. ''We need to know about the history of the 60's in order to understand what's going to happen to us in the 90's,'' she said.

**Graphic**

Photo of professor Marilyn B. Halter

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[***No There There***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RN0-5KD0-000P-N2V5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Jackson Lears;

Jackson Lears teaches history at Rutgers University and is at work on a book about grace, luck and fortune in American cultural history.

By Jackson Lears;  Jackson Lears teaches history at Rutgers University and is at work on a book about grace, luck and fortune in American cultural history.

**Body**

FORTRESS AMERICA

Gated Communities

in the United States.

By Edward J. Blakely

and Mary Gail Snyder.

Illustrated. 209 pp.

Washington:

Brookings Institution Press/

Lincoln Institute

of Land Policy. $24.95.

CHANGING PLACES

Rebuilding Community

in the Age of Sprawl.

By Richard Moe

and Carter Wilkie.

Illustrated. 288 pp. New York:

Henry Holt & Company. $25.

When the New Jersey Devils won the Stanley Cup in 1995, the team faced a problem: where to hold the victory rally. The fans were mostly white guys from the Jersey suburbs. Management decided to bring them together on the barren asphalt plain outside the Meadowlands. "It's too bad to have a rally in a parking lot," one fan said, "but there's no town to go to." He summed up the problem of community in a placeless market society.

"Community" is one of those words that could use a nice vacation but probably won't be getting one. For centuries, American moralists have fretted about the fragmenting of community -- even as most of them tolerated or even celebrated the market feeding that fragmentation. A dose of materialist detail in the soupy haze of moralism could clarify the atmosphere, redirecting discussion toward particularities of place and power, making community more than a synonym for niceness.

Here are two books that further those ends in separate ways. "Fortress America," by Edward J. Blakely and Mary Gail Snyder, illustrates some powerful contemporary social impulses by collecting a wealth of evidence about gated communities and testimony from their residents. "Changing Places," by Richard Moe and Carter Wilkie, surveys successful strategies for neighborhood renovation and refutes faux-populist arguments for unplanned development.

The gated community, Blakely and Snyder write, is the latest innovation in the suburbanizing trend toward "ever more controlled, ever more privatized residential environments." For the zoning restrictions of earlier suburbs, the gated community substitutes guardhouses, physical barriers and hired security forces. Its governing body, the homeowners' association, constitutes a private "pseudo-government" that supplants or augments the services provided by surrounding local governments: street maintenance, police protection.

As they explain the rise of the gated community, Blakely, dean of the School of Urban and Regional Planning at the University of Southern California, and Snyder, a member of the city and regional planning department at the University of California, Berkeley, fall into the language of inevitability, allowing "development" to assume a life of its own. They set up a schematic model of community, heavy on homogeneity: "shared territory," "shared values," "shared public realm," "shared support structures," "shared destiny." It should come as no surprise that the gated communities fail to measure up. But when the authors abandon the language of test cases and listen to their informants, they begin re-creating the texture of life in gated communities.

On the whole, it is a smooth, bland texture, strikingly uniform despite the authors' efforts to separate the communities into categories. "Prestige communities" and "lifestyle communities," mainly situated around golf courses and marinas in the Sunbelt, make up the vast majority of the places surveyed. "Security zone communities," created by traffic barricades within existing urban areas, are more embattled and middle class. But nearly all the gated-community dwellers who speak up in this book are affluent corporate executives -- tanned, fit and dressed in "chinos, polos and golf sweaters." Some are retired; others are empty-nest professional couples. Their apparently casual tastes coexist with a habit of command; even at leisure they wear "pressed knee-length shorts."

What these people want, the authors discover, is not community but privacy and security. No matter how affluent they are, they dread the world outside the gates. Guardhouses, electronic surveillance systems and physical barriers provide reassurance but also reinforce the sense that one is surrounded by a disintegrating society. Crime is an obsession, despite (in most cases) the absence of any credible threat.

Like other fortunate Americans in the late 20th century, many gated-community residents are doing better but feeling worse. Tabloid-style coverage of crime and violent mass-market entertainment undoubtedly promote this anxiety. But so does the managerial ethos that governs so much of American life -- the determination to create a predictable, controlled environment even at the cost of sterility. In "Fortress America" what frightens the residents most about crime is its randomness. The retreat into gated communities is a flight from chance.

Gated communities are designed to protect their residents from the vagaries of existence -- falling property values, vandalism, violence, even an unplanned conversation with a person unlike oneself. Managerial mobility intensifies the desire for safety: gated-community residents are frequently away, leaving behind huge houses filled with expensive things. The proliferation of rules and the controlled access create "an environment where there are no surprises," Blakely and Snyder write. In Blackhawk, an exurban enclave outside San Francisco, a woman says, "It's nice at least part of the day to be able to come into something where you know what to expect, that you can count on it, and that is calming." Elsewhere, residents praise the leisure activities as "well structured and managed." The price of good management is boredom, for some. "This is a good place to live," a man in Yacht Haven, near Newport Beach, Calif., says. "It just isn't an interesting place to live."

There are larger problems as well. As the authors conclude, most gated communities cut off links between neighboring developments and accelerate the fragmenting impact of suburban sprawl. But it is difficult to know how to resist these tendencies, given the authors' assumption that sprawl will continue "leapfrogging beyond the new economic centers of the edge cities." Against inevitability, solutions like "shared streets" and "community coaches" seem risible.

"Changing Places" suggests some alternatives. By avoiding linear models of development, acknowledging the centrality of place and focusing on the interplay of interest groups, Moe, the president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, and Wilkie, an adviser to Thomas M. Menino, the Mayor of Boston, have produced something more than a jeremiad against sprawl. Their critique is hard-nosed and historically based. Moe and Wilkie treat unplanned development as a result of specific policies that can be challenged and changed: subsidies for the housing and automobile industries; single-use suburban zoning; tax codes that turn buildings into wasting assets after 31 years; slash-and-burn urban redevelopment projects geared to cars, not people; mortgage lending that rewards racial segregation and architectural conformity.

Those policies have reflected the prejudices and interests of powerful economic groups, not some impersonal process. Sprawl is not a necessary corollary of growth -- though developers have exploited ordinary citizens' sense of fatalism. "That land is going to be developed no matter what" has long been a refrain in zoning disputes. Nor is sprawl an inevitable byproduct of market forces or the expression of consumer preference for 7-Elevens over corner groceries. For decades, developers have tried to present their opponents as effete esthetes. Moe and Wilkie discredit this fatuous claim with detailed narratives, ranging from the defeat of Disney's planned theme park at the Manassas battlefield to the revitalization of downtowns in Denver, Memphis and Portland, Ore. -- where citizens reversed modernization by tearing down Robert Moses' Harbor Drive expressway.

The economic benefits of sprawl are at best ambiguous, as "Changing Places" shows. Besides providing lower prices and low-paying service jobs, the Wal-Marts and Home Depots drain capital from local merchants and consumers to distant corporate headquarters, creating little or no wealth for the people on the premises. Restoring downtowns is about re-creating wealth in urban communities.

For Moe and Wilkie, community is not an ideal of homogeneity but an outgrowth of varied historical experiences in a particular place. Rebuilding community is a matter of making more livable places by reclaiming the material conditions of life. The built environment is an essential feature of our collective memory. Esthetics and history combine to create our sense of public space. Sprawl is inherently ugly; it rarely ages well. As Moe and Wilkie write, people can "see that things are obviously wrong just by looking around."

Or can they? Preservationists have had trouble transforming popular unease about development into practical politics. Their enemies have caricatured them as too fastidious to participate in the vibrant popular rituals of fast food and mass entertainment. "Changing Places" rejects this nonsense, repeatedly showing that historic preservationists have broadened their vision to include the everyday needs of ***working-class*** neighborhoods and entire retail districts. "Design is not just a building, but the streetscape," says Weiming Lu, a St. Paul planner whose strategies epitomize the newer perspective. The redefined mission of preservation acknowledges the need to make it pay but also includes what used to be called "quality of life" issues. This means reversing the gated communities' flight from chance, re-creating the possibility of safe "random personal encounters." This is what has happened, the authors assert, in the Garden District of New Orleans, in Chippewa Falls, Wis., and in Pittsburgh's Manchester neighborhood, among other places.

There are times when Moe and Wilkie seem overly sanguine. Will revitalized small towns attract high-tech corporations in search of livable locales for their employees? If they do, will they still be livable? Will postindustrial downtowns retain their regional distinctiveness as they switch to providing services that could be found anywhere? Will fax machines, E-mail and overnight delivery allow the vendors of Vermont maple syrup and Virginia hams to tap into a national market while sustaining their regional identity? Or will the whole lot of restored urban areas congeal into a sticky mass of potpourri, essential oils and expensive chocolate? Without productive ties to a place, will revitalized towns become what a friend of mine calls "Fruitopian communities"?

Moe and Wilkie sense these problems. They know the difference between gentrification and revitalization, between creating a stage set and re-creating a neighborhood. They insist on the importance of affordable rents and class diversity. And they probably suspect that even a Fruitopian town is better than a placeless suburbia where there is "no town to go to" at all.

**Graphic**

Drawing

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[***Beyond Pigs and Quilts in Cooperative Extension;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1SG0-008G-F3Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In New York City, Growing Trout in the Bronx and Teaching About AIDS and Drugs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1SG0-008G-F3Y5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

Philson Warner showed off the catfish and striped bass that he was rearing in dozens of gurgling tanks and plastic garbage bins in a makeshift laboratory in the South Bronx, remembering with some antipathy the time the central oxygen pump expired for a day and hundreds of fish simultaneously moved heavenward. He didn't care to talk much about the occasional floods.

He nodded at his vegetables and spices -- celery, spinach, basil -- being grown hydroponically in nutrient-rich solution. That is how you do things when you are a high-rise farmer. He's working on a device that will hang from the ceiling. "Won't take up as much space, great for the city," he said. "Listen, I'm always dreaming."

People squeezed for money trickle into the lab and are presented food, exchanging only thanks. The fish eventually become dinner at shelters. And children are recruited from the surrounding moldering neighborhood to work in the lab in the hope that they will choose to learn about science rather than deviance.

Starting Fish Farms

"We want to show the kids that this isn't so bad," Mr. Warner said. "Science can be a neat can of worms. We've had people start fish farms."

Mr. Warner is one of about five dozen people working for the Cornell Cooperative Extension's New York City operation, what at first blush seems an indisputable oxymoron. Cooperative Extension programs, spawned by the Federal Government in 1914, were intended to funnel practical knowledge to a rural America. Their inappropriateness for a city famously low in corn production and pathetic in the number of hogs bred for market was so obvious that no one even bothered to try an extension program in New York for decades.

"I grew up in New York and thought extension was all agriculture and home economics -- pigs and quilts -- and that is the stereotype that it still has," said Ruth Allen, who is now the director of Cornell Cooperative Extension's New York City operation. "But extension has so much application to the city of New York."

Sure, it's dicey trying to raise cows on West End Avenue, but trout grow fine in the Bronx. Certainly, sewing doesn't do a lot for hyperactive New York children, but they like working in soup kitchens. The extension started a "Confabulator Program," where parents visit their children's schools to tell family stories. It has a "Master Angler" program that trains adult fishermen to teach children to fish off the piers as a way to make them ecologically aware.

And, of course, the gardens. The Cornell Extension operation oversees 13,000 community and home gardens, many in formerly blighted lots, that generate about $1 million a year in crops. One important piece of distinctly urban advice dispensed by the gardening experts is to pick the crops as soon as they ripen or else they will be stolen, a snippet less pertinent for the five acres cultivated on well-guarded Rikers Island.

Moreover, the New York operation has bent the mandate somewhat to be relevant. It has a program dealing with rehabilitating decaying apartment buildings. It sings the virtues of monitoring water quality. There is a literacy program. It teaches about AIDS and resisting drugs. In fact, as the peculiar ills of the cities have crept into rural and suburban areas, many rural extension programs have expanded their scope, too, in effect mimicking the New York operation.

First, Food Prices and Grades

Two laws created Cooperative Extension. The Morrill Act of 1862 set up a land-grant university in each state aimed at making education available to the children of the ***working class***. Then the Smith-Lever Act of 1914 dictated that all land-grant colleges initiate programs to disperse practical information into the community. Given the times, the principal information to be shared related to agriculture and home economics. The program fell under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture.

In the wake of the laws, Cornell, the state's land-grant school, began an extension program in each of the state's 57 counties -- except for New York City. Not until 1948 did Cornell give the city a whirl, confining itself to a service that furnished information about food prices and grades. Two people staffed it. Not until the mid-1960's did the city operation branch into programs in broader consumer education and later a service to train tenants about caring for their housing.

The New York Extension program now employs 20 full-time staff members and 42 paraprofessionals, who operate under a $4.6 million budget supplied by the Federal Government, the state and private grants. The program has chosen to go where it feels most needed -- the direst broken-down neighborhoods.

Still Unsung Soldiers

Dozens of programs hum along, and Ms. Allen wants the operation to increasingly focus more on broader issues. "We still want to help low- income families increase their consumption of vegetables," she said. "But these families have lots of problems. We want to help them manage their money and deliver parenting education. We're talking in Far Rockaway about helping that community create an infrastructure to deal with water quality.

"Con Edison funds us to try to reduce energy expenditures in targeted communities, and so we show people how to caulk windows and tell them about energy-efficient light bulbs. We are now looking at helping communities influence public policy."

The extension people would not mind being noticed a bit more. In rural expanses of New York State, just about everyone knows the extension people and a healthy proportion solicit their wisdom. The city extension agents remain unsung soldiers.

Shielding her face from the brittle wind, impassive to her own anonymity, Raquel Rios trudged along West 174th Street in Washington Heights and settled on a building. "This area is not so bad," she said. "There aren't too many drug dealers."

She is a nutrition educator for Cornell Cooperative. Harlem and Washington Heights are her milieu. By knocking cold on doors, her goal is to uncover families that can profit from better nutritional and food safety information. In recent years, she has also diversified into waste and money-management tips.

When she finds a willing party, she leaves some literature and takes the name. She then arranges to visit the candidate periodically and school them in depth.

Helping With Nutrition

A quizzical woman cradling a toddler answered the door at 551 West 174th Street. Ms. Rios identified herself and gave a quick pitch. "I don't have time now," the woman said. "I can give you five minutes." She beckoned Ms. Rios in. Her name was Maria Baez.

Could she use some help with her nutrition? Ms. Rios asked.

"Yes, my son is a picky eater," she said. "Yams, beans. I'd like to get him to eat more things. Some days he doesn't want to eat anything. He doesn't want to drink milk anymore."

Ms. Rios took her number and left some basic material, including sample recipes for peanut butter roll-ups, orange smoothie and chili-bean dip.

A cornerstone of extension programs are 4-H clubs (the head, heart, hands and health operations). New York City and 4-H don't seem to mix. How can a youth living on West 54th Street raise a plump chicken that he can enter in a county fair?

It's not encouraged. But the New York Extension program began sponsoring 4-H clubs in the mid-1980's and has 30 now. They study photography, clean up parks, read and sing to the elderly and learn about that quintessential New York animal, the pigeon.

On East 34th Street, the subject was Maria. She has it hard. She has three children, one a teen-ager seemingly glued to the phone. She is divorced from her husband and is paid less than $20,000 a year as a nurse's aide. Her debts are in anarchy. Her dream is to own a washer and dryer.

Maria was under scrutiny in conference room A at the East 34th Street headquarters of the New York Extension operation, as the embodiment of one of the newest programs: teaching low-income women to manage their finances.

Assembled around tables were 24 people from social-service agencies in the Bronx. They were being trained to help their needy clients. Maria was a composite character patched together by Hada Lugo de Slosser, a Cornell consumer-education program leader, who teaches the workshop.

This day, Maria was planning a family celebration. She had 16 people coming and probably needed $75 to pay for it. But the class skipped down the list and determined that Maria's sister could bring the pumpkin and apple pies. They shaved the soda bill. Eventually, they wrung a good $20 or so out of the cost through intelligent shopping. Maria could have her celebration, Ms. Lugo de Slosser said.

"Next time," she went on, "we will help Maria start saving. Then she can think about that washer and dryer. Won't that be nice?"

**Graphic**

Photos: Philson Warner is one of about five dozen people working for the Cornell Cooperative Extension's New York City operation. In a makeshift laboratory in the South Bronx, he showed catfish and striped bass that he has been rearing. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Raquel Rios, rear, a nutrition educator for the Cornell Cooperative Extension, talking to Nieves Diaz during a visit to Washington Heights, which, along with Harlem, is her beat. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. B6)

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**End of Document**



[***HOME VIDEO/NEW RELEASES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4X90-0014-50R3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 17, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 2; Page 40, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:** By Patricia T. O'Conner

**Body**

I've Heard The Mermaids Singing

Starring Sheila McCarthy, Paule Baillargeon, Ann-Marie McDonald, John Evans, Brenda Kamino, Richard Monette. Directed by Patricia Rozema. 1987. Charter Entertainment. 81 minutes. $79.95. Not rated.

Polly Vandersma's mind wanders, she can't type, and she's been labeled ''organizationally impaired'' by the agency that finds her employment as a ''person Friday.''

Then she lands a job in an art gallery, falls in love with the beautiful and sophisticated owner, Gabrielle, and is off on a series of misadventures among a group of self-satisfied Canadian intellectuals.

''I've Heard the Mermaids Singing,'' the first feature film by the director/writer/producer Patricia Rozema, is an eccentric and whimsical character study that ''promises a good deal of fun,'' Vincent Canby wrote in The Times. But ''whimsy is unreliable,'' he said. ''Like a jolly drunk in a bar, it can turn suddenly aggressive. Very soon Polly's innocence loses its charm, and watching this movie is like being cornered by a whimsical, 500-pound elf.''

Still, he said, Sheila McCarthy as Polly is ''a find,'' and Ms. Rozema ''has a sense of humor that should be protected.''

Ms. McCarthy and Paule Baillargeon, who plays Gabrielle, won Genie awards (the Canadian version of our Oscar) for best actress and best supporting actress for their performances.

Dancers

Starring Mikhail Baryshnikov, Alessandra Ferri, Leslie Browne, Leandro Amato, Lynn Seymour, Julie Kent, Thomas Rall, Victor Barbee, Mariangela Melato, members of the American Ballet Theater. Directed by Herbert Ross. 1987. Warner Home Video. 98 minutes. $89.95 Rated PG. Some sexual innuendoes.

Herbert Ross's celebration of ballet in general and of Mikhail Baryshnikov in particular is something like a sequel to his earlier movie ''The Turning Point,'' Janet Maslin said in The Times. And it's ''something like an afterthought as well.''

The most famous male dancer in the world, Anton Sergeyev (Mr. Baryshnikov), comes to Italy to oversee the filming of a production of ''Giselle,'' ruminating along the way on his life and career and meeting a young ingenue (Julie Kent). ''Beyond that,'' Ms. Maslin said, ''little happens, except for an attempt at romance with the very young Miss Kent, who looks like a Botticelli and sounds exactly as Mariel Hemingway did in 'Manhattan.' The second half of the film derives what story it has from a labored interworking of the story of 'Giselle' with the tale of this non-affair.''

''Dancers'' has ''nice scenery and vibrant performers,'' Ms. Maslin said, and for passionate dance buffs it has ''a touristy charm.'' But Mr. Ross ''conveyed the more galvanizing aspects of dance far better in the earlier film.''

In a dissenting view, the dance critic Anna Kisselgoff said that while the movie isn't ''The Red Shoes,'' it ''does what several other dance-related films have attempted in the past: It sets up a scenario that parallels the story of a familiar ballet. The characters in the film are counterparts of the characters in 'Giselle.' '' She said that ''as probably the only reviewer over 13 who liked the movie, I have no trouble predicting that 'Dancers' will become a cult classic.''

Loyalties

Starring Kenneth Welsh, Tantoo Cardinal, Tom Jackson, Susan Wooldridge, Vera Martin. Directed by Anne Wheeler. 1986. Palisades. 97 minutes. $79.98. Rated R.

This modest film about an unusual friendship between two very unlikely women is a Canadian import set in the village of Lac la Biche in northwestern Canada, where an English family, the Suttons, have come to escape some unmentionable disgrace.

Lily Sutton (Susan Wooldridge), the very proper Englishwoman, is married to David (Kenneth Welsh), a doctor who has risen from a less elevated social sphere. They hire Rosanne (Tantoo Cardinal), a ***working-class*** woman of Indian stock, who has been beaten up by her drunken boyfriend and fired from her previous job as a waitress.

Lily is ''not yet a snob,'' Vincent Canby wrote in The Times, ''but, unlike Rosanne, who calls a spade a spade, Lily would prefer to use euphemisms, which is pretty much what's wrong with her marriage and her life. Inevitably,'' he said, ''the unmentionable thing that drove the Suttons from England reappears in Lac la Biche.'' Mr. Canby called the film ''technically adequate'' and said that ''there's nothing especially wrong with the movie, but then there's nothing very right, either.'' Except for Tantoo Cardinal's performance as Rosanne, he said, ''Loyalties'' is ''utterly without distinguishing characteristics, either in its narrative or in the way it has been written and directed.''

Stacking

Starring Christine Lahti, Ray Baker, Frederic Forrest, Megan Follows, Jason Gedrick, Peter Coyote. Directed by Martin Rosen. 1987. Charter Entertainment. 109 minutes. $79.95. Rated PG. Some mildly vulgar language.

''Stacking,'' named for the process by which bales of hay are collected and stacked in a field, is a 1950's drama about a Montana farmer and his family and their differing perceptions about the community they live in and the lives they lead.

Dan Morgan (Ray Baker) has just had his arm crushed while trying to repair his stacking machine. To his teen-age daughter (Megan Follows) this spells disaster, the probable loss of the family farm. But to his wife (Christine Lahti) it could mean escape from the community she resents.

''Stacking,'' Vincent Canby said in The Times, ''means well and is sincere. It has a cast of good actors.'' It also has ''a lot of pretty Montana scenery and a lot of not-great music on the soundtrack. Yet it has no real drive or personality of its own. It looks like a movie made as a cooperative venture by film students with a fairly fancy budget.''

China Girl

Starring James Russo, Richard Panebianco, Sari Chang, David Caruso, Russell Wong, Joey Chin, Judith Malina, James Hong, Robert Miano, Paul Hipp. Directed by Abel Ferrara. 1987. Vestron Video. 90 minutes. $79.98. Rated R.

Tony (Richard Panebianco) and Tyan (Sari Chang) meet at a dance, and there ensues a beautiful romance - but a doomed one. For he's from Little Italy, she's from Chinatown, and their outraged friends take out their frustrations in ethnic slurs and brawls on the streets of lower Manhattan.

The director, Abel Ferrara, has made ''some of the liveliest exploitation films in recent years,'' Janet Maslin wrote in The Times. And what could be more outlandish than ''China Girl,'' she said, ''a blatant mix of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Mean Streets' and 'West Side Story' played out among very young, barely verbal Chinese and Italian street gangs? It would be gratifying to report that Mr. Ferrara had made a coup of this, but the odds against it are daunting. Instead, 'China Girl' amounts to a cult item and a nice try.''

Still, she said, the movie has ''intermittent flashes of virtuosity'' and while there's a lot to like about this director's kind of bravado, it's ''not enough to catapult Mr. Ferrara into the mainstream. Then again, 'China Girl' makes no stab at broad acceptance anyhow, which is another of its better qualities.''

SHORT TAKES

Electra Glide in Blue

MGM/UA Home Video. 106 minutes. $29.95. Rated PG. Violence.

Robert Blake is a canny Vietnam vet and an idealistic Arizona highway patrolman in this violent portrait of modern frontier justice. The 1973 film has been much admired for its action sequences and strong characterization.

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia

MGM/UA Home Video. 112 minutes. $29.95. Rated R. Extreme violence.

In one of Sam Peckinpah's bloodiest and most heartily criticized films, a rich Mexican offers $1 million for the head of the man who seduced his daughter. With Warren Oates, Gig Young, Isela Vega, Robert Webber, Kris Kristofferson.

Unnatural Causes

New Star. 96 minutes. $79.95. Not rated.

John Ritter plays a Vietnam veteran, stricken by cancer, who struggles to bring the facts about Agent Orange before the public. With Alfre Woodard, John Vargas, John Sayles, Patti La Belle.

Success Is the Best Revenge

Magnum Entertainment. 85 minutes. $79.98 Not Rated.

Michael York plays an exiled Polish stage director in London and Michael Lyndon portrays his son in this 1984 film by the Polish expatriate director Jerzy Skolimowski.

Death Wish IV: The Crackdown

Media Home Entertainment. 99 minutes. $89.95. Rated R. Violence.

Paul Kersey says no to drugs in Los Angeles. Starring Charles Bronson, John P. Ryan, Kay Lenz.

Report to the Commissioner

MGM/UA Home Video. 112 minutes. $29.95. Rated PG.

During a drug raid, an undercover police officer (Susan Blakely) is accidentally killed by a rookie cop (Michael Moriarty), who becomes embroiled in a police cover-up. Look for Richard Gere in the supporting cast.

**End of Document**



[***Oh, to Dine in Saugus, Mass.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5070-0014-5540-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1439 words

**Byline:** By BRYAN MILLER

**Dateline:** SAUGUS, Mass.

**Body**

A 68-FOOT-HIGH neon cactus towers over the suburban prairie along Route 1 north of Boston, a commercial badlands of mini-malls, muffler shops and markdown liquor marts. This startlingly garish landmark beckons hungry passers-by to the Hilltop Steak House in Saugus, Mass., America's largest restaurant, both in number of customers served and sales volume.

On a typical Saturday, the Hilltop, a sprawling Ponderosa that accommodates 1,300 carnivores, rustles up about 7,800 meals. It serves nearly 2.4 million customers annually, three times the volume of the nation's second-largest restaurant, Tavern on the Green in Manhattan.

The Hilltop exceeded $27 million gross last year.

A half mile down the road is Kowloon, a zany 1,200-seat Chinese-Polynesian-Thai restaurant that ranks as the fourth- or fifth-largest in gross income among the nation's independent Oriental eating establishments (industry statistics vary). Kowloon, which like the Hilltop is open year round seven days a week, served more than a million meals last year. The kitchen prepares so much shrimp that it buys supplies directly from China in container shiploads.

To find two of America's largest restaurants virtually side by side in any major city would be remarkable. But it is especially so in Saugus (population 24,628; per-capita income about $12,500), a largely blue-collar town of boatyards, sheet-metal plants, machine shops and other small service companies.

Route 1 is the economic artery that feeds this town about eight miles north of Boston. For a milelong stretch the highway is a Disneyland of family restaurants: iconographic marvels like the Ship Restaurant, with a life-size red schooner appended to the dining room; the Prince Restaurant, a pizza palace with a reproduction of the Leaning Tower of Pisa in the parking lot; the giant faux-timbered Continental, and the formidable Kowloon, featuring a grass-hut motif and snarling Polynesian totem poles.

Most patrons are from within a 30-mile radius that embraces other ***working-class*** towns like Wakefield, Malden, Revere and Peabody, as well as more affluent communities like Lynfield, Winchester, Arlington and Salem. Families come to the restaurants seeking economy, not gastronomy, and no place dishes out bargains like the ones at the Hilltop and Kowloon.

Patrons roll into the Hilltop's 12-acre parking lot shortly after 11 A.M., filling its six Western-theme dining rooms by noon. They file into a long glass-enclosed corridor -the resemblance to a cattle pen cannot be accidental - past a herd of fiberglass cattle to a receptionist who hands out numbered tickets.

On a recent Saturday evening in the timbered Dodge City bar, five bartenders were pouring furiously. Over the public-address system, a woman with a Boston accent thicker than a double-cut sirloin barked numbers and dining room assignments: ''Four-forty, Sioux City!'' ''Four-forty-one, Carson City!''

Bob Farber and Cindy Lightton, a young couple wearing blue jeans and lime-green New England Patriots windbreakers, drove from Medford after friends told them about the restaurant. As their number was called they gulped whisky sours ($2.50) and took off. ''Miss your number here and you could starve,'' Mr. Farber said.

Bill Dykes, an appliance salesman, and his wife, Dory, came from Tewksbury, about 20 miles northwest of Saugus, along with two teen-age daughters, his brother and sister-in-law and their teen-age son. ''My brother lives in Revere, so this is a convenient place for us to get together,'' Mr. Dykes said. ''And where else could the entire family eat out without spending a fortune?''

One look at the menu underscores the restaurant's straightforward appeal. The most expensive dinner entree is baked stuffed lobster, for $13. Beef entrees range from $6 for chopped sirloin to $12 for filet mignon; the enormous portions are served with salad, potato and bread, and are paid for with cash only.

Hilltop's typical weekly food statistics are legendary: 14,500 pounds of salad, 17,500 pounds of baked potatoes, 3,500 pounds of butter, 4,000 pounds of tomatoes, 8,000 pounds of fish, 10,000 dozen rolls, 20,500 pounds of beef and 3 million doggie bags.

''On Friday alone we sell about one and three-quarter tons of fish,'' said Lenny DeRosa, the general manager. And Friday is the restaurant's second-biggest day; Saturday is bedlam.

The $11 sirloin steak is acceptable though not particularly flavorful. For the price, however, it is difficult to cavil. Most diners smother it with A.1. Steak Sauce from family-size bottles. A heaping iceberg lettuce salad precedes the meal and a colossal but commercial-tasting Boston cream cake follows. The dinner check for one: $13.65, including tax.

At lunch, which is frequented by busloads of older people on field trips from as far away as Maine and New Hampshire, daily specials like corned beef and cabbage go for as little as $3.25. Coffee and soft drinks are 25 cents.

In 1961, Frank Giuffrida, a butcher from Lawrence, Mass., about 30 miles away, opened the 125-seat Hilltop Steak House. ''My family on both sides was in the meat business in Italy, but I always wanted to have a restaurant,'' Mr. Giuffrida said. He added that he spent $7,000 in savings to build the Hilltop in Saugus, ''because I counted the cars driving along Route 1 and saw a business opportunity.'' His credo: Give value, be generous in all ways and you will succeed.

Six expansions later, Mr. Giuffrida is still running the place, though at a less frenetic pace and with help from his wife, Irene. He has never advertised. ''Strictly word of mouth,'' he said.

Ten years ago, he opened a tiny butcher shop behind the restaurant. Today, the 6,000-square-foot market has more than $20 million in annual sales. Mr. Giuffrida and a partner, Jack Swansburg, plan to open a 1,000-seat branch of the Hilltop next year in the greater Boston area.

Mr. Giufridda and Mr. Swansburg declined to explain how they turn a profit on $11 steak dinners and $7 lunches. ''Let's just say we operate at a profit margin far below the industry average,'' Mr. Swansburg said. ''We make it all on volume.'' Kowloon operates on the same high-volume, low-price philosophy, spiced with some show business. The restaurant serves nearly 10,000 meals a week, not counting banquets in the upstairs Luau Room. Dinner costs $11, on average; lunch, $7; large rum drinks with the requisite tiny paper parasol, $3 to $5. Annual sales topped $6 million last year.

The South Seas leitmotif is reinforced in dining rooms and bars with names like Volcano Bay and Tiki Lagoon. The most dramatic room is Volcano Bay, with its fountain, rock-strewn lagoon and imitation sailboat; a combo plays on deck. A giant mural of a Pacific Island covers one wall.

An 80-seat Thai Bistro was built in the front of the restaurant last December. It sports a spiffy open kitchen, contemporary decor and an extensive menu of Thai tidbits. Simple dishes like deep-fried shrimp in wonton wrappers and satay chicken with coconut sauce were pleasing, although much of the other food was overembellished and bland. Maraschino cherries are the garnish.

The encyclopedic menu in the main restaurant carries everything from 15 varieties of chop suey ($4.15 to $9.20) to a Seafood Exotic Fantasy ($17.95) that could feed a moderate-sized Sumatran tribe.

''We come here about once a month for the pork barbecue,'' said Myron Steel, a retired electrician from Revere, while waiting for a table on a recent Saturday night. ''It's fun. The drinks are good and it's not all that expensive. I can do without the music, but my wife loves it.'' More than 100 customers were in line up to 45 minutes; reservations are accepted only for groups of eight or more.

In 1960, William and Madeline Wong opened the 70-seat Kowloon on the site of another Chinese restaurant, the Mandarin, run by Mr. Wong's father. Five expansions later, the place is run by the Wong clan -including four sons and two daughters - with a staff of more than 100.

''Welcome from a restaurant family on both sides,'' said Stanley Wong, 31 years old, who was overseeing the new Thai Bistro on a recent Saturday. ''We can fill in for each other and make it a little easier.''

Back at the Hilltop, hundreds of satisfied customers were streaming out of the Sioux City room, toting little white doggie bags with the distinctive Hilltop cactus logo.

Can a restaurant ever become so big it is unmanageable?

''Yes, I think so, and this place is probably about there now,'' Mr. DeRosa said, turning to a customer who had given up partway through his steak and foil-wrapped baked potato. ''Say, you want a doggie bag for that?'' he asked.

**Graphic**

photos of Frank and Irene Giuffrida at the Hilltop Steak House; The Wong family outside the Kowloon (pg. C1); patrons at the Hilltop Steak House (NYT/Joe Wrinn) (pg. C6)

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[***DUKAKIS DEFEATS JACKSON HANDILY IN WISCONSIN VOTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5040-0014-54X4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1430 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MILWAUKEE, April 5

**Body**

Gov. Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts overwhelmed the Rev. Jesse Jackson in the Wisconsin Democratic primary today, giving his Presidential candidacy an important push forward and seriously impairing Mr. Jackson's momentum.

Mr. Dukakis defeated Mr. Jackson, with whom he has been vying closely for delegate strength, by a margin of about 5 to 3, thus assuring himself a majority of Wisconsin's 81 delegates to the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta this July.

Senator Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee ran third with less than a fifth of the vote, and Senator Paul Simon of Illinois trailed badly.

Huge Turnout of Voters

The Dukakis victory was attended by an enormous turnout. Election officials estimated that nearly one million voters cast ballots in the Democratic race today, an increase of about 50 percent from the party's primary here four years ago.

With 90 percent of the precincts reporting, the vote was:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |
| Dukakis | 428,584 (47%) |
| Jackson | 256,364 (28%) |
| Gore | 156,676 (17%) |
| Simon | 43,065 (5%) |

The outcome, two weeks before New York's delegate-rich primary on April 19, was a significant breakthough for Mr. Dukakis, whose hopes of emerging as the ''inevitable'' Democratic nominee were severely undermined last month when he was badly defeated in the Illinois primary and the Michigan caucuses.

Another Triumph in Colorado

Mr. Dukakis's victory followed a narrow triumph over Mr. Jackson in the first round of the Colorado caucuses Monday night. [Page B6.] Now, because of both the margin of the Massachusetts Governor's victory here and the breadth of the support, his assertion that he is the clear leader in the Democratic campaign is much more plausible.

As a result, it will be easier for Democratic leaders, notably members of Congress, to rally behind him. As long as Mr. Dukakis was losing contests to Mr. Jackson, politicians feared that efforts to unite behind the Governor would look like a ''stop Jackson'' movement with racial overtones, especially to Mr. Jackson's supporters.

Representative Charles E. Schumer, a Brooklyn Democrat who has long been leaning to Mr. Dukakis, said the Governor's victory today ''could well start a rush by elected officials to endorse him.''

''First,'' Mr. Schumer said of the Wisconsin result, ''it takes the stop-Jackson stigma off any endorsement. Second, with a big victory, Dukakis looks like a winner.''

A Jackson Paradox

There was a paradox in the outcome for Mr. Jackson, who, by doing so well with large crowds here, had raised the stakes for himself. Until quite recently, his performance in Wisconsin, where he won about a quarter of the white vote, would have been rated a success. But he is no longer simply a protest candidate, and so his failure to win here was a disappointment to him and his supporters.

A New York Times/CBS News Poll of 2,043 voters leaving Wisconsin polling places showed that Republicans who voted in the Democratic primary did not, as Democrats had feared they might, cross over to vote for Mr. Jackson as the weakest potential Democratic nominee. Instead, the poll found, Republicans who crossed over were more likely to vote for Mr. Dukakis or for Senator Gore.

As for those Republicans who voted in their own party's primary, they made Vice President Bush an easy winner over his only remaining opponent, the former television evangelist Pat Robertson.

With 91 percent of the precincts reporting, the Republican vote was:

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Bush | 266,480 (84%) |
| Robertson | 22,578 (7%) |

Mr. Robertson was beaten not only by Mr. Bush but even by Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, who withdrew from the race last week but won 8 percent of the Republican vote in Wisconsin today.

Gore's Eyes on New York

Mr. Gore plans to fight on in the primary in New York and is expected to run a well-financed campaign there. He signaled the importance of that primary by flying to New York City on Monday night, before the voting here.

Mr. Dukakis's supporters said, however, that Mr. Gore's failure to break through with a victory since the Southern primaries of March 8 would make it difficult for him.

''Governor Dukakis and Reverend Jackson have been beating him week after week since Super Tuesday,'' said Susan Estrich, Mr. Dukakis's campaign manager. ''He's invested heavily in a number of states, and all he has is a series of disappointing third places.''

Simon to Clarify Intentions

The remaining Democratic candidate, Senator Simon, had indicated that he was likely to suspend campaigning if he fared poorly in Wisconsin, as he did. Tonight his organization said thhe would make a statement about his plans on Thursday in Washington.

The results bore out the predictions of Mr. Dukakis's advisers that the quiet voters whom he had amassed would overcome the rousing enthusiasm that Mr. Jackson had generated around this state in the last week. ''I think people looked at us and tested us in both of those states,'' Mr. Dukakis, referring to Colorado and Wisconsin, said tonight in New York. ''And they made a decision based on who they thought had what it takes to be the President of the United States, to lead our party.''

A Philosophical Jackson

Mr. Jackson was philosophical about the Wisconsin result. ''We're very proud that we got so many white votes,'' he said in Arizona, where he was stumping for that state's caucuses April 16. ''We go to New York with a good campaign, a broad-based compaign and a good message.''

Mr. Jackson praised Mr. Dukakis for running a ''positive'' Wisconsin campaign, and he issued a call for party unity, saying, ''Our real opponent is George Bush.''

Mr. Gore claimed the Wisconsin results as a kind of victory. He told supporters at the Grand Hyatt Hotel in New York City that only a week ago he had just 4 percent in Wisconsin polls. ''It looks like we're now reaching about 20 percent,'' he said. ''It's really a tremendous result.''

In an interview, Mr. Gore noted that exit polls showed him doing better with voters who had made their decisions in the closing days of the Wisconsin campaign than with the rest of the Wisconsin electorate. ''We made more rapid gains than any other campaign,'' he said.

Dukakis's Weapons

But in the end, it was Mr. Dukakis who managed to push his issues to the center of the campaign here.

In the Times/CBS News Poll, a quarter of those surveyed said a candidate's experience was one of the qualities that had helped to determine their vote. Roughly 70 percent of the people who responded this way backed Mr. Dukakis. An additional 10 percent mentioned management skills as important, and Mr. Dukakis won this group just as heavily.

Mr. Dukakis also seemed to have solved a problem that had plagued him throughout the earlier primaries: an inability to appeal to lower-middle-class and ***working-class*** voters. Here, such voters flocked to him; this candidate with the technocrat image did equally well across all income categories. And he did better among the less educated than among the better educated, a result he had not been able to achieve before in the primary season.

Mr. Dukakis also won roughly three-quarters of the voters who said their desire to find a candidate who could beat the Republicans in November had decided their vote. Without attacking Mr. Jackson, Mr. Dukakis had made clear his view that he, and not the Chicago clergyman, had the best chance of defeating Mr. Bush.

The Criticism Issue

Although he was goaded repeatedly by Senator Gore for his reluctance to criticize Mr. Jackson, Mr. Dukakis appeared to have made a wise decision.

The Times/CBS News Poll showed that 4 Dukakis voters in 10 had a favorable view of Mr. Jackson, and these voters might have been offended by any unfavorable comments about him.

Mr. Dukakis managed to construct a political image that appealed virtually across the board. The poll found that 73 percent of Wisconsin's Democratic primary voters had a favorable view of him; only 23 percent had a negative view. He was viewed almost as favorably by conservatives as by liberals and moderates.

The finding suggested that the very qualities that Mr. Dukakis has been criticized for - his exceptional coolness and what is perceived as his lack of a clear ideological message - might also be drawing voters to his side.

On the other hand, Mr. Dukakis's supporters were clearly less enthusiastic about their choice than backers of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Gore were about theirs.

Forty-four percent of Mr. Dukakis's supporters said they were enthusiastic in voting for him; 45 percent said they backed him with reservations. For Mr. Jackson the corresponding figures were 59 percent and 33 percent, and for Mr. Gore, 49 percent and 35 percent.

**Graphic**

photos of Michael S. Dukakis in Manhattan (NYT/Ruby Washington) (pg. A1); voters at a polling place in Milwaukee during primary election (AP) (pg. B6)

**End of Document**



[***ART VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TYF0-0024-J3HB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Once More Up the Flagpole for New Realism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TYF0-0024-J3HB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By Roberta Smith

By Roberta Smith

**Body**

The art of this century has experienced several bouts of New Realism. The Germans came close when, in the 1920's, when they coined the term Neue Sachlichkeit, or New Objectivity, for the morbidly precise images of painters like George Grosz and Otto Dix. The late 1950's brought the Nouvelle Realistes, a French movement that included Arman and Raymond Hains, who worked with such things as found objects and filched kiosk posters. The phrase cropped up briefly in the United States as a forerunner to the Pop Art label, most prominently as the title of an exhibition of works by Rosenquist, Lichtenstein, Warhol and others at the Sidney Janis Gallery in 1962.

Although I can't quite remember, there may have been some additional runs up the flagpole in the 1970's, what with Conceptual Art and performance pieces (Chris Burden having himself shot in the arm and Vito Acconci masturbating under the floorboards at the Sonnabend Gallery), and again in the 1980's, when appropriation was the rage.

Now the term could be poised for another round of use. In fact, at a time when some artists are working with found objects, organic materials and even animals (living and dead), and others are exploring unconventional ways of using photographs or depicting the body, the words New Realism have never seemed quite so elastic. They seem especially well suited to the younger echelons of the English art scene, a loosely knit group of 20- and 30-something artists that has been making its presence felt on both sides of the Atlantic for the last few years.

Among the most sensational manifestations of the "real thing" thing, as it might be called, were Damien Hirst's sculpture of a large shark in a tank of formaldehyde and Mark Quinn's gruesome self-portrait head, made of his own blood and housed in a transparent freezing unit. Both pieces made headlines a few years ago when they were acquired by the London art collector Charles Saatchi. The sculptor Rachel Whiteread repeatedly made news in Britain last November when she cast the interior of an abandoned London terrace house in cement and then tore down the house so that only the impressions of its inside surfaces remained.

Two less well-known members of this generation, Sarah Lucas and Steven Pippin, have brought their particular brands of realism to the Projects gallery at the Museum of Modern Art. Although not quite as flamboyant as some of their colleagues, both are intent on pushing subversively and ironically at the art envelope. Both combine aspects of performance and object making with self-portraiture, and both do unexpected things with cameras.

Of the two, Pippin makes the strongest impression, at least initially. The photographs of this 32-year-old artist -- whose father was a dedicated amateur photographer and who studied mechanical engineering as well as sculpture -- are perhaps the strangest to come along in at least a decade.

Basically Pippin takes pictures of himself in ways that deform and re-form photography before the viewer's very eyes, returning it to its 19th-century roots. He does this by laboriously converting unlikely objects and enclosed spaces -- coin-operated washing machines, telephone booths, toilet bowls -- into momentary camera-darkrooms that not only take his picture but also develop it. In addition, he records the entire outlandish process with a movie or video camera, exhibiting the results beside the final photographs.

At the Modern, Pippin is exhibiting nine extremely weird-looking black-and-white photographs, cloudy fan-shaped images of murky spaces containing blurry hints of a human presence. Four of them, collectively (and aptly) titled "Follies of an Amateur Photographer," were made in 1987 in the toilet of the artist's London studio. (The toilet bowl, which serves as the actual camera, dictates the unusual fan shape of the images.)

These pictures have an eerie, Gothic primitiveness about them. Vague indications of a narrow, cornerless space evoke a dreary slum or a tiny room in some building by Gaudi -- taken when Gaudi was in knee pants. An ethereal, possibly naked, figure is glimpsed in one or two, as if someone were trying to capture a poltergeist on film.

The other five photographs are collectively titled "Continued Saga of an Amateur Photographer." These lyrical but disturbing images, so splotched and stained that they seem almost to be on fire, were made last year in the lavatory of an English train as it sped from Victoria Station to Brighton. As might be expected, the results have an air of violent motion and chaos that overwhelms nearly any sense of the train compartment or the artist's presence: they place the viewer at the scene of a bloody crime or an action painting.

The mystery of Pippin's photographs is explained by his documenting videos -- quirky, crisply edited shorts that serve as extended labels to the images and are inseparable from them. In both the black-and-white 1987 video and the more elaborate 1993 color video, we see the thin, taciturn artist, in a dark suit, doing such things as donning a huge cape to insert photographic paper into the toilet bowl without exposing it to light. In "Folies" he uses an oddly handsome rubber hood to turn the toilet into a camera obscura; the woozy 360-degree images that result are made with ambient light and a 40-minute exposure (almost all of which the video mercifully skips) and developed when Pippin pours developer and then fixer into a the toilet's overhead cistern. In "Continued Saga" Pippin affixes to the toilet a specially made metal lid with a lens at its center and uses both ambient light and a flash that he attaches to the side of the bowl. As trains lack overhead cisterns, he introduces developer and fixer through a tiny hole drilled in the back of the plumbing.

Especially in the video of "Continued Saga," Pippin works with the precision and manic calm of a surgeon improvising on the battlefield or someone devising a home-made bomb. In both shorts, the bathroom setting heightens the voyeurism of photography and the onanism of self-portraiture. And, as we watch, the process of photography regresses completely and is reinvented from scratch, while process, subject and image are made one.

At the Modern, Pippin comes across as a focused, if slightly sinister, A-student. By contrast, Sarah Lucas comports herself like the school rowdy. Lucas, who is probably best known for making big collages out of the braying headlines and nearly pornographic images of women in the British tabloids, has looked stronger in other exhibitions. She pulls her punches here, showing work that is often slight and ephemeral but that nonetheless has a decided nose-thumbing spirit.

Casually made and casually presented, Lucas's art is full of Surrealist intentions, and not a few pretensions. It favors collage, assemblage and photography, frequently in combination. It lampoons notions of craft and value as it wobbles toward its target, a shifting mix of class and machismo.

In "Rose Bush," for example, the eight letters of the work's title sit like flowers on stems of wire inserted in eight beer bottles. Pub sitting and rose gardening -- pastimes traditionally associated with opposite sexes and different classes -- are deftly conjured up. Another work, which consists of a little wire bouquet whose blooms are cut-out photographs of the artist biting into bananas, is mounted on a worn wooden table that could be a school desk.

At her best, Lucas doesn't attack maleness in a conventional feminist way; she simply appropriates it, merging it with its opposite so that the gender gap often disappears. This merger is clearest in a 10-foot-high pieced-together self-portrait of the artist in work boots, jeans and jacket. Made from a color photograph enlarged by color photocopying and glued to brown paper, this amusing Bunyanesque image is the portrait of the artist as a young . . . what? Tomboy? Tourist? Poster for a road movie?

Lucas's cocky stance is echoed in a sculpture that consists of a pair of work boots cast in concrete. (It turns thuggish in what seems to be a skin-head artifact: a pair of real boots with razor blades inserted in the toes.) The sexual ambiguity of the big self-portrait recurs in three hanging mobiles whose shapes are again cut-out photographs of the artist, crouching against invisible walls or slouching in invisible chairs, thoroughly blending the persona of the bohemian artist with that of the ***working-class*** stiff.

Lucas's deceptively easygoing work suggests that art is something that anyone with half a brain should be able to manage. In this sense she's almost as much an "amateur" as Pippin and seems equally determined to relocate her art-making to a place outside the sanctum of the studio. In fact, the very slightness of the work makes its own point. As in her confidently slouchy girl-guy self-portraits, Lucas seems to be saying "so what?" to the whole idea of having her work sanctioned by a museum.

**Graphic**

Photos: Steven Pippin, left, using a train toilet as both camera and developer. He puts photographic paper in the bowl and covers it with a metal lid with a lens at its center. He uses both ambient light and a flash. Flushing pours in developer, then washes it off. Above, the finished product. (Enterprise Inc./Museum of Modern Art)(pg. 34); Detail of "Two Boots, Size 7, Razor Blades," by Sarah Lucas -- A skin-head artifact, with a decided nose-thumbing spirit. (Saatchi Collection, London/Museum of Modern Art)(pg. 35)

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**End of Document**



[***THE 2012 OLYMPICS: NEW YORK; After the Promises Come the Realities***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474M-R4H0-01CN-H1GX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By CHARLES V. BAGLI

**Dateline:** COLORADO SPRINGS, Nov. 2

**Body**

Now comes the hard part.

It took only six years and $13 million for New York City to capture the United States Olympic Committee's nomination to serve as the host city for the 2012 Summer Games.

Now the Bloomberg administration, Gov. George E. Pataki and the city's bid committee, NYC2012, must overcome daunting political and financial obstacles not only to make good on promises to build $904 million in Olympic fields, courts and arenas but also to create an estimated $5 billion in new subways, housing and a stadium over the rail yards on the West Side of Manhattan.

All of that need not be in place by 2005, when the International Olympic Committee will make the final decision on the location of the 2012 Games. But many of these projects will take years to complete, and New York must convince the International Olympic Committee, which chooses the site from a number of international candidates, that all the city's promises can be hammered into reality.

"You've got to show some progress," said Richard T. Anderson, president of the New York Building Congress, a trade group supporting the city's bid. "One of the big issues is to demonstrate that New York can indeed pull off the big, unfinished pieces, which are the Olympic Village, the stadium and subway service."

Although New York's bid mentions all three -- the Olympic Village complex of 4,400 apartments in Queens; a $1.5 billion extension of the No. 7 subway line from Times Square to the far West Side; and a $1.5 billion Olympic stadium over the West Side rail yards -- none of them are included in the capital plan submitted as part of the official bid. Rather, Daniel L. Doctoroff, who has been pursuing the Olympics for New York off and on since 1994 and is now the city's deputy mayor for economic development, has said that those projects will be built by the city, the state and private developers whether or not the Games come to New York.

Well, maybe.

Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg and Governor Pataki have expressed strong public support, as have many top Wall Street and real estate figures in the city.

"These are projects that we should be doing anyway for the long-term viability of the city," said Bill Rudin, who heads the Rudin family real estate empire and is a major supporter of the New York bid.

But not everyone agrees that this is the best way to spend scarce public dollars when both the city and the state are facing multibillion-dollar budget gaps.

"I see some real strengths to the Olympic proposal in developing housing and transportation, given that it's so hard to get those things built in New York City," said Jonathan Bowles, research director for the Center for an Urban Future. "But I see some downsides. There are questions about how we can pay for this and whether a stadium is a good investment for the city."

Some city residents also resent Mr. Doctoroff's description of their semi-industrial West Side neighborhood as a wasteland and challenge his plans to rezone it for an 86,000-seat stadium and a forest of office towers and high-rise apartments.

"It's a ***working-class*** neighborhood and a service neighborhood," said Simone Sindin, chairwoman of Manhattan Community Board 4. "The fact that there are garages, carpentry shops or auto showrooms does not mean that they are expendable."

Opposition to the stadium is not as fervent or widespread as it was when Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani sought to install the Yankees in a West Side home. But opponents could wage the kind of long legal battle that doomed the Westway highway and development project in the 1980's.

Mr. Doctoroff, the founder of NYC2012, contends that landing the Games would essentially enforce a timetable for completing major projects that would not ordinarily be undertaken in New York's often fractious civic culture. While the proposal calls for creating an equestrian center in Staten Island, an archery range in Brooklyn and major alterations to what would be the water polo site in the Bronx, much of the Olympic transformation would take place on the far West Side of Manhattan.

The coming of the Olympics would "trigger cataclysmic change in an area that's essentially worthless," Mr. Doctoroff has said.

Much of the change would be paid for with taxes from development and rising real estate values on the West Side, according to Mr. Doctoroff. Tax-free bonds would be paid off through real estate taxes and the sale of development rights, a process known as tax increment financing, or TIF in government-speak.

But tax increment financing has not been used in New York before and would require state legislation. It is also predicated on the creation of 20 million square feet of office development -- the equivalent of 10 Empire State Buildings -- which may be a lofty assumption given the weak state of the market today.

The strapped Metropolitan Transportation Authority is studying an extension of the No. 7 subway line. But the money for that and a Metro-North and Long Island Rail Road station would come from TIF. At the presentation of New York's bid, Mayor Bloomberg committed to breaking ground for the subway project before 2005.

"It has to be outside our existing capital program," said Peter S. Kalikow, chairman of the M.T.A., "because I don't have anything in the existing program or the next one to do something like that."

Tax increment financing is also supposed to pay for portions of the stadium, which according to the Olympic proposal would double as an expansion of the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. But Mr. Doctoroff and NYC2012 also face a political problem. Robert Boyle, chairman of the convention center authority, does not consider the stadium to be a substitute for expanding the center.

The bid advocates expect that after the Games the stadium would be transformed into a home for the New York Jets. Together with the National Football League, the team would put up at least $400 million toward the cost of building the stadium. But taxpayers, or tax increment financing, would have to foot the bill for constructing the base for the stadium -- a platform over the rail yards -- as well as a retractable roof, two items that together would cost an estimated $500 million.

Emmanuel Tobier, a professor of economics and urban planning at New York University, says that a stadium is a poor public investment. "It'll be a disaster," he said. "Given the budget crisis and other things, it's just not the time to do it."

If a West Side stadium proves untenable, NYC2012 has an alternate plan to build a stadium in Flushing, Queens, on the old World's Fair site, which would not require an expensive platform but would be a far less desirable location. The Queens borough president, Helen M. Marshall, is amenable. "We could find a place for it," she said.

Also in Queens, the Olympic Village apartments would be built on the waterfront at Queens West. Ms. Marshall favors NYC2012's plan to convert the apartments to middle-income housing after the Games. Mr. Doctoroff says the housing should be built by private developers, probably using tax-free bonds.

Stephen M. Ross, chairman of the Related Companies, a major residential builder in New York, agreed with his friend Mr. Doctoroff. Mr. Ross, a fund-raiser for the Olympic campaign, was once part of a group that owned the New York Islanders with Mr. Doctoroff.

Mr. Ross said that if New York is selected in 2005 as the host city for 2012 he would take a leave of absence from his company to run the real estate operations for the Olympic effort.

"The Olympics will be good for New York," Mr. Ross said. "If we win, I'll spend the next seven years making sure the venues get built and no one gets ripped off."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Cheers rippled through the crowd at the Winter Garden in Lower Manhattan last night after the announcement in Colorado Springs. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times); The stadium would be built as an expansion of the Javits Center on what is now open rail yards.; The renovation of existing pools would include a temporary roof that would be removed after the Games.; An artists representation of the ballpark, which is home to the Yankees minor league affiliate. Chart/Map: "A New York Plan For the Olympics"Most of the events would take place along ferry and rail routes that would cross at an Olympic Village in Queens, where the athletes would be housed. Existing sitesSites of new constructionOlympic FerryOlympic Rail Map of the New York City area highlights the locations of the Olympic events. SITES MANHATTAN Olympic Stadium -- Track and FieldOpening and Closing CeremoniesFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 4FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 16SEATING CAPACITY: 86,000 Madison Square Garden -- Gymnastics (Artistic, Trampoline), BoxingFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 2FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 15SEATING CAPACITY: 19,600 Javits Center -- Fencing, Judo, Table TennisTae Kwon Do, Weightlifting, WrestlingFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 4FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 18SEATING CAPACITY: 4,000 to 9,800 369th Regiment Armory Athletic Center -- Boxing, Rhythmic GymnasticsFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MAJOR ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 18FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 17SEATING CAPACITY: 10,880 Baker Field -- Field HockeyFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MAJOR ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 28FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 25SEATING CAPACITY: 21,000 Central Park -- TriathlonFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 3FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 23SEATING CAPACITY: 5,000 QUEENS Olympic VillageFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 16FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: --SEATING CAPACITY: 16,000 Queensbridge Athletic Center -- Badminton, Track CyclingFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 13FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 5SEATING CAPACITY: 7,500 Flushing Meadows Regatta Center -- Canoeing, RowingFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 33FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 23SEATING CAPACITY: 25,000 Astoria Pools -- Diving, SwimmingFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MAJOR ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 27FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 11SEATING CAPACITY: 15,000 National Tennis Center -- TennisFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 28FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 16SEATING CAPACITY: 23,000 Breezy Point Marina -- SailingFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 55FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 35SEATING CAPACITY: 500,000? BRONX Yankee Stadium -- BaseballFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 27FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 19SEATING CAPACITY: 57,545 Pelham Bay Park -- Modern Pentathlon, ShootingFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MAJOR ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 59FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 29SEATING CAPACITY: 4,000 to 9,200 Orchard Beach Pavilion -- Water PoloFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MAJOR ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 59FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 29SEATING CAPACITY: 5,000 BROOKLYN Williamsburg Waterfront Park -- Archery, Beach VolleyballFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 18FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 7SEATING CAPACITY: 5,000 to 10,000 Brooklyn Sportsplex -- VolleyballFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 55FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 29SEATING CAPACITY: 12,500 STATEN ISLAND Greenbelt Park/St. Goerge -- Mountain Biking/Road CyclingFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 79/52FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 44/22SEATING CAPACITY: 2,400/50,000 Greenbelt Equestrian CenterFACILITY STATUS: CONSTRUCTION REQUIREDMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 79FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 44SEATING CAPACITY: 42,000 Richmond County Bank Ballpark -- SoftballFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 52FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 22SEATING CAPACITY: 12,000 OUTSIDE NEW YORK CITY Continental Airlines Arena N.J. -- BasketballFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 35FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 42SEATING CAPACITY: 19,477 Giants Stadium N.J. -- SoccerFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 35FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 42SEATING CAPACITY: 77,628 Nassau Coliseum L.I. -- HandballFACILITY STATUS: EXISTS, NEEDS MODERATE ALTERATIONSMINUTES FROM MIDTOWN\*: 59FROM OLYMPIC VILLAGE+: 49SEATING CAPACITY: 16,297 \* Spectators access by subway (or bus, Staten Island Ferry or L.I.R.R. when not connected by subway). +Athletes' access by Olympic ferry, Olympic rail or subway. All time estimates are according to the Olympic committee and represent only the time on the subway, bus, ferry, etc. OLYMPIC VILLAGEThe proposed housing for athletes and coaches, above, would be built at Queens West, a housing and shopping complex on the East River. At left, the property as it currently appears. 16,000 -- Athletes, coaches and officials to be housed.4,400 -- Apartments to be built.5.9 -- Miles (on average) to competition sites. (Source: New York Olympic Committee)

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Feeling of Change in Newburgh;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-36F0-000P-N214-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In an Old River Town, a Sense of How Bright the New Might Be***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-36F0-000P-N214-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MONTE WILLIAMS

By MONTE WILLIAMS

**Dateline:** NEWBURGH, N.Y.

**Body**

In July of last year, Gerardo Sanchez was sitting in his bedroom in New York City sipping a Cuban espresso and watching the History Channel. A documentary was being shown about the 11 most endangered historic sites in the country, and it featured the 455-acre East End of this tired, old Hudson River city.

Mr. Sanchez, who played a role in the Art Deco revival of the South Beach district in Miami in the 1980's, sat up and shouted "Bingo!" "We were looking for a city that would entertain our program of exterior restoration," said the Cuban-born Mr. Sanchez. "Let's pray the city administration is open to our ideas."

Other developers, most of them from the Hudson Valley, followed.

Now in this long depressed city, with its boarded-up row houses, high unemployment and booming crack trade, one can almost smell new hope wafting off the river that many say holds the key to its future. There are plans to build a center dedicated to the study of the ecology and habitat of the Hudson River. Developers are restoring its 18th- and 19th-century housing and constructing new buildings. Trendy restaurants are opening. The county repaved Broadway, the main thoroughfare, which used to resemble the pockmarked surface of the moon. The armory, once a rotting hulk, has been restored and will house Orange County offices, which are now in the village of Goshen.

"This is the first tangible hope Newburgh has had in 35 years," said the City Manager, Harold Porr 3d. "There's a general lifting of the communal spirit."

But this town of about 25,000 residents, 60 miles north of Manhattan in Orange County, could face a tough road. Indeed, it has tried and failed to resuscitate itself in the past. But this time, boosters say, things are different. "We're not looking to just bring in yuppies," said Jim DeLaune, the city's economic development director. "This involves serious investment by serious developers."

Cities and towns up and down the Hudson are realizing they can build a new economy around tourism and recreation. In nearby Kingston, restaurants, antiques shops, museums and marinas line the waterfront. A cruise line ferries passengers up and down the river. In Beacon, which is just across the river from Newburgh, not only is there interest in rebuilding a railroad that once scaled Mount Beacon, but also a new ferry pier is planned.

Mr. Sanchez's partner, Vincent Trunzo, predicts that Newburgh's revival will be based on tourism, too. He sees it as the new South Beach, but with a river instead of a shore. "The same magic that we performed in South Beach is going to happen in Newburgh," he said.

Mr. Sanchez, an effusive, confident man, believes the transformation will happen sooner rather than later. "This year, there will be a boom, next year a boom and then a blast," he said. "Newburgh is going to be it."

The city welcomed the men. Their company, Polonia, acquired 11 buildings, 7 of them from the city in exchange for restoring the exterior of City Hall, which was a crumbling wreck. They have restored two buildings so far. In another, which they bought from private owners, they plan to open what they believe will be the world's largest magazine store, and in an old foundry they plan to build a hotel, apartments and commercial space. They expect to spend $5 million.

Another developer, Vinny Clavio, a restaurateur, plans to open a $4 million riverfront complex with a gym, marina, a small restaurant and shops. "If Newburgh doesn't make a comeback then I'm broke for life," he said, peering through the wall of windows of his rambling riverfront restaurant and admiring the glittering Hudson and Mount Beacon."Look at all this natural beauty," he said.

Newburgh, named an All American City by Look magazine in 1952, has definitely seen better days. During the Revolutionary War, the city was the site of George Washington's headquarters for more than a year. A museum and a park mark the site. Until the 1960's, when some say urban renewal started the decline of Newburgh, the city was the economic and social hub of Orange County. A ferry service from Beacon used to carry shoppers to and from the city. Later the growth of malls in the suburbs and the closing of factories meant harder times.

But there have been efforts to bounce back before. In the middle to late 80's, middle-class home buyers moved into the East End of the city, a poor neighborhood. Developers came, too, taking government money and making promises, but many abandoned their projects when they got bogged down in government bureaucracy or other problems.

One skeptic, a retired man who refused to give his name, recalled that five years ago a developer rehabilitated half the row houses on his block. Several did not sell and were rented to welfare recipients. "Now my block is ruined and my house is worth half of its value," he said. But Christine Woroschinski, who opened a bakery on a mostly restored block of Liberty Street more than two years ago, is more optimistic. "I like Newburgh for what it used to be, but unfortunately it's not what it used to be," she said. "Hopefully, we'll turn it around."

The city got a boost in December 1994 when it was named a Federal enterprise zone. That made Federal money available for the restoration of housing and for the development of the work force, small business and tourism.

"I've told many people we're going to put the new back in Newburgh," said Mayor Audrey Carey, the first female African-American mayor in the state. "People seem to have hope where there was none."

Although Newburgh still has a serious crack problem, crime is down 18 percent. The police are following the example of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani of New York and cracking down on quality-of-life crimes like street gambling, loud music and public drinking, an approach that Police Chief William Bloom says cuts down on more serious crimes.

What sets Newburgh's revitalization apart is that a good deal of the restoration of old houses is being done for working poor people with the aid of government subsidies. According to Federal census data for 1996, 41.8 percent of the city's households earn less than $20,000. Sixty-five percent of its 26,454 people are black and Hispanic. Whites, most of them ***working class***, predominate in the West End of town where they live in worn single-family homes with modest yards. There are a few leafy, middle-class blocks in the East End.

Drew Kartiganer, an architect and developer based in Newburgh, has rehabilitated 19 apartments in row houses and is renovating 20 more for low-income tenants. He is also building 12 three-bedroom houses with unobstructed river views that are expected to sell for $130,000 to $140,000.

"Newburgh is going to come back stronger than anybody knows or expects," he said. Mr. Kartiganer recalled that the first row house that he renovated had been a crack house. "A lady in the building asked me, 'Why do you want to touch this building? It's a crack building,' " he recalled. "It was exactly the building that I wanted to touch because that corner no longer has a crack problem. We need to take the worst buildings in the worst areas."

That is exactly what Arnold Moss, a developer with homes in New York City and Garrison, N.Y., is doing. He acquired 33 buildings from the city that were in foreclosure in an East End neighborhood with a busy crack trade. It is widely considered the worst in the city. Mr. Moss is turning those buildings into 64 units for the working poor. Twenty percent of the financing comes from state and Federal subsidies.

"There's so much drug activity in the city because there's so much abandoned housing," Mr. Moss said. "But there won't be so much when we get finished with it. The city has a long way to go but I think there's a lot of positive things starting to happen." The recent opening of Rocky's Broadway Cafe, a two-tier piano and cigar bar decorated in mahogany and copper, has been cited as another sign of the city's turnaround.

John Panzella, the owner, said he started a business because City Hall, just across the street, got a face-lift and the armory was restored. "I said if Newburgh is good enough for them, then it's good enough for me."

One local developer, Walt Lambert, is renovating the old American Legion building into an office building, and the space is already leased.

Mr. Lambert says he looks around Newburgh, past the boarded-up buildings, vacant stores and drug traffic, and sees a new Newburgh -- or rather the thriving Newburgh of old.

"I know what it was once," he said. "And I know what it can be again."

**Graphic**

Photos: Then, Now . . . -- Newburgh as it was in the 20's, looking down Liberty Street from South Street, and, bottom, commercial Newburgh today, looking east on Broadway toward the Hudson River. . . . And Tomorrow -- Drew Kartiganer, an architect, inspects an 1850's house on which he has an option, and bottom, pastry and antiques shops along a largely restored block of Liberty Street. (City of Newburgh; Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 45); Standing, sitting, chatting and dining: Patrons in a restaurant owned by Vinny Clavio on Newburgh's Front Street beside the Hudson River. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 48)

Map of New York shows location of Newburgh: The river plays a large part in Newburgh's redevelopment plans. (pg. 48)

**Load-Date:** November 30, 1997

**End of Document**



[***The Town That Prosperity Forgot;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415N-MYV0-00MH-F0GS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blighted, Broke and Crime-Ridden, Irvington Seems Helpless to Help Itself***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415N-MYV0-00MH-F0GS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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**Byline:** By ANDREW JACOBS

By ANDREW JACOBS

**Dateline:** IRVINGTON, N.J., Sept. 6

**Body**

Like many of those who live in this fraying suburb of Newark, Margaret Jackson moved her family here two decades ago to escape the lawlessness, decay and despair then spreading through the city that nearly surrounds it. With its no-nonsense police force and racially mixed neighborhoods, Irvington beckoned middle-class Newark residents with the promise of safe, suburban-style living.

"What a beautiful, beautiful neighborhood this was," Mrs. Jackson, a secretary, recalled as she stood in front of her house on 21st Street, just over the border from Newark. "We had all kinds of people living here: whites, blacks, Puerto Ricans. I thought it was a solid investment."

As she spoke one recent evening, Mrs. Jackson took in a Dresdenesque landscape of fire-blackened homes, collapsing front porches and trash-filled lots. Mrs. Jackson's house, sandwiched between two crumbling ruins, is the only occupied building on her side of the block.

"If I could sell this place, I'd be gone in a heartbeat," she said. "But who's going to want to live here?"

These days, not many. Irvington, a township of 59,000 people, has lost a tenth of its population since 1980 and 15 percent of its housing stock. In an era of long-running prosperity, when even Newark can crow about revival, Irvington remains a stubborn pocket of dread and instability.

A shrinking tax base and years of fiscal mismanagement have left the township insolvent, and it has been declared a "distressed city" by the state, a status qualifying it for emergency aid. Property taxes are so high -- among the highest in the state -- that scores of homeowners are walking away from their investments. While crime continues to decline elsewhere, Irvington now has the state's second-highest violent crime rate per capita, behind the shore resort of Seaside Heights. Last year there were 15 homicides within Irvington's 2.8 square miles, up from 9 in 1998.

With a mixture of envy and disgust, Mrs. Jackson pointed out the new crop of town houses rising down the street in Newark while the stately homes on her block rotted or fell prey to fires inadvertently started by squatting drug addicts. "I can't even get the city to clean up this trash," she said, gesturing to a mound of clothing and bricks and a broken toilet bowl on the sidewalk. "It's deplorable and it's breaking my heart."

Many residents blame the mayor and Township Council members for Irvington's problems, saying that these officials are more interested in internecine warfare than in governing. Others point to the overwhelmed police force, which has been accused of ignoring the drug dealing and prostitution that flourishes in many neighborhoods. And some say that Irvington is simply suffering from the aging infrastructure, crime and public indifference that have ravaged so much of urban America.

With its mix of prewar apartment buildings and rows of tightly packed two-family houses, Irvington long ago lost its appeal to home buyers who craved spacious lawns and more privacy. "Irvington is typical of a class of old bedroom communities tied to the state's vanished manufacturing economy," said James W. Hughes, dean of the Edward J. Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University. "Its housing stock has become outmoded and obsolete. It's not going to be an easy future."

Irvington may have been dealt a bad hand, but state officials partly blame the local government for making Irvington's problems worse. In the last year, federal authorities have begun two investigations: one examining the Police Department's exclusive contract with a local towing company and another into the Irvington Board of Education, which has been mired in a case involving bribery charges against Kenneth A. Gibson, an engineering consultant who is a former mayor of Newark.

"I wish I could say things are looking up, but things are getting worse," said David Lyons, a member of the Township Council who is frequently at odds with his colleagues.

In what the state calls a typically bungled opportunity, the township removed its parking meters and did not replace them until more than three years later, depriving municipal coffers of nearly $1 million. Last year, $22 million of the township's $73 million budget came from Trenton, which is monitoring its finances. The mayor of Irvington, Sara B. Bost, who was first elected in 1994, did not respond to numerous telephone messages left at her office.

Irvington began its most precipitous decline after 1996, when the state forced it to reassess its property values, leading to a 30 percent tax increase. The higher taxes have been driving many ***working-class*** homeowners into foreclosure. These days the tax collection rate is less than 86 percent, a situation that makes taxes even higher for those who do pay.

The township, which is a month late with its state-mandated financial statement, has been without a business administrator and a financial officer since last spring.

"We have some very deep and ongoing concerns for Irvington," said Ulrich H. Steinberg Jr., director of the State Division of Local Government Services. "They need to step up their management and provide direction for recovery. Until now, they haven't been able to do that."

Real estate brokers complain of taxes so high -- an average of $4,000 a year for a single-family house -- that many prospective buyers will not even look at Irvington, despite its affordable housing and proximity to New York City and major highways.

"The drug situation gets worse day by day, the taxes are ridiculous and the services are nonexistent," said Arthur Rosa, president of Rosa Realty, which has several offices in and around Newark. "I've never seen a town deteriorate so quickly."

Still, officials say there are reasons for optimism. On a recent tour of Springfield Avenue, the township's main commercial strip, Janet Nunez, coordinator of an urban enterprise program, pointed out new trash cans, hanging flower baskets and a string of refurbished facades.

"As soon as there's a vacancy here, the space gets snapped up," she said, adding that the township's industrial zone is drawing new businesses. In the last four years, she said, 360 full-time jobs have been created in Irvington. "Things are really looking up," she said. "Right now we need to overcome the negative press."

But well-swept sidewalks and hanging geraniums cannot offset the sight of the empty police booth that sits at the center of town. Although the enterprise program spent $16,000 building the booth last year, the Police Department cannot afford to station an officer in it.

The police chief, Steven Palamara, said response time by the police lagged because his force of 163 officers had a dozen fewer officers than it had three decades ago, when there were 8,000 annual service calls. Last year there were 80,000. The increasing workload, he said, leaves little time for old-fashioned patrolling. Low-priority calls, including those that involve drug dealing and prostitution, receive scant attention, Chief Palamara added. "It gets wild here at night," he said apologetically, explaining that the police are often kept busy responding to emergency calls.

Paradoxically, the improving fortunes of Newark, he said, have been bad for Irvington. With a much larger force, the Newark police have unintentionally pushed crime across the border, he said. "We're like a small town, except we have big-city problems and a small town's resources," Chief Palamara said. But help will arrive in December, he said, with the addition of 26 officers, their salaries paid with state money.

Record crime seems to be on everyone's mind. Last year, Mayor Bost's home in the East Ward was sprayed by gunfire. Although at first she said the attack was in retaliation for her get-tough stance on crime, investigators say it is now believed to be the result of random gunplay between rival drug dealers.

It is in the East Ward that Irvington's desperation is on full display. Uriel Burwell, 27, who grew up just across the border in Newark, said the changes in Irvington have been numbing. "Irvington was one of those towns you didn't want to get caught in after dark," he said. "The police would lock you up just for crossing the line."

Mr. Burwell, who runs Standing Together Against Neighborhood Decay, a group serving a neighborhood that straddles the Irvington-Newark border, said there were 500 abandoned buildings on the Irvington side, at least 150 of them in immediate need of demolition. "Every day," he said, "someone else walks away from their home."

His group is using government grants and low-interest loans to build 35 houses in Newark. Until things get better on the Irvington side, he said, he does not hold any hope for a revival there.

Across town, on a tree-lined, well-manicured block, Elouise McDaniel was driving down Nesbit Terrace in her West Ward neighborhood and pointing out what she called early signs of encroaching blight: a half-painted house, an overgrown front lawn, a "for sale" sign that had been up far too long.

"These people refuse to maintain their property," Mrs. McDaniel, a retired Newark schoolteacher, said with indignation. The landscape a few blocks east seemed to bear out her fears: Colonial-style houses sealed with plywood, uncollected trash, knots of young men loitering about and a collection of go-go bars. (Irvington, she said, has 13 of them.)

As she drove, Mrs. McDaniel shook her head and recalled a time not long ago when these streets resembled tidy Nesbit Terrace. She spends most days writing letters to elected officials, organizing community meetings and pestering neighbors to clean up their yards. Selling her brick-faced split-level home is out of the question: she knows it would fetch less than what she paid for it 25 years ago.

"I wish I could just pick up my house and move it someplace else," she said. "But I'm stuck. The only thing left to do is fight."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The decay in Irvington, N.J., is most apparent in the East Ward, where vacant houses on some blocks seem to outnumber occupied ones. High taxes have driven many people away.; Above, Elouise McDaniel says blight is creeping into her tidy West Ward neighborhood. Right, David Lyons, on the Township Council, says things are getting worse. (Photographs by Don Standing for The New York Times)(pg. B1); Above, Springfield Avenue, the main commercial strip in Irvington, is showing some signs of revival. Left, many stately houses are now just burned-out hulks. (Photographs by Don Standing for The New York Times)(pg. B4)

Map of Newark highlighting Irvington: Irvington was once a suburban refuge from crime and decay in Newark. (pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2000

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[***Family Tale Of a Legacy: 2 Centuries Of Setbacks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V1D0-0024-J0V3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By MICHAEL deCOURCY HINDS,

By MICHAEL deCOURCY HINDS,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SIX MILE RUN, Pa.

**Body**

Cleoma R. Foore says there was never enough money when she was growing up in a coal miner's family of 17 children here in the Appalachians. But there was plenty to dream about.

"Dad always said, 'You're a poor little rich girl,' " said Mrs. Foore, recalling how her father had told her that she could be a millionaire many times over if she ever got her rightful inheritance.

Now, Mrs. Foore, a 64-year-old retired leather worker living alone on a $1,000-a-month pension, is pressing for that inheritance as president of the Pennsylvania Association of Edwards Heirs.

The association, which has 3,260 members in 32 states, is one of several such groups that have sprung up over the years. Its members, as have scores of kin and kindred spirits before them, claim ownership by birthright of about 77 acres of prime real estate in lower Manhattan, including, by various accounts, Wall Street and the land under the World Trade Center, Trinity Church and City Hall.

Rebuffed by Courts

The association's claim arises from a man it says is a common ancestor, Robert Edwards, an 18th-century pirate who, the group says, held legal title to the tract. Similar assertions, one made as long ago as World War I, have been rebuffed by at least three courts and the New York State Legislature.

But the lure of a windfall fortune has proved durable and irresistible. Generations and branches of the Edwards clan on at least three continents have, through the years, engaged lawyers to make their case, have spent vast, untold sums without seeing a penny in return, and, from time to time, have fallen victim to con men.

Four decades ago a news account said the Federal postal authorities in Washington were "redoubling their efforts to stamp out one of the oldest inheritance frauds in the country" -- charlatans soliciting money from Edwards's descendants to pursue a lucrative claim to a chunk of lower Manhattan. In the latest twist, members of the Edwards family have taken to suing one another over what one faction asserts was the embezzlement by another of $1 million in association dues.

Still, the quest for the plot of gold goes on. The current strategy, upon which Mrs. Foore's group is pinning its hopes and about $1.5 million of its members' money, is the belief that a Manhattan bank has a secret trust fund in the family's name worth billions of dollars. Lawyers hired by her association are gathering documents to evaluate the claim.

"I feel that we can band together to force history to be corrected," Mrs. Foore said.

The Edwards story is a modern epic that, arguably, has taken numerous sordid turns. It can also be seen as a cautionary tale -- an illustration of the adage that if something sounds too good to be true, it probably is.

Pirate's Legacy

Family historians say Robert Edwards was descended from a Welsh songwriter who, as befits an epic, was part of the 16th-century court of Henry VIII of England. But Mr. Edwards himself was a man of the 18th century. One published account held that he was the son of a colonial shipbuilding magnate. Another said he was a farmer who had emigrated from Wales. (This persistent Welsh connection led nearly 500 Welshmen to assert in 1954 that they owned lower Manhattan.)

What is less in doubt, though still not incontrovertible, were Mr. Edwards's activities on behalf of the British monarchy. The clan's historians say Mr. Edwards was a pirate, licensed by the Crown to plunder Spanish ships in the New World.

At some point, most accounts agree, the English throne awarded him a parcel of what is now lower Manhattan. Around 1780 Mr. Edwards died, by some accounts at sea with a dagger clenched between his teeth.

As the story goes, at some point Mr. Edwards leased his tract to two brothers, John and George, for 99 years.

When the lease expired in 1877, Mrs. Foore's group says, a provision of the lease called for the property to be divided among eight heirs. But it never was. Latter-day heirs have long maintained that Mr. Edwards's immediate heirs, six brothers and a sister, were either unaware of their inheritance or unable to secure it. Either way, the lessors stole the Edwards property, the 20th-century claimants assert.

Many family members say they have documents that support, if not prove, their claim. They offer wills, maps, letters and what they assert are copies of the 99-year lease. But the original has never been found, leaving open the question of just what these copies are copies of; other documents have been found to be either not properly signed or not legally recorded.

Yet even if the original lease were to be found, it might not matter a whit.

Three times, most recently in the early 1950's, Federal and New York State courts have ruled that the 15-year statute of limitations on such property claims had long since expired. In 1950, a committee of the State Assembly rejected a bill to create a commission to investigate the Edwards claim.

Deceived by Charlatans

Trinity Church in lower Manhattan has been the central defendant in the three Edwards lawsuits. The church has dealt with the issue so often that it has a form letter that it gives to Edwards descendants who make inquiries. It states that Queen Anne gave Trinity its property "outright" in 1705, an assertion that has been upheld in 20th-century courts.

The Edwards clan is, for the most part, plain folk. Mrs. Foore lives on the family's modest homestead here, 40 miles south of Altoona in western Pennsylvania. She said most of her group's membership was drawn from poor or ***working-class*** families in Northeastern and Southern states.

Still, she said, over the years the association had raised more than $1.5 million and had spent nearly all of it on the treasure hunt. Mrs. Foore said she alone had spent $25,000 of her savings on legal and accounting fees since becoming association president in 1988.

Over the years, scores of would-be heirs have been deceived by charlatans who prey upon their gullibility with promises of riches. A 1985 report by the Better Business Bureau in Chattanooga, Tenn., which acts as a national clearinghouse for complaints and inquiries about organizations involving Edwards heirs, said four men were sent to prison for plying would-be Edwards heirs with forged documents and fraudulent schemes.

Seeking a way around the statute-of-limitations obstacle, Edwards associations have generally acknowledged that the family could not hope to reclaim the real estate. But they have asserted that profits from the original 18th-century lease have accumulated and compounded in a secret account at the Chase Manhattan Bank. Ms. Foore's group estimates the bank account would now have grown to as much as $27 billion.

But Kenneth Mills, a spokesman for Chase Manhattan, said the bank had no such account. Mr. Mills noted that if Mr. Edwards died in 1780, his death would have been 19 years before the bank was founded. He added that it was preposterous on its face that the Edwards family had $27 billion in the bank since the bank's American deposits total $40 billion.

Mrs. Foore said her association was formed in 1983, the outgrowth of a family reunion held here for 100 or so Edwards relatives who thought delving into family lore would make an interesting hobby. Each member contributed $450 to support the group.

But from the outset, money was a problem. For example, Mrs. Foore said, the association paid an $80,000 consulting fee to an Edwards relative in Texas who, it turned out, had served time in prison in the 1960's for defrauding other Edwards heirs.

In 1984 three new leaders were elected officers of the association and solicited thousands of new members. Their efforts produced nearly $1.5 million in dues. But a lawsuit filed last month by Mrs. Foore and current association officials says the trio embezzled more than $1 million between 1984 and 1987.

Two of the defendants, the Rev. D. Wayne Edwards, a Baptist minister, and his nephew, Dudley C. Edwards, a convenience store owner, both of Canton, Pa., said in an interview that they had not yet seen the suit and would not comment on it. The third defendant, David P. Rightenour of Claysburg, Pa., could not be reached.

John P. Smarto, a Greensburg, Pa., lawyer who is representing the association in the lawsuit, said he had also renewed the search for the Edwards fortune.

"I told the family, 'Listen, I will look at this thing and try to give you some answers, but I'm taking a pessimistic point of view, based on what has already happened,' " Mr. Smarto said.

But many in the Edwards clan, like Stuart W. Edwards, a former president of the Pennsylvania heirs association who lives in Chambersburg, Pa., seem willing to accept only one answer. "It'll come to pass, I'm sure," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Cleoma R. Foore is president of the Pennsylvania Association of Edwards Heirs, whose 3,260 members claim ownership by birthright of about 77 acres of real estate in lower Manhattan, including, by various accounts, Wall Street, the land under the World Trade Center, Trinity Church and City Hall. (Terry Clark for The New York Times)

Map of Manhattan showing the general area containing the 77 acres claimed by Edwards heirs.

**Load-Date:** January 1, 1994

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[***A Recently Healed Boston Is Facing a New Racial Issue***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-56V0-0014-54BY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ALLAN R. GOLD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON, Feb. 25

**Body**

With the pain of a decadelong school desegregation battle still fresh, the people of Boston are reluctantly confronting another sensitive and divisive social issue.

The Federal Government concluded last October that Boston was discriminating against members of minorities who were seeking public housing. Although the finding cited several public housing developments in the city, attention has focused on two projects in South Boston, a white ***working-class*** neighborhood that became associated with violent opposition to court-ordered school busing in the 1970's.

Failure to assure fair housing could lead to a cutoff of at least $75 million in annual Federal aid and to a Federal court's supervision of public housing. Mayor Raymond L. Flynn and the Boston Housing Authority are in talks with the regional office of the Department of Housing and Urban Development on what can be done to end discrimination. An agreement could come within days, but it is unlikely to satisfy many residents of South Boston.

'Forced Housing'

Federal officials noted last fall that there were no black residents and few members of other minorities at South Boston's Old Colony and Mary Ellen McCormack projects, although members minorities made up roughly a third of those on waiting lists for the two developments.

Some people in South Boston see the Government attempt to desegregate the projects as ''forced housing,'' recalling the cries of ''forced busing'' that followed Federal intervention in the public schools beginning in 1974. Those were wrenching years for Boston, a time of social upheaval setting neighbor against neighbor that few wish to repeat.

Opponents of the Government's position say public housing applicants should be allowed to live where they choose, not where bureaucrats say they should live. ''Leave us alone, and leave the black people alone,'' said Leo Keaney, an Old Colony resident and spokesman for the project.

Many blacks say such sentiments are thinly veiled racism and that the city should get on with integration of housing. ''It's high time that we deal with it instead of skating over the issue,'' said the Rev. Graylan Ellis-Hagler, pastor of the Church of the United Community in Roxbury, a primarily black neighborhood.

Mayor Flynn has said the city will provide whatever level of resources are necessary for protection of families moving into the projects.

''The vast majority of South Boston people don't want to jeopardize the safety of black people,'' said James M. Kelly, a city councilman representing the neighborhood and a major political opponent of the mayor on the housing issue. ''That's not to say there wouldn't be some people'' who might take things into their own hands.

Changes in Economy

Both sides agree on one thing: Lower-income whites are being pitted against lower-income blacks in a larger arena over which they have no control. Changes in the city's economy and housing market have left them with fewer choices about where to live. Mr. Flynn also blames the Reagan Administration's housing policies, which he says have forced the poor to compete for ''crumbs.''

Most community leaders, white and black, agree that race relations have improved since the volatile 1970's. Others assert that intolerance remains close to the surface and that Boston has not shed its reputation as one of the nation's most racist cities.

In any case, the Government's findings on housing came as no surprise. Specifically, a review of the period between October 1983 and September 1985 found that despite an earlier compliance agreement signed by the city, discrimination against minority applicants for public housing had continued.

Boston permitted public housing applicants to sign up on the waiting lists of three projects of their choice. When the applicant's name advanced to the top of a list, the applicant presumably would move into an apartment in that project. In addition, minorities were supposed to have been given priority treatment if they applied to developments where there were few people of their race. It did not work this way in practice, the Government found.

''People did deliberately pass over blacks,'' said Robert W. Laplante, the Government's regional fair housing director. In a letter to Mr. Flynn, Mr. Laplante wrote that minority tenants waited, on average, nine months longer than whites for an apartment, and although minorities make up almost 85 percent of the public housing waiting lists, they received only 48 percent of apartment assignments during the two-year period covered by the review.

Now, Boston is negotiating with the Government to find out whether it will permit some compromise giving residents continued choice about where they live.

Two options are on the table. Under one, applicants could choose to go to a citywide waiting list or a list for a specific development. Those on the citywide list would probably obtain a public housing assignment more quickly but would have no choice about where they would live. Under the second option, all applicants would go on a citywide list. They would be allowed to refuse the first vacancy offered, but if they refused the second, they would go to the bottom of the list.

Mr. Laplante said his office would review these proposals to see if they met Title Six of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which says that no person should be denied the benefits of, or subjected to discrimination under, any program receiving Federal money.

Demand Outstrips Supply

The public housing issue has been pushed to the forefront by economic developments, primarily the tremendous change in the Boston housing market since the early 1970's. At that time, abandonment and excess supply allowed much private housing to deteriorate but remain affordable. Since then, condominium conversions have reduced the number of rental units, resulting in dramatically higher rents for the fewer available apartments. It has become increasingly difficult for poor whites and members of minority groups to find places to live.

In addition, cuts in Federal subsidies since 1980 have led to a slowdown in public housing construction nationwide. In Boston, only 400 of 5,600 apartments built between 1980 and 1985 were public housing.

The shortage has led to a big jump in demand for one of Boston's 18,000 public housing apartments in 69 developments throughout the city. There is a 13,464-person waiting list for public housing, up 40 percent in three years. More than 10 percent of the city's 600,000 people live in public housing.

Under court pressure in the late 1970's, the city attempted in 1979 to put a black woman in a South Boston project. She soon moved out after a friend's car was firebombed.

Meanwhile, the housing authority itself had come under fire for incompetence. In 1979, it became the first housing authority in the country to be placed in Federal receivership, and the authority is only now emerging fully from under the court's wing.

In 1984, the court-appointed receiver, Harry L. Spence, undertook a more measured attempt to integrate public housing in several neighborhoods. With little fanfare, five black families moved into a basically all-white project in the Charlestown neighborhood. Since then, about five more black families and 60 other minority families have followed, according to Doris Bunte, who became administrator of the housing authority in January 1985.

About 5,000 people live in 1,900 apartments at the Old Colony and McCormack developments. Built in 1938 on the fringe of Boston Harbor, McCormack is the nation's oldest public housing project. It is in good condition, visibly better than Old Colony, because it has older residents and fewer children.

South Boston still means different things to different people. To Paul J. Lynch, a longtime resident, there is ''Southie pride,'' which connotes a strong sense of neighborhood, heavy on stability and family orientation.

Others outside the community of about 40,000 southeast of downtown Boston interpret ''Southie pride'' very differently. They see a pugnacious, insular world with an Irish character and a big chip on its collective shoulder. At worst, South Boston is viewed as racist, a place best remembered for its unrelenting opposition to busing, where angry crowds sometimes stoned buses carrying black children.

The neighborhood has changed, but many blacks remain wary and are not inclined to test the waters.

''I would always feel uncomfortable living in South Boston,'' said George W. Kenney, a rehabilitation counselor who is on waiting lists for public housing in neighborhoods other than South Boston. ''Your average black person couldn't live here.''

**Graphic**

map of Boston, Mass.; photo of Old Colony public housing in South Boston (NYT/Cindy M. Loo)

**End of Document**



[***Blazing a Trail in the Inner City;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TYS0-0024-J3XD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Boy Scouts Try a New Approach: Paying Leaders***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TYS0-0024-J3XD-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MICHEL MARRIOTT

**Body**

A gaggle of elementary-school boys had hardly settled into their seats in a Bronx classroom on a recent late afternoon when Jathiyah DuVall steered her shy 7-year-old son, Iyundah, to the room's doorway. With a gleam of promise in her tired eyes she peered inside, then nudged the second grader toward what she hoped might become an avenue out of street life and lethal arms' way.

Ms. DuVall, 24 years old, literally pushed her boy into scouting.

A few years ago, her gesture might not have been possible. The troop that Iyundah was joining in the modest ***working-class*** section of Wakefield in the northeast Bronx, didn't exist. Organizers said it was impossible to find enough volunteers, particularly among black and Hispanic men, to lead the troops.

Since then New York Scout officials have tried something different: paying men and women, most of them college students, to be Scout leaders.

The Greater New York Council of the Boy Scouts created the program, called Scoutreach, and since 1989 it has grown to a $500,000-a-year program that recruits and employs Scoutmasters and assistants. It also subsidizes Scouts unable to pay for fees, uniforms and events, like camping trips, while raising money through a series of events to remain self-supporting.

"The most critical issue that we find in our urban settings is the difficulty in finding adult, male minorities for our kids," said Gary I. Laermer, Scout executive for the Bronx and Manhattan, where the program does most of its work. "The plight of minority males here in New York makes it difficult for us to recruit them. They are often not excited about things like the Boy Scouts of America."

Since the fall, a pack of Cub Scouts has been meeting weekly after school at Public School 21 in the northeast Bronx. More than a dozen 7- and 8-year-old boys quickly signed up, all promising, as the Scout oath requires, that they stay "physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

It is the emphasis on such qualities that first moved Ms. DuVall, she said, to encourage her son to join the program.

While efforts to revitalize scouting may be found in other American cities including Houston, Atlanta and Detroit, Scoutreach is unique in both its payments and its targeting of inner-city neighborhoods, Mr. Laermer said.

Currently, there are 4.15 million Boy and Cub Scouts in the United States. In New York's five boroughs there are 113,069 Scouts, Mr. Laermer said. Of that figure, 8,000 are involved in Scoutreach, which has a part-time staff of 100 people. Most of those are black and about half are male, he said.

Richard Walker, the spokesman for the Boy Scouts of America, said in a telephone interview from the group's headquarters in Irving, Tex., that any effort to involve black men in scouting is a good and necessary one, even if they have to be paid. But, he cautioned, it shouldn't be a permanent feature and is used only as a means to insure the level of involvement they need.

"We want the male role model and it's better if you have the African-American," Mr. Walker said of scouting groups in poor, black urban areas. "It's good for them to see a man, especially an African-American man, say, 'Let me show you how to tie that.'

"I think we teach the type of values inner-city people want and kids in the city could benefit from."

'Respect and Discipline'

Ms. DuVall agrees with that.

"I want him to learn respect and discipline and to go places and have experiences," Ms. DuVall, who also has a young daughter, said of her son. "I want him to have a children's life."

Arthur Brown Jr., a 19-year-old Eagle Scout from Charleston, S.C., joined Scoutreach, he said, to permit him to expand his almost lifelong involvement in scouting while helping others -- and getting paid between $7 and $9 an hour for it.

"It is my job to show them that there is a lot out there," said Mr. Brown, a history major at Pace University who works with Scoutreach in Harlem. When he was approached by Scoutreach, he was already a volunteer Scoutmaster with a troop in Queens. He splits his time between the two.

"I get them to build something with ropes, do mountain climbing," Mr. Brown said of his some 60 Harlem Scouts. "A lot of them in the inner city don't think that it is possible, but they find it exciting."

Last year, parents and Scout officials say, Scoutreach began to make a positive difference in neighborhoods short on hope and long on nihilism.

Aggressive Growth

Since the program began in 1989 in a welfare hotel in midtown Manhattan, scouting has steadily increased its reach, including neighborhoods in which "scouts" are more likely to be associated with boys who watch out for the police during drug transactions rather than the "thrifty, brave, clean and reverent" fellows in olive uniforms and neckerchiefs.

"It has been very aggressive in the last three years in its growth," Mr. Laermer said of Scoutreach. "As more of the school buildings were allowed to be opened after school and kids hungered and parents hungered for scouting, we were there."

In the last 12 months 15 Scout troops sprang up in the Bronx and Manhattan alone, Mr. Laermer said.

Yet some ask what relevance a paramilitary organization with roots in turn-of-the-century England could possibly have in the ghetto.

"There is such a sense of despair we are feeling right now in the community that when we think of solutions we don't think of creating Boy and Girl Scout clubs," said Alexandra Rojas, the acting director of Youth Force, a New York-based youth self-help organization.

A Voice of Doubt

While noting that scouting may help teach discipline to some inner-city youths, Ms. Rojas, who is 23 and lives in the Bronx, said she did not believe tying knots and other typical scouting activities "address the roots of the problems."

Instead, Ms. Rojas said, troubled neighborhoods need more direct action, such as outreach groups going into the streets and helping to link "disconnected" youth with programs from alternative schools to health centers.

Lyle X, the executive director of Black to Basics, a Baltimore-based consulting concern that advises educators on issues of black self-esteem and cultural awareness, said scouting in the inner city can cut both ways.

"It is obvious that our young black men have been disoriented away from the environment and survival techniques in the environment," he said, noting that scouting could help reorient them.

But Mr. X, who traces scouting's origins to British colonialism in what is now South Africa, is distrustful of the institution of scouting.

"Unfortunately," he said, "when it's done under a structure that is not geared culturally to rites of passage and their heritage, what you have are young men pledging to what was meant to conquer and colonize them."

After-School Meetings

Nonetheless, for hundreds of New York inner-city parents, many of whom are single mothers, the renewed interest in scouting in black and Hispanic neighborhoods has enabled them to turn to an old program for new answers and applications, said Mr. Laermer, the Scout executive.

For example, many of the 15 new scouting troops in the Bronx and Manhattan meet directly after school rather than the traditional meeting time of early evening, after work hours. The reason for this, Scout officials say, is that many inner-city parents are reluctant to have their young children in dangerous streets after dark and welcome scouting as an after-school program.

Further, the institutional traditions and values of American scouting, built largely on concepts of personal honor, pride and duty, speak to a generation of young parents who are raising children against a wounded landscape of falling opportunities and expectations for their children.

Boys Show Interest

Terry Williams, an associate professor at the New School for Social Research in New York, said scouting can offer enormous benefits to inner-city young men. While growing up in McComb, Miss., he was "seriously into scouting," reaching the rank of Eagle Scout at the age of 15, he said.

"One thing it can do is open up new vistas and see possibilities in group activities that are not negative," Mr. Williams said. "If approached the right way, yeah, a lot of kids would be interested in this."

At a video game store on Fordham Road, some pre-teen and teen-age black and Hispanic boys were asked if they would join the Scouts if given a chance. Each of the nine boys questioned said they would be very interested, if they could go camping.

Paul Russell, a Cub Scout whose pack meets at P.S. 68 in the Bronx, said a lot of boys he knows want to be in the Scouts, too.

"It's fun," he piped in over the din of other Scouts loudly playing a leadership game.

But, the 9-year-old cautioned, "We have to obey laws and it's not just about playing around."

**Graphic**

Photos: The Greater New York Council of the Boy Scouts created Scoutreach, a program that recruits and employs Scoutmasters and assistants. Gerard Davis, with glasses, worked with a few scouts in a Bronx classroom. (pg. 21); In addition to paying Scout leaders, the Scoutreach program, which was created in 1989, also subsidizes Scouts unable to pay for fees, uniforms and events. Since the fall, a pack of Cub Scouts has been meeting weekly after school at Public School 21 in the Bronx. At right was Pearl Effinger, a district executive. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times) (pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** January 9, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Public Housing Shows Its Age;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3DB0-000P-N3F8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Crisis of Advancing Repairs and Declining Money - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3DB0-000P-N3F8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Length:** 1588 words

**Byline:** By RANDY KENNEDY

By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

In the 57 years since Mayor Fiorello La Guardia laid their cornerstone to the strains of a brass band, Vladeck Houses on the Lower East Side have embodied the promise of public housing.

Zigzagging gracefully through blocks once crowded with the Corlears Hook slums, they tell the neighborhood's immigrant story on every door buzzer: older Jewish and Italian tenants, joined through the years by Chinese, Puerto Rican and now Dominican familes, struggling to make a start.

But while the Vladeck Houses hold true to their mission, they have trouble holding out the rain.

Roofs are spiderwebbed with cracks. Football-sized chunks of concrete have crumbled from ceilings. Dozens of frustrated residents, like Paula Patterson, 77, have leaks they angrily compare to showers. "The ceiling gets patched up," she says, "and it falls right down again."

As the city's public housing system turns 62 this year, it is beginning to show its age. At least a dozen of the oldest housing projects -- more than 140 buildings around the city, containing nearly 10 percent of the system's 180,000 apartments -- suffer from serious structural problems, City Housing Authority officials say.

But as the authority moves to fix the problems, taking more apartments off rent rolls for major repairs than at any time in its history, it is confronting a crisis: Over the last three years, Congress has cut almost $100 million, or about a fourth, of the authority's annual budget for major capital repairs.

In a sense, New York City's public housing has become the victim of its own relative success.

Compared with most big-city public-housing systems, New York's housing projects have traditionally been considered remarkably stable -- in large part because they have had a high proportion of working people. And so, while other cities have found themselves forced to demolish failing high-rise complexes, New York's projects have endured.

But now, New York housing officials say the cuts in Federal aid, especially coming on top of similar sharp reductions in Federal money for day-to-day operations, threaten that distinction.

"We're faced with a situation where we have some very difficult choices to make," said Paul T. Graziano, the authority's general manager.

The cuts by Congress, which supplies almost all of the authority's money, were made by the Republican majority in response to years of demonstrated waste and fraud in many cities, and have stung every large housing authority in the country. In Los Angeles, two-year repair jobs have been stretched to five or more. In Cleveland, officials have left some older projects only half renovated, with waterlogged walls, cracked sewer pipes and some apartments vacant because they are unlivable. In several other cities, long-planned repairs have been postponed.

But housing experts say the New York system is in the worst straits, not only because of its size (it is the nation's largest public housing system, with 600,000 residents, more than the population of Seattle) but also because it is in one of the nation's most crowded and expensive cities.

Other authorities can save money by demolishing their oldest buildings -- most of them are only partly occupied anyway -- and replacing them with smaller projects spread over more land, but New York cannot. Its buildings are nearly full, it has little extra land to build on, and officials say that high construction costs mean that even multimillion-dollar repair projects are cheaper than tearing down and rebuilding in New York.

Compounding the cuts, the authority must dip into the diminished repair money to pay for two vast emergency projects: it recently had to conduct a $125 million effort to sandblast flammable paint from stairwells after flash fires killed two tenants, and it must embark on $250 million in renovations to make about 9,000 apartments accessible for the disabled.

The lost repair money could have paid for three or four huge, and sorely needed, rebuilding projects, officials said. Without it, they acknowledge, they have been forced to concentrate on projects in the most dire need, like Vladeck, where roofs are to be replaced beginning early next year, and the 59-year-old Williamsburg Houses in Brooklyn, where a $35 million overhaul is now under way.

Meanwhile, the city has deferred major work on other older projects, like the 60-year-old Harlem River Houses in East Harlem, which are a designated city landmark. More than 50 apartments there now sit vacant -- some have been empty for more than two years -- because of structural problems, as officials plan a long-awaited renovation project, now expected to begin next year.

The delays suspend tenants in a kind of infuriating limbo. "Pieces of paint and rocks kept falling down in my bed and on the couch and the tables," said Idena Banks, 51, a Harlem River tenant who moved out of her crumbling apartment two years ago to a lower floor. "They've been saying they were going to fix this place for I don't know how long."

Among other projects needing work, Marcy, Gowanus, Sumner and Sheepshead-Nostrand Houses in Brooklyn, and Wald Houses in lower Manhattan and Marble Hill Houses in the Bronx await major repairs for cracking concrete and bricks, a process known as spalling, officials say.

But at those and other older projects, an increasing amount of rebuilding money must be used for simply patching up ceilings, walls and aging plumbing, wiring and boilers until they can be replaced.

"When money gets tight, it is the capital improvement that gets deferred," said Nicholas Calace, an assistant deputy general manager, whose office speaks derisively of the triage maintenance jobs as "five-to-tens" -- a reference to how long the work will last.

"You've got to provide heat," said Mr. Calace. "You've got to provide elevator service. Bigger things have to wait."

The needs are made more dire because, for the last several years, the Federal Government has provided only about 85 percent of the money that the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Renewal estimates that housing authorities should have for day-to-day operations. Those cuts have forced many authorities to consider abandoning the very premise of public housing as a provider of last resort for the neediest.

Drawing sharp criticism from advocates for the poor, New York City has joined other authorities in considering turning over buildings to private managers and charging higher rents by increasing the number of ***working-class*** tenants, who can pay more. In the meantime, the authorities have trimmed their staffs, leaving maintenance and janitorial positions unfilled. (The New York authority is cutting its work force of 15,000 by at least 1,000 through attrition.)

Earlier this month, Congress passed an appropriations bill for the current fiscal year that provides the nation's housing authorities with the same amount of money it provided the previous year: $2.9 billion for operations and $2.5 billion for capital repairs and new construction. But housing officials complain that the appropriation is really a cut, because the price of labor and supplies continues to increase.

So authorities face a painful choice: Do they use all their scarce capital repair dollars to fix crumbling buildings? Or do they shift some of those dollars to make up for shortcomings in maintenance, so buildings need fewer capital dollars down the road?

Representative Rick A. Lazio of Long Island, a leading Republican in Washington on housing policy, said one reason for the cuts was that many authorities wasted the money they were given or did not use it at all. In Washington, for example, officials now say $180 million in unspent capital money piled up over more than six years.

"There has to be accountability," said Mr. Lazio, the sponsor of a measure to dismantle much of the Federal regulatory system for public housing. "We have to know that the money is being spent wisely."

The New York authority's managers, regarded as among the most effective in the country, contend that they have spent their money wisely and are being unfairly punished for others' mistakes. They warn that problems are growing.

At a time when 130,000 people are on waiting lists to get into public housing, slightly more than 1,600 apartments, out of the total of about 180,000, are not available to rent now because they are under repair or waiting to be repaired. And 3,480 more are not available because they are being rebuilt for the disabled. As recently as 1992, there were no units off the rent rolls, said Mr. Graziano, the general manager.

But the number will probably continue to rise for several years as reconstruction needs arise and projects take longer to start and complete.

In the Vladeck Houses -- where the five-year, $30 million reconstruction project will begin next year, and 33 families have been moved out of their apartments into other buildings -- engineers suspect that beach sand was used to mix some concrete. Salt and organic matter in the sand caused steel bars to rust, creating fissures in the roofs that let in rain.

In one building, the drizzle got so bad that workers recently resorted to hanging a tin slab beneath a hallway ceiling. Rain still pours in, but now it runs down the slab and back outside through a rubber hose dangling from a window. Gaspare DeGaetano, the authority's director of construction, surveyed the contraption on a recent tour of the project and, shaking his head, pronounced it "true Rube Goldberg."

"But it's what you have to do," he said, "until you can address the problem."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with an article about structural problems in New York City public housing misstated the name of a project with crumbling masonry. It was the Williamsburg Houses, not the Red Hook Houses.

**Correction-Date:** November 12, 1997, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: LEAKS IN THE CEILING -- Paula Patterson, 77, at Vladeck Houses, said the ceiling "falls right down again" after it is patched. FALLING PLASTER -- Exposed plumbing at the Williamsburg Houses in Brooklyn. STRUCTURAL PROBLEMS -- Masonry at Red Hook Houses, Brooklyn. (Photographs by Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

Graph: "Dwindling Dollars" shows the amount of money Congress gave to New York City Housing Authority for capital repairs, for the 1993 to 1997 fiscal years, adjusted for inflation. (Source: New York City Housing Authority)

**Load-Date:** November 11, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THEATER; Australian Theater Finds Its Own Voice***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:474M-R4F0-01CN-H13D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 3, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 2; Column 2; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1991 words

**Byline:**  By ROBERT BRUSTEIN; Robert Brustein is the founding director of the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, Mass., and the theater critic for The New Republic.

**Body**

DESPITE being located on opposite ends of the globe, Australia and the United States share a similar history and aesthetic. Both nations were originally colonies of the British crown. Both were settled in part by convicts and outlaws. Both expanded their land holdings by displacing and often slaughtering indigenous peoples. Both speak the mother tongue with idiosyncratic accents. And both have suffered from excessive deference toward British culture at the expense of their own. In Australia, this is referred to as "the cultural cringe."

This is not the least of the complexes we share with our cousins down under, as I recently learned after giving the keynote address at the Brisbane National Performance Conference and attending a number of Australian theater events.

My address was about the future of art in a democratic society, especially the difficulties facing nonprofit theaters in an age of graying audiences, defecting actors, second-rate theater criticism, inadequate philanthropic support, impoverished school arts programs, moral and political correctness -- yes, and the cringing belief that anything arriving from London bears a superior cultural imprint. That Australian theater has not slowed to an Australian crawl in the face of similar problems is a tribute to the dedicated if sometimes discouraged people who work in it.

Another important factor in the success of the country's theater may be Australia'a still relatively generous, albeit declining, level of fiscal support. In contrast with the National Endowment for the Arts, whose profile in the American arts community has faded to invisibility, the Australian state exchequers account for anywhere from 15 to 20 percent of a theater's operating budget, according to the arts administrators from the four cities that invited me. Also, as they do in the United States, corporations often pay considerable sums to see their names attached to theater buildings or theater festivals. As a result, corporate and state sponsored cultural festivals have been established in virtually every major city in the country, supporting a wide assortment of fare in a variety of natural settings.

Brisbane: The Accent Is Local

The Brisbane International Festival of the Arts is sponsored by Energex and takes place in the Optus performance complex on the banks of the lovely Brisbane River. (You reach it by ferry, the city's main source of transportation.) This year the festival included 47 theater, ballet, dance, art and music events over the space of less than a month. The dance highlight was Chunky Moves' "Wanted," a satire on the kind of bland product that choreographers might produce when driven by market research questions like, "What kind of dance do taxpayers want?"

The theater highlight (if you discount guest appearances by Betty Buckley and Michael Feinstein in back-to-back evenings of Broadway show tunes) was an epic if stylistically confused adaptation of "The Aunt's Story" by Patrick White, about an aging spinster who escapes the confines of a narrow life with her widowed mother only to lose her sanity. It was largely distinguished by the acting of Helen Morse, Genevieve Picot and especially Julia Blake, whose performance is a primer in the way actors can transform.

While many of the nation's stars -- Nicole Kidman, Judy Davis, Russell Crowe, Geoffrey Rush, to name a few -- have achieved celebrity in Hollywood and London, only Paul Hogan ("Crocodile Dundee"), and maybe Mel Gibson, are still identified as Australians. It was just fairly recently that native stage actors were permitted to speak in regional voices (rather than with Oxbridge accents), a development which, like a similar revolution in Britain in the 1950's that produced such ***working-class*** stars as Albert Finney, Joan Plowright, Kenneth Haigh and Robert Stephens, has given new confidence to legions of good Australian performers.

Melbourne: Elliptical Language

One of these is Kym Gyngell, who shuttles between political satire on television and performing onstage. I caught him playing a caustic detective in an interesting two-hander by Michael Gurr, a poet, called "The Simple Truth" at the Playbox Theater in Melbourne. The play consisted of the interrogation of a young woman, who may or may not have killed her husband, by a police lieutenant who sometimes seems more prone to confession than she is. Mr. Gyngell's ability to leap back and forth between his official and unofficial selves was nimble, but also praiseworthy was the playwright's elliptical language and his almost Cubist approach to reality.

Adelaide: Dickens Tale

In Adelaide, whose festival also takes place on a lovely urban river, this one populated by large-billed pelicans and black swans, the major presentation while I was there was a four-hour stage adaptation of Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations." It was performed in the tradition of the Royal Shakespeare Company's "Nicholas Nickleby," with some fine local actor laddies exercising both their transformational gifts and their British accents.

Meanwhile, Adelaide's ambitious Festival of the Arts, presented every other year, is preparing for a February 2004 opening under a new artistic director, Stephen Page. (Last year's festival, organized by the American opera and theater director Peter Sellars, mostly involved indigenous artists in a scaled-down program of Aboriginal, Asian, hip-hop, "trance" and street cultures. It raised some question about whether the festival's purpose was being confused with that of the more community-based Adelaide Fringe Festival.)

Sydney: A Discovery

It was not a festival, however, but a single institution that left me most exhilarated about the future of Australian theater. This was the Sydney Theater Company, under the artistic direction of Robyn Nevin, a sharp-witted, sharp-eyed actor with tireless energy and strong leadership capacities. Ms. Nevin took over the company in 1999.

When I met her and her managing director, Rob Brookman, over a meal at the company's Wharf Theater, which enjoys exquisite views of Sydney Harbor, she was just back from rehearsing the role of Amanda in a forthcoming production of "The Glass Menagerie," and was on her way to announce her 2003 season at a fund-raiser. She had also recently finished directing "The Hanging Man" by Andrew Upton as well as supervising a stunning production of Calderon's "Life Is a Dream," directed by Benedict Andrews.

Though widely contrasted, each of these productions fulfilled the mission of the Sydney Theater Company, which is to produce new plays, preferably Australian, and to reinterpret the classics. "The Hanging Man," a first play by Mr. Upton, an adapter-translator (and Cate Blanchett's husband, as it happens), was directed by Ms. Nevin in a deceptively artless style, marked by overlapping dialogue, while Mr. Andrews's production of "Life Is a Dream" was a mesmerizing classical reinterpretation that, like those of Ingmar Bergman or Robert Wilson, has the potential to make you change your mind about a play you think you know well.

"The Hanging Man" was performed on a neutral, almost antiseptic set, representing the home of a celebrated, recently deceased Australian painter. Now his wife has also died, and gathered in the living room preparing the funeral arrangements are three brothers, only two of whom are her sons. Her death is causing a crisis because she has named neither of her natural sons as executor of a will that assigns the artist's "Barbarian" series (including "The Hanging Man") to the state. This is doubly wounding to Thomas, the eldest son, who is broke and in the process of trying to sell the painting to an Australian actress living in Hollywood (she resembles Nicole Kidman). The conflict is negotiated from the whiskey-soaked perspective of the third brother, Scott, as the playwright deftly extends these family dynamics into a comment on the damaged state of the nation.

Mr. Upton has a Chekhovian capacity to deflect attention from the crisis to a seemingly commonplace event. And all of the actors are strong, especially Tiriel Mora as the mordant Scott and Steve Jacobs, playing Thomas as if he had just visited the interior of hell.

Mr. Andrews is the resident director of the Sydney Theater Company, where, in collaboration with a poet, Beatrix Christian, as adapter, he has been bringing his radical vision to a number of new and classical plays, including Chekhov's "Three Sisters" and "La Dispute" by Marivaux.

He has now turned his gaze on "Life Is a Dream," Pedro Calderon de la Barca's metaphysical masterpiece about how the intrinsically barbaric nature of humankind can be softened only through spiritual transcendence. "Life Is a Dream," being performed in the Drama Theater of the Sydney Opera House, seems to bring onstage the shimmering lights of Sydney Harbor in a breathtaking mise-en-scene. Mr. Andrews, who like many innovative classical directors, has been accused of distorting the text for his own purposes, delivers here a crystal-clear ritualized reading of the play. He is abetted by uniformly fine acting, stunning visual effects and a lyrical and shortened adaptation (performed in a swooping hour and a half without intermission).

Staged within a long, almost Cinemascopic space, sharply lighted by Mark Truebridge, the action is set in some legendary time, neither classical nor modern but a provocative blending of the two. The hammered gold rectangular set, festooned with a metallic air vent, suggests an environment that is both antique and industrialized -- Fritz Lang's "Metropolis" transferred to 17th-century Poland.

Clarion, the clown (here played by a woman with a broad Aussie accent), wears a tutu, and Rosaura, the disguised heroine, is dressed in a black Armani suit. (Paula Arundell plays the part with a reverberant voice that seems to issue from a deep cave.) Some characters wear painters' masks, others are strapped to oxygen machines. The violent overthrow of the kingdom ("Men never tire of finding new ways to kill each other") is accomplished by urban guerrillas. At one moment, a stageful of tennis balls falls from the flies to the accompaniment of electronic music.

Mr. Andrews has staged the play like a dream ballet, where the unexpected happenings and modernistic elements somehow reinforce the theme rather than obscure it. Prince Segismundo has been imprisoned since birth because it was written that he would overthrow his father, Basilio. Thus, the king unwittingly fulfills the prophecy, reducing his son to a brute state of nature. Upon being released, Segismundo, bare to the waist, his head shaved, terrorizes the servants, murders a courtier, tries to rape Rosaura and threatens his father, calling him "a ghost of history." Chloroformed, Segismundo is reimprisoned, where he begins to reflect on the illusory nature of existence. A revolution brings him to the throne. But by now the Frankenstein monster has been humanized, civilized, transformed into a philosopher. A slow black curtain descends on the living and the dead.

I saw this play before the Bali blast of Oct. 12, Australia's first real glimpse into the black heart of terrorism, which left so many Australians dead and wounded. As a study of how men kill and women grieve, "Life Is a Dream" now seems even more relevant in retrospect.

Among the many similarities Australia shares with America, there has been one striking difference -- a comparative freedom from stress. Only 20 million people live in a continent the size of our own, where (outside of Sydney) four cars on a bridge constitute a traffic jam. This may account, in part, for the legendary good nature and kindly disposition of Australians. Although these qualities are about to be tested, Australian theater should cringe no more. It is vigorous, imaginative and daring, like the character of the people, and, like that spirited character, will help sustain the nation in whatever lies ahead.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Rita Kalnejais and Joe Manning in "Life Is a Dream" and, below, Angela Punch McGregor as Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations," both in Australia. (Heidrun Lohr); (Jeff Busby)(pg. 7); Julia Blake, left, and Helen Morse in "The Aunt's Story" at the Brisbane arts festival this year. (pg. 16)

**Load-Date:** November 3, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Priests of the 60's Fear Loss of Their Legacy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PV20-00MH-F02P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIANA JEAN SCHEMO

By DIANA JEAN SCHEMO

**Body**

Msgr. Thomas Leonard remembers the day in 1962 when, inspired and enthusiastic, he celebrated Mass facing the congregation for the first time.

It was the era of the Second Vatican Council, when the Roman Catholic Church loosened strictures of magisterial authority, while outside church walls, a turbulent world was remaking itself day by day.

After Vatican II told priests to face their congregations, the priest thought he could see a new church taking shape. He would no longer be heading a spiritual army bound for salvation, but would become part of a congregation striving for holiness. In churches around the world, from the Bronx to Buenos Aires, from Brooklyn to Bombay, the council did away with communion rails and other borders, and told priests to interpret the Gospels as a call to social action. They fought for integration and school decentralization, built housing for the poor, and spoke out on issues like nuclear disarmament and the Vietnam War.

But today, as the priests who first embraced Vatican II prepare for retirement, they fear replacement by a generation that does not seem to share their values. The older generation moves with self-doubt and a measure of disillusionment. While the evidence of their advocacy still stands -- in ***working-class*** apartments, in youth centers and in revitalized urban neighborhoods -- their social values no longer resonate as strongly among many younger, more conservative priests. As the aging priests turn to pass the torch to the next generation, many of the men who are taking it up seem like strangers to them. The younger, conservative generation is more interested in sacramental matters and issues of faith, and less moved by secular calls for social justice, surveys show.

"For us, of our generation, there's a real sadness," said the Rev. Peter Gavigan, pastor of Our Lady of Victory Roman Catholic Church in the South Bronx, who was ordained in 1965. "We're a vanishing breed, and we're saying, 'Wow.' We thought it would be a golden age by now."

In Brooklyn, Msgr. John J. Powis finds the change painful. "There's even a feeling they're just waiting for us to go," said Monsignor Powis, whose life in the church has included community organizing for many improvements, including subsidized housing and street lights in Brownsville and Bushwick, Brooklyn.

The dismay is not limited to New York, and does not arise only from the return to traditionalism embraced by incoming priests. Rather, older priests see their bedrock beliefs doubted by the Vatican itself. While Pope John Paul II has spoken out loudly and often in support of human rights, he has also steadily held the line on innovations begun by the Second Vatican Council, and has selected cardinals from among his most conservative priests. The uneasiness of the Vatican II priests grew in recent weeks as the beatification of Pope Pius IX, who ordered Jews confined to Rome's ghetto and had a Jewish child abducted to be raised as a Catholic, advanced in step with that of John XXIII, father of Vatican II.

The council, which met from 1962 to 1965, ushered in a raft of changes aimed at making the Catholic Church more accessible to the faithful and more attuned to secular life. Its 16 documents gave lay people a role in running parishes, replaced the Latin used at Mass with neighborhood languages, and gave priests a voice in church matters. Vatican II identified social justice as an integral part of the church's mission and reversed the church's age-old insistence that Jews were responsible for the death of Jesus. It said Catholicism did not represent the only path to salvation, a groundbreaking statement that the Vatican has publicly started to reconsider in recent weeks.

In his 1987 book, "Dreaming About the Church" (Sheed & Ward), the Rev. Walbert Buhlmann, the former secretary general of Capuchin missions in Rome, wrote that Vatican II once seemed "to trace out a whole new future for the church."

"Why hasn't the promise been kept?" Father Buhlmann asked. "Can we ignore the current mood of disenchantment and resignation, or can we come to terms with it?"

In a confidential letter written in March, the archbishop of Milwaukee, Rembert G. Weakland, prepared his 400 priests for the conservative successor he expects after he retires. "It seems that we are now coming to a period of more uniformity, less creativity and less space for personal preferences," said the archbishop, whose letter was obtained and published by the National Catholic Reporter, a lay weekly.

The archbishop suggested that the retrenchment answered the yearnings of Catholics today. "The younger generation needs more structures, clarity and guidance," he wrote. "For those who put their heart and total energy into the implementation of Vatican Council II, this new period might seem sterile and empty. I hope and pray not."

Under the church's retirement system, priests are permitted to retire at 75 with full benefits, and to leave at 70 for reasons of poor health and stay after 75 to meet emergency staffing needs.

According to periodic nationwide surveys of thousands of priests by Dean R. Hoge, a professor at Catholic University in Washington working at the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago, since the 1980's the priesthood has grown increasingly conservative on theological questions like celibacy in the priesthood and the ordination of women. Dr. Hoge's research shows that the youngest and oldest priests share similar views, while the generation of Vatican II stands isolated between them.

In a 1995 article, Dr. Hoge predicted a priesthood that would see itself as a professional class and would be "smaller in numbers, more conservative in ecclesiology, more pressured by leadership responsibilities."

Sister Katarina Schuth, a sociologist at St. Paul Seminary School of Divinity in Minnesota who surveyed faculty members and students at 42 seminaries last year, found important differences between today's seminarians and those of earlier years. Nearly half the schools' 2,300 students had converted from another religion or returned to Catholicism after leaving their faith. English was a second language for one in four.

These factors contribute to the conservatism of many young priests. Sister Schuth said.

She said only about 10 percent of seminarians were extremely conservative, but their influence far outweighed their numbers, largely because they tend to have the support of bishops. Sister Schuth quoted one longtime priest who had told her, "Only in these past few years is the word of first-year theologian taken to be more credible than mine."

In their gloomiest moments, aging priests consider Vatican II not so much the dawn of a more open, inclusive church, but an anomalous thunderbolt of progressivism sandwiched between a past and future that recoil from change and unfettered debate.

When Msgr. Harry J. Byrne was chancellor of the New York Archdiocese and chairman of its Social Justice Task Force in the 1960's, he prepared guidelines calling on priests to work for social change. "Constructive activity in the secular community," the task force said, "is not an 'extra' for priests in parishes, but an essential part of their ministry."

Now, priests trained in political advocacy toil largely behind the scenes, counting themselves lucky to have any support from their bishops. Others work with immigrants or the poor, and instead of challenging systems they find other ways to help people individually, like giving out sandwiches. As they discuss their disappointments over the years, most express fear of appearing bitter or defiant in print.

Monsignor Byrne, now retired, lives in an Upper East Side high-rise building, the same building that was built with federal and local housing funds in the 1960's in a project that he organized and oversaw. Each Tuesday night, he dines with a group of other retired priests, who share no illusions that their values still hold sway.

"The newer priests don't want to work in the inner cities," Monsignor Byrne said. "They like nice clean white cuffs, pressed surplices." He and his friends also worry about the small number of young men who are joining the priesthood. In his day, dozens completed seminary each spring. Now, annual ordinations for the New York Archdiocese can be counted on the fingers of one hand. (It is the second-largest archdiocese in the country, with 2.4 million parishioners.)

Because their numbers are so few, Msgr. Vincent Fullam, rector of the Seminary of the Immaculate Conception in Huntington, N.Y., considers men who choose the priesthood these days "heroic, or the next thing to it."

And Sister Schuth said her study had found that "the majority of seminarians see their role as very much spiritual, celebrating the Eucharist, praying with people, administering the sacraments." When this generation talks about straightening out the world, she added, it means bringing Catholics who are "off base" into line.

A number of aging clerics, like Msgr. Philip J. Murnion, wonder what went wrong. In 1968, he wrote a daring report calling on the New York Archdiocese to open its financial books and to give priests and lay Catholics a greater say in decision-making. Supported by more than 500 priests, the report compared discontent with the church to a brewing revolution. But he now thinks his generation may have moved too far, too fast.

"In our desire to extend the meaning of the sacred, did we end up with a situation in which nothing is sacred?" asked Monsignor Murnion, who heads the National Pastoral Life Center in New York, a research office for the Catholic Church. Today, he said, redemption is what happens to food stamps, and Madonna is a rock star.

Today's generation, Monsignor Murnion contended, "came out feeling nothing but options, so they're seeking boundaries." In 1972, Monsignor Murnion's doctoral dissertation compared the beliefs of priests his age with those ordained in the 1920's, an age of conformity. He said he considered today's younger priests spiritually closer to that pre-Vatican II generation than to his own.

Father Gavigan compares his disappointment to Elizabeth Kubler-Ross's five stages of grief, and finds comfort in his work with lay Catholics and in organizing his community. Others say they find solace in modest victories and in faith.

"We didn't give up," said the Rev. Ramon Gaitan, 66, pastor of Our Lady of Guadelupe, a Chicano church in Santa Ana, Calif. "We just felt if we couldn't do much to create change nationally, at least we could see things change where we live."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The Rev. Peter Gavigan, left, ordained in 1965: "For us, of our generation, there's a real sadness." He added, "We thought it would be a golden age by now." Msgr. Harry J. Byrne, center, now retired: "The newer priests don't want to work in the inner cities. They like nice clean white cuffs, pressed surplices." Msgr. Thomas Leonard remembered how Vatican II orders made the Mass more accessible to parishioners. (Photographs by Steve Hart for The New York Times)(pg. 46)

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[***South African Blacks Moving to White Areas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MK10-0017-527Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 2; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1447 words

**Byline:** By JOHN F. BURNS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** JOHANNESBURG, Dec. 23

**Body**

The view from Rose Malakeng's balcony, across Wanderers Street to the railroad station, is not the stuff of which postcards are made. But it is special to Mrs. Malakeng, who has the kind of home that many blacks in South Africa have hankered after for a lifetime.

Along with thousands of other blacks, Indians and people of mixed race, Mrs. Malakeng has rented an apartment in central Johannesburg, in an area still officially reserved for whites. Until a few years ago, the red-brick building where she lives, Branksome Towers, was a bastion of ***working-class*** whites, people who voted strongly for maintaining the racial barriers of apartheid.

Now the eight-story building is home to several hundred blacks, many of them, like the 39-year-old Mrs. Malakeng, living for the first time under the same roof with their families.

Previously, Mrs. Malakeng, who has five children, worked as a nanny to a white family and it was illegal for her husband, Moses, a maintenance man at a Johannesburg hotel, to live with her. For years, he lived in a hostel in Soweto, the heavily overcrowded, crime-ridden satellite city for blacks.

'I Am Living in Peace'

''When I am living here in the white areas with my family, I am living in peace,'' Mrs. Malakeng said, sitting on the double bed that is the principal item of furniture in her one-bedroom, $71-a-month apartment. ''It is not like living in Soweto, where everybody is fighting.''

What has happened at Branksome Towers, and at hundreds of other buildings in some of the country's largest cities, could prove to be one of the most significant developments in the long effort to dismantle apartheid.

For nearly a century, residential segregation has been enforced by a succession of codes and laws; in the last five years, without the repeal of the Group Areas Act, the comprehensive statute that forbade racially mixed living in 1950, has begun to crumble.

Small Fraction of Nonwhites

So far, the erosion involves only a tiny fraction of the country's approximately 29 million nonwhites, who have been confined by law to homes in suburbs and townships and tribal homelands on the periphery of ''white'' South Africa. In Johannesburg, home to more than 500,000 whites, unofficial estimates put the number of nonwhites involved in the so-called ''graying'' of the center-city areas at between 30,000 and 50,000; in Durban and Cape Town, two other major centers involved, the numbers are much lower.

It is a migration that the Government, once quick to evict anybody transgressing the Group Areas Act, has left largely unimpeded. Legally, the authorities have been constrained by a 1982 court ruling, involving an Indian family in Johannesburg, that barred evictions if no alternative accommodation was available in areas designated for the racial group of the family being ''removed.'' With a shortage of about one million homes in nonwhite areas, the ruling effectively disabled the special section of the South African Police entrusted with evictions.

But organizations monitoring the operation of the racial laws say the authorities' failure to crack down decisively in the ''gray'' areas - there are said to be 56 of them across the country - may owe as as much to the Government's longterm vision for South Africa as it does to the court ruling.

Government Has Not Acted

In previous cases involving matters of racial policy, the Government has not hesitated to countermand the courts with new laws; in the case of the ''gray'' areas, it has watched the situation closely, but has stopped short of intervening.

''The important point is that the Government has accepted the reality of residential desegregation,'' said John Kane-Berman, executive director of the South African Institute of Race Relations, an organization with headquarters in Johannesburg that has a record of producing some of the country's most thorough research on racial problems. ''Ministers have realized that the erosion of the Group Areas Act has reached a momentum of its own, and they can't stop it.''

From time to time, President P. W. Botha has spoken as if the Government might toughen its attitude; on one occasion, he told an audience that he had not become Government leader to ''preside over the repeal'' of the Group Areas Act.

But the view of Mr. Kane-Berman, and of many other whites who oppose apartheid, is that Mr. Botha is allowing defiance of the law to erode it, in much the same manner as the Government tolerated the contravention of other laws - the statute banning sex and marriage across racial lines, for example - before abolishing them.

Local Option Favored

In the case of the Group Areas Act, Mr. Botha has indicated that he favors statutory changes that would give local authorities greater say on whether to maintain racial qualifications for residence, although he has also said that he intends to keep final decisions in the hands of the national Government.

But even this limited step would be likely to provoke fierce resistance from white political groups to the right of the ruling National Party. These groups garnered 500,000 votes in the Parliamentary election for whites seven months ago, half as many as the Government, and with a 15 percent swing in the next election, might topple Mr. Botha.

In the meantime, daily life in central Johannesburg offers a stark demonstration of how rapidly social and economic trends have overtaken the original apartheid blueprint, in which whites and blacks were to have been kept as separate as laws could make them.

The migration of blacks into apartment buildings at the edge of the downtown core has been accompanied by the virtual takeover of downtown shopping by blacks traveling into the city from Soweto and other satellite towns.

Black-Owned Business Grows

Ten years ago, the heart of the city seemed in some ways more European than African; now it has come to resemble some of the other great metropolises of Africa, although it is more modern. Downtown streets, especially on Saturdays, are packed with blacks, and the abolition last year of racial restrictions on business ownership in the downtown core has led to an explosion of black-owned businesses, in everything from sidewalk bookstalls to hairdressers and shoe shops.

But among whites, it is the emergence of blacks as city-dwelling neighbors that has attracted most attention. With the Government's decision not to intervene, at least for the time being, the struggle over the migration has been played out mainly between tenants and landlords, in circumstances that have seemed peculiarly South African.

In one recent case, an Indian landlord, hopeful of charging black tenants higher rents than whites were paying under a Johannesburg rent-control ordinance, went to court to evict the whites. In other cases, the landlords have tried to evict blacks.

In the case of Branksome Towers, Mrs. Malakeng and other black residents won a victory last week when an the white-owned company that manages the building, Hillcrest Property Management, dropped its efforts to evict them.

Rent Reduction Sought

The litigation came about when blacks who had been paying two or three times the rent-controlled rates for their apartments demanded that their monthly payments be reduced to the levels previously paid by whites. The owners, contending that the rent-control law applied only to whites, took the issue to court; the issue was settled when the blacks agreed to pay back rent at the lower rates.

For Mrs. Malakeng, the settlement was a welcome respite. But instead of a celebration, she and other residents turned their energies to battling the landlord over waterless toilets, blocked sinks and dead electrical outlets.

Another major problem is education; with public schools in the city restricted to whites, the Malakengs have had to place four of their five children in fee-charging private schools that have sprung up across the city for blacks.

One problem that the Malakengs have not encountered is hostility from whites, who continue to outnumber blacks by more than three-to-one in each of the city-center districts, Berea, Hillbrow and Mayfair, where the black settlement has been most marked.

One white neighbor, Fred Goldstein, a 61-year-old retired car dealer, mused on the issue as he stood on a street corner watching two black youths earning pocket money with an impromptu gymnastics display.

''It's got to come, hasn't it?'', said Mr. Goldstein, a silver-haired man with a trim moustache who lives with his wife, Doreen, in a local hotel. ''I mean, majority rules, doesn't it, and when majority rules you have to go along with it.'' He paused, and added: ''Besides, why should we worry? They don't bother us, and we don't bother them.''

**Graphic**

Photo of youngsters outside their apartments in Johannesburg in an area still officially reserved for whites (pg. 1); black shoppers in downtown Johannesburg (The New York Times/Gideon Mendel) (pg. 8)

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[***Dems Pummel Each Other For a Shot at Lazio's Seat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415F-PTV0-00MH-F4WH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By STEWART AIN

By STEWART AIN

**Body**

IT'S hard to find a hotly contested primary on Long Island, but it would be hard to find any campaign more hostile than the one between two Democrats vying for the seat being vacated by Rick Lazio in the Second Congressional District in Suffolk County.

The candidates, Steve Israel of the Huntington Town Council and David Bishop of the Suffolk County Legislature, are not making nice. Mr. Bishop has accused Mr. Israel of giving raises to his cronies and selling out to real estate developers. They are hammering each other's claims to be good stewards of the environment. They can't even agree on whether Mr. Israel gave Mr. Bishop his first job in government. And to get their messages across they are spending a combined $750,000 before Tuesday, primary day.

Mr. Bishop, 35, said the primary was a result of a decision by Suffolk Democratic leaders to "accommodate" Mr. Israel and not hold a party convention to nominate a candidate. If there had been a convention, he said, he would have won.

Mr. Israel, 42, said the assertion that he would have lost a convention was speculative. But the real question is whether the biggest loser will be the Suffolk County Democrats, whose leaders were unable to broker a deal to end the Israel-Bishop contest without an expensive, gloves-off primary campaign.

The longtime chairman of the Suffolk County Democratic Party, Dominic Baranello, said the party's leaders unanimously agreed that a primary was best for the party.

"We had two outstanding candidates with a record of public office, and we said, 'Let the electorate decide,' " said Mr. Baranello, who at age 77 is reported to be considering running for an 18th two-year term as party leader. "A primary creates activity in the party and gives the prospective candidates an opportunity to meet the electorate. They both have an opportunity to win this. The purpose of a party convention is to designate a candidate and to have unity, not to have a divided convention."

Asked whether a primary gives the opposition ammunition in the general election, Mr. Baranello said, "If they think that the opposition is going to be kind to them based on the way a candidate is selected -- either by the leadership or by the electorate -- they are out of their minds."

But Mr. Bishop acknowledged that the contest has divided the Democrats' resources. "All the money both sides are raising for the primary could have been spent defeating the Republican candidate in November," he said.

With a budget of $400,000 to Mr. Israel's $350,000, Mr. Bishop, a Plainview native who moved to West Babylon in 1990, has a slight edge in spending. He is also perceived to have an edge in name recognition in the Second District, which includes all of Islip and Babylon towns, the Commack portion of Smithtown, and Dix Hills and Huntington Station in the Town of Huntington.

Mr. Israel, whose Dix Hills home is on the edge of the district, said that there are about the same number of Democrats in the Huntington portion of the congressional district as there are in Mr. Bishop's legislative district in Babylon, so neither candidate has an edge in name recognition.

But according to the Suffolk County Board of Elections, of the 94,917 registered Democrats in the Second Congressional District, 34,964 live in Babylon and only 13,114 are from Huntington.

The winner of the primary will face Joan B. Johnson, the Islip town clerk. Mrs. Johnson, of Central Islip, is seeking to become the first black Republican woman in Congress. Republicans hold a slight edge in voter registration in the district, but because some political analysts in Washington regard the seat as up for grabs, it will receive national attention from both parties. The Republicans have a slim five-seat majority in the House.

The only other Long Island primary contest of note also could have an impact on which party controls the House. Representative Michael P. Forbes of Quogue, who last year switched from the Republican to the Democratic Party, is being challenged in the First Congressional District by a lifelong Democrat, Regina Seltzer of Bellport.

Ms. Seltzer, a lawyer, served from 1976 to 1980 on the Brookhaven Town Board. The national Democratic Party is strongly committed to showing that Mr. Forbes's party switch was not political suicide, but Ms. Seltzer is stressing that although Mr. Forbes became a Democrat, he still casts his votes with the Republicans on tax bills, and that she supports a woman's right to choose abortion while Mr. Forbes opposes it. Mr. Forbes maintains that he is still the same fiscal conservative he always was and that he will continue to guard the environment, balance the budget and reduce taxes.

The winner will face Felix J. Grucci Jr. of East Patchogue, the Brookhaven town supervisor.

Mr. Israel, who grew up in Wantagh and has lived in Dix Hills for the past 10 years, said he has had made a "special effort to run an issue-oriented campaign that focuses on philosophical differences rather than personal attacks."

Two weeks before the primary, Mr. Bishop sent a mailing accusing Mr. Israel of giving raises to town employees who volunteered for his campaign.

"Mr. Bishop has chosen to dive into the mud with a false attack," Mr. Israel retorted in an interview. He said the raises in question were a result of a bipartisan resolution.

"They were a group of people who work with me in lowering of town taxes for five years in a row, cutting the town debt payment in half, and bringing the town's bond rating from worst on Long Island to best," Mr. Israel said. "They deserved a salary increase."

Mr. Bishop did not mention the salary increase during an hourlong interview, during which he insisted that his experience made him most qualified for the job.

"I'm the only candidate running who has experience in dealing with issues that affect every community in the district," he said. "I have authored laws that have positively impacted every community, such as the revitalization of Suffolk County downtown areas. Thirty-five different downtowns received revitalization grants. Another law I authored established police bicycle patrols, and another will put $2 million towards cleaning the Great South Bay, $1 million to clean Long Island Sound, and another $1 million for Peconic Bay. I've had experience protecting Suffolk County's environment; his experience is making deals with developers in Huntington."

Mr. Bishop, a graduate of American University who earned his law degree from Fordham University, added that he is known as "one of the environmental leaders of the Legislature. I must have voted for easily more than $100 million in farmland preservation" since being elected to the Legislature in 1993.

But Mr. Israel questioned that record, saying his opponent was the only Democrat to join seven Republicans in a failed attempt to delete $15 million from the county budget for a land preservation program. And, he said, Mr. Bishop voted to kill the program that provides county funds to preserve farmland.

On the other hand, Mr. Israel said, he pressed for a $15 million bond that was approved by Huntington voters in 1998 to allow the town to buy and set aside undeveloped land. And he said he passed the town's environmental reserve fund to buy open space threatened with development.

Mr. Bishop brushed aside the charges, saying his opponent had "manipulated the facts." He added: "If he is going to criticize individual votes, he must give me credit, as chairman of the budget committee, for the county's strong fiscal condition, and, as chairman of the public safety committee, for the historic drop in crime."

Mr. Israel, a graduate of George Washington University who started his political career as a legislative aide to two members of Congress, was the American Jewish Congress's Suffolk director in the mid-1980's. He became an assistant county executive under the administration of Patrick Halpin in 1988.

"One of my proudest achievements was working to pass a bill that strengthened the Suffolk County Human Rights Commission," he said. "One of my most ironic achievements was hiring a young man who was looking for a job, David Bishop, as my assistant."

Mr. Bishop disputed that scenario, saying he had been hired to work for Mr. Halpin and that Mr. Israel was not his boss. Mr. Israel said he was the one who signed Mr. Bishop's time sheets. "No good deed goes unpunished," Mr. Israel said.

Mr. Israel was elected to the Huntington Town Board in 1993. He said he was stressing the need to "modernize our schools and to pay down the national debt and allocate the savings to new priorities, including providing prescription drug coverage to senior citizens. On my first day in Congress, I want to introduce a bill that protects seniors" from losing their Medicare H.M.O.'s.

He noted that after he worked to cut Huntington town's debt service in half, the savings was used "to meet some of our pressing needs, including vastly expanding child care opportunities, building over 350 units of affordable housing for working families, and cleaning our bays and harbors."

But Mr. Bishop insisted that Mr. Israel's primary function on the Town Board is "simply land use," and that he has "failed to meet the challenge of being a progressive Democrat. He has failed to enact campaign finance reform -- although he says he is the majority leader of the Town Board -- and he has failed to correct his town's deplorable record on affordable housing.

"Affordable housing in Huntington under Steve Israel is putting ***working-class*** folks by the train station and protecting his own wealthy community at all costs," Mr. Bishop continued. "Huntington is the only town on Long Island to have a court declare its housing practices illegal. And the town is still being monitored by the Department of Housing and Urban Development because of its failure to address past discriminatory practices with respect to discriminatory zoning and the creation of affordable housing."

Mr. Israel said that to ensure that allegations of discrimination in the workplace are swiftly addressed, he pushed through legislation in the town to create an independent arbitration and mediation process. The vast majority of complaints are now resolved through mediation, he said.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: David Bishop, left, and Steve Israel are locked in a costly, gloves-off campaign for the Democratic nomination for the Second Congressional District. (Photographs by Kevin P. Coughlin for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Steve Israel on the stump at DeLisa's Pizzeria in Deer Park. (Kevin P. Coughlin for The New York Times)(pg. 14); David Bishop canvassing door to door in a Bay Shore neighborhood. (Kevin P. Coughlin for The New York Times)(pg. 15)

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[***Delta Force***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CM2-7MY0-TW8F-G252-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1947 words

**Byline:** By David Gates

David Gates is a senior editor at Newsweek. His most recent book is ''The Wonders of the Invisible World,'' a collection of stories.

**Body**

MOANIN' AT MIDNIGHT

The Life and Times of Howlin' Wolf.

By James Segrest and Mark Hoffman.

Illustrated. 397 pp.

Pantheon Books. $26.95.

He was arguably the greatest artist the blues ever produced, but when he wasn't singing, Howlin' Wolf was not ordinarily an eloquent man. James Segrest and Mark Hoffman's indispensable yet frustrating new biography, ''Moanin' at Midnight,'' quotes an interview in which he said: ''You don't need no book learnin'. . . . Common sense, that's all a man needs.'' (In fact, he spent years taking adult education classes, and finally learned to read and write at a sixth-grade level.) Wolf struck one uncharitable recording engineer as ''two steps ahead of an idiot''; when a nervous breakdown ended his brief Army hitch in 1943, the examining physician pronounced him a ''mental defective.'' But in the summer of 1968, after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., Howlin' Wolf gave a remarkable interview to a journalist from Los Angeles's Open City magazine, in which his metaphors morphed from those of a small businessman -- which he was; he even took money for Social Security out of his band members' pay -- to those of John the Revelator. ''Somebody has been cashing checks and they've been bouncing back on us,'' Wolf told the unidentified reporter. ''And these people, the poor class of Negroes and the poor class of white people, they're getting tired of it. And sooner or later it's going to bring on a disease on this country, a disease that's going to spring from midair and it's going to be bad. It's like a spirit from some dark valley, something that sprung up from the ocean. . . . Like Lucifer is on the earth.''

Wolf's Blakean sociopolitical prophecy -- not unusual in those naively apocalyptic days -- seems quaint in George Bush's America, where the comparatively wretched of the earth fantasize not about revolution but about becoming apprenticed to Donald Trump. But in the world of music, his vision of ***working-class*** blacks and whites rising up from the dark valleys of America to trouble the mighty had already been fulfilled, and Wolf himself, a crucial influence on everyone from the Rolling Stones to the D.J. Wolfman Jack (whose trademark growl came as much from Wolf as from Lon Chaney Jr.), was partly responsible. Even by 1968, the black-hillbilly hybrid called rock 'n' roll had swept away most of popular music's middle-class gentility; today, we still live in essentially the same musical landscape of sonic rawness and emotional directness. If Wolf were to come up out of his grave -- when you're listening to his records, that doesn't seem so unlikely -- he might be baffled by 50 Cent or the White Stripes; in 1972, when he opened for Alice Cooper, the sight of a stage-prop guillotine gave him a minor heart attack. ''I just don't understand,'' he kept muttering. On the other hand, he got on just fine with the long-haired British bands who backed him on tours of Britain in the 60's and 70's, and with such then-young white acolytes as Eric Clapton. He might recognize raspy-voiced rappers and faux-primitive post-punk guitarists as his spiritual children.

Howlin' Wolf, born Chester Burnett in 1910 and named after President Chester Alan Arthur, had blues credentials so authentic they seem parodic. As a teenager in the Mississippi Delta, he really did pester Charley Patton -- Mississippi's seminal blues singer -- for lessons, and took on Patton's grainy voice and powerful, elemental slide guitar style. In the 30's and 40's, he became one of the Delta's many wandering entertainers, using the nom de guerre he derived from a childhood nickname, and he really did team up with Patton and such now-legendary figures as Robert Johnson and Son House. In his latter days -- he was only 65 when he died in 1976 -- Wolf presented himself as a musical nostalgic. He complained that bands were getting too loud, and in a 1966 Newsweek profile said that ''all the electric stuff'' couldn't touch the traditional acoustic guitar. ''That one with the hole in it, it got a good, sweet sound. But . . . in this here modern world you got to keep up with modern people.'' In fact, he was an archmodernist himself: like his friend and rival Muddy Waters, he transformed Mississippi's archaic country blues into the electric urban blues of Chicago, his adopted home. His early electric groups, with just a couple of cranked-up guitars, took pride in blasting larger bands, with their swing-era horn sections, right off the stage. And the master sidemen he hired, notably Willie Johnson and Hubert Sumlin, overdrove their amplifiers to achieve those burry, distorted textures that are still the lingua franca of rock guitar.

Wolf's music never lost its primal quality: some of his best songs, such as ''Smokestack Lightning,'' ''Commit a Crime'' and ''I Asked for Water, but She Gave Me Gasoline,'' are trancelike one-chord vamps reaching back to African-American music's pre-Western roots. ''That's something I got from the old music,'' he said. But this was a deliberate, even stubborn, artistic choice, as much as Wolf tried to commodify himself. (''If you don't like the way I play the blues,'' he said, ''don't order me no more.'' As one of his musicians commented, ''He made it sound like you just kind of ordered him right out of a catalog or somethin'.'') Wolf wasn't a primitive, with no sense of a wider musical world: he eventually learned to read music and to play such pop songs as ''I'm in the Mood for Love,'' and even made Sumlin study at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. He was a primitivist, who made a consciously modern music by emphasizing the intense weirdness of ''the old music,'' and a deliberate innovator in a far-from-nurturing environment: ''I always tried to play a different sound from the other fellow.'' As Vaan Shaw, the son of Wolf's manager, explained: ''You gotta remember, these guys didn't have blueprints. . . . The thing that makes Wolf so magical is that you see a person create a whole genre of music through just their mind, and you ain't supposed to do it. You're supposed to have a sheet of paper, a desk, a quiet room. . . . And here's a guy using just his ego, creating lyrics in a room full of smoke, alcohol, four-letter words and intimidating individuals -- and yet he still creates.'' Sam Phillips, the first to record him -- in 1951, in that Memphis storefront studio where he later discovered Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash -- sometimes spoke of Wolf as his greatest find. ''When I heard Howlin' Wolf, I said: 'This is for me. This is where the soul of man never dies.' ''

For others, though, Wolf was all about the body. ''When you're a little pre-teenage girl,'' Bonnie Raitt has said, ''and you imagine what a naked man in full arousal is like, it's Howlin' Wolf. . . . He was the scariest, most deliciously frightening bit of male testosterone I've ever experienced in my life.'' Wolf had an unforgettable physical presence: around 6-foot-5 (Segrest and Hoffman offer conflicting figures) and 300 pounds in his prime, with incongruous blue-gray eyes and velvety black skin, which, as his fellow bluesman Johnny Shines recalled, ''looked like it would ripple if you would blow on it, like a vial of black oil.'' In a different interview, Shines said: ''I first met Wolf, I was afraid of Wolf. Just like you would be of some kind of beast or something.'' Onstage, he would crawl like a kingsnake and howl like his namesake; on at least one occasion, he told an audience he had an actual wolf's tail, and a few believed him enough to come backstage to check it out. Among the people he scared was his own son, Floyd, who feared Wolf was a damned soul. Shortly after Wolf's death, Floyd Burnett thought he heard his father's voice in the kitchen asking him for water. ''And from the Bible speaking, that's hell-bound.'' He sometimes carried a gun (not uncommon in the Chicago blues scene), took part in countless fights and told Hubert Sumlin he'd once killed a man by slicing off the top of his head with a hoe. Yet those who knew him best -- Floyd, whom Wolf did not see for years, wasn't one -- found him shy and surprisingly gentle. ''He was just really a big pet,'' the drummer Sam Lay said. ''I would go so far (hey, I'm not funny or nothing -- don't get me wrong) and say he was one of the sweetest people you ever saw in your life.''

Segrest and Hoffman, noting that Wolf had often been beaten by the uncle who raised him, argue that in this mix of violence and tenderness he ''exhibited the classic symptoms of the abuse survivor.'' To their credit, this passing remark is their only attempt to get Wolf on the couch. Mostly they stay out of the way of the research, testimony and anecdotes they've collected -- so thoroughly that this book should scare off any rival biographers until everyone who ever knew Wolf is dead. But even blues obsessives are apt to bog down in the book's undigested, repetitive and often unnecessary information, including God knows how many similar accounts of Wolf onstage, and a capsule description of seemingly every song he ever recorded. ('' 'Dorothy Mae,' a down-home Delta blues, again featured James Cotton on harp. 'Sweet Woman' was a slow blues in which Wolf sang the praises of his woman.'') Paragraph after paragraph ticks away in pointless Wolf sightings, stuck in for no apparent reason. ''East St. Louis bluesman Little Cooper, born in Prattsville, Ark., in 1928,'' one non-anecdote begins, ''was a teenager when he first heard Wolf. 'Wolf, he was playing in Woodson, Ark. That's the first time I come in contact with a professional blues player. There was a club they had in Woodson called the Woodson Hall and he and his band come in there. He was in Arkansas awhile and he was doing a show there every Friday, Saturday and Sunday night.''

Little Cooper may be a heck of a guy, but few people (including me) have heard of him, and he had nothing to do with Howlin' Wolf's life. So who cares where and when he was born, whether Wolf was the first professional blues player he saw -- or indeed, about any of this? And where was the editor who should have cut it (along with probably a quarter of the book) and helped these first-time biographers shape their narrative? In places you sorely miss editorial guidance, as when they quote wildly varying testimony about whether or not Wolf was a good guitar player. Since Hoffman is a musician, and he and Segrest have both written for such magazines as Blues Access, they must have the expertise to settle the point; as biographers, they certainly have the obligation. (It would have been simple enough to say that Wolf played powerfully within a limited technique. Listen to his lead slide guitar on the splendid 1961 recording of ''Down in the Bottom.'') In other places, you wish they'd butt out, as when they tell us what key such and such a song is in; musicians intent on learning the song can easily find this out, and the general reader doesn't need to know. ''Moanin' at Midnight'' is this generation's first and probably last full portrait of one of the giants of American music -- a figure who belongs in the company of Duke Ellington, Hank Williams and Bob Dylan. Since it's essential reading, it's heartbreaking that it's not more readable.

Still, this book offers more than enough information to satisfy anyone who loves the music, and it might tantalize some of the uninitiated into seeking out Wolf's scary, magisterial recordings. Oh well. Probably no biographer short of Samuel Johnson, the Great Cham of book learnin', could have wrestled with Wolf on equal terms, and gotten his titanic spirit into something like the right words.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Howlin' Wolf in San Francisco, 1968. (Photograph by Sandy Guy Schoenfeld)

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[***At Pan Am, Tensions Beneath a Surface Calm - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5FD0-0014-54RJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By AGIS SALPUKAS

**Body**

On the surface, the daily routine at the Manhattan headquarters of the Pan Am Corporation looks like business as usual.

Martin R. Shugrue Jr., the vice chairman, pops into the office of the chairman, C. Edward Acker, two or three times a day to brief his boss on traffic at the company's Pan American World Airways (in the first part of January, better than expected) and on its plans for responding to the escalating triple-mileage war for frequent travelers that has broken out among major airlines.

There seems to be no animosity between the two, according to other Pan Am executives, although last month they ended up in a shouting match at a board meeting where they disagreed over the worth of concessions that the company was seeking from its unions.

''They're both big boys,'' one Pan Am executive commented.

Mr. Shugrue has also opposed Mr. Acker's plan to spin off the airline and sell it to Jay A. Pritzker, the Chicago investor and owner of Braniff Airways, an effort that now seems to have ended.

As the time nears for Tuesday's Pan Am board meeting at which the directors could move closer to ousting Mr. Acker and Mr. Shugrue from their jobs, an air of calm prevails.

Underneath the Surface

Mr. Acker left Friday morning for his retreat in Bermuda.

William T. Coleman Jr., the Pan Am director who in effect has assumed extraordinary powers at the board's request in an attempt to find a way to save the company from bankruptcy, was on a business trip to London and could not be reached.

Beneath the surface, however, there are crosscurrents and turmoil. Some of the participants in the Pan Am drama, most of them asking to remain anonymous, said they found similarities to Shakespeare's tragedies: Although blood is not literally being spilt, intrigue abounds and the virtuous may not necessarily triumph, while loyalties built over a lifetime are being put to the test.

Mr. Acker is hard at work seeking a fallback position for himself if he is ousted, according to Pan Am people. They said that Mr. Coleman, who helped bring Mr. Acker to the company in 1980, had not turned a deaf ear and might support some kind of post for him.

One of the most poignant scenes that is being played out involves Mr. Shugrue and John Kerrigan, the head of the airline division of the Transport Workers Union, which is the largest union at Pan Am.

When Mr. Kerrigan was growing up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Providence, R.I., the policeman on his block was Mr. Shugrue's father.

Early Days as a Unionist

When Mr. Kerrigan became active in the union movement and helped lead a strike at Providence and outsiders were called in to break the strike, Mr. Shugrue's father helped prevent their intervention.

Mr. Shugrue, who came to Pan Am 20 years ago after a long stint as a Navy pilot, worked his way up the ladder and is popular with the rank and file. He and Mr. Kerrigan, although on opposite sides during a 29-day Pan Am strike, remain close.

Thus, Mr. Kerrigan finds it wrenching that his longtime friend seems due to lose his job as a result of a deal between the Pan Am board and a coalition of four airline unions.

In a private meeting with the leaders of the pilots and some of his staff members several weeks ago, Mr. Coleman agreed that Mr. Acker and Mr. Shugrue would be ousted from their jobs if all five of Pan Am's unions agreed to $180 million in concessions a year.

According to an individual involved in the meeting, Mr. Coleman also said he wanted Mr. Shugrue dismissed for his attack on Mr. Acker, which has divided management.

Mr. Kerrigan was particularly incensed by the fact that, while it seemed Mr. Shugrue was sure to be dismissed as what he called a ''sacrificial lamb,'' efforts were being made to find a way to save Mr. Acker.

Struggle on Concessions

Mr. Kerrigan carries considerable influence and could disrupt the drive by the board and the union coalition to agree on the concessions.

Those involved in the coalition effort and some executives at Pan Am, however, observed that Mr. Kerrigan did not have the luxury of standing aloof from the wheeling and dealing.

With the arrival of winter, Pan Am has entered a period when its traffic is lowest and its cash reserves are becoming depleted. Without the union concessions and new management, the carrier may not be able to get the cost savings and credit lines it needs to get through the crunch.

''Kerrigan is a friend to Shugrue,'' one Pan Am executive said. ''But Kerrigan is also a friend to Pan Am.''

An odd aspect of the drive by the unions to get rid of Mr. Acker and bring in new management is that Mr. Shugrue, who has much support among the unions, may be ousted while Mr. Acker, who is largely blamed by the unions for bringing the company to its feeble state, may end up keeping his board seat and getting some new executive post.

Although Mr. Shugrue is popular with workers (in addition to Mr. Kerrigan, officials of the flight engineers and the flight attentants have sent letters to the board in his support) he does not have a power base on the board.

Mr. Acker does, however. Some directors (such as Walter B. Wriston, the former Citicorp chairman) have long been his supporters.

A Key Negotiating Role

Meanwhile, Mr. Coleman has emerged as the person who has the most to win or lose in the coming attempt to preserve the company.

Mr. Coleman, a Washington lawyer who was Secretary of Transportation under President Ford, has played a key role in persuading Pan Am's unions to make major concessions.

A Pan Am executive long familiar with the company's struggle with its unions said that so much animosity and distrust had developed that a new force such as an outside buyer or intervention by the board would be needed to break the stalemate.

''For a breakthrough, the board had to become involved,'' one top Pan Am executive said. ''Coleman has to be applauded.''

After breaking the logjam in what appeared to be a spur-of-the-moment decision to meet with the two pilot leaders and cut a deal Jan. 5 in the New York office of O'Melveny & Meyers, Mr. Coleman has put to work two of his assistants who have worked out agreements with three of five Pan Am unions.

The assistants, Robert Siegal and Jeffrey Rosen, both skilled in labor negotiations and supported by staffers from Pan Am's industrial relations department under C. Raymond Grebey Jr., have worked long into the night many times in the past two weeks to reach agreements with the pilots, the flight engineers and the flight attendants.

Advantage for Unions

Mr. Coleman - a self-effacing man who, at one meeting with the pilots, declined to sit at the head of the table in a chair saved for him and sat at the side instead - has paid a price by making a deal with the unions.

He has given the unions unusual power by agreeing to their demand that Mr. Acker be removed.

''The position of the board has been seriously compromised,'' one top Pan Am executive said, adding that the move sets a precedent for unions to seek the ouster of executives they don't like. ''It's a travesty,'' he said.

The union members will end up with as much as 20 percent of Pan Am stock if the company meets certain profit levels under the accord.

By becominmg involved in such a trade-off, the board is having a hard time attracting top candidates from other airlines to take over the top Pan Am job, some company sources said.

The main candidate so far, according to people in the airline industry, appears to be Thomas G. Plaskett, a former senior vice president of marketing at American Airlines and former president of Continental Airlines. Mr. Plaskett was dismissed last July by Frank Lorenzo, the chairman of Texas Air, after Continental had difficulty trying to resolve flight delays, lost baggage and other problems.

The thought of Mr. Plaskett's coming to Pan Am stirs no enthusiasm among some Pan Am executives. ''You won't hear many cheers for that prospect,'' one of them said.

**Correction**

An article in Business Day yesterday about the Pan Am Corporation contained a reference that incorrectly stated the position of the Independent Union of Flight Attendants on one of the company's top executives. The union is seeking the ouster of the current management, including Martin R. Shugrue Jr., vice chairman; it has not sent a letter to the board in his support.  
**Correction-Date:** January 19, 1988, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VD70-0024-J3YY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Just Don't Call It 'Unfilmable'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VD70-0024-J3YY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

As the repressed butler in "The Remains of the Day," Anthony Hopkins carries the weight of the film literally in his shoulders. When he plays the aging Stevens of the 1950's, Mr. Hopkins's shoulders are slightly hunched up and rounded, so full of tension they look painful. In flashbacks to Stevens in his prime during the 1930's, the shoulders are less tense. In those days of Stevens's blind and self-satisfied devotion to his master, Lord Darlington, the butler has a rigid bearing and placid face, though his worried eyes hint at the merciless denial of his emotional life.

The actor's posture is one visual equivalent of the self-deluded and defensive monologue by Stevens that makes up the English writer Kazuo Ishiguro's 1989 novel, on which the film is based. What is "a great butler," Stevens fussily wonders in the novel. Who "set the standards amongst our generation"? That sense of a generation whose time and standards have passed is a major theme on the page. Stevens's musing about it is absent from the film, but Mr. Hopkins's punctilious diction and changing posture provide perfect cinematic equals.

"The Remains of the Day" is the deepest, most heartbreakingly real of the many extraordinary films directed by James Ivory, produced by Ismail Merchant and written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. And in a season rich with dazzling literary adaptations, including "The Age of Innocence" and "Short Cuts," it is the most sublime and difficult accomplishment.

It is based on an apparently unfilmable novel, whose action is largely that of a mind sifting through the past. The previous Merchant-Ivory work, "Howards End," was based on a similarly subtle and challenging book, but E. M. Forster's novel reads like a ready-made script next to Mr. Ishiguro's. The way the film makers have adapted the book while preserving its spirit suggests what is superb about the movie and speaks to some fundamental differences betweeen fiction and film.

The very qualities that enrich the novel make it a dare for a screenwriter. On the page, Stevens is an unreliable narrator and stingy with details. The frame of the story is his journey from Darlington Hall, where he now works for a rich American, to the countryside where he will meet the former housekeeper, Miss Kenton, after 20 years. On the way, Stevens flashes back and forth in time to fill in the past, though not in a simple way. He backtracks and then backtracks from there, dropping hints like land mines -- about Lord Darlington's political activities, about his relationship with Miss Kenton -- whose significance will explode into view much later. What could be less dramatic than the memories of a man determined not to question the rigid social order that has ruled his life?

THE FIRST WRITER TO TACKLE THE problem was Harold Pinter, who bought the rights to the Ishiguro novel before it was published. Though "The Remains of the Day" is unmistakably a Merchant-Ivory-Jhabvala film, it took quite a while to get that way. Mike Nichols originally intended to direct the Pinter script. When he chose to pass, he stayed on as a producer. Mr. Merchant and Mr. Ivory were brought in, and they in turn brought along Mrs. Jhabvala as writer.

As Mr. Nichols explained, "Pinter's approach was more austere and had more mystery. Jhabvala filled us in completely." Her version was "clearer and more accessible." Mr. Pinter was sent the Jhabvala script and was offered a co-screenwriting credit, which he declined.

It is hard to separate the Pinteresque whiffs in the film from those in the novel (especially the layering of time), but the deftness of the translation is clearly Mrs. Jhabvala's. As with "Howards End," she found what was under the surface of the story and made it concrete without destroying its mystery. Her dialogue is sometimes straight from the book ("History could well be made under this roof," Stevens tells the staff before one of Lord Darlington's political conferences) and sometimes only sounds as if it is.

The film's point of view is almost exclusively Stevens's; as in the novel, that device allows us to see and hear only what he does but usually to understand much more.

Some changes involved minor but crucial bits of compression. Mr. Lewis (Christopher Reeve) is a United States Congressman who attends one of Lord Darlington's conferences in the 1930's and buys Darlington Hall in the 1950's; he was two characters in the novel. On screen, Lord Darlington's role in Nazi appeasement is hinted at much earlier in the story.

But the most important change is the expanded role of Miss Kenton. In the novel, the housekeeper is a shadowy figure, whom Stevens can scarcely admit he might have been attracted to once. On screen, played by Emma Thompson in a performance as exquisitely poignant as Mr. Hopkins's, she is a woman whose affection for Stevens slowly becomes apparent.

When she finally flirts with him, after years of working together, the scene is even more effective than on the page. She must physically back him into a corner in his own sitting room. It is, of course, a doomed overture, but the moment resonates with the audience's sympathy for Miss Kenton and the hope that Stevens might respond. She understands that the orderlinesss of his profession provides the substance of his life; in fact, she possesses a comfortable aloofness of her own. Their relationship unearths the dramatic and passionate possibilities in the story of a determinedly unpassionate man.

The film's emotionally devastating ending is evoked by the sense that both Stevens and Miss Kenton have missed great love and happiness. "There are times when I think, 'What a terrible mistake I've made with my life,' " Miss Kenton says at her final meeting with Stevens in the 1950's. In the novel, that line is almost a revelation, adding to the reader's meager proof of her affection for Stevens decades before. (Provided Stevens's memory of the dialogue can be trusted, which it can't.) On screen, that affection has been evident, and the same line becomes an elegy for the possibilities we have seen evaporate before our eyes.

Though "The Remains of the Day" might seem a model translation from one art to another, the season's other literary films suggest there is no single best way to adapt a novel.

Martin Scorsese's "Age of Innocence" is the most faithful of the three, but its fidelity to Edith Wharton's novel would be meaningless without a sophisticated understanding of what the author was up to. The film's voiceover, read by Joanne Woodward, comes straight from Wharton. It defines Old New York society and mirrors the novel's ironic distance from events. Yet Mr. Scorsese (who co-wrote the script with Jay Cocks) lets us know only as much as Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) does, as the hero struggles between his proper marriage to May Welland (Winona Ryder) and his love for her exotic cousin, Ellen Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer). The lavishly beautiful film recreates all the seductive elegance of Archer's world; it is not pretty merely for the sake of being pretty but for the sake of luring us in as easily and inescapably as Archer.

When he discovers that his wife is capable of the subtlest manipulation, he is stunned, just as he is in the novel. That, Mr. Scorsese has said, was for him the most powerful moment in the novel. And his understanding of that moment shapes the entire film, just as surely as the tone of the film is set by the bit of dated dialogue lifted from Wharton that he has chosen to begin the film. Stunned at the way Ellen Olenska's family has brazenly taken her to the opera, a social insider says, "I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on."

Robert Altman's "Short Cuts" is often unfaithful to the Raymond Carver stories that inspired it, and that infidelity is one of the film's great achievements. A simple equation has emerged about the movie: the more you like Carver, the less you like the "Short Cuts" and vice versa.

Mr. Altman and his co-writer, Frank Barhydt, have done more than link and overlap nine Carver tales plus a poem. Essentially, Carver wrote the same story over and over, so turning them into a whole was the easy part. The generous improvement on the fiction comes in the way "Short Cuts" expands the depth and reach of the modest, minimalist tales about ***working-class*** characters who bump into a crisis.

Mr. Altman's suburban characters are sometimes richly connected. Two sisters, one an artist married to a doctor and the other a housewife married to a cop, suggest a range of social and family distinctions that Carver never bothered with. In this season of literary adaptations, the only easy call is that you can never judge a movie by its book.

**Graphic**

Photos: Emma Thompson and Anthony Hopkins in "The Remains of the Day" -- It's all in the shoulders. (Derrick Santini/Columbia Pictures)(pg. 13); Michelle Pfeiffer, left, Geraldine Chaplin and Winona Ryder in "The Age of Innocence." (Phillip Caruso/Columbia Pictures)(pg. 22)

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[***THE WORLD: Urger to Splurge;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VG90-0024-J196-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mexico's Hunger for U.S. Goods Is Helping to Sell the Trade Pact***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VG90-0024-J196-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By ANTHONY DePALMA

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**Body**

PITCHMEN for the North American Free Trade Agreement always focus on the consumer paradise presented by Mexico's young and growing population: 85 million people, more than half of them under 25 years old, with slowly rising wages but a seemingly insatiable appetite for things made in the U.S.A.

In fact, trade with Mexico already is big business. Mexico imports more than $42 billion in goods and services from the United States, more than three times what it was in 1986, when the Government began lowering tariffs on imports so that some American goods could compete with their less desirable Mexican imitations. Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, an old Mexico hand, says that with Nafta, trade with Mexico will grow by another $10 billion in three years.

No doubt the argument that Mexico offers vast trade opportunities will be made Tuesday night as Vice President Al Gore presents the Clinton Administration's case for the accord in a televised debate with Ross Perot, Nafta's chief critic. President Clinton, who last week escalated his campaign for approval of the agreement in the face of its discouraging prospects in a scheduled vote in the House a week from Wednesday, is working hard to convince Congress that rising trade with Mexico will more than make up for the American jobs that could be lost because of lower wages south of the border.

For those already involved in the Mexican market, the demand for American products is obvious. Mexicans spent $450 per capita on American goods in 1992, more than consumers in Japan or European countries. The Marlboro man still gallops headlong across television screens here. Wal-Mart recently opened a megacenter in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Mexico City, and J.C. Penney and Kmart will be here soon too. Compact disks can now be bought at Tower Records, mufflers can be replaced at Midas and, at select supermarkets, shoppers can take advantage of promotions offering a stack of fresh corn tortillas free with the purchase of Hostess hamburger rolls.

But although more than 70 percent of everything Mexico imports comes from the United States, not everything American sells. And there is evidence that Mexican consumers could turn fickle once the novelty of widely available American goods wears off. More problematic for American exporters, traditional market research has rarely been able to crack the intricacies of Mexico, where much income is unreported and households routinely cover several generations.

"Even the best statistician would have the hardest time here," said Juan Suberville, general director of two Kmart stores set to open on Mexico City's outskirts next spring. "Mostly, you work on gut feelings."

Taco Bell found out the hard way. Intent on grabbing a niche in Mexico, the Pepsico subsidiary conducted market research that suggested that its fast-food expertise and consistent product could overcome the coals-to-Newcastle disadvantages of trying to sell American tacos here. It opened a stand in a Mexico City parking lot last year and planned 25 more in a year.

Opening the Doors

But only three others ever opened, and none is a runaway success. Company officials say their mistake was to focus too much on Mexican manners, changing their menu and style to be more authentically Mexican. It turned out that what Mexicans wanted was authentically American tacos served in a clean restaurant away from traffic fumes.

The Taco Bell experience is one of many indicators that what Mexicans want most is what they couldn't buy before. When the country's economy was closed to most American goods, Mexicans couldn't buy the Raisinettes or Frosted Flakes they saw on imported television programs and in movies -- only weak imitations.

Under President Carlos Salinas de Gortari, Mexico has been intent on dismantling its import-substitution economy and opening its markets. The doors were cracked ajar in the mid-1980's by lowered tariffs on imported goods. Nafta, which would end tariffs and other trade barriers among the United States, Canada and Mexico over 15 years, would complete the opening of Mexico's economy to the north.

Tariffs act as taxes, artificially pushing up prices. Reduce them, as happened in the 1980's, and suddenly imports start showing up on store shelves. At first, Mexicans couldn't get their fill of imported products like Coca-Cola in cans, which until then had been unavailable. But when the novelty died down, people realized they were paying two and three times what it cost for a Mexican-made Coke, and the American-made version didn't even taste as good. North of the border Coca-Cola is made with corn syrup, while Mexican Coke uses sugar, and Mexicans say they can taste the difference.

"Mexicans are willing to try something new," said Francisco Sanchez-Loaeza, president of Panamerican Beverages, the largest Coca-Cola bottler outside the United States. "But they are becoming more and more demanding."

Coca-Cola was one of a limited number of American products available even when the Mexican economy was closed. Mexicans drink more soda than any other people except those in the United States, in part because drinking water here is so risky. Coca-Cola controls 55 percent of the market and, with Government restrictions lifted, is flooding the market with previously unavailable flavors and bottle sizes, including non-returnable two-liter monsters.

Changing Habits

A big question is how much and how quickly Mexicans will change their shopping habits. Most Mexicans still shop at small stores and street stands -- not surprising in a country where street vending has been well established since Aztec times. They go to the store on average eight times a week, while shoppers in the United States go twice. Tortillas, the Mexican staple, are a big factor, because fresh tortillas, made without preservatives, are considered inedible after a day.

But habits are changing. Enrique Legoretta, commercial director in Mexico City for the A.C. Nielsen market-research concern, said that once Mexican consumers glimpse the new consumer world, small stores just don't hold their attention any more. In some ways, Mexicans have shown themselves willing to change their whole concept of shopping. The Price Club has opened two successful stores in Mexico City that are about as different from the street-corner mom-and-pop as can be. The stores are warehouses, selling institutional-size cans of peaches and rolls of toilet paper by the dozen. A typical trip requires at least $100 and a car to haul the booty home. With an average income of anywhere from $3,000 to $43,000 a year, and many families without cars, Mexico seems an unlikely fit for the Price Club.

But Robert Price, the chairman of the company, said he has done well by targeting the top 10 to 15 percent of Mexicans, those with cars and salaries above $43,000 a year. "We've found that Mexicans at that level are more committed to consumerism than Americans," he said. He said if the trade accord passes, fully a quarter of all Mexicans will wind up in the high-income bracket.

Retailers and free trade supporters are also betting on a similar increase in buying power. They know by experience that the sheen of American products could wear off, but say a trade accord ending tariffs, and therefore lowering consumer prices, would mean that they could successfully compete with domestic products.

For now, imports are still getting a boost from the curiosity built up over so many years of living right alongside the biggest marketplace in the world without being able to fully participate in it.

That was what brought Alicia and Esperanza Rendon Huerta to the new Wal-Mart in Mexico City a recent afternoon. The sisters, both in their 60's, spent more than 500 pesos, almost $200, on many things they admitted they didn't really need, including cookies, napkins and several two-liter bottles of Coke.

"We wanted to see what it was like," they said.

No one really knows whether Nafta would make Mexican wages rise or change what Mexicans buy. But it seems certain that markets on both sides of the Rio Grande are coming together. The new Wal-Mart sells tequilla glasses made in the United States and Superman pajamas made in Mexico. At last count, salsa was outselling catsup in the United States. And Wonder Bread is baking "authentic" soft tortillas.

**Graphic**

Photo: "Upwardly mobile" -- On weekends at a Mexico City shopping center, Antonio Castruita and his sons race $1,000 U.S.-made model cars and eat McDonald's hamburgers. (Damian Dovarganes for The New York Times) (pg. 1)

Chart: "What People Think They Need" shows percentage of Mexicans, Americans, and Canadians saying that given items are necessities. (The Mexican figures are from a survey of 400 Mexico City residents conducted in June. The U.S. figures are from a survey of 1,996 people interviewed nationwide in December. The Canadian figures are from a survey of 400 Toronto residents interviewed in June.) (pg. 1)

Graphs: "What People Have" shows percentage of Mexican, American, and Canadian households with given items. (Source: In-person surveys conducted by Roper Starch Worldwide and INRA [Americas]) (pg. 5)

Chart: "Gore vs. Perot: The Weigh-in" gives "vital statistics" for the "sluggers" in the debate Tuesday night over the North American Free Trade Agreement on "Larry King Live." (pg. 5)

**Load-Date:** November 7, 1993

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[***The East End's Mom-and-Pop Economy Gets A Makeover - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40VH-8380-00MH-F3YD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

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**Byline:** By WARREN STRUGATCH

By WARREN STRUGATCH

**Body**

NOT long after Joe Gurrera opened the first Long Island outpost of Citarella's, the Manhattan gourmet food shop, newspapers reported that Calvin Klein drove by in his Mercedes and had a traffic scrape. The Water Mill site was identified as Citarella's Plaza, dishing out a hefty serving of Hamptons-style A-list publicity for the new store.

The Hamptons buzz machine revving into gear? Or a simple bit of good luck for Citarella's?

"Really, I didn't know anything about it until I read it in the paper myself," Mr. Gurrera declared. He quickly changed the subject back to food and the new 7,000-square-foot store.

"Over 200 types of cheese in here," he announced. "Seven kinds of blue cheese alone. You want meat, just walk over here. Follow me. Now look at this meat selection. Do you see the marbling? You're looking at quality."

He led a visitor past shelf after shelf of private recipe sauces, marinades, soups and other upscale treats, toward a seafood display that stretched the length of the wall. Some 80 types of fish and shellfish, both raw and prepared, glistened on chipped ice. Eyeing the display were Sheldon and Joyce Pitkin, from Southampton and the North Shore Towers in Queens.

Until Citarella's opened in May, finding such takeout gourmet fare in the Hamptons was very difficult, Mrs. Pitkin said as she selected grilled pompano for that evening's dinner. Mr. Pitkin, who chooses rotisserie chicken when it's his turn to order, was already over in the baked goods section surveying desserts.

"These people have already become two of my best customers," Mr. Gurrera said.

Strolling around his store and greeting customers by name, Mr. Gurrera seemed the epitome of the local storekeeper with deep community roots. In fact he is new to the area. Usually he is in Manhattan attending to his other ventures: the Third Avenue store, the Chelsea commissary where food is prepared and shipped, the wholesale outlet in the Fulton Fish Market, a new restaurant taking shape near Radio City.

Why the Hamptons? Simple, he insisted: the landlord offered him a deal too good to turn down.

Competition? He dismissed the concept with a wave of the hand: "Tell me, who else out here is doing what I'm doing? Name them."

What Mr. Gurrera is doing in the broader sense is bringing Manhattan-style retail concepts to the East End, and he has plenty of company. This year the fashion designer Betsey Johnson and two upscale, up-Island women's fashion boutiques -- Georgina's and Jimmy's -- have opened storefronts in East Hampton.

The Hamptons already have national or up-Island names like London Jewelers, Coach, DKNY, Saks Fifth Avenue and Joan & David, and trendy merchants have been elbowing mom-and-pop storekeepers out of East End retail space since at least the 1970's.

But the pace of change is leaving many residents wondering where they can buy milk, eggs and the kind of underwear that does not sport lithe young models partying on the packaging.

The changes "reflect the way the Hamptons are becoming chic-er," said Marina Van, longtime executive director of the East Hampton Chamber of Commerce. "People are dressing up more. It isn't O.K. anymore to go everywhere in jeans and T-shirts. People are buying nice clothes to wear, and the stores in town reflect that."

At Georgina's Boutique, shoppers can spend $5,000 on an evening dress, said the owner, Christina Makowski. Many customers recognize the store from its flagship branch in Manhasset and a newer branch in Hewlett Harbor.

It isn't just the money-is-no-object fashion crowd. Mass merchandisers like Starbucks and Kmart have opened in Bridgehampton, where a new Barnes & Noble branch is rumored to be in the works.

Residents respond with mixed reactions and clear hierarchies of desirability. A new branch of a store that already exists in the area is better than an interloper with no previous local presence. A store owned by a resident trumps a store owned by outsiders. Converting an existing building is better -- far, far better -- than building new.

Most residents agree that the hulking superstores should stay west of Riverhead, but reasonably sized outlets are welcome. The disagreement is over what size is reasonable. Both A&P and King Kullen already operate supermarkets here, but encountered opposition when they announced plans to open larger stores. The struggle for community approval could stretch out for years.

It's a point of status among local residents to shop at local stores, or at least to proclaim they do. But second-home owners routinely make detours off the expressway to stock up on items that cost noticeably more east of Riverhead.

"When Starbucks opened in Bridgehampton, it was clear to me that we'll be seeing more of the national chains coming to the East End," said Marcia Rosen, a marketing consultant based in Westhampton Beach. "But that's not to say that the local retailers are going to roll over. To succeed as an independent merchant out here really requires you to understand what makes the Hamptons the Hamptons. People who shop here are buying more than just the product, they're buying atmosphere. And they're willing and able to pay for atmosphere."

Steven Gaines, who operates a Web site called ihamptons.com and is the author of a best-selling book about Hamptons status-seeking called "Philistines at the Hedgerow," feels a sense of loss each time a local merchant closes for the last time.

"I used to love to walk by a store called Pets Painted With Love, in East Hampton," he said. "People would bring their pets and the owner would paint their portraits. Today, that store is Ralph Lauren. The Ralph Lauren store is wonderful, but something unique is gone forever."

He continued, "Starbucks? That's an abomination. Enormous sign. Red velvet banquettes. Velvet? The Hamptons? Please!"

It's no surprise that mass merchandisers covet the East End. Every summer the population swells from 125,000 to 600,000, producing a median household income exceeding $85,000. But the very seasonality that entices savvy local merchants has in the past deterred the mass merchandisers.

That situation is changing.

"Many of the second-home owners are now here year-round," said Herbert Sherman, a professor of professional studies at Southampton College. "Technology enables professionals to live here and telecommute to Manhattan or elsewhere. Retirees are making their second home their retirement home. The year-round population is growing."

That includes laborers, many of them immigrants working in the construction and landscaping trades who enjoy increasing buying power. "For the first time, the Hamptons now has a real Mexican restaurant with Mexican customers," Professor Sherman said. "I don't mean Tex-Mex, I mean rice and beans."

Throwbacks to earlier, less glitzy times remain. On gritty Front Street in Greenport, The Arcade is a five-and-dime store that dates from the mid-19th century. During the week ***working-class*** residents come in to buy inexpensive clothing and household goods including fabrics and sewing supplies. On weekends tourists come in and gape as if the sundries and notions, the fixtures and displays were all a theme park display.

The survival of the store as a purveyor of necessary goods to working people is vital to the community, both economically and culturally, Mayor David Kapell said.

"This is a store that sells needles and thread, for goodness sake," the mayor said. "It's what Main Street America used to be. It sets us apart from the other East End communities, and frankly, that's exactly what we want to preserve."

It is exactly those other communities, and the wealth they represent, that appeals to a growing number of mass merchants. Despite such difficulties as seasonality and, increasingly, staffing, the East End as a market is increasingly in demand -- as much for marketing reasons as for profitability.

"The East End is increasingly filled with prestigious retailers," said Cindy Smith, president of the Retail Marketing Group, a division of EGC Media in Hicksville. "You have your permanent population, your second-home owners, and plus you get tremendous tourism. When people travel they see new products and often try them out. Back home, the products seem more familiar because of that exposure."

The changes have not left everyone pleased. Retailers, including Hildreth's -- purportedly the oldest department store in America, founded in 1842 -- have thrived by offering personalized style and a merchandise mix carefully selected for local preferences.

"My name is on the front of the building, it's painted on the trucks, it's printed on the bags," said Henry Hildreth, the fifth generation of his family to operate the store, on Main Street in Southampton. "If something is not right, I'm going to stand behind it, just as my father did."

Two stores away, Herrick Hardware has been in the Herrick family for four generations. Unlike the vast majority of Main Street hardware stores across the country, Herrick is not operating under the shadow of a Home Depot. Zoning practices, political consensus and community activism combine to make it unlikely that a megastore will open east of Riverhead anytime soon.

"There's no Home Depot down the block, but that isn't to say I have no competition," said Herrick Hardware's proprietor, Noel Hare, who married into the family business. "There are lumber yards and hardware stores in every village. Yet I draw customers from other villages, and I attribute that to service. That in the long run is what makes the difference between a mass merchant and an independent retailer."

Not every retailer shares his attitude. According to Mr. Gaines, paying outrageous prices seems to have become a competitive Hamptons sport, with an ancillary contest in which customers vie to be the most unpleasant. At one well-established upscale food shop, he said, a young clerk tried to dispatch a particularly disagreeable customer by pricing salad at $86 a pound.

Sounding incredulous, Mr. Gaines reported that the customer simply shrugged and said, "Fine, I'll take two pounds."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article last Monday about the belief among lobstermen that the deaths of lobsters in Long Island Sound have been caused by pesticide spraying to fight the West Nile virus misspelled the surname of one lobsterman. He is John Makowsky, not Makowski.

**Correction-Date:** August 7, 2000, Monday

**Graphic**

Photos: Henry Hildreth, fifth-generation owner of Hildreth's department store in Southampton. (Kathryn Osler for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Joe Gurrera of Citarella's, a Manhattan specialty-food store whose Water Mill location is a recent addition to the legion of up-Island interlopers succeeding in the Hamptons. (Gordon M. Grant for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 30, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Once Down and Out, Now Cool, and Hot***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CH2-DHG0-TW8F-G2MK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 30, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 11; Column 2; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 5; If You're Thinking of Living In/Piermont, N.Y.

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**Byline:** By JULIA LAWLOR

**Body**

IN the early 80's, when the director Woody Allen filmed the movie ''The Purple Rose of Cairo'' on Piermont's main street, the joke was that the village was so shabby, it had to be spiffed up to approximate the look of a 1930's-era Depression town.

But the down-and-out days in Piermont are long gone. This Rockland County river village, a former ***working-class*** community along the Hudson River just 11 miles north of the George Washington Bridge, shows signs of advanced gentrification: boutiques, art galleries, cafes and upscale restaurants line its downtown area on Piermont Avenue. Traffic jams and real estate bidding wars are common, as are $1 million condos.

Many of Piermont's old homes -- built in the 18th and 19th centuries on small lots -- have been renovated, and there is virtually no more vacant land to develop. Steep wooded hills that rise above the river are dotted with houses that have stunning views of the Hudson, which is about three miles wide here. ''A river view can add anywhere from $50,000 to $150,000 to the price of a house,'' said Frank Mancione, manager of Prudential Rand Realty in Nyack. He noted an increase in city dwellers moving to Piermont after the World Trade Center attack and said the trend continued as rapidly rising real estate values in the city priced more people out of the market.

Marc Farre, a musician who moved to Piermont two and a half years ago with his wife, Viviane, a fashion designer, said, ''We're part of the great wave of Manhattanites who couldn't afford more than a one-bedroom apartment in the city.'' They bought a house for $481,000 along Sparkill Creek that is surrounded by decks and gardens. It is six times the size of the 390-square-foot apartment they rented for $2,100 a month in the West Village.

Every morning, Mr. Farre jogs by the Piermont Marsh, a protected wetlands area that serves as a feeding ground for birds and other wildlife, and out onto a mile-long pier that extends into the river. ''I'm in absolute heaven,'' he said.

In Piermont, housing prices have risen 8 to 10 percent a year for the last three years, said Nancy Swaab, associate broker for Mason Samett Associates Inc. in Tappan, N.Y. ''What attracts people to Piermont is a love of the river and the proximity to the city,'' Ms. Swaab said. Depending on traffic, the drive to Manhattan can take anywhere from 40 minutes to an hour and a half. There is also bus service from Piermont to the Port Authority and train service from Pearl River, a 10-minute drive to the west.

Piermont has a wide range of housing styles, including modern condominiums in Piermont Landing, a 150-unit riverfront complex built in the late 1980's and 1990's on the site of a former paper factory; stone houses built in the 1700's; Greek Revival houses from the mid-1800's; and Victorians. There are also ranches, split-levels and contemporaries. Prices for single-family homes range from the high $300,000's for a small ranch house without river views to more than $1 million for larger historic homes and homes along the river.

At Piermont Landing, prices for one-bedroom condos with river views start at $350,000 to $400,000; larger units facing the river range from $800,000 to $1.3 million.

Despite the six-figure prices, Piermont has not lost its funky old-fashioned feel. At the Turning Point Restaurant and Cafe, you can see performances by folk singers from the 60's like Tom Rush and Melanie. There are no chain stores like the Gap or Starbucks. Until recently, there was no A.T.M., and when the bank finally installed one, said Ned Kelly, owner of a wine bar-restaurant and a home and garden store in the village, ''it kept running out of money.''

The population (just over 2,000) is an eclectic mix of retirees, young families, artists, musicians, filmmakers and screenwriters. The actors Alan Ruck (of ''Spin City'') and William Hurt live in Piermont, and there have been frequent sightings of Bill Murray, Ellen Burstyn, Al Pacino, Rosie O'Donnell and the singer Bjork, all of whom live nearby but not in the village.

The Dutch settled in Piermont in the late 17th century, when the area was referred to as the ''Slote'' (the Dutch word for ''ditch,'' the name then used for Sparkill Creek) and also as ''Tappan Landing.'' Its first economic boom came in 1838, when it was designated as the southern terminus for the New York and Erie Railroad. A pier was built stretching 4,000 feet into the Hudson so that freight and passengers could be loaded onto ships, and the railroad's founder, Eleazor Lord, renamed the village ''Piermont.'' The rail line was finally completed to Dunkirk in 1851, but by 1863 most passenger and freight trains began using a terminal in Jersey City. Piermont then fell into decline.

In the early 1900's, a resort, Fort Comfort, briefly revived commerce with an ice cream parlor, bathing pavilions and casino along the river. Around that time the paper mills arrived; they provided jobs for 75 years before closing in the early 1980's.

PIERMONTERS today are keenly aware of any changes in their village, and many resist what others might see as the inevitable march of progress. For instance, the big news at the moment is the change in ownership of Piermont Community Market, the village's only grocery store. When new owners modernized by replacing the rickety shelving and painted plywood floors, some villagers grumbled that the place had lost its charm.

''We are struggling to hold back the pressure to make this into a Sausalito-type place,'' said Margaret Grace, a member of the Village Board, who has lived in Piermont for 22 years. ''None of us are happy about property values going up and up and up. It means taxes are going up, and our kids won't be able to live here.''

Families with young children move to Piermont in part because of the reputation of the South Orangetown School District, which also includes Palisades, Tappan, Sparkill, Orangeburg, Blauvelt and Grandview. Schools emphasize the arts and music as well as academics, according to Jane Sandbank, assistant superintendent for curriculum and instruction. ''We look at more than just test scores,'' Dr. Sandbank said.

Instead of neighborhood schools, all students in the district attend the same three elementary schools -- spending kindergarten and first grade in in Tappan, second and third grades in Piermont and fourth and fifth in Blauvelt. The middle school in Blauvelt serves Grades 6 to 8 and and Tappan Zee High School in Orangeburg serves Grades 9 to 12.

The district's elementary schools were named among the most improved in the state by the New York Department of Education, based on the increase in test scores among fourth graders from 1999 to 2003.

Among fourth graders last year, 97 percent met or exceeded standards on state assessment tests in math, 88 percent were at or above state standards in English language arts. That compares with a state average of 79 percent in math and 64 percent in English language arts.

Seventy-nine percent of eighth graders scored at or above state standards in math, 66 percent scored at or above in English language arts -- compared with state averages of 51 percent in math and 45 percent in English language arts.

At Tappan Zee High School, 71 percent of last year's senior class of 228 students attended four-year colleges, and 26 percent attended two-year colleges. On the SAT reasoning tests last year, students scored 538 in the verbal test and 568 in math, compared with state averages of 496 in verbal and 510 in math. The high school offers 17 Advanced Placement courses and is known for its arts and music programs. Last year, the high school concert choir and chamber orchestra performed at Carnegie Hall.

Dr. Sandbank said that rising enrollment had led to a space shortage and that the district plans to propose a bond issue this fall for building additions to all schools. Last year, a $30.5 million bond for the same purpose was defeated by 57 votes.

Most Piermont residents send their children to public schools, but there are some private and parochial schools nearby. The Dwight-Englewood School in Englewood, N.J., is an independent day school for preschool through 12th grade. Tuition ranges from $12,000 in preschool to $20,795 for Grades 7 through 12. St. Catharine of Alexandria School in Blauvelt is a Roman Catholic school for prekindergarten through eighth grade. Tuition is $2,600 a year.

ONCE their children are out of school, many empty-nesters end up staying in Piermont. The mayor, Edward Traynor, and his wife have lived in Piermont for 22 years and raised their three sons here. Four years ago, he made a wish list for his ideal retirement spot -- a place with good restaurants where he could walk to buy a newspaper, ride bikes and enjoy nature. He started looking in Pennsylvania, Delaware, the Hamptons and Connecticut.

''One day,'' he recalls, ''I said to my wife, 'Piermont has all these things.' '' The Traynors ended their search and bought a smaller house downtown.

The crowds on weekends, especially in the summer, can shatter the serenity of Piermont and set long-time residents on edge. The village has become a popular destination for bicyclists coming from the George Washington Bridge and heading north to Nyack. Although there are signs warning of fines for failing to ride single file, they are not always heeded. ''It can get noisy, with the people on the river, the rowing clubs going by and all the bikers on the road,'' Ms. Grace said. ''They ride in packs, and the cars come to a standstill. Some people think it's nice we're a destination for cyclists. It irritates the heck out of most.''

But Barbara Moore and her husband, Bob, who moved to Piermont in March from Valley Cottage in Rockland County, are so thrilled with their river view that they hardly notice the noise. ''We love the sun coming up and the sparkle on the river,'' Mrs. Moore said. ''It's wonderful. We can't put our blinds down.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Piermont's pier and waterfront on Hudson River

Piermont Marsh

and stores in the village's small downtown. (Photo by Susan Stava for The New York Times)

3-bedroom, 1-bath ranch at 8 Hickey Street, $360,000. 3-bedroom, 3-bath Gothic Victorian house at 255 Ferdon Avenue, $839,000. 4-bedroom, 3 1/2-bath contemporary house with river view at 4 Hawk's Nest, $1,199,000.Chart: ''GAZETTEER''POPULATION: 2,607 (2000 census).AREA: 0.7 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $61,591.MEDIAN PRICE OF SINGLE-FAMILY HOUSE: $439,000.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $6,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $365,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $292,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-BEDROOM CONDO: $395,000.MIDRANGE RENT ON A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,600.SCHOOL SPENDING PER PUPIL: $16,525.DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 23 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: One hour five minutes on Rockland Coaches buses from downtown Piermont to the Port Authority

$5.70 one way, $91.55 for 20 trips. About one hour 10 minutes on New Jersey Transit trains (Pascack Valley Line) from Pearl River, a 10-minute drive west, to Penn Station with a change at the Secaucus Junction

$7.40 one way, $203 monthly.GOVERNMENT: Mayor (Edward Traynor, Democrat) and four trustees, elected to two-year terms.CODES: Area, 845

ZIP, 10968.DOWN BY THE RIVER: At the turn of the century, the Hudson River at Piermont was a fisherman's paradise. According to ''Piermont: Three Centuries,'' a history written by a resident, Julie Jackson, there were oysters, sturgeon, striped bass, blue crabs and shad in abundance. Oyster gathering and sturgeon fishing were thriving industries at the time, she wrote, and sturgeon was so plentiful it was called ''Albany beef.'' Fishing for striped bass, blue crab and shad continued until the 1970's, when PCB's from industry upstate polluted the river. While PCB levels have been sharply reduced, the fishing industry has never recovered. A reminder of the days when fishing thrived, a 210-pound sturgeon taken from the river in 1974, is stuffed and on display at Cornetta's Restaurant on Piermont's waterfront.Map of New York State highlighting Piermont.

**Load-Date:** May 30, 2004

**End of Document**



[***In a Democratic Bastion, Giuliani Looks Good - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3Y40-000P-N16P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

By FELICIA R. LEE

**Series:** CAMPAIGN STOP: Views From the Neighborhoods

**Body**

In John's Barber Shop on Linden Boulevard in St. Albans, Queens, the walls are plastered with posters of black politicians, the Bible is open to Psalms, and there are hints of a possible Election Day surprise.

John Lundy, a barber, says he does not know how he is voting. John Walden, seated in the barber's chair, is leaning toward Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, a Republican. Another customer, Roger Holmes, stops short of endorsing anyone, but suggests that voting for the Mayor's Democratic challenger, Ruth W. Messinger, would be a wasted vote.

All three are lifelong Democrats, and the neighborhood has historically been synonymous with middle- and ***working-class*** black Democrats. It is a neighborhood where the 1989 election of the city's first black Mayor, David N. Dinkins, generated waves of optimism and joy. And it is a neighborhood where, in 1993, 99 percent of the voters supported Mr. Dinkins's re-election bid against Mr. Giuliani.

But Mr. Giuliani appears likely to do considerably better this time. Of 36 voters interviewed at random over two days in the heart of the St. Albans business district, 10 said they would vote for Mr. Giuliani. Sixteen said they planned to vote for Ms. Messinger, six were undecided and four said they would probably not vote at all. Few people expressed excitement about their choices.

While the survey was unscientific, it suggested that Mr. Giuliani was making serious inroads in a Democratic stronghold -- precisely the kind of place where Ms. Messinger has to do extremely well to present a serious challenge.

It is a measure of the complexity of the times that people in St. Albans talked about their positive feelings for both the very liberal Rev. Al Sharpton, who lost to Ms. Messinger in the Democratic primary, and Mr. Giuliani, who is running on both the Republican and Liberal lines and who defeated Mr. Dinkins four years ago. Citywide, Mr. Giuliani received only 5 percent of the black vote four years ago.

This time, many voters say they are weighing sometimes competing demands: support for Mr. Sharpton's idealism, loyalty to Ms. Messinger, the Manhattan Borough President, because she is a Democrat, and a pragmatic leaning toward the Mayor, because he seems to have done a good job.

"Sharpton was my man," said the 71-year-old Mr. Lundy as he clipped away at Mr. Walden's hair. "I don't know what I'll do now. I think I'll stay Democratic."

"Giuliani is as good as anyone else," he said later in the conversation. "Ruth Messinger is all right. I don't think she can beat Giuliani. They figure a lady can't cope with the heavy action -- running from hospital to hospital, people getting killed. You know, crime has come down since the election."

Mr. Walden, a 46-year-old transit worker, may well cross party lines. "Right now, my heart says vote Democratic, but my mind says to vote for Giuliani," he said.

"Normally, I would vote Democratic," Mr. Walden explained. "But ever since the loss by Al Sharpton, I have to reassess what I'll do. To me, Messinger is not as decisive in her opinions and taking a hard enough stance as far as how she'll address education, the resurgence of gang-related crime."

"I'm not crazy about Giuliani, but I know what he's going to do," Mr. Walden said. "He is addressing the problem of crime. You can't argue with the statistics. I don't think any individual will address all issues across the board."

Crime, jobs and education are the big issues in this southeastern Queens neighborhood, a bulwark of the black middle class for 35 years. The level of education here is higher than the average for New York City and Queens, according to census estimates. And the median family income is $52,774, well above the citywide median, according to Dr. Andrew Beveridge of Queens College.

It is a community of churchgoers and homeowners, people who are rearing children while working for the city or in professions. There are enough wide, tree-lined boulevards with late model cars in driveways to call suburbia to mind.

But in recent years, residents say, drugs have been a problem, as have car thefts and burglaries. Now, people say, they feel safer in their homes and on the streets because of a stepped-up police presence and a crackdown on drugs.

So while many people who were interviewed liked Mr. Sharpton's outspoken appeals on behalf of poor and minority people and his stance against police brutality, they also applauded the Mayor's record in reducing crime. Several said that Mr. Giuliani would be more beholden to black voters if more blacks voted for him.

Many people approved of Mr. Giuliani's endorsement by United States Representative Floyd H. Flake, which they viewed as a pragmatic move, since Mr. Flake is also minister of the Allen African Methodist Episcopal Church in Jamaica. The church, they said, could use financial backing for its new $23 million church, its elementary school and its community center, which operates a health clinic and a Head Start program. Mr. Flake's 8,600-member congregation includes residents of St. Albans, Jamaica, Cambria Heights, Laurelton and South Ozone Park.

Others said they favored Ms. Messinger because she is the Democratic candidate and shares their views on issues like improving education by cutting class size and like reducing police brutality. No one said that Mr. Sharpton's endorsement of Ms. Messinger would be a factor in how they voted.

Carine Howard, a 35-year-old registered nurse having a bite in Jean's Restaurant, down the street from John's Barber Shop, is a Messinger enthusiast. Four years ago, she voted for Mr. Giuliani. She saw sex as a stumbling block for Ms. Messinger.

"Society on the whole, I don't think they're ready for a female to be mayor of the city," Mrs. Howard said. "Same qualifications, different gender: it would work. I'm very impressed with her qualifications and her background. She can make a difference, especially for people who've had hardships under Giuliani."

Mr. Holmes, the 54-year-old owner of a construction company who sat in John's Barber Shop, was one of those who seemed undecided.

"I'm basically a Democrat, but I vote for the person and ideology of the person, not the party," said Mr. Holmes, who voted for Mr. Dinkins four years ago. "There's really not that much of a selection."

"Crime is definitely down," Mr. Holmes said. "I don't know if it's down as much as they say it is. Giuliani has done a pretty good job in a lot of areas. He has to be rated a 7 or 8 out of 10."

A vote for Ms. Messinger would be wasted, Mr. Holmes said. "If you want a piece of the pie, you have to go where the pie is," he said. "Giuliani got a little over 5 percent of the black vote last time. I think he'll get a lot more this time."

Martin Monteiro, a private investigator, said he would sit the election out. He went for Mr. Dinkins in 1993.

"I'm disgusted with the Democratic Party," he said. "We have no candidates, specifically no black candidates. Sharpton is a horrible person, a charlatan. I can't vote for Giuliani. I can't vote for Messinger, either."

Mr. Monteiro said that the Mayor had been "murder" on the public schools, had ignored police brutality and had failed to appoint significant numbers of blacks to his administration. He said he had no idea what Ms. Messinger stood for.

Shirley Mouscardy, a waitress at Marcy's, a soul food restaurant, said most of her customers were Democrats and would vote for the Democratic candidate. But like herself, she said, they are not happy about this election and believe Mr. Giuliani is a shoo-in.

"I have no choice," said Ms. Mouscardy, a 47-year-old mother of two who liked Mr. Sharpton because of his advocacy for the poor. She said she felt obligated to vote for Ms. Messinger because she is a Democrat and because Mr. Giuliani, in her view, is so unappealing.

"She's all right," she said of Ms. Messinger. "She can do a good job and make some changes, especially for women."

A black businesswoman in the restaurant, who insisted on anonymity, veered in one breath from talking glowingly about Mr. Sharpton to endorsing Mr. Giuliani.

"I like his truthfulness," she said of Mr. Sharpton. "He goes right to the problems -- racial discrimination, crime."

"I'm going to support Giuliani," she said. "He gets the job done. They used to charge me $300 to pick up garbage. It only costs me $100 now. He knocked out a lot of mobsters. Plus, he put a lot of cops on the streets. I had these little hoodlums hanging around my business."

In an insurance office a few doors away, Alton E. Taylor, a 71-year-old retired transit worker, predicted that Mr. Flake's endorsement of Mr. Giuliani would carry some voters: "The retirees will vote for him; the homeowners will vote for him. Mr. Flake is a powerhouse out here."

Mr. Taylor, a Republican, said that he, too, would vote for the Mayor. He liked Mr. Sharpton, he said, "but where in heaven's name are the qualifications for a guy who never had a 9-to-5 job in his life?"

As for Mr. Giuliani: "I like his toughness," Mr. Taylor said.

Campaign Stop

This is the second of four articles about how the mayoral candidates are faring in New York City neighborhoods. The previous article focused on Whitestone, Queens.

**Correction**

An article on Monday about the popularity of New York City's mayoral candidates in St. Albans, Queens, misstated the given name of one resident. He is Richard Walden, not John.

**Correction-Date:** October 22, 1997, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photo: John Lundy, clippers in hand, said he was undecided about the mayoral candidates. Richard Walden, his customer in St. Albans, Queens, said: "My heart says vote Democratic, but my mind says to vote for Giuliani." (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Chart/Map: "AT A GLANCE: St. ALbans, Queens" shows demographical information for the area and shows its location. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** October 20, 1997

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[***Son of Privilege Takes Baby Steps on Political Proving Ground***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M7S-T5C0-TW8F-G206-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2212 words

**Byline:** By SARAH KERSHAW and ALISON LEIGH COWAN; Matthew J. Malone and Jennifer Medina contributed reporting.

**Dateline:** HARTFORD

**Body**

He seemed to sprout from nowhere to topple the establishment. In his stunning upset in the August Senate primary, he defeated a three-term incumbent and turned Connecticut politics upside down. He instantly became a favorite of the left-leaning blogosphere and his own political brand, with ''Ned Lamont Democrat'' surfacing on television programs and the Web as code for antiwar outsider.

But since that heady and sudden rise, Mr. Lamont's political star has fallen, as the cable television executive from old money and a cocoon of privilege has faced the cold reality of a more conventional general election campaign, with more fickle voters and a formidable opposition.

The Connecticut race has been eclipsed by the frenzy of national Congressional elections. And Mr. Lamont, a relative neophyte whose previous foray into politics consisted of eight years on three local and state boards and a failed bid for State Senate, has struggled amid a brute force response from a seasoned candidate, trailing in the public opinion polls for weeks.

The antiwar message that won him the primary has not been, alone, enough of a selling point to the much wider audience of more moderate, less-motivated fall voters, and Mr. Lamont's efforts to broaden his issues portfolio only muddled the differences between him and Senator Joseph I. Lieberman.

The man whose campaign was run out of a coffee shop in Hartford for the first several months lacks Mr. Lieberman's polished prime-time campaign persona; he is far more comfortable at a town committee meeting in the country than on television repeating talking points.

''You get into this general election and you just don't have a chance to meet people,'' Mr. Lamont said in an interview at the coffee shop, La Paloma Sabonera, where he still stops to nap or discuss strategy with his advisers. ''Now it's TV or a media hit and you've got to respond.''

He added: ''In hindsight, when Joe Lieberman was outspending me big-time on TV, defining me, I should have probably put up pieces that said: 'Ned Lamont is not a career politician; he's a guy who started up a business. Maybe that's just the type of experience you want in Washington, D.C. He's not beholden to either party -- he's an outsider.' I think I should have gotten that message out sooner.''

While Mr. Lamont's arrival on the political scene is often portrayed as a last-minute, spontaneous protest over foreign policy, he in many ways has been preparing for this moment for a long time. Raised in a well-connected family where politics was discussed at dinner and schooled in the nation's training grounds for power, he has been flirting with the possibilities of major public office for at least the past decade.

Before financing his own campaign with $12.7 million, and a $2 million loan, Mr. Lamont and his wealthy wife, Ann Huntress Lamont, were steady, generous contributors to local and national politicians -- including Mr. Lieberman -- with donations totaling about $65,000 from 2002 to 2006.

Mr. Lamont organized frequent fund-raisers for President Bill Clinton and the presidential contenders John Kerry and Bill Bradley. He stood in as a surrogate for Mr. Bradley at a debate when the candidate could not attend.

''I knew I wanted to do something in public service, no question about it,'' Mr. Lamont said. ''My hope had always been to start up a company, get that going, watch my kids grow up, and then at a certain point commit myself to the community or public service in some way.''

Nancy Johnson Smith, matron of honor at the Lamonts' wedding, said he has been interested in politics since she met him 24 years ago. ''This has been in the workings for their entire marriage,'' Mrs. Smith said. ''This is not, oh, all of a sudden, we'll do this.''

'How Did I Do?'

On the stump, Mr. Lamont, 52, is boyish, unscripted and sometimes awkward.

Shaking hands recently at a McDonald's in Derby, Mr. Lamont turned back as he walked out of the restaurant to shout, ''Goodbye McDonald's!'' Joined at a home for the elderly in Bridgeport by Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, Mr. Lamont had to be shoved by aides several times into Mr. Kennedy's sphere for the photo opportunity.

Often, in the early days of the campaign, Mr. Lamont would turn to reporters or aides and ask, ''How did I do?''

And though he based much of his primary campaign on opposition to the Iraq war, when asked over dinner in Washington in September how many soldiers from his state had died, Mr. Lamont said he did not know.

With his wealth and pedigree, Mr. Lamont is, as one Democrat who campaigned with him during the primary said, ''an unlikely savior of the Democratic Party.''

Mr. Lamont often mentions his use of an environmentally correct vehicle, a Ford hybrid, on the campaign trail, but Mr. Lamont and his wife also own a Lexus convertible, a Mercedes, a Volvo, a Jaguar and an electric Gem they keep at their vacation home in Maine. Their children attend private schools in Greenwich, where, until recently, they belonged to an exclusive, mostly white country club, and their art collection includes a Norman Rockwell, ''The Right to Know,'' bought for $1.05 million.

This season's antiwar hero was far more measured and restrained in the editorials he published while running The Exonian, the school newspaper at Phillips Exeter Academy, during the Vietnam War era; one referred to the ''empty rhetoric of the far left and the confrontationists.''

When he won election in 1987 to the Board of Selectmen in Greenwich, a mostly affluent town of 61,000 where Republicans outnumber Democrats roughly two to one, Mr. Lamont told the local newspaper, ''I may look like a Republican, but I think like a Democrat.''

In the current campaign, Mr. Lamont has attacked Mr. Lieberman for missing crucial votes in the Senate, including several on the war. But his own voting record on the Board of Selectmen and the town's Board of Estimate and Taxation, which controls finances, shows the same average rate of attendance, about 93 percent. In 1991, he missed a vote to increase Greenwich's property tax by 7.8 percent, high for the town and one of the most important matters for the board to consider.

Over all, a review of his voting record shows a conservative bent that is indistinguishable from Republicans on fiscal matters. ''I'm a businessman,'' he said. ''We have green eye shades and can't stand spending money.''

The Lieberman campaign, referring to Mr. Lamont as ''the Greenwich millionaire,'' has argued he is in over his head, slippery on the issues and ill equipped for national office.

Mr. Lamont has tried to turn his short political resume into a sales pitch, constantly painting himself as a Washington ''outsider.'' He only sometimes mentions his service on state and local boards, but repeatedly talks about starting his small, successful cable business ''from scratch.''

During their first general election debate, Mr. Lieberman scoffed at the claim, saying, ''I'm sure a lot of small businesspeople in this room would like to have started their business with as much scratch as Ned did.''

Country Club Upbringing

A great-grandson of J. P. Morgan's chief executive, Thomas W. Lamont, he has tried during the campaign -- and, friends say, throughout his life -- to play down his wealth, estimated in Senate disclosure documents as $90 million to $332 million.

Asked if there was a limit to what he would personally spend on the race, Mr. Lamont said, ''I'm going to put up enough to defend myself, no question.''

Besides the Greenwich home, the Lamonts own a $1.7 million house in North Haven, Me., and a 55-acre lot in Bridgewater, Conn., they bought last year for $2.2 million.

Mr. Lamont played golf and the three Lamont children learned to swim at Greenwich's prestigious Round Hill Country Club, where President Bush's parents first met. A few months into the campaign, he resigned from the club after 16 years as a member, saying he did not want the club's lack of ethnic diversity to become an issue in the race, a move that backfired as critics questioned why he belonged in the first place.

Mr. Lamont's friends and supporters vehemently dispute the opposition's notion that Mr. Lamont's candidacy is some kind of dilettante's lark.

''I think he more than ever feels like he belongs,'' said Richard Edelman, who owns a public relations company in Manhattan, attended both Exeter and Harvard with Mr. Lamont, and introduced him to his wife. ''It's not like someone having a wonderful adventure. This is deadly serious for him.''

The eldest of three children, Edward Miner Lamont Jr. was born in Washington, where his father, known as Ted, later worked for the Department of Housing and Urban Development during the Nixon administration, and his mother, Camille, was once an assistant to Senator Estes Kefauver, a Democratic presidential candidate from Tennessee in the 1950's.

The family moved to Syosset, N.Y., when Ned was 7. His mother recalled that he was intensely curious about current events, and when his sisters were 5 and 6, he directed a skit in which he was a journalist interviewing the sisters, cast as senators.

Ned's great-grandfather, the self-made J. P. Morgan partner and chairman, was an adviser to Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt. His grandfather fought in both world wars. His great-uncle, Corliss Lamont, a humanist philosopher and a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, ran twice for the United States Senate from New York and wrote 16 books, including ''You Might Like Socialism.''

''Everybody was involved,'' Ned Lamont said. ''That's what they all had in common.''

Mr. Lamont said Muhammad Ali and Theodore Roosevelt were among his greatest heroes, and that he was particularly moved by the image of Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill with 15 pairs of eyeglasses in his pocket so he could keep fighting no matter what.

Like several of the Lamont men before him, Ned attended Exeter -- where the Lamont gallery and the Lamont infirmary are testament to the family's gifts to the school -- then Harvard, where a library bears the family name. He worked for The New York Times as a night copy boy for several months before starting college, where he majored in sociology and graduated magna cum laude in 1977.

After Harvard, Mr. Lamont and several friends went to work for an Exeter classmate, Will Hunter, who had started The Black River Tribune, a small-town weekly newspaper in Ludlow, Vt. -- ''the best job I ever had,'' Mr. Lamont said.

He earned $150 a week covering the news of Ludlow and surrounding towns and snapping photographs, eventually becoming the paper's managing editor. The reporters lived together, trading newspaper ads for meals and theater tickets, though Mr. Lamont drove an Audi. Jane Mayer, who writes for The New Yorker and who worked part time as theater critic at The Tribune one summer, recalled that Mr. Lamont was ''smart, funny, decent and dedicated.''

He was ''penny-pinching,'' she wrote in an e-mail message, pointing out that Mr. Lamont, coming from old money, would recycle margarine tubs and use them as cereal bowls.

Mr. Hunter said he admired Mr. Lamont for joining the newspaper when so many of his Harvard classmates were pursuing jobs that might look better on their resumes.

''He had no big agenda,'' said Mr. Hunter, who sold The Tribune 10 years ago and now publishes a legal newsletter. ''He was perfectly happy to cover the day-in, day-out workings of the town board.''

After Mr. Lamont left the newspaper, he went on to earn a master's degree in public and private management from Yale, then took a job with Cablevision on Long Island, where he also spent a year working as a volunteer firefighter in Syosset.

By 1984, Mr. Lamont had moved to Connecticut, married, and started Lamont Digital Systems in Greenwich, which supplies cable and sometimes data services to 135 college campuses, usually for a monthly fee.

William F. Henderson III, the president of Local 1298 of the Communication Workers of America, questioned Mr. Lamont's ability to empathize with ***working-class*** voters, noting that his company employs nonunion workers.

''Can he really appreciate the price of heating oil is over two dollars a gallon and having to go without something to afford prescriptions?'' Mr. Henderson asked. ''Does he really feel what workers in this country are feeling?''

But Mr. Lamont said his upstart primary victory was a clear sign that the people of Connecticut were not put off by his wealth.

''Joe Lieberman was doing one ad after another: 'Ned Lamont is a Greenwich millionaire, Ned Lamont is not like you,' '' he said. ''But I look people in the eye and say, 'This is who I am.' ''

Profile

EDWARD MINER LAMONT JR.

BORN -- Jan. 3, 1954, in Washington, D.C.

EDUCATION -- Harvard, bachelor's degree in sociology, magna cum laude, 1977; Yale School of Management, master's degree in public and private management, 1980.

CAREER -- Manager, Cablevision of Connecticut, 1980-84. Founded Lamont Digital Systems, 1984; currently a minority shareholder.

WIFE -- Ann Huntress Lamont.

CHILDREN -- Emily, 19; Lindsay, 15; Teddy, 13.

HOBBIES -- Reading presidential biographies, running, volunteer teaching.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Ned Lamont at lunch in Stamford, Conn., on Oct. 16, before a debate with Senator Joseph I. Lieberman. Mr. Lamont, once a huge underdog, then an upset primary winner, trails in the polls with less than a week to go before the election. (Photo by Spencer Platt/Getty Images)(pg. B1)

FRIENDLY TERRITORY -- Ned Lamont, the Democratic candidate for Senate, outside La Paloma Sabonera in Hartford. The coffee shop is a frequent campaign hangout. (Photo by Andrew Henderson for The New York Times)

WARMING UP -- Mr. Lamont with two members of his campaign staff, Edward Vale, left, and Mark Bradley, before a policy speech on energy. (Photo by Jessica Hill/Associated Press)

FUND-RAISER -- Ned Lamont and his wife, Ann, joined other Democratic contributors in Greenwich with the candidate Bill Clinton in 1992.

FAMILY GATHERING -- The Lamonts vacationing in Maine in 1969: Ned, top right, with his parents, Ted and Buz, and sisters Camille, left, and Helena. (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 2006

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[***NEW JERSEY GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NJ60-0017-5553-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1470 words

**Byline:** By Frank Emblen

**Body**

WOODWORKING SHOW

At noon Friday, the enthusiasts will start coming out of - or going into -the woodwork at the Hyatt Hotel on Route 70 in Cherry Hill for a show sponsored by the Woodworking Association of North America. (The association, with headquarters in Plymouth, N.H., has 6,700 members, 1,200 of them in New Jersey.) There will be 105 booths of makers, distributors and retailers of woodworking equipment and free talks and demonstrations by experts on marquetry and inlay, stains and finishes, furniture repair and veneering, router, scroll-saw and band-saw techniques and chip - yes, chip, not ship - carving.

Liam O'Nell, an Irish wood-turner whose work has won the plaudits of the Royal Dublin Society, will give free demonstrations all day Friday. On Saturday and Sunday, he will conduct workshops; these will cost $75 ($50 for members).

Association memberships - $20 a year - will be available at the show and will be among the door prizes; others will range from T-shirts to a workshop valued at about $3,500.

Admission is $5 ($2.50 for association members; children under 12, free).

Hours are noon to 6 P.M. Friday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Saturday and 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. next Sunday. Food and beverages will be available.

For information about the show or the association, call 1-800-521-7623.

CHERISH THE LADIES

Traditional Irish dance music used to be passed down from father to son. On Friday, however, nine Irish and Irish-American women will pass it along to the public.

The ensemble of musicians, singers and stepdancers takes its name, Cherish the Ladies, from an old Irish jig. They will perform at 8 P.M. at Rutherford High School, 54 Elliot Place.

Cherish the Ladies was organized by the Ethnic Folk Arts Center of New York City, which for more than 20 years has been doing research on, documenting and presenting traditional European music and dance.

The ensemble comprises Mary Coogan, guitarist; Maureen Doherty, flutist and button accordionist; Siobhan Egan and Eileen Ivers, fiddlers; Bridget Fitzgerald, sean-nos (old-style Gaelic) vocalist; Joanie Madden, flutist, and the stepdancers Eileen Golden, Maureen Kennelly and Mairead Powell.

The Willams Center for the Performing Arts in Rutherford and the Ethnic Folk Arts Center are sponsoring the concert. Tickets are $15 for adults and $7.50 for children. The elderly and Bergen County residents pay $2.50 less.

Information: (201) 939-6969.

PINTER IN HACKENSACK

Harold Pinter, one of the most important dramatists of the century, will discuss his work Thursday evening at Fairleigh Dickinson University in Hackensack.

Mr. Pinter, born in 1930 in a ***working class*** section of London, began his career in the 1950's as a radio and stage actor under the name David Baron.

Samuel Beckett, the playwright, a friend, encouraged Mr. Pinter to become a dramatist. His first play, ''The Room,'' was staged in 1957 and won him notice as an important new playwright.

Two Pinter plays, ''The Caretaker'' and ''The Homecoming,'' won ''Best Play'' awards in London and in New York City. Among his other works are ''The Dumb Waiter,'' ''The Birthday Party,'' ''Old Times,'' ''No Man's Land'' and ''Betrayal.''

A prolific screenwriter as well, Mr. Pinter has adapted two of his plays and the novels of others to the screen, including ''The Quiller Memorandum,'' ''The Servant,'' ''The Go-Between,'' ''Accident,'' and ''The French Lieutenant's Woman.''

The talk begins at 8 P.M. in Wilson Auditorium at Fairleigh Dickinson's College of Dental Medicine, 140 University Plaza Drive.

Tickets are $5 ($3 for students and the elderly). Students with Fairleigh Dickinson ID cards will be admitted free.

Information: (201) 692-2435.

CHURCH FESTIVAL

The annual International Festival of St. Anthony's Orthodox Church in Bergenfield will be held Thursday through Saturday.

The parish, comprising 170 families from 37 communities, reflects Slavic, Greek and Middle Eastern countries in the food, dancing, boutique and entertainment at the festival.

The Troika Balalaika Orchestra will perform at 8 P.M. Friday and the Orientals, a Greek and Mideastern band, will provide music for ethnic dancing from 8 P.M. to midnight Saturday.

Festival hours are 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. Thursday and Friday and 10 A.M. to midnight Saturday. Admission is free. The church hall is at 385 Ivy Lane.

Information: (201) 568-8840.

HUMANITIES CONFERENCE

Gerald Stern, the poet, will read from his works Saturday at the annual conference of the Eastern Division of the Community College Humanities Association.

The public in invited to the conference, which opens Friday at the Headquarters Plaza Hotel in Morristown. One luncheon speaker Friday, Miriam Slater, professor of history at Hampshire College, will talk on ''The Humanities and Creativity''; the other, Kenneth Bruffee, professor of English at Brooklyn College, will dicuss ''Collaborative Learning and the Humanities.''

After his reading Saturday, Mr. Stern, director of the Iowa Writing Project, will be available to autograph his books, which will be on sale.

There also will be panel discussions on the conference theme, ''The Creative Community College Humanist.'' The conference is sponsored by the County College of Morris and is financed by the New Jersey Committee for the Humanities and the Matchette Foundation.

David A. Berry, president of the association's Eastern Division, said that the public was welcome and that all sessions were free (except the luncheons, which cost $35).

Information: (201) 361-5000, Ext. 385, or 877-3320.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS BENEFIT

''Wine, Women, Song and Chocolate,'' a benefit for the Women's Rights Information Center, serving northern New Jersey and Rockland County, N.Y., will be held next Sunday at 3 P.M. in the Service House of the First Reformed Church, next to 42 Court Street in Hackensack.

Joyce Schwartz, Joy Silverman, Jenny Seham, Sandy Levy, Lynn Wenzel and Bonnie Gatling will be among those providing the music.

Chocolate creations by local gourmet cooks and caterers will be featured, along with wine, cheese and desserts. A donation of $20 will be requested.

Information: (201) 568-1705 or 568-1166.

HARMS CENTER GALA

Searchlight beams will sweep the sky over Englewood's John Harms Center for the Arts Tuesday evening, as celebrities and invited guests arrive for a Hollywood-style premiere party to launch ''Ticket to the Future,'' the center's 1987-88 fund-raising campaign. Its goal is $450,000.

Walter Newkirk, the center's public relations director, said that usherettes in tap shoes, models in furs, clowns, a borrowed MG-TC sports car and limousines and a donation of 80 feet of red carpeting would be used to help stage the gala event.

Van Brunt Street is to be roped off for activities open to the public and for limousines carrying stage, television and sports stars and corporate patrons to the center.

Guests are to be treated to champagne and a dinner on stage in exchange for writing fund-raising notes to solicit contributions.

CHRISTMAS DECORATING

''A Natural Ornaments Workshop'' for Christmas will be held Saturday at the Somerset County 4-H Center.

Karen Sweeney of the Wilmington (Del.) Garden Center will show how to decorate a Christmas tree and home with ornaments made from materials found in gardens, woods and meadows.

Participants should bring pruning shears and heavy gloves, along with natural materials - such as pine cones or milkweed pods - they have collected.

There is a choice of two sessions: 10 A.M. or 2 P.M. The center is on Milltown Road in Bridgewater. Pre-registration is required (the fee is $9).

Information: (201) 243-2677 or 873-2459.

HOLOCAUST LECTURE

''Theater of the Holocaust'' is the title of a lecture that Dr. Robert Skloot, professor of theater and drama at the University of Wisconsin, will deliver at 2 P.M. today at William Paterson College in Wayne.

Dr. Skloot is the author of ''Theater of the Holocaust.'' His talk is a prelude to a production of ''The Investigation,'' a play about the trials in Frankfurt investigating the Auschwitz concentration camp, that will be presented at the college Friday and Saturday and again Nov. 19-21.

The lecture will be in Room 200A of the Science Hall. Admission is $4.

Information: (201) 595-2335.

ART FORUM LECTURE

Luiz Cruz Azaceta, a Cuban artist whose paintings have been called visceral, ferocious and catastrophic, will show slides and discuss his work Thursday at Montclair State College as part of the Art Forum Lecture Series.

One work, ''Self Portrait as a Mad Arsonist,'' was described by Grace Glueck in The New York Times as ''an event.'' It was said to depict a ''block of apartment buildings draped in flames, flanked by a wild-eyed cutout of the artist himself holding a match, a burning building perched on his head.''

The free lecture will be from 3 to 4:50 P.M. in Room 135 of Calcia Auditorium.

Information: (201) 893-4307.

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[***THE BATTLE FOR MCI: THE ENTREPRENEUR;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2W70-000P-N1YF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Long-Distance Visionary***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2W70-000P-N1YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Bernard J. Ebbers

By STEVE LOHR

By STEVE LOHR

**Body**

Bernard J. Ebbers, the blunt, folksy 54-year-old chief executive of Worldcom Inc., is an entrepreneurial stepchild of the telecommunications revolution set off by the breakup of AT&T just over a decade ago.

His rise to become head of the nation's fourth-largest long-distance telephone company is a testimony to the opportunities created in 1984 by opening the long-distance market to competition. Consider the unlikely trajectory of Mr. Ebbers's career: a high-school basketball coach in the early 1970's who went into the motel business and then invested in a small, nearly bankrupt long-distance reseller in the mid-1980's.

Since then, Mr. Ebbers has strung together roughly 50 acquisitions to make Worldcom a $7-billion-a-year company -- one in a powerful position to compete in the current telephone business, and poised for the future as the Internet and telephone communications converge.

Now, with his $30 billion bid for the MCI Communications Corporation, Mr. Ebbers is pursuing not only the second-biggest long-distance carrier, but also the company that forced the AT&T breakup, opening the door for someone like Worldcom's Mr. Ebbers. The antitrust suit brought in 1974 by MCI and its founder, William McGowan, later joined by the Justice Department, eventually brought the dismantling of Ma Bell and opened up the long-distance market to competition.

Then, MCI was the revolutionary of the telecommunications industry. Today, Worldcom has a similar look, though in a different context. Worldcom is moving aggressively into what many industry executives regard as the future -- the inevitable push of the digital technology of the Internet into the traditional telecommunications business.

That is why Worlcom, as a fast-moving company on the frontiers of telecommunications, has been called by analysts "the communications company of the future" and it is why Mr. Ebbers has been compared to MCI's Mr. McGowan, who died in 1992.

"Bernie Ebbers is the Bill McGowan of today," said Howard Anderson, managing director of the Yankee Group, a research firm in Boston.

The early signs of the digitization of telecommunications are already evident, mainly in the business market. Companies are big buyers of so-called data services -- E-mail, reports, computer files, graphics and video, all translated into the digital language of ones and zeroes used in computing. Someday, voice communications may be routinely sent the same way, bundled in data packets like E-mail, at a fraction of the cost of conventional phone calls.

But the voice-traffic market remains in the Internet's future. Just when the nascent technology of Internet telephony will seriously eat into the mainstream voice business is a subject of spirited debate. So far, the quality of Internet phone calls is poor, like early phone service, crackly and broken. The pace of improvement will depend on improved technology, investment schedules and market forces.

For the next few years, Worldcom and other big carriers are focusing on supplying data services to companies. It promises to be a rapidly expanding market worldwide, doubling to $200 billion by 2005, estimates David Cooperstein, an analyst at Forrester Research Inc. of Cambridge, Mass.

A crucial part of Worldcom's recent buying spree has been to build up its digital network. Last year, as part of its $14 billion purchase of MFS Communications, Worldcom picked up Uunet Technologies, the largest provider of high-speed hookups to the Internet.

And last month, Worldcom bought the Internet networks -- the hardware backbone of routers, fiber optic cables and wires -- of both Compuserve and America Online. A big backbone company, like Uunet, makes money by charging transmission and service fees to corporate customers and local Internet dial-up services.

Worldcom's long-term strategy is to be an "integrated supercarrier," a one-stop supplier of all manner of telecommunications services. Mr. Ebbers is fond of repeating Worldcom's slogan: "Voice, data, video." And in the not-too-distant future, he says, customers will not buy local, long-distance and data services separately. Instead, Mr. Ebbers explains, they will be purchasing different levels of capacity, or bandwidth, on an integrated network that can handle all three.

The MCI deal, if completed, would provide Worldcom with a wealth of bandwidth. In addition, Worldcom announced yesterday that it had reached an agreement to buy Brooks Fiber, which provides local telecommunications services to companies, for $2.4 billion in stock. Together, the two acquisitions would not only more than double the size of Worldcom's long-distance network but also give it local fiber optic networks in an additional 34 cities.

"The Internet is the future, but these deals are not driven by the Internet," said John Sidgmore, the chief executive of Uunet, who has also become the chief operating officer of Worldcom. "These deals are driven by the networks and bandwidth we get in the United States and internationally."

Expansion has been Mr. Ebbers's credo since 1983 when he and three other investors bought LDDS, a tiny reseller of long-distance phone service. Mr. Ebbers soon became president of the struggling company, though he was a newcomer to the phone business. "The only experience Bernie had before operating a long-distance company was, he used the phone," recalled Carl Aycock, a Worldcom board member who was one of the original LDDS investors.

By the late 1980's, Mr. Ebbers made a series of acquisitions of other long-distance resellers, which bought unused network capacity from AT&T and other network operators and sold long-distance service to companies.

In those days, his company was mainly a marketer, focusing on small and medium-sized businesses, a niche largely neglected by the big long-distance companies.

In the 1990's, Mr. Ebbers started acquiring companies with local and national fiber optic networks, seeking the higher profits of integrated telecommunications companies.

The arithmetic, Mr. Ebbers said yesterday, is simple. A reseller in local markets, he continued, might receive gross profit margins of 20 percent, while a company that owns its network and switches locally could attain gross margins of 60 percent.

Since its early days, Worldcom, which switched its name form LDDS Worldcom earlier this year, has been a lean operation. One way it has achieved that is by farming out its back-office data-processing and billing operations to E.D.S.

Guiding Worldcom's ascent from the outset has been the seemingly unlikely figure of Mr. Ebbers. He may be a telecommunications trailblazer, but he does not carry a cellular phone or pager. Worldcom may be a fast-moving company of the future, but its boss eschews E-mail.

Still, little about Mr. Ebbers seems conventional. This is someone, after all, who grew up in a ***working-class*** family in Edmonton, Alberta, and won a basketball scholarship to Mississippi College.

Mr. Ebbers lives in a small town outside Jackson, Miss., where Worldcom is based. He even mows his own lawn. He jokes that in college he was a physical education major, and he has a plain-spoken, down-home style.

At yesterday's news conference at the Pierre Hotel in Manhattan, Mr. Ebbers was asked about MCI's "data assets." Mr. Ebbers replied, "What? I didn't know data had assets."

Behind the homespun style, though, is an astute business mind and a driving ambition. William Vogel, an analyst with Nationsbank Montgomery Securities, called Mr. Ebbers a "country-bred genius who took an also-ran long-distance reseller and built a telecommunications giant."

Worldcom's management team today has all been acquired, with the exception of Mr. Ebbers. When buying, Mr. Ebbers says he looks for entrepreneurial companies with entrepreneurial managers. Those executives who choose to remain are given wide latitude to run their businesses, Mr. Ebbers says.

Mr. Ebbers tends to describe his management style in sports terms. "I picture myself more as a coach than someone who calls all the plays himself," he said.

Whether MCI chooses to join the Ebbers team remains to be seen. "It might have served him better to get MCI on his side before making the bid," said Jeffrey Kagan, president of Kagan Telecom Associates, a consultant in Marietta, Ga.

"Even if Worldcom pulls this deal off, if MCI's management team is not on board, the business will deteriorate and MCI's customers will eventually go elsewhere."

**Graphic**

Photo: Bernard J. Ebbers, chairman and chief executive of Worldcom. (Barbara Alper for The New York Times)(pg. D1)

Chart/Diagram: "PARALLEL PATHS"

If it acquires MCI for $30 billion, Worldcom will gain a stronger position in three key areas of communications: as a long-distance carrier second only to AT&T; as the dominant owner of the lines and switches that carry Internet traffic, and through its local fiber optic networks, as a growing competitor to local phone companies. And as improving technology makes voice calling over the Internet more practical, Worldcom could be in a position to profit. Here are the paths by which information is transmitted through the traditional phone network and the Internet from customer to customer.

PLUGGING IN

Besides using the local phone company, some customers can make phone calls or gain access to the Internet through a cable TV company's lines or via an alternative local carrier's fiber optic network.

LONG-DISTANCE PHONE LINES

Setting aside an entire circuit for each conversation allows for high sound quality. But it is an inefficient use of the network's overall capacity.

HANDLING THE TRAFFIC

Local carriers and Internet service providers' switches are interconnected, allowing calls and data to be routed to conventional long-distance lines or to the Internet.

INTERNET

Breaks messages into pieces and transmits them through a shared high-volume pipeline. This allows the network to handle more information simultaneously, but so far it has not worked well for voice conversations. (pg. D1)

Graph: "Still No. 2"

Based on 1997 first-quarter revenues, MCI Communications and Worldcom would together control a quarter of the long-distance telephone market, but MCI would remain a distance second to AT&T. Graph shows 1997 market share. (Source: Federal Communications Commission)(pg. D4)

**Load-Date:** October 2, 1997

**End of Document**



[***In Westchester, Race Tight but Rivals Miles Apart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-40K0-000P-N22X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By MONTE WILLIAMS

By MONTE WILLIAMS

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS, Oct. 16

**Body**

They represent the two faces of Westchester.

The Republican candidate for county executive, Ted Dunn, is a Harvard-educated multimillionaire. The Mayor of Rye, a small, affluent city on Long Island Sound, he lives in a 14-room house in an affluent community of waterfront homes. He is a retired managing director of Morgan Stanley who has raised $800,000 for his campaign and has added $1 million of his own.

The Democratic candidate, Andy Spano, has spent 36 years in government jobs, 25 as a teacher and school administrator and 11 as county clerk. Mr. Spano, who lives in an eight-room Cape Cod in Yorktown, a middle-class community in northern Westchester, started a computer-consulting business in 1993 after he retired as county clerk. Last year, the company lost $21,000. His campaign has raised $600,000.

Polls suggest that either man could win, a far cry from the tradition in Westchester, where for years Republicans have been as confident of capturing the county executive's job as a Kennedy would be of carrying Boston. Only one Democrat, Alfred DelBello, has been elected county executive in Westchester's history. In 1973, Mr. DelBello won the office in a race in which there was no incumbent, and he remained County Executive until 1983, when he became Lieutenant Governor.

Today, Mr. Spano finds himself in a similar position, with no incumbent in the race, since Andrew P. O'Rourke, who has been County Executive for 14 years, is retiring.

"My sense is that it's a very close race, but Spano has a real opportunity to win it," said Richard A. Berman, president of Manhattanville College, which released a poll in late September that showed Mr. Spano 10 to 12 percentage points ahead of Mr. Dunn, with 24 percent of voters undecided. The college put out a poll in July that showed Mr. Spano 18 points ahead, so Mr. Dunn has narrowed the gap.

"Dunn was successful," Mr. Berman said, "in putting a lot of money in and increasing his name recognition and garnering traditional Republican support, primarily around the tax issue, which our poll had previously identified as the most significant issue in the minds of Westchester residents."

Though Westchester is traditionally associated with wealth and suburban Republicanism, there are 38,000 more registered Democrats than Republicans in the county. But a quarter of registered voters have no party affiliation, and many of them vote Republican. Three percent belong to other parties, like the Right to Life Party, which also has a candidate, Michael Reynolds, in the race.

Both Mr. Dunn and Mr. Spano have focused on taxes. Mr. Dunn, an advocate of privatization, has pledged to keep taxes level, as he has in Rye since 1993, when he was elected Mayor, an unpaid job. He has also focused on environmental issues, and says he plans to upgrade the county's sewer system and create parkland along the Hudson River.

"He's been a model Mayor of the city of Rye," said Ira Brody, chairman of the Victory 97 campaign unit of the Westchester Republican Party. "He's held the line on taxes. He has a good record on the environment and a solid vision for Westchester and protecting the environment. He's also tough on crime."

Critics, however, question whether Mr. Dunn's experience running a wealthy, homogeneous community has prepared him to govern a county as diverse and large as Westchester.

"Rye's a nice place, and fortunately it doesn't have any problems," said Thomas J. Abinanti, a Democratic legislator from Greenburgh. "But county government is real government, and you're dealing with the full panoply of problems. I think it tells you how important the job of mayor is in Rye since there's no pay for it."

Asked if he can run a big government, Mr. Dunn points to his business success. "I ran a big business in Malaysia and I ran a big business in Italy," said Mr. Dunn, who speaks fluent Italian. "I'm accustomed to accomplishing things."

He said being wealthy and not a career politician allowed him to be independent.

"Andy Spano wants to take the fact that I've had a successful business career and hold that against me," Mr. Dunn said. "The fact that I've been successful in business allows me to do this job in Rye. I think it's good that I'm a political outsider in that I'm not dependent on this as a job. I'm beholden to no one."

His detractors say that, unlike the gregarious Mr. O'Rourke, Mr. Dunn will have a tough time carrying a populous, ***working-class*** city like Yonkers.

"Dunn's strength is not personal contact with voters," said Assemblyman Richard Brodsky, a Democrat. "He doesn't do well in groups he's not comfortable with. Spano is a much better campaigner, but I don't know that you can beat huge amounts of money by doing train stations."

Mr. Dunn, 61, who is married and has three grown sons, says he will have no problem reaching out to the diverse population of Westchester, noting that he sits on the executive committee of Covenant House and on the board of Mercy College, which has a large minority enrollment.

Mr. Spano, also 61, is married with six children and is thought of by his fellow Democrats as a down-to-earth, people-oriented politician. "I think Andy understands the normal person who uses government," Mr. Abinanti said. "He understands that government is there to provide services that people need, but that it shouldn't cost any more than it has to."

Like Mr. Dunn, Mr. Spano said he would create green space along the riverfront. He also said he would take steps to improve Westchester's economy, since it has the least amount of growth of surrounding counties. But Mr. Spano's major issue is a pledge to cut county taxes by 15 percent, although critics question whether such a large cut is possible. He said he would lower taxes by cutting the county executive's budget, reducing the number of automobiles available to county employees, reducing welfare and cutting the salaries of managers and commissioners by 5 percent, among other measures.

His detractors attribute his lead to name recognition, part of that the misperception that he is a member of a powerful Republican clan from Yonkers with the same surname whose members include a State Senator and the current county clerk. Mr. Spano takes exception to that assertion. "I've made a big effort over the years to divorce myself from them," he said. "I was county clerk for 11 years. It's an insult to people's intelligence to suggest they vote on a name."

To those who ask whether he can really cut taxes, Mr. Spano says he kept the county clerk's office under budget annually, resulting in surpluses that totaled more than $6 million in his 11 years in office.

His opponent concedes that there were budget surpluses, but characterizes Mr. Spano's tenure as county clerk as one marked by runaway spending, noting that the county clerk's budget went to $4.1 million from $1.7 million.

Mr. Dunn has also accused Mr. Spano of more than tripling spending for salaries during his 11 years in office, but Mr. Spano says that the County Executive and the Board of Legislators, not he, approved his budget and set the salary scale. In addition, salary levels were not tripled. Some of the increase was because of the addition of employees to the county payroll when state aid for these positions was withdrawn and because of the addition of a new archives unit to the office of county clerk.

Mr. Dunn was cited by the Westchester County Fair Campaign Practices Committee for misrepresenting the facts in asserting that Mr. Spano tripled salaries.

But Mr. Spano was also cited by the committee for misleading advertising. In one radio commercial, he says that although $1 million in taxes was collected by the Dunn administration to repair sewer lines in Rye, the sewer lines are still leaking. The committee found that the money to repair the sewer lines came from the sale of property held by the city, not taxes, and that there was no evidence presented to the committee that the sewer lines are leaking.

Much of the campaign advertising on both sides has been negative, and in recent weeks Mr. Dunn has added television commercials to his arsenal.

He has criticized Mr. Spano for his statements about political patronage, including one in 1993 in which he said, "I don't think patronage is a bad thing." Mr. Spano said recently that he was expressing his belief that "people who worked on my campaign or for the Democratic Party shouldn't be eliminated from the competition for jobs."

He added, "I hired people because they were competent."

Mr. Spano's latest commercial says that Mr. Dunn's campaign strategists are also used by Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato. Mr. Dunn has a commercial lambasting Mr. Spano for taking a trip to Walt Disney World with taxpayer money when he was county clerk.

Mr. Spano said that he was invited to Orlando, Fla., by I.B.M. to participate on a panel at its annual conference for municipal officials on re-engineering government because of his successes as county clerk and that I.B.M. reimbursed the county for the trip. If there was reimbursement, Mr. Dunn maintains that Mr. Spano violated the county code of ethics by accepting a gift of more than $75 from a company with millions of dollars in contracts with the county.

With all the charges and countercharges, one prominent elected official predicts that the race will be close. "I'm calling it a draw," he said. "And somebody's going to win by a couple of thousand votes."

**Graphic**

Photo: Andy Spano, left, Democratic candidate for Westchester county executive, campaigned in Eastchester yesterday. Ted Dunn, the Republican candidate, was backed by the Westchester County Correction Officers Benevolent Association in White Plains. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 1997

**End of Document**



[***How to Make a Poor School Change;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-49T0-000P-N3TF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Well-Financed Exodus of Students Is Countered by a Flurry of Fixing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-49T0-000P-N3TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JAMES DAO

By JAMES DAO

**Dateline:** ALBANY, Sept. 25

**Body**

Last winter, a philanthropist from Manhattan named Virginia Gilder decided that she wanted to dramatize what she considered the collapse of inner-city public education. So she went shopping for a school in need of fixing.

By spring, she had found one: Giffen Memorial, Albany's lowest-performing primary school, situated on the city's poor, drug-infested south side. Setting aside $1 million of her Wall Street fortune, Mrs. Gilder offered scholarships of up to $2,000 to any Giffen student who wanted to attend private school. As many as 105 children, or a sixth of the school, have accepted.

With her gifts, Mrs. Gilder thrust Albany overnight into the center of the national debate over school vouchers, which allow children of low-income parents to attend schools of their choice. Such programs are being tried in three dozen cities, including New York. But it was not just the sudden exodus of Giffen children that intrigued scholars and made the Giffen tale singular. It was also the way the school system responded.

Though the Albany Board of Education initially ridiculed Mrs. Gilder's program as a "political stunt," it quickly made sweeping changes this summer to restore community confidence in Giffen. It replaced the principal, brought in nine new teachers, added two assistant principals and pledged an additional $125,000 for books, equipment and teacher training.

"That support came out of the fact that A.B.C. focused attention on that school," said Lonnie Palmer, Albany's School Superintendent, referring to the initials of Mrs. Gilder's program, A Better Choice.

It is too early to know whether or how the program will help either the students who left Giffen or those they left behind. But in their overhaul of Giffen, city school officials seem to have inadvertently bolstered a central argument for vouchers: that they foster competition and thereby force public schools to improve.

"There is evidence that when a significant fraction of a school enrollment begins to go elsewhere, the system notices and tries to respond," said Chester E. Finn Jr., a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute, a conservative policy organization.

But critics contend that the changes at Giffen have been largely cosmetic, and that the city could never afford to repeat them at other struggling schools. Vouchers, they say, do not address the root causes of urban school failure: poverty, broken families and crime, to name just three.

"Vouchers are a triage approach," said Linda Rosenblatt, spokeswoman for New York State United Teachers, the state's largest teachers' union. "They cream off the most or least fortunate, the students and parents who are the most motivated to help themselves. They don't promote excellence."

For many residents and community leaders from Albany's south side, such arguments are beside the point. They simply see a long-beleaguered, long-ignored school suddenly getting some much-needed attention. Even those who feel queasy about vouchers say that is a good change.

"A.B.C. made them take a look at what was happening, or not happening, at Giffen, and take actions they may not otherwise have taken," said Anne Pope, president of the Albany branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Datwan Hemingway, 11, is like many of the students who took scholarships in the program. Since 1992, his parents have been in and out of prison while he and two siblings have been living with his 68-year-old great-grandmother, Mary Ward.

Lanky, soft-spoken and doe-eyed, Datwan received such good grades at Giffen that his fifth-grade teacher last year recommended that he enroll at Christian Brothers Academy, a respected Roman Catholic school in town. He could not afford it then, but when Ms. Ward received an A.B.C. application, Datwan leaped at the opportunity.

"He said to me, 'It's a good chance I'll learn more, and it might make me feel better about myself,' " Ms. Ward said.

Under the program, Mrs. Gilder will pay 90 percent of the tuition, up to $2,000 a year, to any of about 30 parochial and other private schools in the Albany region. She has agreed to pay for at least three years of school, or through the sixth grade, whichever is longer.

The program is administered by the same people who run Change-N.Y., an organization that supports cutting taxes and shrinking government that Mrs. Gilder has helped finance. The group is planning to study the academic development of the program's students to see if their scores on standardized tests improve significantly.

Experts say that A.B.C. is the first voucher program in the country to focus on just one school, meaning its effect on the public system might be easier to measure. The nation's other 32 privately financed voucher programs spread small numbers of scholarships across entire districts. In New York City, for instance, a program begun last year provided vouchers to 1,165 of the city's one million public school students.

But other experts played down the potential significance of the experiment, saying that its impact could not be replicated across an entire district.

"Any district can move resources to one school," said Gary Orfield, professor of education and social policy at Harvard University.

Mrs. Gilder, 53, was born into a ***working-class*** family of East European roots in Passaic, N.J., where her father worked as an inspector at a textile factory. When the plant closed, he moved the family to Levittown, Pa., where he took a job as a school custodian.

After dropping out of college, she traveled around Europe before taking a secretarial job on Wall Street, where she met her husband, Richard Gilder. Over the next two decades, his investments made him a millionaire many times over. When they divorced three years ago, he left her with tens of millions of dollars, though she would not say precisely how much.

She has been a major contributor to conservative causes and politicians for years -- including Gov. George E. Pataki -- but Mrs. Gilder contends that her politics are more pragmatic than doctrinaire. Her goal, she says, is to encourage the creation of publicly financed vouchers -- which, she acknowledges, is not likely to happen in New York State for many years.

"Why should a waitress or cleaning lady not have the ability to send her kids to any school she chooses?" Mrs. Gilder said. "It's not democratic that low-income people are stuck with one possibility."

Had Mrs. Gilder visited Giffen, which she has not, she might have seen that, on the surface at least, it does not look like a failing school. The single-story, yellow brick building of 1960's vintage has ample classroom space, a large gym and clean tile floors. A computer room is stocked with 24 machines.

But the school clearly has its problems. Ninety-six percent of its students receive free or reduced-price lunches, a sign of the surrounding community's deep poverty. Last year, only 44 percent of its third graders read at the state's minimum level, compared with 79 percent for third graders statewide. Fights are common, students say.

The new principal, Maxine Fantroy-Ford, contends that the school's low performance was largely owing to social problems beyond her predecessor's control. But she acknowledged that the school had languished and that greater energy and accountability from its staff might have helped.

"There was a sense that the school was chaotic, that expectations were low," she said. "We're trying to change that."

Ms. Fantroy-Ford disputes A.B.C.'s figures on the number of its scholarships. While the program contends that 105 Giffen students accepted scholarships, she says only 83 did, and that 18 of those subsequently rejected the scholarships and returned to public schools, 13 to Giffen.

Regardless of the numbers, the vast majority of the program's scholarship students have gone to two Albany parochial schools. While students at the city's Roman Catholic schools have generally scored well above those at Giffen on reading tests, one of those schools, St. Casimir's, also in a poor neighborhood, has done only marginally better.

St. Casimir's appears less well equipped to serve poor urban families than Giffen. The squat three-story brick building has no gym, and its classrooms are cramped. Lunch is served in the basement. A cordoned-off alcove nearby serves as the library. A parking lot at the church across the street is the playground. The teacher-student ratio is roughly the same, about 18 to 1.

But about 30 Giffen students transferred to St. Casimir on A.B.C. scholarships, and St. Casimir's principal, Art Farrington, has a one-word answer when asked why: structure. "You walk in a line, you can't roam the halls, all the teachers know you, there's more homework, there's a code of conduct," he said. "When I tell parents this, they say good. They like it."

Several parents of children in the program agreed. They said the parochial schools seem to be more demanding not only on students, but also on parents, who are expected to play active roles in their children's education. For some, that has caused problems Many others have welcomed it.

Debbie Wilson, a 34-year-old single mother of five, has two sons enrolled at Albany's St. James Institute on A.B.C. scholarships. Her 10-year-old, Aaron, is struggling to keep up. But the 11-year-old, Brandon, says he finally feels challenged at school.

"I'd prefer to support my community school," said Ms. Wilson, a data processor for the State Department of Health. "But I couldn't. It just didn't seem like anybody was paying attention."

**Graphic**

Photos: MAXINE FANTROY-FORD -- New principal of Giffen Memorial Elementry School in Albany. Maxine Fantroy-Ford was made principal of Giffen Memorial after an exodus of students forced several changes. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times); VIRGINIA GILDER -- Manhattan philanthropist who gave $1 million to finance private-school scholarships for Giffen pupils (Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 29, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Once-Lawless Area Starts Its Way Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M5N-KS10-TW8F-G289-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 11; NEXT STOP: WARSAW

**Length:** 2354 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS

**Body**

THE Virgin on the bar stands roughly two feet tall, about the same size as the hairy spider on the building's face. Ela Komarowska, the proprietor of W Oparach Absurdu (''In the Fumes of Absurdity,'' usually shortened, in Polish, to ''Absurdity'' or ''the Fumes'') in Warsaw's ***working-class*** Praga neighborhood, explained how the spider became the icon of her bar. It happened one snowy day when she stopped to talk with a man selling ''these huge homemade spiders'' out of his car on the side of the road.

Of the Virgin, a gift from a local junkman who never has the money for his mead, she said: ''Mary's happy. But some people, when they drink a lot, have guilty consciences when they look at her.''

There were, it seemed, a lot of guilty consciences that night in the Fumes (ulica Zabkowska 6). Rapt, they listened to a droopy-eyed guitarist gnaw, Tom Waits-like, on a bony Polish ballad called ''Last Sunday.'' Dan Polsby, an American filmmaker living in Poland, translated the song's lyrics:

I'm a drunk. Don't call out to me, priest.

Just pour the hard alcohol.

And, throughout the bar, hard alcohol was poured: rounds of drinks called the Poland Now (its two layers -- cherry syrup and vodka -- resemble the Polish flag) and the Mad Dog (same ingredients, but with a dash of Tabasco at the bottom), for about 9 zlotys, about $3 at 3.12 zlotys to the dollar. ''Thank God we can still drink our 50's!'' said Ms. Komarowska, alluding to the widespread, low-level rancor over Poland's conversion from 50-milliliter shots, 1.69 ounces, to the European Union standard of 40 milliliters, 1.35 ounces. The majority of Warsaw bars have already converted, but the Fumes is holding out because, Ms. Komarowska said, 50 milliliters ''seems like how it's supposed to be.''

Although Poland joined the Union in 2004, many there, of various political persuasions, are wary of what they see as its corrupting Western influence. Lech and Jaroslaw Kaczyniski are fervently nationalistic conservative Catholic identical-twin former child actors. They are now, respectively, Poland's president and prime minister, and they say the European Union's mandated liberal policies on abortion and homosexuality threaten the country's devout identity. (Of Poland's 38 million citizens, more than 90 percent are Catholic, and on Sundays it is common to see penitents moving slowly, on their knees, up the stone steps of a church.)

Some young liberals resent the union for different reasons. They say it encourages untrammeled capitalism, which homogenizes the Warsaw club scene. Zuzanna Ziomecka, publisher of the city night-life magazine Aktivist said, ''Businessmen have ruined most of it,'' referring to the rich and pretty crowd whose BMW's and Benzes line the street in front of sleek bars in central Warsaw with names like Szpilka, Szpulka and Szparka.

That set is known as Warszawka (Little Warsaw), a term that squeezes the derisive connotations of social climber, yuppie and wannabe all into one. On weekend nights, a mixed crowd of Warszawka flocks to Utopia, Warsaw's fanciest gay bar, whose doorman called it the most important club in Poland because ''it is the only nightclub that matches European standards.''

What standards?

Puffing his chest, he said, ''Exclusivity.''

Across the Vistula River, however, Praga is emerging as the standard-bearer of the city's night life and culture. Under Communism, former convicts, alcoholics and other undesirables were corralled in Praga, a lawless pressure-cooker. Today, Warsaw offers incentives to entrepreneurs and artists who settle in Praga, the way Berlin encouraged gentrification of its eastern neighborhoods after the Wall came down.

Although Praga includes many excellent galleries (Galeria Luksfera, in the Koneser vodka production plant, at ulica Zabkowska 27/31, is a good spot for contemporary photography), the anchor of Praga's cultural life now is Fabryka Trzciny (ulica Otwocka 14). Built in 1916 as a marmalade factory, the place later became the center of the Polish rubber industry and then a food processing plant.

The charismatic television and music producer and composer Wojciech Trzcinski bought the derelict complex and refurbished it with theaters, galleries, a nightclub and lounge and a restaurant. The result, which opened in 2003, still smells freshly built, feels a bit like Mass MoCA in North Adams, Mass., and attracts an equally eclectic mix of artists and performers, from the rhythm-and-blues star Macy Gray to obscure Swiss jazz guitarists.

''The center of our city is a place for buying coffee and buying shoes,'' said Mr. Trzcinski, gazing over his spectacles with sharp, unblinking eyes. ''In this moment, it is right to build the center of culture in Warsaw in a neighborhood that has tradition.''

Some in Praga are so sure that they're the true Warsovians that, with unnerving jocularity, they call the city center ''the Aryan side.'' The heart of Warsaw -- its Old Town -- was meticulously rebuilt with such exacting verisimilitude that it was rewarded with a Unesco World Heritage designation, but the place can feel like an Epcot version of its prewar self. Praga, by contrast, still has the physical touch of history, with a large number of structures that survived World War II. In reconstructing prewar Warsaw for ''Schindler's List'' and ''The Pianist,'' Steven Spielberg and Roman Polanski shot scenes on small streets off ulica Zabkowska.

A DAYTIME walk around Praga feels like an invitation to civic anthropomorphism: it seems you can almost see the city regenerating, or hear the cries of its growing pains. Blooming flower boxes hang from every window on a 1930's apartment building whose stone face was pockmarked with bullet holes. A single wooden chair sits in a puddle that covered most of a vacant lot, and the graffiti on the adjacent building moans, in Polish, ''The Better Tomorrow Was Yesterday.''

Praga holds some of Warsaw's only remaining Milk Bars -- bare-bones Communist-era restaurants so named because they don't serve alcohol. (Many people bring their own.) A plate of deliciously greasy pirogis and a glass of compote (dried fruit boiled in sugar water) was 9 zlotys at the grungy Bar Zabkowska (ulica Zabkowska 2), where the crowd was mostly senior citizens. The Lebanese restaurant Le Cedre (Aleja Solidarnosci 61) is the only place in Warsaw where you can eat kebabs while watching brown bears play in the park across the street. (The zoo is not far away.)

At night, Praga grows even stranger and more fun. The street lights look dimmer here than in Old Town, and the bars are darker, too. In addition to the Fumes, early evening (meaning 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.) hangouts include Sklad Butelek (11 Listopada 22) and Saturator, across a narrow parking lot from each other in a warehouse complex with a half-painted-over advertisement for men's trousers above a dilapidated wholesale cosmetics store.

On a Saturday night this summer, Saturator held a Communist party (old newspapers on the tables, pickled pigs' feet in clear bowls of gelatin on the bar), where initial entry was briefly delayed by a woman wrapped in the Polish flag dancing in the doorway with a man. When he spun her around, it was possible to slip inside, past a man on an antique red velvet sofa who poured orange juice into his hands, rubbed it into his hair, and screamed. When drinks were ordered, the man behind the bar said, ''I'm not the bartender.'' Bottle service for Wyborowa vodka was about 54 zlotys.

At Sklad Butelek, illuminated almost entirely by candlelight, there was more doorway dancing. A woman with red Gorgon hair and cat's-eye glasses burst through the entrance, disrupting a trio of blondes in sundresses who wiggled, holding hands, to strange, bright 1950's Polish pop tunes.

Bolting for the bar, the red-haired woman ordered a drink, making a chopping motion with her right hand against the right side of her neck -- Polish sign language for ''make it strong'' -- then sat by herself on a folding chair with a Siberian-tiger-striped plush seat cover.

Asked to mix their favorite drink, Olga and Magda, the Rubenesque sisters who own the place, conferred, giggled, then threw chunks of watermelon and lemon into a glass, which they filled with equal parts apple juice and Zoladkowa, a bitter herbal vodka, topped with a mint sprig. If there were rocket fuel in Candy Land, it might taste like this.

At 1 a.m., a taxi made the five-minute drive (at about 55 miles per hour) from Sklad Butelek to the electro dance club M25 (ulica Minska 25), slowing to avoid hitting a few police officers who ran across the street in pursuit of three young men.

Another repurposed factory, M25 had a wildly fresh, improvised atmosphere: rebar curled from blasted concrete walls; yellow ''Policja'' crime scene tape, stretched across doorways, was there for breaking; dancers gleefully slid down the Mobius strip where cool and the geeky intersect; and the exhausted ones sacked out on beds downstairs (or on platforms on the edges of a dance floor). One lovely, extremely drunk woman introduced her five friends, but, to her great consternation, had forgotten her own name. The club's manager and head bartender, Dorotka, who had Strawberry Shortcake-doll pink hair, offered a guided tour of her tattoos (including reproductions of a Picasso, a Dali and a sketch by her young son) and made a drink costing 12 zlotys that consisted of four sweet shots that she called A Walk in the Woods.

''What's in it?'' asked one wary patron.

Chastising, Dorotka would answer only, ''I'm a mother!''

At 3 a.m., the cab ride back across the river passed a Soviet constructivist sculpture of a man bursting from a block of stone. It darted up ulica Dobra -- where, at No. 31, the city's best bookstore, Czuly Barbarzynca (the Gentle Barbarian), stands, with a pony-upholstered swing hanging from the ceiling -- ending in Old Town at Tomba Tomba (ulica Brzozowa 37), a ''hetero-friendly'' gay club in a four-story reconstructed 16th-century town house where the crowd was mostly hetero.

On the candlelit stairway to the fourth-floor dark room, a man serenaded passers-by with a drunken mash-up:

I don't want your money, honey.

I just want your love.

My heart is made of steel.

A blissful man descending the stairs announced that he had just experienced ''the best foot massage of my life.''

At dawn, the crowd headed to the darkest bar of the night, Luztro (Aleje Jerozolimskie 6), purported to be a pansexual playground. The scene was sketchy; the crowd was bug-eyed; it was time to sleep.

Few in Warsaw are fluent in English. That, combined with the Poles' Eeyore-ish tendency to accentuate the negative, can make Warsaw a difficult place for American visitors to navigate. In the Fumes, Magda Pieta, a Polish documentary filmmaker, half-jokingly said: ''We are really ashamed of everything we do. We are sorry that we do art. We are sorry that we try to do anything. We are sorry that we are.''

This part of the national character is brilliantly, terrifyingly illuminated by the Warsaw Rising Museum (ulica Przyokopowa 28), which describes life under Nazi occupation and the unsuccessful Polish rebellion of 1944. Opened in 2004, it is run by a former Warsaw nightclub impresario, and, within the limits of current technology, it is hard to imagine a more effectively realized multimedia museum. The sounds of bombs dropping actually make visitors jump. A room commemorating the underground press of the Polish resistance displays pamphlets and printing presses, and enwraps the visitor with the sharp smell of ink.

A man hands you a flashlight as you enter a dark, claustrophobic maze of sewer pipes, in which you experience a sanitized yet startling version of the resistance fighters' escape routes.

Across the hall plays one of the museum's video testimonies by an Uprising veteran, which may offer a distant clue as to what aspects of this city's history make it so difficult for Warsovians to share their best with strangers, and why, when they do engage, they seem to relish the experience so fully.

An old man in a blue sweater, seated in front of a grandfather clock, recalled his first battle in the Uprising's hand-to-hand fighting. ''I was one second quicker,'' he said, ''I'll never forget him. He was the most beautiful person I've ever seen.''

HOME TO ARTISTS, AND ALL-NIGHT FUN

WHERE TO STAY

Praga has a few clean budget hotels, but the best lodgings are still on the other side of the river. Hotel Rialto, ulica Wilcza 73, (48-22) 584-87-00, www.hotelrialto.com.pl, is Warsaw's first and only boutique hotel, and has a popular restaurant. Its 44 rooms feature gleaming Art Deco furniture and -- a rarity here -- free wireless Internet access. Standard rates for doubles are about 260 euros, $335, at $1.29 to the euro, but discount Web sites make it fairly easy to find rooms for about $125.

The Polonia Palace, Aleje Jerozolimskie 45, (48-22) 318-28-00, www.syrena.com.pl, was recently refurbished and has excellent service. Ask for a room with a view of the Soviet constructivist landmark Palace of Culture, which is directly across the street. Doubles are about 140 euros, but cheaper rates are common online.

WHERE TO EAT

Dinner for two, with drinks, costs about 90 zlotys, about $30 at 3.12 zlotys to the dollar, at these restaurants.

Miedzy Nami, ulica Bracka 20, (48-22) 828-5417, is one of the few places that caters to Warszawka and bohemians alike. The food is passable; the scene is cheerfully motley..

Forteca, 12 ulica Zakroczymska, (48-22) 826-01-09, occupies the inner open-air courtyard of a 19th-century brick czarist fort. You can watch goats wander on the roof while you eat. Try the grilled oscypek sheep's milk cheese salad.

GUIDE

A good tour guide makes Warsaw much easier to navigate. Agnieszka Wojtowicz and Wojtek Blaszcyk of Warsaw Trip, www.warsawtrip.pl, offer an excellent daylong tour for about 100 euros a person and 180 euros a couple; for an additional fee, they can arrange access to rarely visited sites or introductions to almost anyone you would like to meet in Warsaw.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The W Oparach Absurdu (Fumes of Absurdity) cafe is in the Praga area of Warsaw. Sklad Butelek is illuminated almost entirely by candlelight. (Photographs by Piotr Malecki for The New York Times)(pg. 10)

Praga grows even stranger and more fun at night. The bars, like Sklad Butelek, are darker than those in Old Town. The Gentle Barbarian bookstore and cafe. (Photographs by Piotr Malecki for The New York Times)Map of Poland highlighting Warsaw. (pg. 11)

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**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40SK-2J40-00MH-F0C9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Indoor-Outdoor Relations Along the Hudson Valley***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40SK-2J40-00MH-F0C9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By KEN JOHNSON

By KEN JOHNSON

**Body**

For anyone venturing north of New York City with contemporary art in mind, two destinations are not to be missed this summer. Storm King Art Center in Mountainville, N.Y., just south of Newburgh, is presenting recent works by the English sculptor Andy Goldsworthy, and the Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y., has mounted a three-decade retrospective of the works of the Russian conceptualist Ilya Kabakov, including paintings, drawings and installations. You could take in both shows in a day if you set out early, but give yourself more time. One requires a lot of walking, the other a lot of reading; both are worth the effort.

In certain ways these two artists could not be more different. Mr. Goldsworthy likes to use natural resources to create outdoor works of sensuously rich concreteness. Mr. Kabakov prefers the indoors, where he can generate brain-teasing mischief with multiple visual as well as verbal languages. Yet both are products of permissions issued during the 1960's, when the making of formally convincing objects gave way to the idea of art as the orchestration of interesting experiences.

Mr. Goldsworthy's is a paradoxical enterprise. He is almost puritanical in his insistence on using materials like sticks, stones, leaves or water found on site to create often ephemeral works that minimally affect the environment. In this respect he is like two other well-known British outdoor conceptualists, Richard Long and Hamish Fulton. Yet far from a pious environmental absolutism, Mr. Goldsworthy, 44, produces works of magical artificiality in which there is almost always a play of opposites: between the natural and the unnatural, inside and outside, order and disorder, reality and illusion.

Storm King Art Center

Storm King's indoor galleries have some of the beautiful photographs Mr. Goldsworthy takes to preserve his otherwise short-lived productions. These include a picture of a black hole in the ground, around which he made a round halo that fades from bright yellow to deep red. It has an extraordinary painterly intensity, yet it was made entirely of sumac leaves.

Of considerably more palpable presence are three massive works that toy with relations between inside and outside. One is a circular wall 6 feet tall and 25 feet in diameter, built of red sandstone imported from Scotland (a departure from his usual preference for on-site materials). Constructed like traditional stone sheepfolds in Scotland, where the artist lives, the wall encircles a large tree growing near a corner of the small mansion that houses Storm King's indoor galleries. The wall has an indoor section, so that it seems to pass through two ground-floor, floor-to-ceiling windows. This has a curiously dematerializing effect on the architecture and results in a kind of spiritual recentering around the tree.

Elsewhere Mr. Goldsworthy knitted twisted oak logs (also imported from Scotland) into two enormous balls, nearly 10 feet in diameter. One fills an indoor room like a giant apple in a Magritte painting. As you contemplate this one indoors, you can look through the windows of a gallery to the right and see its companion outside across the yard, a distant, dreamlike echo.

Hyphenating these gnarly spheres is a third element: the entire floor of the intervening gallery is covered inches thick in mud that has dried to an allover craquelure pattern, but with the outline of a meandering ribbon running down the middle. (An underlying plywood foundation caused the ribbon image to emerge from the drying mud.) Called "The River," this elemental inscape exhilaratingly overturns habitual expectations of what goes inside and what goes out.

The serpentine image in "The River" also refers to Mr. Goldsworthy's most impressive work at the art center, "Storm King Wall," or, as it is also known, "Wall That Went for a Walk." Built in 1997-98 to be part of Storm King's permanent outdoor collection of modernist sculpture, the 5-foot-tall, 2,278-foot-long wall was made from local fieldstones by English wall-building craftsmen under Mr. Goldsworthy's direction. The wall runs straight down a hill into a pond, re-emerges on the other side and ascends into the woods. There it snakes back and forth between tall trees that grow in a straight line. It is delightful how this solid, inanimate structure seems to have an errantly playful mind of its own and fits the landscape like a glove. Few artists working today have a better sense than Mr. Goldsworthy of how to do outdoor sculpture.

Bard College

Inside-outside relations also figure in Ilya Kabakov's work, though not in the literal indoor-outdoor sense. Mr. Kabakov was born in Ukraine in 1931 and has lived in the United States since 1988. He started out as a children's book illustrator but came into his own as an artist in Moscow in the 1960's under the liberating influence of International Conceptualism, to which he joined his own highly developed traditional skills, visual as well as literary. What you feel at the center of his enterprise is a wild desire to escape the dreary, claustrophobic confines of one-dimensional, Communist reality through fantastic shifts of perspective.

One expansive installation, a re-creation of a trash-strewn housing committee meeting room with typewritten grievances submitted by apartment residents tacked up on the walls, gives a vivid sense of that grim reality. Here is the background, one guesses, of another enigmatic installation, a ramshackle collection of large paintings in a hallway, whose title refers, evidently, to an artist who could not take it anymore: "He Went Crazy, Undressed, Ran Away Naked."

That possibly insane impulse to escape is poetically expressed, too, in an installation consisting of a chair holding a man's neatly folded clothes standing next to a big painting on the floor of a partly cloudy sky. "I'll return by April 12th," reads a mysterious note on a stand next to the chair. Has the artist, having stripped himself of the clothing of conventional consciousness, launched himself into the illusory, empyrean space of the painting? Or is there some more prosaic explanation? A certain melancholy ambiguity -- a sense that despite the possibilities of imaginative invention, real freedom may be impossible -- runs throughout Mr. Kabakov's oeuvre.

It is not simply a matter of fantasy's being preferable to reality for Mr. Kabakov. The imperative is, rather, not to be psychologically trapped within any one system. His best installations use words and pictures to create structures in which alternative versions of reality are dizzyingly layered and intricately interconnected. His art is an argument for pluralism in the deepest sense of the word, not a lazy relativism but a belief in the multiplicity of worlds born of an all-too-intimate knowledge of ideological fundamentalism.

Mr. Kabakov's works often comment upon themselves, including written stories, criticisms and interpretations in a multitude of voices that produce head-spinning changes in points of view. In a tableau called "Artist's Despair, or Conspiracy of the Untalented," three ordinary representational paintings that have been vandalized hang on the wall.

Broken glass and an ax lie on the floor behind a wooden barrier. On a table are typewritten texts, one of which explains that after the painter, in a fit of depression, destroyed his own works and disappeared, a critic proposed turning the scene into a Conceptual installation. "A table and two chairs could be placed in front of the barrier," he suggests excitedly, "and a story placed on the table about how all this happened, and we will get one of the most interesting types of installations, combining the visual level and texts, one of the most sophisticated and witty genres of this type of art."

This is funny, the artist spoofing his own avant-gardist pretensions, but it also sets up a kind of Borgesian hall of mirrors wherein one glimpses the mind-boggling complexity of self-consciousness. In Mr. Kabakov, the thought comes to mind, the world may have gained a wonderful artist, but it may have lost a great novelist.

Loeb Art Center

While traveling along the Hudson, you might also make a brief stop in Poughkeepsie at the Loeb Art Center at Vassar College, which has an excellent college-level collection, ranging from medieval to Modernist artworks and including a remarkable minicollection of small Hudson River School paintings. Featured this summer is Kunie Sugiura, a Japanese artist who has lived in New York City since 1967. Ms. Sugiura creates large photograms by exposing objects like flowers, fish, frogs or, in one case, live kittens directly on large sheets of photographic paper. She brushes and splashes on chemicals to produce combinations of ghostly, sometimes ritualistically composed images and Abstract Expressionistic gesturalism. Her works are more formally elegant than wildly visionary, however. It would be interesting to see what would happen if she added color.

Katonah Museum of Art

Off to the east, the Katonah Museum of Art has a painting show called "Maine and the Modern Spirit." The title is promising, considering the major-league talent that has been drawn to that rustic state in the 20th century, but the exhibition is disappointingly uneven. It starts out well with good if not great early Modernist works by Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Marguerite Zorach, Edward Hopper and others. There is a surprising painting from the 1930's by Louise Nevelson, a picture of a hillside village in a rhythmic, expressionist style. There are mid-century pictures, too, by Fairfield Porter and Alex Katz.

But among more recent works, the big names disappear and various forms of retrograde mediocrity in representation and abstraction prevail.

Hudson River Museum

Finally the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers is offering two very different shows. "Open Air Sketching," a fine small group of drawings by 19th-century American landscape painters, was put together by the Albany Institute of History and Art from its own collection. The show includes works of exquisite technical finesse and, as in a small, dark picture of Niagara Falls by Thomas Cole, transcendentalist drama. Other artists include Frederic Church, Martin Johnson Heade, Jasper Cropsey and Sanford Gifford. Hudson River School fans, take note.

The other show at the Hudson River Museum is a selection of paintings by the self-taught artist and ***working-class*** socialist Ralph Fasanella. A kind of urban Grandma Moses, Fasanella created ham-fisted but industriously detailed and festively colored cityscapes, some celebrating metropolitan life and baseball, some designed to advance his leftist politics. His feisty work presents a bracing contrast to the pantheistic refinement of the drawings in "Open Air Sketching."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Ilya Kabakov's installation "He Went Crazy, Undressed, Ran Away Naked" (1981-89) at Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. (Doug Baz/John L. Stewart Collection)

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[***Hearts Beat Fast to Opening Strains of the Gay-Wedding March - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CD2-W4S0-TW8F-G256-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Body**

Gripped by giddy anticipation, anxious disbelief and the inevitability of a legal showdown, Massachusetts is a day away from becoming the first state to allow a man to marry a man and a woman to marry a woman.

With the failure of last-ditch efforts by opponents, including Gov. Mitt Romney, to reverse a court order legalizing same-sex marriages, starting on Monday (as early as 12:01 a.m. in Cambridge), thousands of gay couples will seal their relationships with a stamp of official recognition that many had never dreamed possible.

''I wasn't aware of how repressed I felt,'' said Maryellen O'Neil, a plant manager for an elementary school in Truro, Mass., who will get a license on Monday to marry Lisa-Annette DiStefano, her partner of 18 years.

''I had never thought that we could get married,'' Ms. O'Neil said, ''and I didn't know that it meant very much to me. I found out it did when, the day after the judges made their ruling, I was waking up in the morning and I had a smile on my face before I even opened my eyes.''

But Ms. O'Neil's union is also a symbol of the kind of tension and conflict that suffuse a state hotly divided over whether same-sex couples should be able to marry. Her first cousin is Thomas M. Finneran, the speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and one of the state's most powerful opponents of same-sex marriage.

Six weeks ago, Mr. Finneran helped engineer the legislature's approval of a constitutional amendment to ban same-sex marriage. In an interview, he said his difficulty with gay marriage was not driven by his Catholic faith but based mostly on ''uncertainty with regard to the long-term effect and impact on children'' being raised by same-sex couples and a feeling that ''the natural order of things'' is ''a man and a woman living together in matrimonial commitment.''

The amendment cannot take effect unless it is approved again by the legislature and then by the voters in November 2006, which means that the next two and a half years in Massachusetts will be full of political, religious and legal crusades by both sides of the issue.

''You will see a galvanizing opposition to the whole idea of same-sex marriage and the realization that marriage as we know it is under attack,'' said Tony Perkins, president of the Family Research Council, which opposes gay marriage. ''It's no longer an academic debate. It's a public policy crisis.''

Gay rights advocates will also be preparing for a legal face-off, even as they try to make the first days of the marriages appear orderly, nonconfrontational and nonthreatening.

''From our perspective, what we're going to focus on is helping those couples who were waiting to get married to take that step,'' said Mary Bonauto, the lawyer with Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders who won the court case in November that paved the way for same-sex marriage.

This watershed of gay marriage has created unusual juxtapositions.

Governor Romney, a Republican, was invited to the wedding of one of his 2002 campaign volunteers, Darrell Martinie, a radio astrologer called the Cosmic Muffin and designated the ''official state astrologer'' by another Republican governor, William F. Weld.

Mr. Martinie, who said he felt ''a little betrayed'' by the governor's efforts to stop same-sex marriage, said he invited Mr. Romney to his wedding this month ''to make a statement, and to say why don't you loosen up and come and see that your head doesn't fall off.''

But Mr. Romney will not be a part of the wedding party when Mr. Martinie exchanges vows with his partner, Edward Boesel.

''The governor was invited to Cosmic Muffin's wedding and will be unable to attend because of a prior engagement,'' a spokeswoman, Shawn Feddeman, said by e-mail.

Mr. Romney also cited scheduling conflicts for his inability to accept another invitation, this one calling for him to spend Tuesday, the day after the marriages start, testifying before a Senate subcommittee in Washington in favor of a federal constitutional amendment to ban same-sex marriage. Ms. Feddeman said the governor may testify later.

For every euphoric same-sex couple anticipating marriage in this heavily Catholic state, there are counterparts like Linda Kelley, who resigned as a state-appointed justice of the peace in Charlton, saying she had moral and religious objections to performing same-sex weddings.

''If I'm going to say I'm a Catholic, I'd better walk the talk and not follow along with this,'' Ms. Kelley said.

In Everett, a ***working-class*** town north of Boston, John Hanlon, the town clerk, expressed similar objections.

''I'm sure if you were to take a vote here you would probably get 80 percent of the population against same-sex marriage,'' Mr. Hanlon said. ''I'm against it myself.''

But Mr. Hanlon said he has told his staff members that they had to issue same-sex marriage licenses.

In Lakeville, a small rural community, Linda Lundin and Kathy Bertrand, partners for 26 years, are planning their wedding attire: white linen pants and a pastel top for Ms. Lundin, a drapey peach-and-green pants outfit for Ms. Bertrand.

''It's like all this time we've kind of been protecting ourselves,'' Ms. Lundin said, noting that they had endured harassment that forced them to move from a previous Lakeville home. ''We don't care what people think anymore. We feel like we have civil rights and like we're valued members of the United States and it feels really, really good.''

In Maynard, another small town, Bonnie Winokar, 60, a retired teacher preparing for a 300-guest wedding with Mary McCarthy, 65, said that she had ''lied a lot'' about being a lesbian, and that most of her students never knew. ''Look where we are now,'' she said.

The biggest conflicts are likely to occur with couples from other states because Mr. Romney has ordered town clerks not to issue marriage licenses to out-of-state couples who do not intend to move here. His view that a 1913 law bars Massachusetts from marrying couples who cannot marry in their home states is sure to prompt lawsuits.

''I think the governor's forcing a crisis here,'' Ms. Bonauto said.

So far, four communities -- Provincetown, Worcester, Somerville and Springfield -- have said they will marry out-of-state couples anyway, prompting Mr. Romney to threaten legal action against the clerks and to say the marriages will be nullified.

Some couples, like Nancy Herman and Leah Phayer of Washington, plan to apply for a license in one of those towns.

''It's time to stop being treated as second-class citizens,'' Ms. Herman said.

But others, like Carolyn Conrad and K. P. Peterson of Brattleboro, Vt., the first couple in the country to be joined in one of Vermont's pioneering civil unions, will hold off.

''We're not willing to try loopholes -- we want rights,'' Ms. Conrad said. ''We want the law to respect us, so we have to respect the law.''

Litigation will also undoubtedly arise when couples married in Massachusetts try to have their unions recognized in other states.

Chris Hinkle, a doctoral student in theology at Harvard, and Ralph Roberts, a Church of Christ minister, live in Woburn, Mass., now but will move to Phoenix in July with their 13-year-old son for Mr. Roberts's job. They are prepared to go to court if they are denied marriage benefits in Arizona, which has a law defining marriage as a heterosexual institution.

Opponents of gay marriage are expected to file legal challenges, too, including a possible effort to keep same-sex couples, who are entitled to state benefits but not federal ones, from having access to state programs that receive federal money, like Medicaid.

Still, exhilaration is already palpable in gay-friendly Cambridge, which will hold a party at City Hall on Sunday night and hand out marriage licenses just after midnight, including to two city councilors.

And Provincetown, a sun-splashed beach town and longtime gay haven, is touching up Town Hall's paint and bustling with bachelor and bachelorette parties.

''I haven't seen people so happy in this town in a long time,'' said Patricia Fitzpatrick, Provincetown's tourism director. ''I'm a straight woman with five children and I'm working on my third husband, and I'm almost slightly giddy.''

In Boston, Hillary and Julie Goodridge, among seven couples who were plaintiffs in the lawsuit that resulted in the landmark court ruling, are excited and jumpy about their Monday wedding.

''I'm thinking about whether or not the shoes are going to look good with the suit I picked out,'' said Julie Goodridge (Goodridge was the maiden name of Hillary's grandmother). ''Is the tailor going to be done and have we ordered enough flowers and are we going to have fried calamari at the reception and how much is enough?''

Ms. O'Neil, Mr. Finneran's cousin, will have a quiet ceremony, without her famous cousin, whom she sees at many family events. While she said he is cordial to her and Ms. DiStefano, and she has long been aware of his stance on gay marriage, his role in passing the constitutional amendment was still ''like getting punched in the stomach.''

Some of her friends and colleagues sent him e-mail, mentioning Ms. O'Neil and Ms. DiStefano and asking him to change his mind.

''This was an agonizing bit of turmoil for me,'' Mr. Finneran said about decisions he made during the constitutional convention. ''Maryellen and Lisa are dear, dear friends. They've been welcome in our home ever since they began their relationship, and they always will be.''

He said that he and his cousin had ''never actually had a long, detailed conversation about it, and in part I think that might be what has led to the anguish each side has felt.''

But, he said, ''It's been a known facet of the relationship that I have with any gay and lesbian friends, that when it comes to marriage, gee, guys and gals, no hard feelings but I really truly think that is the most important social arrangement and institution and I'm not prepared to enter into what might be an area of a lot of uncertainty.''

He added, ''I find myself asking the question whether if I had had frequent and in-depth discussions with Maryellen and Lisa, whether I would have found myself in another place on it. Quite honestly, I don't think I would.''

At a recent pro-gay-marriage lecture, Ms. O'Neil picked up a bumper sticker that said ''Overthrow Finneran.'' She briefly thought that as a pointed joke, ''I should put it on my car, drive to the Statehouse and say 'Nothing personal, Tommy, just politics.' ''

After a small wedding ceremony this month, Ms. O'Neil said, ''we're going to send out announcements to our families, and depending on who it is, I'll ask for support from some, and for the others I'll let them know that their world didn't change.''

Mr. Finneran, she said, would fall in the latter category, receiving a card that will ask: ''Did the earth shake? Did the sky fall?''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A picture caption on Sunday about the legalization of same-sex marriage in Massachusetts reversed the names of two men who planned to marry. The Rev. Ralph Roberts was seated on the hood of a car, and Chris Hinkle was shown playing basketball.

**Correction-Date:** May 20, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: IN LAKEVILLE -- ''We don't care what people think anymore,'' says Linda Lundin, left, who will wed her partner of 26 years, Kathy Bertrand.

IN PROVINCETOWN -- Maryellen O'Neil, center, and her partner, Lisa-Annette DiStefano, right, shopped last week for wedding rings.

IN WOBURN -- The Rev. Ralph Roberts, center, will wed Chris Hinkle, right, before they move to Arizona with their son, Robert Hinkle-Roberts. (Photographs by Jodi Hilton for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Giuliani Zeroing In on Crime Issue;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VVS0-0024-J01N-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Commercials Are Focusing on Fears of New Yorkers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VVS0-0024-J01N-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALISON MITCHELL

By ALISON MITCHELL

**Body**

As the race for mayor moves into the decisive final weeks, Rudolph W. Giuliani has gone on the airwaves with a new set of radio and television commercials that feature the frustrated testimonials of crime-weary New Yorkers -- and also speak volumes about the campaign strategy of the Republican-Liberal challenger.

In one commercial, a restaurant worker, with a voice with the nasal essence of Brooklyn, stares straight into a video camera and punctuates wistful reminiscences by slamming his hands down in emphasis on a metal sink. "I remember when I was a kid," he says. "Avenue N used to be lined with people sitting out in front of their houses or in front of their apartments at night to cool off, and you don't see that in New York because everybody's afraid to come out at night."

The speakers are white, black and Hispanic New Yorkers who, as a woman from Brooklyn puts it, "are really tired of living behind iron bars, and the criminals going free."

Crackdown on Drugs

The television and radio spots, which began the day after the Democratic mayoral primary, have coincided with an emphasis by Mr. Giuliani on what his campaign calls "quality of life" issues. He has assailed "the disorder that is driving the city down," promising a crackdown on street drug dealers, panhandlers and menacing "squeegee men." And last week he unveiled a policy to curtail services drastically to some of the city's homeless by setting a 90-day limit on many shelter stays, in an effort to free up funds to work with the chronically homeless.

The themes, Mr. Giuliani's aides say, seek to put Mayor David N. Dinkins on the defensive about the state of the city he presides over. "It takes the campaign to the record," said Mr. Giuliani's chief strategist, David Garth. "Do you feel safer? Do you really believe that crime is down? Are you going to have to have a searchlight to walk in the streets and to step over the bodies of the homeless who need help?"

Mr. Giuliani's law-and-order rhetoric is reminiscent of four years ago, when the former Federal prosecutor first ran against Mr. Dinkins by crusading against "crack, crime and corruption."

But the political landscape has changed dramatically since then. This September, Mr. Giuliani is consistently running even or ahead of the Mayor in public opinion polls, compared with 20 percentage points behind during the corresponding period four years ago. His campaign has about $1 million more in cash on hand than Mr Dinkins's does. And, perhaps most important, Mr. Dinkins is no longer the jubilant giant killer who had just knocked off a three-term mayor, Edward I. Koch, but is a one-term incumbent who spent the summer reeling from crisis to crisis.

'Fundamental Difference'

"The most fundamental difference between '89 and now is the dynamic of the vote," said Jay Severin, a New York-based Republican political consultant. "Now -- and I mean by this no criticism of Rudy -- it's largely a contra vote. There is a dynamic out there of voting against the incumbent of which Rudolph Giuliani is the beneficiary."

In fact, Mr. Giuliani does not need to find too many newly disaffected voters to win. Even as a political novice who sometimes seemed stiff or hot-tempered, Mr. Giuliani came within two percentage points of capturing City Hall in 1989, the closest mayoral margin since 1905.

Public opinion polls have shown that the voting blocs in this year's rematch have already solidified along the same general lines as in 1989. Mr. Giuliani has his base among Catholics and Jews from the boroughs outside Manhattan, as well as a large share of Hispanic voters. Mr. Dinkins is carrying the black vote, and blocs of Hispanic residents and white liberals.

There are precious few undecided voters left, according to the pollsters, and the campaign battleground is considered to be white liberals -- many of them Jewish, women or homosexual -- and Hispanic voters.

Taking a Risk

Some of Mr. Giuliani's advisers concede that their candidate could be taking a risk of alienating such voters with proposals like his homeless plan. But they are gambling that even liberals have reached the limits of endurance with intractable problems like homelessness. Raymond B. Harding, the Liberal Party leader, noted that Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan himself denounced the city's acceptance of intolerable levels of violence in a controversial speech last April to the Association for a Better New York.

Mr. Dinkins has protested that crime has actually gone down during his term in office, and his advisers point out that some of Mr. Giuliani's plans for the homeless would require the consent of courts and of the state. But one of them, Mitchell Moss, concedes that looking tough on the homeless has political appeal. "Giuliani's approach isn't feasible, but it's very very attractive," said Mr. Moss.

For now, strategists say, the greatest challenge to Mr. Giuliani is to protect the lead he appears to have built and avoid being rattled or demonized by Mr. Dinkins as the campaign moves into its final six weeks. After a summer of being on the defensive, Mr. Dinkins came out fighting last week, trying to raise doubts about Mr. Giuliani by assailing him as a Reagan Republican out of touch with a Democratic city and as a candidate without the temperment to be mayor who addressed the unruly police demonstration outside City Hall a year ago.

"I assume that's based on the notion that they want to get under Giuliani's skin and try to get Giuliani to make some some kind of gaffe," said Mr. Harding, the Liberal leader, who is in close touch with Mr. Giuliani. He added dryly, "Whatever happened to the nice David Dinkins?"

In a city where the Democrats have a 5-to-1 edge over Republicans, Mr. Giuliani has countered by cloaking himself in Democratic cover. His campaign scored a coup earlier this year when Herman Badillo, a longtime Democrat who was once the nation's first Puerto Rican Congressman, signed on as Mr. Giuliani's running mate for comptroller. And callers to Mr. Giuliani's Manhattan campaign headquarters are greeted by the words "Giuliani fusion campaign," with no mention of Republicanism.

'A City of Fusion'

Mr. Giuliani has been stressing bipartisanship. "Next year this city is not going to be a partisan Republican city or partisan Democratic city, " he said as he received the endorsement of Michael DeMarco, a Democratic City Councilman from a white ***working-class*** section of the Bronx. "Next year this city will be a city of fusion, Republicans and Democrats working together trying to extricate ourselves from a very difficult spot."

He dismissed Mr. Dinkins's efforts to tar him with Reaganism. "He's going back 10 or 12 years to try to find someplace to place the blame on the Dinkins-Steisel administration for their policies, their programs, their lack of understanding of small business," he said, tying Mr. Dinkins to his First Deputy Mayor, Norman Steisel.

Mr. Giuliani's strategists promise that there will be more Democratic endorsements as the campaign goes on and that closer to Election Day, Mr. Giuliani will start to showcase the kinds of people he would bring with him to City Hall. "We want to get the message out there that fusion is not just a ticket but the way to govern," said Peter J. Powers, the campaign manager. "Rudy intends to appoint Democrats, Liberals, Republicans."

The Giuliani campaign has also been trying to make Mr. Giuliani seem acceptable to black voters, to make it harder for Mr. Dinkins to generate the high black voter turnout that helped propel him to victory four years ago. Mr. Giuliani's latest ads feature black residents of Brooklyn expressing the same fear of crime as whites, and last week Mr. Giuliani campaigned in Harlem, winning the endorsement of a black civic leader, Evelyn King. "Harlem is not going to vote for Rudy Giuliani," Mr. Garth said, "but it's not going to be monolithic, voting with lots of enthusiasm."

Visibly Agitated

There was one sign last week on Primary Night that Mr. Giuliani still has not tamed completely the temper that showed up occasionally in 1989, most memorably in his Election Night shouts at his followers to "shut up" so he could finish his concession speech. After Mr. Badillo accepted defeat in this year's Democratic primary for comptroller, Mr. Giuliani was interviewed on WABC-TV. He then watched Mr. Dinkins respond and make new partisan attacks in a live telecast from another ballroom across the city.

When the television reporter tried to deny Mr. Giuliani a rebuttal, he became visibly agitated. "That's unfair," he protested. "That's really unfair, that's unfair, that's called being sandbagged."

And that is exactly the sort of angry image that political strategists say could undercut him. "I think the campaign's Rudy's to lose," said Mr. Severin, the Republican consultant, "and that will dictate the kind of tactics we will see on both sides."

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Is Neil LaBute Getting . . . Nice?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C93-8T20-TW8F-G2H8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LIESL SCHILLINGER

**Body**

THE most recent work by Neil LaBute to appear in New York was a reading in March of five one-act plays, titled ''Autobahn'' and set in cars, that treated dark themes with uncharacteristic gentleness and humor. Foster parents are accused of impropriety by their ward; a boy is kidnapped by an older man; a graduate student struggles to break up with his putative stalker. And yet the audience laughed often. Mr. LaBute's last fully staged play, ''The Mercy Seat,'' set in Manhattan on the day after Sept. 11, 2001, is an unsparing drama about a man and a woman at the end of an affair, struggling to make a no-win moral decision. For the first time, a woman in a LaBute play got to vent at the man at length, even if she didn't get what she wanted.

Before these last two productions, Mr. LaBute, 41, was notorious for shocking his audiences by holding an unflattering mirror right up to their faces -- a fun house mirror whose visions were weirder, and crueler, than the people they reflected. He is still best known for his 1997 film, ''In the Company of Men,'' in which two mid-level executives in Nowhere, America (Mr. LaBute sets most of his work in what he describes as a ''geographic and moral vacuum''), make a bet that they can both seduce a deaf office worker, then dump her, just for fun. In ''Your Friends and Neighbors'' (1998), three men use one woman to comb out the snarl of their sexual hangups. In a one-act from the play ''Bash,'' a Morman businessman suffocates his infant daughter to protect his promotion; and in ''The Shape of Things,'' a woman pretends to love a man just to see how much he will change for her. Pared to their plot lines, the stories sound emptily vicious; yet the thrill of Mr. LaBute's plays and movies is that they are so much more subtle than their synopses.

But the even-handedness of ''Autobahn'' and ''The Mercy Seat'' -- and recent work he has done, directing mainstream films like ''Nurse Betty'' and ''Possession'' -- raises the question: is the bad boy playwright mellowing at last? Judging from his next play, ''The Distance From Here,'' now in previews at the Duke on 42nd Street, where it opens on Thursday, the answer is not quite. Written before ''The Mercy Seat,'' the play, starring Anna Paquin and directed by Michael Greif, imagines the dead-end lives of angry ***working-class*** teenagers like those Mr. LaBute knew in high school in suburban Spokane, Wash. He writes in the play's preface: ''From the beginning they were, in essence, dead to me. This is my attempt at a resurrection.''

During the first week of rehearsals for ''The Distance From Here,'' Mr. LaBute and I met over breakfast at the Algonquin Hotel to talk about, among other things, the strange world he creates for his characters -- LaButeville. Here are excerpts from the conversation.

LIESL SCHILLINGER

LIESL SCHILLINGER -- I saw Mike Nichols's and Jules Feiffer's movie ''Carnal Knowledge'' not long ago, and it took my breath away. It was made in 1971, but the tirades that Jack Nicholson's character delivers to Bobbie, played by Ann-Margret, could have been spoken by one of your characters. They were so raw. It was amazing to see that in more than 30 years, the anger between the sexes hasn't eroded.

NEIL LABUTE -- I think that movie would still be shocking today. I screened it for my cast before we started filming ''Your Friends and Neighbors.'' I should have screened Bergman's ''Scenes From a Marriage'' for them, too. I saw that last night. My God. It's pretty humbling, how good it is.

SCHILLINGER -- Was there anything you saw in it that made you think of a film or play of yours?

LABUTE -- It's unafraid to show what is happening, what is uncomfortable. Bergman's not concerned with wrapping things up, making the audience comfortable. I think we're very prone to using the arts as solace, as entertainment, in this country.

SCHILLINGER -- Not in your plays.

LABUTE -- Yeah, that's true.

SCHILLINGER -- Why do you think the power struggle between women and men persists?

LABUTE -- Because we talk around things. Men in particular. We're great at talking around, subverting, furrowing under anything, other than getting down to the meat of the thing.

SCHILLINGER -- You've often been accused of being a misogynist.

LABUTE -- I think I fall more straight down the line of humanist, and that means being fair to both sides. I'm not even very cynical. I'm just kind of suspicious of the way we deal with each other. I think that people are very driven by self-preservation and find it extremely difficult to live with other people and to maintain friendships and to be honest. If it's slightly easier to get away with something, then they'll give it a shot. A lot of the dynamics of what I discuss on paper are power relationships. The way that people jostle with each other to come out on top.

SCHILLINGER -- You wrote ''The Distance From Here'' for the Almeida Theater in London. It's such an American play. Why did you want to start it in England?

LABUTE -- I'd had a good experience with the Almeida in the past. ''The Shape of Things'' started there, and ''Bash,'' which opened here, later ran there. I had a really nice bond with the artistic directors there, Jonathan Kent and Ian McDiarmid. It felt like a good home. A lot of theater that was influential to me was by British playwrights from the postwar period whom I admired, like David Hare and Caryl Churchill and Howard Barker and Edward Bond and Howard Brenton -- from the 60's, 70's and 80's.

SCHILLINGER -- What did they do that was so different from what Americans were doing?

LABUTE -- They were very political, which I wasn't, so I was attracted to reading about it and seeing why they were, and how they were bringing what they had to say into their work and making it something other than just a political tract. Also, England was romanticized for me because of my mother. Her father came from London, he was born there and moved here. I've always been kind of an Anglophile. So I think part of it was a desire to work in the English theater.

SCHILLINGER -- What was the British reaction to ''The Distance From Here''?

LABUTE -- The play was very much in the tradition of Edward Bond. But there is a certain amount of distance between that audience and the American milieu that they were looking at. There was certainly a question in some of the critics' minds of ''What are you trying to do?'' But I'm pretty steadfast in my disinterest in offering solutions. A lot of times when you ask questions as a writer, it's because you have those questions. I just know that if you create this kind of universe in which those teenagers are operating, the result can be what happened. But it's not my job to have a solution for that.

SCHILLINGER -- What other projects are you working on?

LABUTE -- I've written a play called ''This Is How It Goes,'' which will be at the Public next year.

SCHILLINGER -- What is it about?

LABUTE -- Ostensibly, an interracial marriage.

SCHILLINGER -- I can't imagine you writing about that. In your work, anyone who is black ends up being humiliated.

LABUTE -- I'll continue the good work. [Laughs.] There are three characters, three friends from high school who get together again. Two have remained in the town in which they grew up and married. A black man and a white woman. And a white male comes back into town.

SCHILLINGER -- Would you say it partakes of your new mellowness?

LABUTE -- It's a pretty hearty mix. It's a LaBute stew of old and new.

SCHILLINGER -- Do you think it will make people angry?

LABUTE -- I think race is a truly volatile issue, one that we don't talk a great deal about, we talk around it a lot. I think it's in the air, all over.

SCHILLINGER -- Why is it that the male characters in your writing seem to feel they have to compete for attention with all other species, all other races, all other people, young and old, and with women, of course?

LABUTE -- It speaks to that notion I mentioned of self-preservation, it's elemental. In ''The Distance From Here,'' I really got down to the food chain idea of it. The play is rife with animal imagery. It really is a battle to survive. Darrell is on his own, his mother works in day care and can't provide the most elementary care for him; there's not a hand on his shoulder ever. He's a traditionally angry kid who's lashing out at anything; the only things he thinks he can trust are his friends, and he finds that even they have, he imagines, betrayed him.

SCHILLINGER -- You wrote in your foreword that they were the kind of people you would edge away from in a McDonald's.

LABUTE -- No doubt! I tend to sit alone but listen in.

SCHILLINGER -- Is your next play set in a city, like ''The Mercy Seat''? Or is it back to the ''geographic vacuum'' you usually set your plays in?

LABUTE -- Back to LaButeville.

SCHILLINGER -- I think I'd rather read about it than visit it.

LABUTE -- Exactly. That place that's off the freeway that you think: ''I'm just going to push off and get gas somewhere else. I don't think I'm going to stay here.''

SCHILLINGER -- You must like shocking people.

LABUTE -- I feel nothing one way or the other about it. That's not my drive. I like challenging an audience, providing them with something that's interesting. But shock is not something that I need to do.

SCHILLINGER -- I know you belong to the Mormon faith. Can you be ''excommunicated'' if your writing offends the Mormon church?

LABUTE -- I was ''disfellowshipped,'' actually, for ''Bash.'' It's sort of a state of limbo.

SCHILLINGER -- Is that like the silent treatment?

LABUTE -- It's not quite that. There are certain things you can't do, like take the sacrament, because they found the play to be detrimental----

SCHILLINGER -- To the reputation of the church?

LABUTE -- They have a very specific feeling about what art should do.

SCHILLINGER -- Like Giuliani?

LABUTE -- That it should enlighten, and empower and things like that. And they didn't find that my work was doing that.

SCHILLINGER -- Have they changed their mind lately?

LABUTE -- Not really.

SCHILLINGER -- You said you don't have answers, and you're not looking to provide them, but do you have a main question?

LABUTE -- They're always in flux. I think betrayal runs through a lot of the work. I'm prone to examining people who are fairly intimate with each other or seem to be and then some betrayal breaks them apart. And the two sides of people, that outer mask and then who they actually are.

SCHILLINGER -- In ''The Distance From Here'' the people don't have masks. They have less duality than your other characters.

LABUTE -- They're not as educated in the art of deception. We think of educated people as being above bad behavior. Often when you're educated you've just learned better ways to deceive and to manipulate. These people are a bit more naked in their approach to each other.

SCHILLINGER -- Graham Greene wrote that childhood is the writer's bank balance. What was it that built yours up -- was it your father?

LABUTE -- He was kind of a difficult character, a truck driver who came out of the Depression, a very high and low temperamental person, and much different than I am, but very much from the kind of world of Darrell. So I grew up around that blue-collar world.

SCHILLINGER -- And your mother was more sensitive?

LABUTE -- Oh, yes, definitely.

SCHILLINGER -- Were you closer to her?

LABUTE -- Definitely.

SCHILLINGER -- Your parents divorced long ago. Does your father keep in touch with you?

LABUTE -- No.

SCHILLINGER -- But you keep in touch with your mother?

LABUTE -- Yes.

SCHILLINGER -- So women win.

LABUTE -- [Laughs]

SCHILLINGER -- Does she like your plays?

LABUTE -- She likes them in the way a mother does. She's happy that I'm doing what I like to do.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Logan Marshall-Green, Mark Webber, ''The Distance From Here.'' (Photo by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 10)

Anna Paquin, Josh Charles and Melissa Leo in the American premiere, at the Duke on 42nd Street, of ''The Distance From Here'' by Neil LaBute, left. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 7)

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**End of Document**



[***Amstrad Plots a U.S. Invasion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PFP0-0017-51PH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEVE LOHR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, Sept. 25

**Body**

Alan Sugar, Europe's most successful entrepreneur of the 1980's, summed up what his company, Amstrad Consumer Electronics P.L.C., is all about in a rare speech a few months ago.

''Pan Am takes good care of you,'' he said, beginning a list of corporate credos by way of comparison. ''Marks & Spencer loves you. Securicor cares. I.B.M. says the customer is king. At Amstrad, we want your money!''

In recent years, Amstrad has gotten plenty of what it wants. Once a tiny British peddler of stereo systems and television sets, Amstrad has become Europe's top marketer of home computers and one of its fastest-growing companies. Yet to date, Amstrad has been little noticed in the world's largest and most sophisticated computer market, the United States. But Mr. Sugar hopes to change that.

Sales and Profits Soar

Since 1980, when Amstrad went public, its sales have grown 35-fold, to $502 million in the year that ended June 1986, while pretax profits jumped 55-fold, to $124 million. For the year ended last June 30, the results of which are to be reported next week, analysts expect pretax earnings to surge again, to more than $230 million on sales of about $910 million.

''Amstrad has been the corporate phenonenon of the 1980's, not only in Britain but throughout Europe,'' said David Gibbons, an electronics analyst for James Capel & Company, a London brokerage house.

For the blunt, burly and bearded Mr. Sugar, Amstrad's swift ascent has meant extraordinary wealth and national fame. The 41-year-old chairman is worth more than $700 million - thanks to his 45 percent stake in Amstrad and the robust performance of the company's stock, which has risen 23-fold since the company went public, closing today at $3.20 on the London Stock Exchange. A native of London's ***working-class*** East End who began his career hawking car-radio antennas from a van, Mr. Sugar has been hailed as the embodiment of the ''enterprise spirit'' and upward mobility that shape the Thatcher administration's vision of Britain's future.

But uncharacteristically, the going has been slow for Amstrad in the American market, which it entered cautiously almost two years ago. Until last fall, its home computers were marketed by Sears World Trade Inc., a unit of the Chicago-based Sears, Roebuck & Company.

Sears World Trade, however, ended up purchasing only about 70,000 units, instead of the expected 100,000 units, of Amstrad's basic, inexpensive word processor, a best seller in Europe, and never aggressively marketed the product, Mr. Sugar said. ''Sears didn't have a clue - they got it all wrong,'' he contended.

But American analysts say the lackluster sales were as much Amstrad's fault as Sears's. In the more competitive American market, they say, Amstrad's price and product simply did not stand out as they do in Europe. A Sears spokesman in Chicago declined to comment on the marketing arrangement, except to say that when the price of the Amstrad machine was cut from more than $600 to $399 it sold fairly well. Amstrad's marketing venture with Sears World Trade was terminated last fall. Sears dissolved the World Trade unit earlier this year.

In addition, the company has been selling about 9,000 units a month of its I.B.M.-compatible PC-1512 through 900 dealers in America. The PC-1512 line, introduced in the United States in January, sells for $599 to $1,599, depending on options.

Amstrad will introduce two new computer lines in America next month. The PCW-9512 word processor, priced at $799, includes a computer and a letter-quality daisy-wheel printer. It will also move into the more expensive segment of the market with the PC-1640 line of I.B.M.-compatible computers, which offers more features than the PC-1512 and will sell for $899 to $1,999.

Doing Its Own U.S. Marketing

Amstrad is now handling its own marketing in the United States. To help increase its American presence, Amstrad earlier this month acquired its Texas-based distributor, Vidco, for $7.5 million. The Vidco purchase gives Amstrad greater control of its American marketing and eliminates payments to a middleman distributor, reducing costs.

By the middle of next year, Mr. Sugar hopes to increase American sales as a percentage of Amstrad's revenues from the current 8 percent, or about $73 million, to about 30 percent, or more than $300 million. By the end of the decade, he added, the United States could become Amstrad's biggest market.

Even though Amstrad is starting to court the American market in earnest, analysts are uncertain about its prospects. In Europe, the company has succeeded by offering low-cost, dependable products in a market that was in its formative stage, and it attracted new customers who were buying their first computers.

Mr. Sugar explains Amstrad's marketing philosophy as ''pile 'em high, and sell 'em cheap.''

But in America, analysts say, Amstrad will be competing head to head with the masters of low-cost, high-volume production - the South Korean, Japanese and Taiwanese personal computer makers, which have taken aim at the United States market much more than at Europe.

To be sure, Amstrad's personal computers are made of mostly East Asian components and are assembled by a subcontractor near Pusan, South Korea. Amstrad, in fact, is not so much a computer maker as a trader, packager and marketer. Its planners, designers and quality-control staff decide what a computer should look like, how it should perform, who might buy it and at what price. But for the most part, others make it.

Mr. Sugar is the first to point out that Amstrad is a marketing entity, not a technology company. ''Really and truthfully, we're not mechanical engineers,'' he said.

As a trader and marketer, Amstrad can be fast-moving and entrepreneurial. ''Bureaucracy'' is a term Mr. Sugar uses with withering contempt. With just 700 employees worldwide, fewer than 200 of them in Britain, there seems to be little imminent danger of Amstrad being stifled by bureaucrats.

Added Costs of Contracting

However, skeptics say that every function farmed out to other companies means that at several stages, from production to sales, Amstrad is paying middlemen. In the more cutthroat American market, they predict, those additional costs will cause Amstrad problems as it competes against the aggressive and integrated East Asian producers, who are willing to cut profit margins to almost nothing to gain market share.

''Amstrad's whole philosophy is to give the customer a decent product at a price,'' said Seymour Merrin, a computer consultant based in Southport, Conn. ''And I doubt Amstrad can match the price or the product here. For what they are selling, Amstrad's computers are just too pricey for this market.''

Even in Amstrad's European stronghold, observers are skeptical about the company's prospects in the United States. ''Amstrad has done fabulously in Europe,'' said Gordon Curran, a director of Intelligent Economics, a Paris-based market research firm. ''But Sugar will face tremendously stiff competition in the United States, and Amstrad is going to have a very difficult time.''

Still, most analysts remain optimistic about Amstrad's future over all, with European markets including France, Spain, Italy and West Germany offering potential growth for several years, even if the American personal computer market proves to be difficult to break into. From now on, analysts say, Amstrad's growth may not be as explosive as in the past, but it should average 20 percent annually for the next several years.

For his part, Mr. Sugar remains optimistic, but flexible as to where future opportunities will lie and even the degree to which Amstrad will remain a home computer company. Asked what Amstrad is likely to look like in five years, he replied, ''We will clearly be a large international company with our core in the consumer electronics business.''

Fields of future opportunity for Amstrad, analysts say, are office equipment, satellite dishes and cellular telephones. But beyond that, most agree it is hard to predict what consumer products will attract Mr. Sugar's aggressive marketing talents. After all, this entrepreneur once said, ''If there was a market in mass-produced portable nuclear weapons, we'd market them, too.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Alan Sugar with one of Amstrad's personal computers (Camera Press); graphs of Amstrad's sales and pretax earnings, 1980-1987 (Source: Company Reports)

**End of Document**



[***ABC, Get to Know Thyself***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CD2-W4S0-TW8F-G2KK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ALESSANDRA STANLEY

**Body**

THE curse of Tutankhamen is easy to trace. So is the evil eye hovering over the Red Sox in October. It is harder to pinpoint exactly when ABC became the doomed network -- there are so many blunders to chose from.

For the last three years, ABC has been losing hundreds of millions of dollars a year, and this season, the network once again failed to find a blockbuster hit to reverse its decline. That drove the Walt Disney Company to replace the chairman of the entertainment division, Lloyd Braun, and its president, Susan Lyne, raising the number of top executives who have come and gone over the last seven years to 13. This latest tussle took place just as ABC was getting ready to introduce its new fall season to advertisers, on Tuesday. And perhaps gilding the lily-livered, Disney came under siege again last week for refusing to distribute ''Fahrenheit 9/11,'' a documentary by the award-winning filmmaker Michael Moore, that is said to be highly critical of George W. Bush.

All the missteps seem to trace back to the Magic Kingdom and the micromanagement style of its leader, Michael D. Eisner. And the mice are getting restless: last March, disgruntled investors forced Disney's board to strip him of his chairman's title. Mr. Eisner caught a break last month when the Comcast Corporation, the nation's largest cable operator, abandoned its $54.1 billion hostile takeover bid, but he is still facing a brewing rebellion of stockholders and the gleeful malice of his brethren in the media and entertainment world.

The black cloud over ABC started to show around 2000. ''Who Wants to Be a Millionaire'' had emerged, the year before, as the network's first big hit in a long time. But instead of developing other shows that could benefit from the momentum, Disney executives insisted on simply broadcasting ''Millionaire'' four nights a week. The plan quickly ran the show into the ground.

Behind the scenes, the network's programming woes had begun long before. ABC's leaders turned down ''Survivor'' three different times, even though the third time it was offered to ABC by its sister company in the Disney empire, Touchstone Productions.

But the fatal mistake -- the first crack of the crypt door, the sale of Babe Ruth -- was surely the moment when ABC lured Jamie Tarses away from NBC. It was a moment of panic and hubris: ABC was still holding its own with earthy, ***working-class*** shows like ''Home Improvement,'' ''Roseanne'' and ''N.Y.P.D. Blue,'' but NBC had young, hip hits, ''Mad About You'' and ''Friends,'' that had been developed by the young, hip Ms. Tarses, and that brought NBC top ratings and critical acclaim. Guided by Mr. Eisner and the new president of Disney, Michael Ovitz, ABC decided to change its image. It wasn't just a make-over, however, it was more like a ''Single White Female'' identity theft.

Strangely, perhaps, in an era when cable ''niches'' and satellite stations are counted by the hundreds, the top broadcast networks still have distinct identities. Usually, they reflect their most influential executives. NBC, the home of ''Friends'' and ''Frasier,'' is still the same network that Brandon Tartikoff shaped in the early 1980's with urbane shows like ''Cheers,'' ''Family Ties'' and ''Miami Vice.''

ABC at its core is still the network of Aaron Spelling, the impresario whose hits, like ''Charlie's Angels,'' ''Dynasty'' and ''Love Boat,'' shared a comic book version of glitz and sophistication. CBS was and is the stodgier, more wholesome network -- the Rotarian. Fox, the crude but amusing upstart, is Bart Simpson. Slick and sophisticated NBC is a movie publicist. And despite all the plastic surgery of the last few years, America's Broadcast Network, as it now calls itself, remains a cocktail waitress. (The networks even have physical types: NBC is obviously a leggy brunette, ABC a peroxide blonde.)

Ever since Mr. Spelling's heyday, a good-natured cheesiness has run through the network's most notable shows. ''Roseanne'' was more caustic and political than most ABC sitcoms, but it shared the network's underlying vulgarity. (Roseanne Barr and her writers were knowingly, cheekily vulgar and low-class while ''Melrose Place'' or ''Fantasy Island'' were more ingenuously so.) Even today, ''The Bachelor'' and ''Extreme Make-Over'' -- the rare successes in the ABC lineup -- are Spellingesque fusions of fantasy and gimcrack glamour.

Under Ms. Tarses, however, ABC corseted itself with urban sophistication. In three tumultuous years, she did nail down a few successful shows, including ''The Practice'' and ''Dharma and Greg,'' but there were many more bellyflops, from ''It's Like, You Know,'' a ''Friends''-ish sitcom set in Los Angeles, to ''Madigan Men,'' a sitcom about an Irish single father and his teenage son, starring Gabriel Byrne. For all its straining to look cool, ABC fell behind NBC and Fox in the ratings for young adult viewers. Since 1996, ABC has developed more than 100 shows; most failed miserably and not one turned into a mega-hit like ''C.S.I.''

Along the way, there were some very public and deliciously embarrassing missteps. In 1997, ABC unveiled a $40 million makeover: a new color scheme -- yellow -- and a saucy, self-hating $40 million ad campaign (''You could be reading a magazine, listening to a symphony, visiting a museum or even exercising. But you're not. You're watching TV,'' and ''You can talk to your wife anytime.'')

Three years ago, Mr. Braun and Ms. Lyne tried to steer the network back from its NBC-manque direction to its natural, dyed roots. The network even revived the old ''TGIF'' logo for Friday nights. ''Hope and Faith,'' the sitcom that stars Kelly Ripa as an out-of-work soap opera star living with her priggish suburban sister, has some of the main ABC elements: sexy blondes and broad, slapstick humor. But it hasn't done nearly as well as the network's less fanciful, meat-and-potatoes shows like ''According to Jim'' and ''My Wife and Kids.''

ABC also has ''Less Than Perfect,'' starring Sara Rue as the chubby, sweet assistant to a narcissistic network anchor (Eric Roberts). It is quite funny, but a misfit on ABC -- nothing is more anathema to Spellingness than sly self-mockery. Its efforts to be sophisticated make ''Less Than Perfect'' seem all the more creaky, a paler version of newsroom sitcoms like ''Anything but Love,'' which starred Jamie Lee Curtis and Richard Lewis, or Brooke Shields's show, ''Suddenly Susan.''

ABC has always been more adventurous when it comes to dramas, from ''N.Y.P.D. Blue,'' which is still on the air but badly in need of retirement, to ''The Practice.'' The latter show, however, is not a reflection of ABC, it is entirely the id of its creator David E. Kelley, who, despite a few recent flops, remains in a position to ignore the advice and notes of network executives. In his case, at least, it is a pity. ABC's frugality forced Mr. Kelley to fire half the original cast to cut costs; he brought in James Spader as the brilliant and silkily sleazy Alan Shore, and made the show twice as good. But in the last few episodes, Mr. Kelley has added a catfight subplot involving Rebecca de Mornay and defanged Alan Shore -- basically turning ''The Practice'' into a whimsy-free ''Ally McBeal.'' And a new version of this show, starring Mr. Spader and William Shatner (also a late-season addition), is likely to be on ABC's fall schedule. Robert A. Iger, the president of Disney, has been criticized by industry insiders for micromanagement and clumsy meddling, but in the case of ''The Practice'' he has exercised far too much restraint.

Overall, whatever modest successes ABC has achieved, with lowbrow sitcoms like ''According to Jim'' and ''My Wife and Kids'' or with its Spellingesque reality shows, have been wiped out by phenomenons on other networks like ''American Idol'' and ''The Apprentice.'' ABC has not been able to nail down the kind of huge hit that could change its course -- even ratings for ''The Bachelor'' have slumped. The network remains in solid fourth place behind Fox.

Bad luck -- or fate -- has played a part. ''8 Simple Rules'' was a classic show for ABC: a re-creation of the ''Three's Company'' formula -- two girls and a ditzy guy living together -- refitted for ABC's return to family hour programming with a father (John Ritter) and two daughters. It did very well, until its star dropped dead in September. The show returned after a respectful pause, but never regained its momentum.

But more than bad luck, ABC has shown an amazing capacity for jaw-droppingly bad decisions. Each network has notable exceptions to its own personality: NBC has ''Fear Factor,'' a show that surely belongs on Fox. CBS, for all its mature dignity, has ''Big Brother,'' a show that would best suit MTV. ABC, similarly, persuaded Jon Stewart to leave Comedy Central last year and become the host of its newly created 12:05 late night talk show spot; at the last minute, the network executives changed their minds and picked Jimmy Kimmel instead. Mr. Kimmel, whose humor is broad and cheerfully unintellectual, is a more natural fit at ABC. But Jon Stewart is the comedian any network would be lucky to get.

This season, ABC also bet heavily on Stephen King's ''Kingdom Hospital.'' But that poorly rated horror series scared only Disney stockholders.

And then there is ''The Apprentice.'' The show's producer, Mark Burnett, had gone to ABC first with a proposal to mold a reality show around the outsize persona of Donald Trump. ABC, which seemingly has to clear every major decision with the corporate bosses at Disney, hesitated, haggled and lost the show to NBC, where it turned out to be one of the best-rated spectacles of the year.

The mistake is all the more baffling given how naturally ''The Apprentice'' would fit the ABC profile. Donald Trump is Spellingesque, to say the least, and the casting of the contestants -- almost all the women were improbably good-looking and comfortable in very short skirts -- worthy of the man who invented ''jiggle TV.''

Now the entertainment division is in the hands of Stephen McPherson, who had headed the Touchstone television studio, also owned by Disney, and Anne Sweeney, who was the head of ABC's cable division.

Mr. McPherson and Ms. Sweeney are busily combing through ABC's list of pilots, trying to select shows that could restore advertisers' long-shaken faith. ''Wife Swap,'' a copy of a British reality show in which families on opposite sides of the economic scale trade moms, is one of the network's more promising reality options. ABC has not proved very adept at veining its reality shows with humor (''Extreme Makeover'' is even more maudlin than ''Queen for a Day''), but the vulgarity -- and class tension -- may seem cozily familiar to viewers.

Another new reality show that is scheduled to for broadcast this summer is an ''Apprentice'' knockoff tentatively titled ''The Benefactor.'' Mark Cuban, owner of the Dallas Mavericks basketball team, is expecting to give away $1 million of his own money to the winner of a competition that Mr. Cuban himself expects to organize. This kind of copycat programming smacks of desperation, not Aaron Spelling.

ABC is also considering ''Lost,'' a drama made by J. J. Abrams, the creator of ''Alias,'' in which plane crash survivors form a new society on a desert island and have creepy ''X-Files''-ish adventures. That could work, and so could ''Desperate Housewives,'' a comedy about sex in a suburban cul de sac. Perhaps the oddest move by ABC is its decision to sign up with Pepsi this September for another installment of ''Play for a Billion,'' a game show that was on WB last year, with the former ABC star Drew Carey as its host, and that had so-so ratings at best. ABC has decided to cast Damon Wayans, the star of ''My Wife and kids,'' as the show's host, and apparently feels that the tie-ins between Pepsi and its top sitcoms are worth the humiliation of taking WB's leavings.

ABC always seems a step behind popular tastes. Last month's ''Nick & Jessica Variety Hour,'' a Sonny and Cher-type special starring the MTV honeymooners Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey, was spun off a ''Saturday Night Live'' sketch on NBC. It received only respectable ratings, but ABC was so grateful for younger viewers that it is planning a sitcom in which Ms. Simpson plays Jessica Sampson, a ditzy newscaster, as well as a Christmas special starring Ms. Simpson and Mr. Lachey. (Unless Christmas comes in July this year, those two will have worn out their welcome long before the winter holidays.)

ABC has recovered its identity, but not its old nerve: the brazen confidence it showed in the 1970's, with shows like ''Happy Days'' and ''Mod Squad,'' or the shamelessness that in the 1980's brought about ''Dynasty'' and ''Who's the Boss?'' Before anyone has a chance of recapturing that former glory, however, ABC has to lift the network curse. And that may require ritual firings of executives all the way up to the very top of the Disney chain of command.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: ''The Love Boat,'' above left with Gavin MacLeod, was part of ABC's Aaron Spelling heyday

the quiz show ''Who Wants to Be a Millionaire,'' top, began the slide

''Kingdom Hospital,'' above right with Ryan Robbins, hasn't stopped it. (Photo by Michael Courtney/ABC)

(Photo by Aaron Spelling Productions/Courtesy of the Everett Collection)(pg. 25)

Even ''The Bachelor,'' here with Andrew Firestone, has slipped. (Photo by Mitchell Haaseth/ABC)(pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 2004

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[***THE MEXICO ELECTION: THE OVERVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40MR-F400-00MH-F29D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***CHALLENGER IN MEXICO WINS, GOVERNING PARTY CONCEDES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40MR-F400-00MH-F29D-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By JULIA PRESTON

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**Body**

Vicente Fox Quesada, the rough-spoken rancher and businessman who galvanized a maverick grass-roots presidential campaign, won a momentous victory in Mexico's presidential election today, ousting the political party that has ruled for 71 years.

"The next president of Mexico will be Vicente Fox Quesada," said President Ernesto Zedillo shortly after 11 p.m., conceding that his Institutional Revolutionary Party, known as the PRI, had lost the presidency for the first time since 1929.

In an outpouring of giddy joy, Mr. Fox's supporters swarmed into the streets of Mexico City tonight, honking horns and celebrating the demise of the only rulers most people here had ever known.

In one night of triumph, Mr. Fox converted Mexico from a waning one-party state into a self-confident democracy whose voters are capable of ousting a government, no matter how dominant.

Mr. Fox stood tonight on the balcony of his party headquarters, before a crowd savoring his triumph over Francisco Labastida Ochoa of PRI and chanting, "Vicente Presidente!" He shot back: "I like it when you call me that."

"This is the moment of democracy, the moment of change that our country has so desired," said Mr. Fox of the National Action Party, or PAN. He praised the federal elections authorities for conducting national balloting that finished "without an important or notable stain."

Mr. Labastida, the first PRI candidate who had ever even had to undergo an internal party primary, was swift to concede defeat, and to underline that the country should now unite after a ferocious campaign and the most open vote in the country's history.

"The citizens have taken a decision, that we all should respect," said the 57-year-old former interior minister. "And I will be the first to set the example."

Mr. Zedillo said he had called Mr. Fox to congratulate him after the first official returns confirmed what television surveys of voters had indicated all night: that the PRI had lost the presidency despite mobilizing its well-oiled machine to try and extend into the new century the dominance it exerted for most of the last.

At Mr. Labastida's headquarters, several young supporters started to cry when the television reported results of the first polls. The huge plaza at the center of the PRI compound, many times the scene of tumultuous rallies, was empty.

In an interview this evening, Mr. Fox immediately offered reconciliation to Mr. Labastida. "It was a very combative process, but I open my arms to him," he said.

He also reached out with unusual warmth to the United States, which had been the chief adversary of many PRI presidents. "We are not only neighbors and partners, but we have a common destiny," said Mr. Fox, who was once the chief executive officer of Coca-Cola in Mexico. "I know we are going to do many great things together. I want to work intensely with the United States."

Mr. Fox's big lead in the voter surveys took all of Mexico by surprise. The final polls before the election had showed him in a neck-and-neck race with Mr. Labastida.

"This a very important step in our struggle to become a democratic country," said Francisco Barrio, a leading PAN politician who is a former governor of the northern border state of Chihuahua.

With a note of astonishment he said: "Now our party has become the strongest and most important one in Mexico. We got more votes than the PRI did today."

The streets around the Angel of Independence, the winged statue on a tall pedestal in downtown Mexico City that is this country's most distinctive monument, became a rollicking fiesta of thousands of cheering, weeping, dancing Fox supporters.

Throughout the day, eager voters lined up at polling stations -- often waiting for hours in punishing heat -- for their chance to take part in an election that offered a choice between the country's familiar but tainted ruling party and a chance for something different.

The elections today were the most open ever held here, and the balloting was generally orderly, though marred in several states by reported pressure on voters from the governing party, which has a history of fraud, and disorganization that blocked many thousands of people from casting ballots.

After a blistering campaign that filled the television and other media as never before, many voters said they made their decision only in recent days, suggesting that the undecided, who were as much as 19 percent of the total in the most recent polls, would determine the day.

In many neighborhoods that long were PRI strongholds, and among ***working class*** Mexicans who were its most loyal followers, one theme was recurrent: Mexico had to do something different.

"I've never seen a change, and I have been asking myself, when is it going to happen?" said Gustavo Sanchez, a 32-year-old auto mechanic in Ecatepec, a huge proletarian suburb of Mexico City where the PRI was once invincible. "Our leaders need to know that if they don't do the job right, we're going to get rid of them."

At mid-afternoon, Jose Woldenberg, the president of the Federal Elections Institute, which is running the election, reported that only 13 of 113,423 polling places nationwide had failed to open because of organizational problems, a historical record.

Besides the presidential race, Mexicans also voted for the Senate, with 128 seats, and all 500 seats in the Congress, and to elect two state governors and the mayor of Mexico City.

At 7:30 p.m., Felipe Bravo Mena, the president of PAN, declared that the party had won the governor's race in the central state of Morelos, beating the PRI by 54 percent to 28 percent. Before the election, the polls showed that that race was close. Mr. Fox's candidate also swept the governor's race in his home state of Guanajuato by 59 percent to the PRI's 31 percent, Mr. Bravo Mena said.

Even in Mexico City, Mr. Fox's PAN fared well, with the party candidate coming within three percentage points of the victor in the race for mayor, Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador, from the leftist Party of the Democratic Revolution.

Cuauhtemoc Cardenas Solorzano, the candidate of the leftist party in the presidential contest, had refused to unite with Mr. Fox, and late this evening conceded defeat by his conservative opposition rival.

Mr. Fox, who turned 58 today, shatters many traditional paradigms. Every Mexican president in this century has been either a general, a lawyer or an economist, and each one has been the favorite son of an elite with a strong anticlerical and antibusiness bias.

Mr. Fox breaks this mold. He is a businessman, a devout Catholic and politically he has largely been on the outside looking in.

In the economic turmoil here in the 1980's, opposition forces achieved their first major victories in mayoral elections across northern Mexico. In 1988, dozens of beleaguered northern entrepreneurs ran for Congress representing the National Action Party, including Mr. Fox.

He won, served one term in Congress, and ran for governor of Guanajuato in 1991, losing a disputed election marred by fraud. When he ran for governor again in 1995, he won a sweeping victory. Three years into his governorship, he launched his quest for the presidency.

Although President Zedillo, voting early today in a public school near his official residence, noted "great calm throughout the country," that was not true everywhere. In the main square of the city of Puebla, in central Mexico, thousands of people lined up for long hours at a special polling place set up for Mexicans who were not in their home towns on Election Day.

Before the polls opened, hundreds of army soldiers and policemen, mostly in civilian clothes, crowded to the front of the line at the one special station for out-of-town voters.

Since the special station had only 750 ballots to be given out, many voters realized, after waiting for hours in line, that they were not going to be able to vote. As the line stretched for six blocks out of the plaza, angry and frustrated people began to suspect that the PRI was pulling one of the election tricks for which it was notorious in the past.

"Fraud! Fraud!" the voters chanted as tensions mounted, ebbed and mounted again.

"This is the PRI again," said Maria Guadalupe Corona Moreno, a 28-year-old manager of a textile factory from the state of Guanajuato who was in Puebla on business. "I've been waiting to cast my vote for years," she said, waving her voter card, "and now it turns out this is just a piece of trash."

PRI voters in Puebla were also furious about being left out.

The special polling stations were set up for Mexicans who would not appear on local rolls because they went to vote in places different from where they registered. In regular polling places, Mexicans were given ballots after matching their voter card with a photograph against a list that included both their name and picture. But because of restrictions in the campaign laws, only 715 special polling places were set up nationwide, with only 750 ballots each.

The voting today was monitored by no fewer than 38,433 Mexican observers and 860 foreigners. Everywhere they went, observers found voters thrilled about being part of what felt like a bona fide democratic exercise.

"Everyone was saying that this time their vote really matters," said Pamela S. Falk, a law professor from the City University of New York.

PRI leaders had promised that the party's huge machine would be in full gear today, with 2.5 million party followers working to deliver its voters to the polls. But the power of the PRI system, which for three decades depressed workers' salaries, was not much in evidence nationwide.

"It looks to me like the people have come out because they want a change," said Ana Maria Mosqueda, 38, a secretary who served was an elections observer on behalf of a national teachers' union that has been a bastion of the PRI. She made it clear that her PRI sympathies had waned. "We want to be treated better, and we can make it happen today, one grain of sand at a time."

In many places the election split families in two, with the older generation sticking with the PRI and the younger people going for the opposition. Husbands and wives differed as well.

Jose Luis Caballero Rivas, an office worker who is 39, said he chose Mr. Labastida because "we need someone who will help us." But as they emerged from a polling station in Ecatepec, his wife, Gabriela Alcazar, piped up to contradict him.

"It is time to change," she said.

In the state of Chiapas, followers of the Zapatista rebels burned the voting stations in two tiny rural communities, and rebels wearing ski masks set up roadblocks to stop PRI followers from voting in the town of Altamirano. The actions came even though the Zapatista leader who calls himself Subcomandante Marcos, had said the Zapatistas would not obstruct the election.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Vicente Fox addresses supporters after hearing election results. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. A1); Francisco Labastida Ochoa of the PRI tried to extend his party's rule, the longest in the world. (Reuters)(pg. A6)

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[***In Teeming Courts, Finding Strength in Family Ties***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40NK-FB60-00MH-F3G3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By DAVID ROHDE

**Body**

The families fill the courtrooms and hallways of New York City's courthouses each day, a stream of human traffic driven by surging arrest rates and crowded court calendars.

In some cases they arrive in force: parents, siblings and children determined to show support for a loved one with their sheer numbers. But in most cases they are women who arrive alone or with young children they cannot leave at home: a solitary mother, wife or girlfriend intent on supporting a scorned defendant, or serving as a poignant reminder of a murder victim.

They are the families of the accused and the victims, and they are all in some form of mourning. They say their experiences in the courthouses are grim, but can also be cathartic. They also often display striking grace and loyalty.

A majority of families are those that have long been seen in the criminal courts -- the poor. But defense lawyers say that they have seen a different type of family arrive in recent years as the city's quality-of-life crackdown continues. More ***working-class*** families who have never before had brushes with the law arrive in shock after a loved one is arrested and jailed overnight for a minor offense, like driving with a suspended license.

"The quality-of-life arrests suck up a lot of people who have never been in trouble before," said David Kapner, a defense lawyer who supervises arraignments for the Legal Aid Society in Manhattan. "And those are the people who are more likely to have their families show up in court. There are more teenagers for drinking beer, or immigrants for peddling."

But whatever the family's background, one longstanding legal truism endures: the concept of family remains a potent weapon in court. Despite high divorce rates and the far-flung nature of modern families, relatives are still expected to support one another. Interviews with judges, jurors, prosecutors and defense lawyers suggest that the presence of family members can have an impact, great or small, on the outcome of a trial or arraignment. The presence of these families, some tattered, some durably faithful, can be a critical factor in the balance of justice.

A frantic wife or a grieving mother staring intently at a judge or jury can humanize a defendant or a murder victim, they said. And the lack of any family members in the audience -- a situation that roughly half of defendants face -- can further sully the accused.

"It's very important for juries. It shows that a defendant's family hasn't abandoned them," said Acting Justice John P. Walsh of State Supreme Court, a former police inspector who supervises the city's arraignment courts. "Psychologically for jurors, if it's a close case, it will have an impact."

Judges said that jurors sometimes did not realize the subtle emotional impact families had on them by sitting in a courtroom. Jurors also may disregard instructions to pay no attention to the audience, the judges said.

Jurors in the first trial of Andrew Goldstein, a schizophrenic man convicted in March of murdering Kendra Webdale by pushing her in front of a subway, were instructed to draw no inference from the failure of Mr. Goldstein's family to testify in his defense or to attend his trial.

But several jurors said they found the absence of Mr. Goldstein's family suspicious. And after Mr. Goldstein's first trial ended in a hung jury last November, several jurors apologized to members of Ms. Webdale's family and hugged them in front of the courthouse. Jurors said they owed it to the Webdale family to have reached a verdict. They said they had noticed the victim's relatives sitting resolutely in the courtroom each day.

But the human tales that play out in the courtrooms and the crowded, often loud, sometimes menacing hallways of the courthouses typically do not receive much notice. The families come intent on doing the right thing and on perhaps gaining an edge in the legal fight.

One morning last month in the Manhattan Criminal Courts Building was typical of a justice system in which a thousand people a day are arrested and thousands of cases are handled every week.

Rosa Cabrera, 49, wept as she, her husband, her two daughters, her daughter-in-law and her nephew walked into the lobby desperately searching for her son, who she said had been arrested by immigration officials.

"I would get run over by a bus or a train if that would make them let him go," said Ms. Cabrera, who sobbed and said she was afraid her son would be deported.

Down the hall, Blanca Santiago, 18, sat on the floor waiting with her father-in-law for her husband to be released. The husband had been arrested and accused of selling flowers without a permit. A few feet away, a Chinese immigrant tried to comfort his two children as he and his sister-in-law tried to find out when his wife would be released after being arrested on a charge of buying untaxed cigarettes.

Ms. Cabrera and Ms. Santiago were typical of the people who wait in the building's lobby for the release of husbands, boyfriends and sons who had been arrested. Anguished conversations on the bank of pay phones that line the lobby wall are common. Family members break the news that someone has been arrested, try to hire a lawyer or struggle to raise bail money.

Most of the women are financially dependent on the men, defense lawyers said. Mothers who say they have no place to leave their children take them to the courthouse. At night, strollers and crying infants are common sights and sounds.

"They say, 'I'm looking for my baby's father,' " said Sgt. Stephen Crisafulli, a court officer who supervises the lobby.

Mothers who struggle to keep the children quiet in courtrooms often retreat to the hallways. There, the children play impromptu games, sitting on the floor or running in circles and shrieking as their mothers wait.

On a recent Wednesday night, Angela Medina, 18, gave her 1-month-old son a bottle as she sat in the lobby waiting for her sister's boyfriend to be released. "I want to support him and my sister," she said.

Other cases sometimes draw immigrant families who arrive in force. During one night-court shift, 12 relatives of a woman from Senegal who was arrested in a domestic dispute arrived at 1 a.m. to find her. The group included her 2-month-old niece.

Some parents and spouses accept defendants' claims that they were victims of false arrests by officers overzealously enforcing the city's quality-of-life crackdown. But others fly into a rage at their loved ones.

The most heated confrontation in the Manhattan Criminal Courts Building in the last several years was between a father and son, Sergeant Crisafulli said. The father, who had spent time in prison, flew into a rage after his own son was arrested. "How could you do this! I work every day for you!" the father thundered as court officers restrained him.

"He was really ripping the boy to keep him from going down the same path," the sergeant said. "It was fear and frustration, not anger."

Judges said that in less serious cases, defendants' ties to their families were factors in how much bail they set or whether they offered plea bargains involving probation or drug rehabilitation programs.

"If he's got a mother, brother, sister and wife sitting in the audience, it shows he has a support system," Justice Walsh said. "That support system is important for him to take his medicine."

But defense lawyers said that the presence of families could also complicate matters. Some young defendants will refuse to plead guilty in front of their mothers, for example, if they have sworn to their parents that they did not do the crimes. Other family members give terrible legal advice, the lawyers said.

While the building's ground floor is filled with families usually suffering smaller heartaches, its upper floors are lined with families enduring far larger ones. There, defendants face more serious felony charges, most involving drugs, that can result in years in prison.

Racial and class tensions can also hover over the courtrooms. Poor families frequently complain that their loved ones receive longer sentences because they cannot afford "a real lawyer," and that fury finds expression in the court buildings. After a drug addict who killed a man with his car while on PCP was sentenced to 15 years in prison last month, one of his relatives shouted, "Let it be a Mercedes-Benz, and you'll walk away no problem."

Many family members seem to fall into stereotypical roles in the courthouse, judges and lawyers said. Mothers generally attend trials religiously and are better able to express their emotions, they said. Fathers, by contrast, appear intermittently and seem to struggle with their anger.

Many relatives on the building's upper floors are hoping to influence judges or to simply catch a glimpse of a jailed defendant during a brief court appearance. In January, the mother, two aunts, girlfriend and three cousins of Victor Rhymer, 19, waited hours for him to be sentenced for robbing a man of his beeper.

"It's not a strain to come here because we love him," his aunt Claudette Rhymer said.

Courthouse veterans said that explaining the continuing power of families in the court system was simple. Jurors and judges, like all people, may groan about their own nagging mothers, distant fathers and crazy siblings. But blood is still expected to bind.

"The fact of the matter is that if you're alone in this world, it's much harder to rehabilitate yourself," said Mr. Kapner, the Legal Aid lawyer. "But if you have some people in your life, you have a better chance of pulling yourself together. Intuitively, judges and juries understand that too."

Defense lawyers and judges say one of the most depressing sights in court is the roughly 50 percent of defendants who arrive alone, with no family members. Many are long-term drug abusers whose addictions have shattered their ties to their families.

"Some of them are acquitted, and they walk out of the courtroom and there is no one there," said David Stern, a Manhattan defense lawyer. "Some are convicted and no one sheds a tear."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The family of Kendra Webdale, who was pushed in front of a train, was in court day after day for the trials of her killer, Andrew Goldstein. (Frances Roberts for The New York Times); Several jurors noted the absence of Mr. Goldstein's relatives in court. (Associated Press)(pg. B6); Rosa Cabrera, in red, and several relatives consulting with a lawyer in a Manhattan courthouse regarding her son's immigration arrest. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** July 7, 2000

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[***Theater Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SRM-8750-TW8F-G108-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 16

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**Body**

THEATER

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current shows, additional listings, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/theater.

Previews and Openings

'A BRUSH WITH GEORGIA O'KEEFFE' Previews start on Saturday. Opens on June 21. Natalie Mosco's bio-play follows the meteoric rise of the great American painter. St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200.

'CIRQUE DREAMS JUNGLE FANTASY' Previews start on Monday. Opens on June 26. This family-friendly international circus combines ballet, athleticism and plenty of nature imagery. Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd Street, (212) 239-6200.

'HAMLET' In previews; opens on Tuesday. To wait in line or not to wait in line: that will be the question for those who want to see free Shakespeare this summer, which features Michael Stuhlbarg (''Pillowman'') as the Dane. The Public's head honcho, Oskar Eustis, directs (3:20). Delacorte Theater in Central Park, south of 81st Street, (212) 539-8750.

'THE MARRIAGE OF BETTE AND BOO' In previews; opens on July 13. The Roundabout Theater revives Christopher Durang's comic portrait of one marriage in 33 short scenes. Walter Bobbie directs. Laura Pels Theater, 111 West 46th Street, (212) 719-1300.

'TR WARSZAWA MACBETH' Previews start on Tuesday. Opens on June 22. If you thought Patrick Stewart's ''Macbeth'' was a little tame, this acclaimed Polish company's outdoor spectacle might be for you. St. Ann's Theater presents this multimedia epic (2:00). Tobacco Warehouse, Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park, Dumbo, Brooklyn, (718) 254-8779.

Broadway

'ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE 39 STEPS' An absurdly enjoyable, gleefully theatrical riff on the 1935 Hitchcock movie, directed by Maria Aitken and featuring a cast of four that feels like a cast of thousands. This fast, frothy exercise in legerdemain is throwaway theater at its finest (1:45). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Ben Brantley)

'AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY' Tracy Letts's turbocharged tragicomedy about an Oklahoma clan in a state of near-apocalyptic meltdown is the most exciting new American play Broadway has seen in years. Fiercely funny and bitingly sad, it somehow finds fresh sources of insight in that classic staple of the stage, the disintegrating American family. And the cast, from the Steppenwolf Theater Company, is beyond sublime (3:20). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Charles Isherwood)

'BOEING-BOEING' Marco Camoletti's smirky French farce from the 1960s about a triple-timing roue has been given the makeover of the season by the director Matthew Marchus. This high-spirited production soars into an unpolluted stratosphere of classical physical comedy. With Christine Baranski, Bradley Whitford and, in a priceless deadpan performance, Mark Rylance (2:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'A CATERED AFFAIR' John Buccino and Harvey Fierstein's short, slow and somber depiction of a blue-collar family planning an expensive wedding, inspired by the 1956 movie, is so low-key that it often seems to sink below stage level. John Doyle directs a scrupulously subdued cast led by Faith Prince, Tom Wopat and Mr. Fierstein (1:30). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF' Anika Noni Rose and Terrence Howard deliciously embody those eternal adversaries, irresistible force and immovable object, as the battling husband and wife in the first act of this otherwise flabby revival of Tennessee Williams's melodrama. Debbie Allen directs, none too certainly, a cast that also includes James Earl Jones and Phylicia Rashad (2:45). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'THE COUNTRY GIRL' The sole source of suspense in this inert revival -- directed by Mike Nichols and starring Morgan Freeman, Frances McDormand and Peter Gallagher -- is whether three of the finest actors around can ever make you care about what their characters are going through (2:10). Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CRY-BABY' Tasteless, though not in the way you would expect from a show adapted from a movie by John Waters, the king of cinematic vulgarity. This bad-boy-meets-good-girl 1950s spoof has all the flavor of week-old prechewed gum. Mark Brokaw directs a forgettable cast (2:20). Marquis Theater, 1535 Broadway, at 45th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Brantley)

'DISNEY'S THE LITTLE MERMAID' The motto for this charm-free musical blunderbuss, based on the charming 1989 Disney movie, might be ''You can't go broke overestimating the taste of preschoolers.'' Francesca Zambello directs an overwhelmed cast (2:20). Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4747. (Brantley)

'GYPSY' As the dangerously obsessed Momma Rose, Patti LuPone has found her focus. And when Ms. LuPone is truly focused, she's a laser, she incinerates. Directed by Arthur Laurents, this wallop-packing incarnation of the great musical showbiz fable, also starring the superb Boyd Gaines and Laura Benanti, shines with a magnified, soul-revealing transparency (2:30). St. James Theater, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'IN THE HEIGHTS' Lin-Manuel Miranda, who wrote the bubbly Latin pop score for this musical about barrio life, also gives a captivating performance as the owner of a bodega who dispenses good cheer along with cafe con leche. Zesty choreography and a host of lively performers are among its other assets; its fundamental flaw is a vivid streak of sentimentality (2:20). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES' The British actor Ben Daniels makes a sensational Broadway debut as the 18th-century libertine Valmont in Rufus Norris's eye-filling, imbalanced revival of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the Pierre Choderlos de Laclos novel. Also starring Laura Linney, a wonderful actress cast out of her range as Valmont's former lover (2:40). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THE NEW MEL BROOKS MUSICAL YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN' This tiring adaptation of Mr. Brooks's 1974 movie, starring an amiable but overwhelmed Roger Bart, never seems to stop screeching at you. This means that: a) it soon wears out its voice, and b) it leaves you with a monster-size headache (2:45). Hilton Theater, 213 West 42nd Street, (212) 307-4100. (Brantley)

'NOVEMBER'David Mamet's glib, jaunty comedy about a corrupt, unpopular president seeking re-election suggests a ''Saturday Night Live'' sketch retro-styled as a Sid Caesar comedy sketch. Joe Mantello, in his Neil Simon mode, directs a cast led by Nathan Lane (as the quipping president) and Laurie Metcalf (as his doormat speechwriter) (1:35). Barrymore Theater, 243 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'PASSING STRANGE' The rock 'n' roll autobiography of Stew, a singer-songwriter who grew up in bourgeois black Los Angeles and trekked to Europe to find himself as an artist. The portrait of an artist in search of himself is an old story; Stew's unique perspective, exuberant music and witty lyrics -- and the show's uniformly delightful cast -- give it a vivid new sheen (2:10). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

'SOUTH PACIFIC' Bartlett Sher's rapturous revival of this Rodgers and Hammerstein classic recreates the unabashed, unquestioning romance American theatergoers once had with the American book musical. Kelli O'Hara and Paulo Szot are the revelatory stars of a pitch-perfect cast (2:50). Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE' A glorious revival of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1984 musical about art according to Seurat. Making enchanting use of 21st-century technology to convey a 19th-century Pointillist's point of view, this production also shimmers with a new humanity and clarity. Daniel Buntrock directs a revelatory cast, led by Daniel Evans and Jenna Russell (2:15). Studio 54, 254 West 54th Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THURGOOD'Laurence Fishburne plays Thurgood Marshall, the first black American to sit on the Supreme Court, in this no-frills solo show written by George Stevens Jr. and directed by Leonard Foglia. Basically a history lesson given by a movie star, but the life story is undeniably stirring (1:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

'TOP GIRLS' James Macdonald's smart and sensitive revival of Caryl Churchill's imperfect but important play from 1982, about the roads taken and not taken by women throughout history. Nothing matches the exhilarating, time-scrambling first act, but the cast throughout is extraordinary. The starry ensemble includes Elizabeth Marvel, Marisa Tomei and Martha Plimpton (2:30). Biltmore Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'XANADU' An improbably entertaining spoof of the majestically awful movie from 1980 about a Greek muse (Olivia Newton-John, roller-skating into oblivion) who inspires a young artist in Venice Beach, Calif., to chase his disco dream. Kerry Butler mimics Ms. Newton-John's Aussie accent and sports her signature skates-and-leg-warmers look, but also puts her own affectionate stamp on a seriously silly role. Blissfully idiotic, practically sublime (1:30). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

'ADDING MACHINE' A bleak but brilliant musical adaptation of Elmer Rice's 1923 play about an all-American loser who kills the boss when he finds he's being replaced by the contraption of the title. Expertly designed and directed, with unforgettably vivid performances in the three lead roles and an inspired score by Joshua Schmidt and Jason Loewith (1:30).Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'BODY AWARENESS' Annie Baker's gentle comedy, set in a Vermont college town, features an adorable JoBeth Williams as the mother of a 21-year-old who may or may not have Asperger's. A low-key charmer (1:30). Atlantic Theater Company Stage 2, 330 West 16th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200. (Isherwood)

'THE BULLY PULPIT' As a conservationist and union supporter, Theodore Roosevelt was a Republican of a different color, something Michael O. Smith makes abundantly clear in this informative one-man show, which he also wrote. Mr. Smith's vigorous, gregarious portrait winningly reminds us of Roosevelt's insatiable intellectual hunger and unrelenting optimism. To say nothing of T. R.'s resistance to pigeonholing -- so rare for a politician in his era, and, sadly, so rare in ours (1:55). Beckett Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Andy Webster)

'THE COCKTAIL HOUR' A. R. Gurney's lightweight tale of domestic squabbling in an overprivileged family needs to be played as parody today, but Theater Breaking Through Barriers takes it at face value, which makes for a production that is mildly amusing rather than hilarious (2:00). Kirk Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

(Neil Genzlinger)

'EDWARD ALBEE'S OCCUPANT' The flamboyant American sculptor Louise Nevelson is reincarnated with disarming casualness and unimpeachable conviction by Mercedes Ruehl in a play that brings to mind a Q. and A. with an Eminent Person in a 92nd Street Y of the afterlife. With Larry Bryggman as Nevelson's interlocutor (1:50). Peter Norton Space, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 244-7529. (Brantley)

'ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATER MARATHON: SERIES B' Sharp relationship plays by Neil LaBute and Anne Washburn highlight this mostly impressive collection (1:45). Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (212) 352-3101.

(Jason Zinoman)

'HOW THEATER FAILED AMERICA' Mike Daisey is a remarkable performer. His new monologue, supposedly about the failure of regional theater, is actually the touching and at times hilarious story of how he fell in love with theater, and of his professional misadventures (1:00). Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street, at Seventh Avenue South, (212) 239-6200. (Caryn James)

'PORT AUTHORITY' Conor McPherson's haunting fugue of monologues about passive lives and loves that might have been, performed by three actors who know how to snare an audience with a story: Brian d'Arcy James, John Gallagher Jr. and Jim Norton. Henry Wishcamper directs (1:30). Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'RAFTA, RAFTA ...' Ayub Khan-Din's play, adapted from a Bill Naughton comedy, gently considers the problems of a newly married couple unable to consummate their marriage. What might have been a sniggery sitcom is transformed, by seamless and compassionate ensemble work under Scott Elliot's direction, into a gentle and compassionate look at an Indian family adjusting to ***working-class*** England (2:20). Acorn Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'REASONS TO BE PRETTY' A true shocker from Neil LaBute, but not the kind you'd expect. The master of nastiness is making nice, in a superbly acted drama about a young man learning to listen. Terry Kinney astutely directs the top-flight cast: Piper Perabo, Alison Pill, Thomas Sadowski and Pablo Schreiber (2:15). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'SAVED' A disappointingly bland new musical about Christian youth dealing with issues of faith, identity and prom dates. Based on the 2004 movie of the same title, about a confused high school senior who hopes to cure her boyfriend of homosexuality (2:20). Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Isherwood)

Off Off Broadway

'JOLLYSHIP THE WHIZ-BANG' This blast of demented brilliance finds the Brooklyn rock band/puppet troupe of the title in fine, high-energy form, delivering a ridiculous pirate tale through puppetry and breaking away every few minutes to pound out a rollicking song that is at least vaguely related to the story. Created by Nick Jones, the band's lead singer, and Raja Azar, its keyboardist, the show is loud and loose, but don't let that fool you: this is as intricate and well-rehearsed a piece as anything out there (2:00). Ars Nova, 511 West 54th Street, (212) 868-4444. (Genzlinger)

Last Chance

'BETRAYED'George Packer's play, adapted from his piece for The New Yorker, is a chilling study of the plight of three Iraqis working for the American government in Iraq. Forceful, unsettling and beautifully acted (1:45). Culture Project, 55 Mercer Street, SoHo, (212) 352-3101; closes on Monday. (Isherwood)

'THE EUTHANASIST' Liza Lentini's one-woman play featuring Monika Schneider flattens out its hot-button topic, hitting too many wrong notes to provoke much thought or jerk many tears (1:30). Performance Space 122, 150 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village, (212) 477-5829; closes on Sunday. (Rachel Saltz)

'THE GREAT AMERICAN ALL-STAR TRAVELING WAR MACHINE' The Irondale Ensemble Project in a frisky trot through a few millenniums of human conflict. Inspired by the first issue of Lewis Lapham's Lapham Quarterly, the show is an intermittently engaging miscellany that unfortunately fails to establish a strong point of view (1:30). Theater for the New City, 155 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'THE NEW CENTURY' The one-liners fly like rockets in this rollicking bill of short plays by Paul Rudnick about gay men and the women who love them. And more often than not, they hit their targets smoking. Nicholas Martin directs the unmatchable team of monologuists: Linda Lavin, Peter Bartlett and Jayne Houdyshell (1:45). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200; closes on Sunday. (Brantley)

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[***Illness Is Turning Into Financial Catastrophe for More of the Uninsured***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-61Y0-000P-N3KH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PETER T. KILBORN

By PETER T. KILBORN

**Dateline:** SHERWOOD, Ark.

**Body**

As her three boys were returning from school one Friday in March, Charlene Prowse, who works nights at a convenience store here, awakened from her day's sleep. Mrs. Prowse, 31 and robust despite a battle six years ago with ovarian cancer, stepped into the hallway of the family's home in this ***working-class*** suburb of Little Rock. Then she collapsed.

"Mom was on the floor," said Cory, her 8-year-old son, who rushed in from the porch with his brother Steven, 7. Her husband, Randal Sr., 40, said: "She was shaking, staring into space. I started giving her C.P.R."

Charlene Prowse eventually recovered. But the family had no health insurance, and the thousands of dollars worth of medical bills brought on by her illness swept them over the edge, putting them in a red file folder in the fast-expanding bankruptcy stacks at the Federal courthouse in Little Rock.

Their petition, filed in early July, listed nearly $8,000 in medical bills, half of which came from four days that Mrs. Prowse spent at a Little Rock hospital recovering from what doctors said was a seizure.

With the number of uninsured working poor having increased over the last 10 years, the Prowse case is not unusual. Even as managed care and the growth of private hospitals is upending the world of health care and as Washington is putting the finishing touches on a budget bill that provides health insurance for more children, the number of uninsured Americans remains at its highest point in years.

In 1987, according to the Census Bureau, the number of uninsured working people living below the Federal poverty line -- $7,890 a year for individuals and $16,029 for a family of four -- was 8.1 million, which was 45 percent of the working poor. By 1992, when President Clinton was elected and began pressing for an overhaul of the health care system to make sure all workers are covered, the numbers had grown to 9.6 million and 48 percent.

And through 1995, the latest year for which the bureau has data, little had changed. In spite of a growing economy and declining poverty, 9.4 million working poor, still 48 percent of the working poor, did not have health insurance.

Though Congress and state legislatures have been wrestling for months with the problems of the country's 10 million uninsured children, the population of 23 million uninsured working adults, 17 million of whom work full time, has been largely ignored in the debate. The working poor in this group, typically earning $6 or $7 an hour, make too little to afford health insurance but too much to qualify for Medicaid, the state and Federal insurance program for the poor.

So when medical misfortune strikes, they can only plead for the forbearance of doctors, compete for the increasingly scarce resources of charities or file for bankruptcy.

"At least 40 percent of my clients have medical problems that have caused them to file," said Danyelle J. Walker, one of Little Rock's busier bankruptcy lawyers.

The economy, perversely, bears some of the blame. Though it has lifted millions off the welfare rolls and pushed unemployment down to 30-year lows, it has created mostly low-wage service and retail jobs like Mrs. Prowse's, which are much less likely to provide insurance. And once off Government aid, most former welfare recipients cannot rely on Medicaid.

In Arkansas and many other states, the uninsured working poor outnumber the uninsured unemployed poor. In fact, the rise in the uninsured working poor accounts for most of the growth of the nation's uninsured, to more than 40 million today from 31 million a decade ago.

Many are parents weaned from the welfare rolls who keep their Medicaid until a year or two after their wages lift them above the poverty line, under provisions of the law to encourage the poor to get jobs. Most are either blue-collar self-employed workers or wage earners whose employers either do not provide insurance, are terminating it or are raising the share of the cost workers must pay to levels they cannot afford.

"They just do without," said Ray Hanley, medical services director for the Arkansas Department of Human Services. "They have to choose between buying enough medicine and buying enough food."

Dr. Karmen Hopkins, a family practitioner at the St. Vincent Health Clinic East in Little Rock, said, "You present them with a prescription for medication," and when they realize what it will cost, "they look at you like you're crazy."

"They ask you," Dr. Hopkins said, " 'What do you want me not to pay -- the rent or the utilities?' "

From 1994 through April 1997, the economy had generated just 19,000 jobs in well-paid fields like manufacturing, which tend to provide health insurance, while it created 428,000 retail store jobs like Mrs. Prowse's.

"We've had a 5 percent decrease in employer-based coverage because of the shift to the service-based economy," Mr. Hanley said.

Nationwide, the Employee Benefit Research Institute in Washington says, employers providing subsidized insurance dropped to 64 percent last year, from 69 percent a decade ago.

Here, in the President's home state, 17 percent of the population is uninsured, more than in at least 40 other states. Household incomes are just 79 percent of the national average. So in Arkansas, as in much of the South, the squeeze on the working poor is especially pronounced.

And those who study the state say it has become the nation's unhealthiest.

"For the last few years, Arkansas has been at the bottom of the pile" on health issues, said Kathleen Morgan, co-editor of Morgan Quitno Press, a Kansas reference-book publisher that studies state economies and living conditions. The company's most recent study, Ms. Morgan said, shows that people in Arkansas who get sick, stay sick longer than those in any other state.

The Prowses, with an income of $20,000 a year when both parents are fully employed, cannot begin to afford the $450 to $600 a month that Ronald Sheffield, the deputy insurance commissioner of Arkansas, estimates they would have pay on their own for family coverage. Their insurance would cost more than their monthly rent, $400.

The Prowses said that even when Mr. Prowse had a regular job a year ago, maintaining an apartment building, their share of his employer-subsidized insurance -- $241 a month -- cost too much. Like many other small businesses, Mrs. Prowse's employer, Shipley's, does not offer her insurance or most other benefits, like sick pay and vacation pay.

Employers say there is little they can do because of the costs. Foster Higgins, a national employee benefits consulting concern, says that employers who provided health insurance for their employees last year paid an average of $3,915 per worker. That amounts to 38 percent of a full-time worker's earnings at the minimum wage of $5.15 an hour, and many employers say they cannot stay in business if they pay it.

Small employers often must pay even more because they lack big employers' negotiating clout with insurance companies.

And so for the uninsured poor, bankruptcy becomes a solution to a medical crisis. The American Bankruptcy Institute says a record 1,125,006 consumers filed for bankruptcy last year, an increase of 29 percent from the year before and a 150 percent increase since 1986, when 450,000 petitions were filed.

Credit card debt is the biggest culprit, said Samuel J. Gerdano, the bankruptcy institute's executive director. No one, Mr. Gerdano said, breaks down with any precision the other causes, like medical bills, divorce, losing a job or gambling.

But judges and debtors' lawyers say medical bills seem to be surpassing the others. That is the perception in Arkansas.After three years of slight declines, bankruptcy filings in the state, nearly all by consumers, jumped 37 percent in 1995 and 41 percent last year, to 13,189.

An informal review of the latest 200 petitions in Federal court in Little Rock shows a medical bill on 1 in 2 cases. In about 1 out of 4, medical debts exceed the petitioners' other unsecured debts, which are those that have nothing material behind them, like homes and automobiles.

Credit card debt, moreover, may camouflage medical debt. With the proliferation of credit cards, James G. Mixon, one of the state's three Federal bankruptcy judges, said, "Most every doctor or hospital will take a credit card."

"For anybody who's uninsured, that's a way to deal with the problem," Judge Mixon said.

Still, bankruptcy is often a mixed blessing. Many who file, like the Prowses, choose to try to pay off a part of their debts, while others apply to have all their debts wiped out. Under the plan the Prowses worked out, Mrs. Prowse is keeping just $66 of her weekly pay of $211 while the rest goes to pay off debts, including medical bills.

Mr. Prowse, now unemployed, typically earns twice the pay that his wife does when he works. But when the couple filed for bankruptcy, the bank repossessed the 1992 Chevrolet Blazer he used to search for jobs and to get to them. They have a 15-year-old Chevy Silverado, but the transmission needs to be replaced before Mr. Prowse can use it.

Doctors are still unsure what caused Mrs. Prowse's seizure, and now a new problem threatens her health.

"The doctor found a new knot on my ovary," Mrs. Prowse said. "He told me to get over there, that he'd work with me, let me pay $10 a month."

"But I'll have to stay off work for six weeks," she said, explaining that she cannot afford to do so until the fall, when her husband expects to find work and the children are back in school.

"I won't have to pay a baby sitter then," Mrs. Prowse said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Medical bills from a seizure sent the Prowse family into bankruptcy. Charlene Prowse and her husband, Randal Sr., sat with their sons, from left, Randal Jr., 12, Cory, 8, and Steven, 7, at their Sherwood, Ark., home. (Spencer Tirey for The New York Times)

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[***Psst! They're Dining Well in the (Far) East Village***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R9V0-0017-52G5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 2; Living Desk

**Length:** 1364 words

**Byline:** By TRISH HALL

**Body**

IN a neighborhood afflicted with burned-out buildings, crime and drugs, a restaurant that offers arugula with smoked pheasant, roast monkfish and flourless chocolate cake might seem incongruous - and it is.

That's why Bernard Leroy frosted the windows of his two-week-old French restaurant on Avenue C at Ninth Street, so customers wouldn't be shaken by the scene outside. They are not completely insulated, however; no one can be, here. Customers who want wine with dinner must walk three blocks north to a liquor store that keeps its stock, and its clerks, behind bulletproof acrylic.

To Mr. Leroy, a 29-year-old Parisian who has worked in New York as a chef and a caterer for six years, it was natural to build his first restaurant, Bernard, near his apartment and on a corner he loves. ''There is beautiful natural light here,'' he said. ''There are two windows in the kitchen, and I can see willow trees.''

Half a block away, Yolanda Scantlebury started the 9th Street Food Gallery, where she sells cheeses, groceries and oversize sandwiches filled with the likes of smoked mozzarella and sun-dried tomatoes for $4.25. Ms. Scantlebury, who was born in Panama and grew up in an Italian section of Brooklyn, has lived in this neighborhood 10 years. Along the way, she said, she got tired of having to walk blocks and blocks to find deli food. So she quit her job as a recording engineer and in December 1985 opened her own store.

''Sometimes I look around and wonder, 'Why did you open here?' '' she said. Her answer comes from the neighborhood residents who go out of their way to support her store. ''There are some really sweet people - all colors, all nationalities,'' she said.

Whatever you call the region of Manhattan bounded by 14th Street to the north, Houston Street to the south, Fourth Avenue and the Bowery to the west and the river on the east - the East Village, Alphabet City, Lower East Side or Loisaida - it is a part of Manhattan unlike any other: more diverse, more outrageous, more homey, a place where the unexpected and the unnerving can surprise at any corner.

It is a place, too, of dreams and nightmares, the real and the absurd, the somber and the comic. A panhandler doesn't ask for a spare quarter; he holds up a sign saying, ''Trying to raise $1,000 for wine research.'' A lot on First Street is christened an ''Urban Rubble Garden in Progress,'' with weeds, plastic bottles and a Kool-Aid container growing from the ground cover of red pebbles.

The East Village for decades has been a magnet for people who have made homes in its anonymous tenement buildings, where fire escapes serve as terraces and steps become salons. Waves of Polish, Ukrainian, Jewish, Italian and Hispanic immigrants have left their mark, perhaps most notably the stores that sell their native foods. In every decade, too, middle-class rebels from the heartland - beatniks and hippies and punks and artists - have found their way to St. Marks Place, the human cauldron that serves as a commercial thoroughfare.

In the last few years, as rents in other parts of Manhattan have become prohibitive even for well-heeled newcomers, landlords have found that they can attract stockbrokers and copywriters who consider $800 or $1,000 a month a bargain for a one-bedroom apartment. Longtime residents live in fear that they will lose their homes as the property around them becomes increasingly valuable.

Even with the influx of more affluent residents, though, the East Village has not become a land of tiled takeout shops and glass-enclosed cafes. Middle-aged couples still sip their coffees in the Italian bakeries with children and grandchildren playing hide-and-seek among the chairs.

Young women with spiked yellow hair, dressed in black from head to toe, still eat breakfast at 3 P.M. in the Kiev restaurant.

Moreover, few areas of Manhattan offer so many different kinds of food for so little money. Dinners can easily be had for less than $10. Although good restaurants cost more, they still offer prices generally a few dollars lower than the norm.

Many of the new restaurants and food stores are very much like their older forebears. They have been scraped together with much labor and little money by today's immigrants, who may come from West Virginia rather than Poland. Some hope their businesses will remain undiscovered by outsiders because they were built for people who live nearby, not for those who taxi in, wearing suits and bearing briefcases. In a neighborhood that worries about the growing signs of gentrification, opening a restaurant becomes a political act.

The owners of Two Boots, a Cajun and pizza place named for the maps of Louisiana and Italy, opened six weeks ago on Avenue A near Second Street because they wanted an inexpensive restaurant near their homes that would be attractive to adults and hospitable to children. ''On a good night here, there are old Jewish people who live in the projects and ***working-class*** Spanish people,'' said Phil Hartman, a film maker who is a partner in the business with Doris Kornish and John Touhey.

They are so passionate about the destructiveness of gentrification that they named one of their pizzas after Orchidia, an Italian-Ukrainian restaurant in the East Village that was displaced by a Steve's ice-cream shop. They have covered their serpentine lunch counter with a collage of personal and neighborhood mementos: a friend's baby picture, a leaflet to drum up support to stop an eviction, beads, a picture of Elvis Presley and Richard Nixon together, a button that says ''Bunny,'' and a Band-Aid.

Two blocks away, on Second Avenue, Martin Boyce and Arnold Fern opened Everybody's in January in an old luncheonette, the only affordable space they could find. Although they are serving French bistro food, which might be the trendiest of the trends right now, their restaurant feels indigenous, much like the small down-to-earth businesses that have always been the neighborhood's backbone.

Mr. Boyce cooks in a tiny kitchen in the back; Mr. Fern, a painter whose work is displayed on the walls, waits on tables.

Tables are decorated with little candles, black plastic ashtrays and checked oilcloth covers. On a rainy summer night, the door is open. ''It's so 70's, it won't last'' is the pronouncement overheard at a table of art dealers discussing their trade.

Dinner might be filet mignon au poivre for $15.95 with scalloped potatoes and green beans, or lemon chicken for $9.75. ''I come here every day,'' said Arch Connelly, a painter and sculptor who works in a studio nearby. ''The food is made to order, it's excellent, and it's not pretentious. It's what a neighborhood restaurant should be.''

Although there are a dozen different ideas of neighborhood in the East Village, businesses with no clear local constituency can meet hostility.

Linda Heidinger, an owner of Tompkins Park Restaurant, at Avenue A and Ninth Street, said its windows were covered with heavy black shades when it opened in 1982 so it could keep a low profile. Even then, its walls were often defaced with graffiti because the restaurant was viewed as ''the first smack of gentrification,'' she said. The corner, once a drug supermarket, is considerably calmer now, and the black shades are gone. It is still hard to make money, Ms. Heidinger said, because prices must be kept affordable, by neighborhood standards. Entrees like pecan chicken and pork chops cost $6 to $8; a hamburger with salad or french fries is $4.50.

Many storefronts have become vacant as art galleries have closed.

What will happen next? ''I wouldn't even venture to guess,'' Ms. Heidinger said.

Nevertheless, Ms. Heidinger, who has lived above the restaurant four years, said she believes there is a growing market for her kind of food.

Ten weeks ago, she opened a takeout shop called Meals nearby on Ninth Street, selling prepared foods and such staples as vinegars from Wild Thyme Farm, biscotti from DiCamillo Bakery and Cafe du Jour coffee.

Outside, patrons can eat at a tiny table that has just two chairs, watching the untamed life of the East Village and its sometimes inscrutable vignettes. Just steps away, a woman is sprawled on the sidewalk, sanding the leg of a mannequin.

**Graphic**

Drawings; Photos of East Village restauranteers and their establishments (NYT/Sara Krulwich) (Pg. C6)

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[***Testing, Testing ... but What?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M16-7340-TW8F-G2GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14WC; Column 2; Westchester Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2235 words

**Byline:** By FORD FESSENDEN

**Dateline:** Elmont, N.Y.

**Body**

WHEN Stevens Cadet didn't show up at Elmont Memorial Junior-Senior High School for a Saturday morning test-preparation session one day last year, he got a call from his teacher, Patricia Klein, who keeps the telephone numbers of her students programmed into her cellphone.

''Wake up, it's Saturday,'' Stevens, now 14, recalled Ms. Klein's saying into the phone. If she had not awakened him, Stevens said, one of his friends would have called to urge him to get to class. ''Most of the kids are here on Saturday, and the faculty is always here,'' he said.

For the last five years, this Long Island public school with more than 2,000 students in grades 7 through 12, just over the border from Queens, has shown significant gains on the statewide eighth-grade English and math tests now required by the federal No Child Left Behind law.

With almost 60 percent of its students meeting reading and writing standards based on the eighth-grade English exam, up from 35 percent in 2000, Elmont has earned a reputation as a school capable of meeting the federal law's goal of narrowing the academic achievement gap between minority and white children. Seventy-four percent of the school's students are black, 11 percent are Asian, 13 percent are Hispanic, and 2 percent are white. Twenty-three percent of the students are eligible for a free or reduced-price meal.

At Elmont, the commitment to improving student performance, with a focus on test preparation, is consuming. And like the teachers at an increasing number of schools, Elmont's staff members use the mountain of data from standardized tests to help shape their classroom lessons and prepare their students for the tests.

''We are absolutely driven by data,'' said John Capozzi, the school's principal. His staff members pore over scores and questions from tests to help decide what to emphasize in their classes, and which students, like Stevens Cadet, may need extra assistance to improve their performance in the classroom and on the next assessment test.

Not only are classes offered on Saturday but extra-help sessions are also available before and after school. In the classroom, lessons are peppered with sample test questions. Teachers drill slogans like ''Score 4, no less, no more, '' a reference to the highest score on the state tests. And in the days leading up to the statewide assessment tests, inspirational posters decorate hallways.

So, not surprisingly, teachers and staff members at Elmont were stunned on Sept. 21 when the state released the results of the most recent round of statewide English tests. This time, instead of 60 percent of its eighth-grade students meeting the reading and writing standards, almost 60 percent of the students did not. (Results on the eighth-grade math test, which also improved significantly for Elmont in the last five years, are due later this month.)

What does this sudden drop-off, one of the largest declines in the New York metropolitan region, say about Elmont, or about the test? Or about the extent of the efforts that some schools are making to comply with the No Child Left Behind law, which requires that all students meet state standards by 2014?

Mr. Capozzi has spent the days since the results were announced going over his vaunted data, trying to decipher the decline at Elmont. So far, he says, he has found no explanations, and no consolation. He wonders if something might have been wrong with the test, which was revised in the last year.

David M. Abrams, the assistant commissioner for standards, assessment and reporting for the New York Department of Education, said the test format did not change appreciably, although some questions, testing seventh-grade content, were dropped. Other schools did not find the latest test more difficult, Mr. Abrams said.

Mr. Capozzi, a former social studies teacher, football coach and assistant principal who became principal last year, said: ''One thing I do know, it's not the kids. Our kids are extremely hard working. They attend all our sessions. It's not like they shy away from a challenge.''

''It's discouraging to see our teachers teach and our students work as hard as they do, and the assessments coming back with the scores we're getting now,'' he said. But, he added: ''I'm already working on next year. We will come up with a plan to fix it. That's the bottom line.''

Five years after its passage, the No Child Left Behind law continues to alter the landscape of elementary and secondary education in school districts across the metropolitan region.

Schools have begun reporting results on a wave of new tests given for the first time in grades 3, 5, 6 and 7 in New York; grades 5, 6 and 7 in New Jersey; and grades 3, 5 and 7 in Connecticut. Connecticut has released results, and New Jersey has informed schools of the results, but will not report statewide results until January.

At the same time, school administrators now have new tools to analyze the data that they are getting from these tests, which could lead to further reshaping of school curriculums, raising concerns among opponents of the No Child Left Behind law that some schools will place even more emphasis on ''teaching to the test'' and not paying enough attention to teaching students higher-level thinking skills.

IN New York, a new program called the State Testing and Accountability Reporting Tool, or nySTART, would allow principals to know how every student did on every question. Through similar analytical tools, administrators across the region are gaining a deeper understanding of the impact of their teaching on results.

''Everyone teaches to the test -- the question is whether it's a good test,'' said Earl Kim, the superintendent of the Verona public school district in New Jersey, where administrators use their own Excel spreadsheets to break down the test results. New Jersey plans its own version of nySTART, called NJ Smart, but its development has been delayed. ''The test should measure something important, and should be reliable,'' Mr. Kim said.

While poorer school districts with a higher number of low-performing students may feel under more pressure to dig deep into the data to help improve future test results, administrators in more affluent districts said that they also felt the pressure to improve scores.

''Everyone feels this accountability, from the student to the teacher to the administrators,'' said Charles J. Murphy, the superintendent of the Sachem Central School District on Long Island, a large, mostly white, middle-class district. ''Education can't be all about scores, but the focus really is about scores.''

In fact, the number of standardized tests being administered in schools only seems to grow. The new state tests in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut mean that every student in third through eighth grade will take a state test this year. Before last spring, state tests below the high school level were delivered only in fourth and eighth grade in New York, and in third, fourth and eighth grade in New Jersey. Connecticut tested in grades 4, 6 and 8 before adding the full contingent of statewide assessment tests last spring.

But it isn't just the state tests that are proliferating. The sheer number of ancillary tests -- pre-assessments, tracking tests, sample questions, practice tests -- seems to be on a pace of geometric increase. As the New Jersey Department of Education prepares a new set of state tests for next year, it is also developing a set of practice tests that districts can use to prepare for them.

''Districts would be able to use it periodically to be able to see exactly what questions Johnny missed,'' said Lucille E. Davy, the acting commissioner of education in New Jersey. ''It will be tied to the state standard and to the end-of-year tests, with questions that are developed to look like what's being asked on those tests.''

Most districts are not waiting. In Passaic, N.J., one of the poorest districts in the region, the schools give benchmark assessments written by teams of teachers to look like the state tests and to cover material the tests might cover.

''Benchmark assessments are early indicators of how they have been taught a series of skills,'' said Passaic's superintendent, Robert Holster. ''We're not allowed to use the state standard, but we closely align with the state tests.''

STEVENS CADET was a seventh grader when he entered Elmont Memorial Junior-Senior High, one of five high schools in the Sewanhaka Central School District, in a ***working-class*** neighborhood not far from Belmont Park. He was 12 years old.

Smart and voluble, he showed signs of academic promise, but his schoolwork was inconsistent. His teachers said -- and he and his parents agreed -- that he did not always submit his homework assignments on time and that his exuberance could be disruptive in class.

In another era, a teacher discussing his prospects might have focused on the D he was in danger of getting in mathematics, or the 60's he said he was getting on science tests.

But in the language of the teachers' lounge at Elmont, Stevens was a Level 2, a ''high two.'' In New York, the state tests grade proficiency on a scale of Level 1 to Level 4. Students who score in the Level 3 and 4 ranges meet the academic standards set by the state and required by the No Child Left Behind law. Students scoring in Levels 1 and 2 do not and are considered at risk for failing in high school.

Stevens was a critical quantity -- someone on the cusp of attaining the passing grade.

''Our target group is kids like Stevens, who's a high two, and we want to take him to a three or even a four,'' said Melissa Mach, his English teacher.

Encouraged by teachers, his Haitian-born parents and even his friends, Stevens began attending extra-help sessions, including the Saturday lessons led by his math teacher, Patricia Klein, who was unafraid of calling him at home on Saturday mornings.

His grades improved. Ms. Klein and his other teachers believed he could not only make a Level 3, but might even attain a 4 by the time he took the eighth-grade English test, which he did last spring. Out of 357 Elmont eighth graders who took the 2005 English test, 53 achieved 4's, four times the number that scored that high in 2000.

''It's a lot of pressure,'' Stevens, now a ninth grader, said recently as he awaited his test results. ''But it's good at the same time. The assessment pushes you because this is something that the state requires you to do. It's important.''

Mr. Capozzi never stops pushing test preparation, which extends beyond eighth grade. At Elmont, 91 percent of seniors received the prestigious Regents diploma -- 41 percent with advanced diplomas. Elmont also had more minority students pass the Advanced Placement test in world history than any school in the country.

Making his rounds through the tiled hallways of Elmont High a few days after school started, Mr. Capozzi looked in on a 10th-grade world history class taught by Michael Indovino. With Regents examinations required for graduation and Advanced Placement tests for college looming at the end of the year, high school students are under just as much pressure as their middle school counterparts.

''Part of this concept has been on the A. P. exam two of the last three years,'' Mr. Indovino said, pointing to an image from an overhead projector of both an outline of the lesson and a sample question.

Mr. Capozzi laughed. ''Hint, hint,'' he said.

The growing use of test data to help students prepare raises concerns among some educators.

''There's a tremendous move toward data-driven decision making,'' said Jennifer Booher-Jennings, a researcher at Columbia University who has studied standardized tests in Texas, the state that, under Gov. George W. Bush, provided the paradigm for No Child Left Behind.

But in an atmosphere in which educators are measured on the number of students they can boost over a certain passing line -- Level 3 in New York, or a 70 in Texas -- teachers tend to focus, quite rationally, on those just under the line, she said.

''In a system that's based on thresholds rather than growth, there's no reason to move someone from a 60 to a 95, or from a 20 to a 70,'' Ms. Booher-Jennings said. ''It's focused on moving a 69 to a 71.''

Michael Rice, the superintendent of schools in Clifton, N.J., said many districts were restricting programs like art, physical education, technology and even social studies to focus on subjects on which students are tested by the state. ''It's troubling,'' he said. ''It's absolutely unhelpful to the development of well-rounded children.''

At Elmont, though, the teachers and administrators have heard the message of No Child Left Behind, and they do not find it ambiguous.

''We all know what the state wants to see on a test, and of course we keep that in mind on every lesson plan,'' Ms. Mach said. ''I love these kids like they're my own kids. There's so much riding on it, and there is a lot of pressure. But it improves you as a person. In the world of assessment, I want Stevens to be successful.''

Ultimately, Mr. Capozzi, like many administrators, says he worries that No Child Left Behind narrows the curriculum, but he has no doubts about what it requires of him.

''This is what they're telling schools to do,'' he said. ''I'm not going to argue. I just have to find ways to do it.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: READY TO ANSWER -- Stevens Cadet, 14, a ninth grader at Elmont Memorial Junior-Senior High School on Long Island, in science class. (Photo by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

FOCUSING -- Stevens Cadet, upper right, getting individual attention from Melissa Mach, his English teacher at Elmont Memorial Junior-Senior High School on Long Island. Patricia Klein, far right, was Stevens's math teacher last year at Elmont and led Saturday morning sessions to help him and other eighth graders prepare for statewide assessment tests. The principal of Elmont, John Capozzi, near right, greeting students, said the school's curriculum was ''driven by data'' from standardized test scores. Earl Kim, below right, the superintendent of schools in Verona, N.J., said standardized testing ''should measure something important, and should be reliable.'' (Photographs by Phil Marino for The New York Times)

(Photo by Dith Pran/The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2006

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[***Each Sibling Experiences Different Family***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RM40-0017-53JR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 1; Science Desk

**Length:** 1527 words

**Byline:** By DANIEL GOLEMAN

**Body**

BEHAVIORAL scientists studying personality differences between siblings have discovered what they describe as the overriding influence of a unique ''micro-environment'' in the family for each child.

The research suggests that, in a sense, there is not a single family, but rather as many disparate families as there are children to experience them.

''We used to assume that a family offered the same environment to all its children,'' said Gene Brody, a psychologist at the University of Georgia. ''Now we are searching for what creates different environments for children in the same household.'' Robert Plomin, a behavioral geneticist at Pennyslvania State University, and Denise Daniels, a psychologist at Stanford University's school of medicine, report that environmental influences affecting ''psychological development operate in a manner quite different from the way most psychologists thought they worked.'' In an article in the current issue of Behavioral and Brain Sciences, they review their own recent work, as well as 10 years of careful studies that used twins, adopted children and other siblings to separate the influences of genetics and environment on how children develop.

''All the psychological theories point to the family as the basic unit of socialization,'' Dr. Daniels said. ''If so, you would expect children from the same family to be largely similar. But it is really quite the opposite. The assumption that the family environment operates the same for all children in it does not hold up.''

In a commentary on the article, Sandra Scarr, a psychologist at the University of Virginia, wrote, ''Upper-middle-class brothers who attend the same school and whose parents take them to the same plays, sporting events, music lessons and therapists, and use similar child-rearing practices on them, are little more similar in personality measures than they are to ***working-class*** or farm boys, whose lives are totally different.''

Siblings have been found to display a small degree of similarity in personality, but the limited similarity appears to result entirely from shared genes, rather than from shared experience, the researchers report.

Thus, of far greater concern are the larger differences they found among siblings. And the unique aspects of each child's experience while growing up appear to be more powerful in shaping personality than what the siblings experience in common. The finding has spurred new, intensive research to pinpoint the often subtle disparities in how children are treated within a family, disparities that now loom larger than ever.

Birth Order's Minimal Role

Factors previously thought to be significant in shaping personality, particularly the order of birth, are being found to matter little. ''There is a tiny effect for birth order,'' Dr. Daniels said. ''You know almost nothing about a kid from knowing if he is the oldest or the youngest.''

Instead, factors ranging from a child's perceptions about parental affection and discipline, to the friends a child chooses, are coming to the forefront of a range of studies.

''We are searching for the life events that make the major difference in how children turn out,'' Dr. Daniels said. She has developed a scale on which siblings compare themselves to one another on such factors as parental love, control, attention and favoritism; sibling jealousy, and one's popularity with peers.

Several patterns have emerged already, according to results published by Dr. Daniels in The Journal of Personality and Social Psychology. For example, the sibling who experiences more closeness to the father also tends to be the one who expects to achieve more in an occupation. And the shyer siblings experience less antagonism from brothers and sisters, while more sociable ones feel closest to other siblings.

A Source of Friction

This finding gives new import to complaints often voiced by patients in psychotherapy that a sibling was treated better or worse than the others. Moreover, the key differences in the family environment may be more obvious to children themselves than to their parents, according to research published by Dr. Daniels and others in Child Development.

Those differences - and the different perceptions of them - may be a source of friction in the family. ''We've found that to the extent that a parent treats children differently, the children will be more hostile later, when they are alone,'' Dr. Brody said.

The differences Dr. Brody has found are often very subtle - in the number of compliments, smiles and affectionate touches, or scolding remarks, frowns and dirty looks, for instance.

The child himself has a large influence on these differences, according to Stella Chess, a psychiatrist at New York University Medical Center. To a child who is difficult - slow to adapt to change, with intense moods - parents may react with confusion, guilt and frustration, Dr. Chess says. To one who is easygoing, parents are more likely to give respond with pleasure and a sense of approval.

''Parents may make the same demands on two children with different temperaments and the effects on the children will be different,'' Dr. Chess said. ''Parents may expect their child to adjust quickly and easily to beginning school, but this may only be possible for the child who responds to new situations positively and adapts quickly to new change.''

Studies of Adopted Children

The new work on personality builds on recent research - such as studies done at the University of Minnesota of identical twins reared apart - that indicate a genetic basis for 30 to 60 percent of a given personality trait. The other factors responsible for the trait, it was assumed, were family environment and, to a far lesser degree, peers, teachers and other influences outside the family.

The importance of the family per se in shaping personality and other traits, though, is now being seen in a different light, largely because of studies comparing the personality traits, emotional problems and intelligence of adopted children raised from infancy in the same family. The assumption was that any similarity in personality among such children might be largely attributed to some common influence from the family.

But a study to be reported in The Journal of Personality and Social Psychology found that the correlation among the children in any given family was close to zero for personality, and only slightly larger for I.Q.

''We found very little evidence for the influence of a common family environment,'' said John Loehlin of the University of Texas. Dr. Loehlin's studies of identical twins and fraternal twins raised in the same families show that virtually all their personality similarities are due to shared genes. The twins' differences in personality, the studies showed, were due to experiences that they did not share. Similar results have been obtained in 10 other studies of twins, including a Swedish investigation of 12,000 adult twin pairs.

A Sharing of Attitudes

Siblings seem to share attitudes, such as religiosity or conservatism, far more than they share personality traits like extroversion and neuroticism, according to Dr. Loehlin.

The new research also may illuminate why only one child in a family may become mentally ill in adulthood. In schizophrenia and depression, as in personality, apart from genetic factors, ''the most important influences on psychopathology lie in the category of nonshared environment,'' according to Dr. Plomin and Dr. Daniels.

''Most psychological studies have included only one child from a given family, not siblings,'' Dr. Daniels said. ''It was only when behavior genetics started to study children within the same familly that the finding emerged that the family itself had a trivial effect on how children turn out. The sometimes subtle differences experienced or perceived by children in the same family are the environmental factors that drive development - not the similarities.''

So far, family ''micro-environments'' remain little understood, although family therapists and researchers in behavior genetics are familiar with their emerging importance. ''The notion of each child having his own micro-environment in the family is a new idea, just six or seven years old, and spreading slowly,'' Dr. Brody said.

Limited Findings So Far

Many behaviorial scientists still assume that a family affects its children mostly identically. And other experts contend that the findings - limited so far to American middle-class families - will not be supported when studies are extended to include, say, Eskimo or poor urban families.

Meanwhile, psychologists studying micro-environments hope that their research will one day help explain why one child in a family has psychological or social problems while others do well. But even these researchers caution that the new work does not imply that parents should treat all their children exactly the same.

''Treating kids identically can have negative effects,'' Dr. Brody said. ''For example, if one child is able intellectually, while another is not, you do not want to hold them to the same expectations. The best approach is to match your response to each child's strengths.''

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[***WASHINGTON TALK: INFLUENCING GOVERNMENT POLICY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R5D0-0017-54G6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Left and Right Fight for Custody of 'Family' Issue - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R5D0-0017-54G6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section B; Page 12, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1357 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 19

**Body**

With one eye on shifting demographic data and the another on the 1988 Presidential election, many liberal groups are trying to wrest the ''pro-family'' label from its conservative proprietors, and their ultimate focus is on policy made in Washington.

''The Eagle Forum and Phyllis Schlafly and other pro-family groups say they are fighting for the family,'' Kim Gandy, national secretary of the National Organization for Women, said at a news conference here, ''but we are going to show that we are the people who care about the rights of women and men in their families.''

Although social conservatives long ago captured the banner of what they call ''family values,'' many liberals, including New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a longtime family policy proponent, now accuse the Reagan Administration of ''talking about traditional values with almost no reference to the present realities.''

''The right wing has made a lot of gain by talking pro-family,'' Harry Boytz, a senior research fellow at the University of Michigan's Hubert H. Humphrey Institute, said in a telephone interview. ''But they do not have many real solutions for the problems actually faced by families. We are not going to back to the situation where the wife stays at home.''

No 'Leave It to Beaver Families'

The new liberal message is rooted in data showing that fewer and fewer families fit the mold of a husband and a nonworking wife who cares for the couple's children at home. According to the latest Census Bureau statistics, women are out in the work force in unprecedented numbers, and more than half of all mothers with children under 6 years of age work.

In addition, high divorce and desertion rates have left many women to care for their children without spouses. At some point, one out of every five children around the country will live in a household headed by an unmarried woman, and 50 percent of black children will. A vast majority of welfare recipients are single women with children.

''There aren't any 'Leave It to Beaver' families anymore,'' observed Ethel Klein, professor of political science at Columbia University.

Conservatives and other critics view the liberals' renewed concern as a politically expedient attempt to take advantage of the powerful appeal of the American ideal of family. ''They are appropriating a word intentionally to eliminate its historical meaning and pump into it a political agenda,'' said Allan C. Carlson, president of the Rockford Institute, a conservative research organization.

The liberals, not surprisingly, reject this notion. Instead, like Marian Wright Edelman, head of the Children's Defense Fund, many say they prefer not to adopt sweeping pro-family rhetoric but to discuss, issue by issue, policies intended to influence family life.

Groups like the Children's Defense Fund, an advocacy group aimed primarily at protecting the rights of poor children, are working on position papers that they will present to Presidential contenders over the next few months. Groups pressing for additional funds for housing, welfare, child care and similar programs are expected to use family rhetoric to make their case. Many of these groups are based in Washington.

''There is a new recognition that someone has to do something about families and soup kitchens and the homeless,'' Ms. Edelman said. ''It is clear after eight years of Reagan rhetoric that these problems can't be solved by volunteers. Government clearly has a role.''

Assessments differ on why the issue of helping families has become such a political prize.

Some people, including Mr. Boytz, tie it to ''baby-boom'' demographics. He notes that many ''baby-boomers'' are starting families and, as a result, ''close-to-home issues have become more important politically.''

In separate interviews, Senator Moynihan and Ms. Edelman stressed that economic insecurity had made people more concerned about their families. ''The wage base has dropped drastically for young men of all races,'' Ms. Edelman said. ''And we have new symptoms of family stress.''

Mr. Boytz says that even many middle-class families have lost faith in the economic system. ''So much of the American mythology has always been that you work hard so your kids will do better than you did,'' he said. ''Anxiety has spread that your kids might not do so well.''

''In these circumstances,'' Senator Moynihan said, ''people start asking questions about family.''

Family issues are not a new force in politics. What is new is that many liberals, who once spoke of traditional family structure as part of the problem in society, now speak of the family as part of the answer.

Peter Steinfels, editor of the Catholic journal Commonweal, contends that liberal ideologies that surfaced in the 1960's, particularly feminism, made liberals wary of the word family. ''The 'new left's' concern with bureaucracy and feminism's critique of the family,'' he said, ''made liberal public figures somewhat leery of positions or programs that aggressively seemed to reinforce existing family life.''

Molly Yard, newly elected president of the National Organization for Women, counters: ''We've always been concerned about these issues. I guess we just didn't beat our breasts about it.''

But others say recent history has forced liberals to take a new look at the institution of the family.

''The change in feminism can be seen as an analogy for progressives as a whole,'' said Jean Bethke Elshtain, professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. ''For instance, the anti-reaction to the equal rights ammendment pushed feminists to recognize that 'family' was here to stay.'' Catholics a Target? The renewed liberal concern about the family may also serve as a means of regaining the confidence of Catholics, many of whom abandoned the Democratic Party to support President Reagan in the early 1980's. ''***Working-class*** Catholics and immigrants were put off by what they saw as the disvaluing of family by secular liberals,'' Mr. Steinfels said. ''Although they were never attracted to straight free-market positions, they were attracted to elements of conservative ideology that seemed to be pro-family.''

Much of conservatives' criticism of the liberals' ''family'' agenda stems from the dispute over whether the Government has any role to play in citizens' private lives. Liberal concerns such as state-sponsored child care, parental leave and welfare are seen by many as unnecessary intrusions by Government into family life.

''Liberal policies all require Government to assume the functions of family,'' Mrs. Schlafly said. ''They interfere with family and reduce family rights.''

Some conservatives, including Mr. Carlson of the Rockford Institute, urge conservatives to offer an alternative strategy to support families with children. ''If we want to help families, we should let them keep more of their earned income,'' he suggested. He promotes a ''dependent child credit'' on income tax, one significantly higher than the current exemption for dependent children.

Agreement and Disagreement

Interestingly, both sides agree on several areas of family policy, including programs designed to help welfare recipients become self-sufficient. Hoping to build on that consensus, Senator Moynihan introduced a broad welfare reform bill last month that includes automatic deductions of child support payments from the income of the absent spouse and making welfare benefits more available to two-parent homes.

But others are less hopeful that a bipartisan approach to family policy is workable. ''The two sides want to do different things,'' said Ms. Klein, the professor from Columbia. She predicts that in such an effort therefore, ''the beginning would be easy and the end would be hard.''

''For liberals to capture the movement,'' Ms. Klein said, ''they have to do it with 'helping' rhetoric. The American people don't want Government to take over for them. They want to enter into a partnership with the Government so they can take care of their children and their elderly parents.''

If the right wing retains its hold on family label, she predicted, ''it will be on the privacy issue.''

**Correction**

A dispatch on the Washington Talk page yesterday about government policy on family issues located the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute incorrectly. It is at the University of Minnesota.  
**Correction-Date:** August 25, 1987, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition and August 21, 1987, Friday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Molly Yard, president of the National Organization for Women (NYT); Photo of Marian Wright Edelman, head of Children's Defense Fund (NYT); Photo of Phyllis Schlafly, conservative women's leader (Agence France-Presse)

**End of Document**



[***Sundance Unveils Its Hopefuls***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5756-FS31-DXY4-X32V-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

LOS ANGELES - Sundance, known for championing dark and inscrutable films, has unveiled an unusually accessible - and sellable - competition lineup.

On Wednesday programmers for the 2013 Sundance Film Festival released the list of features and documentaries that will compete for grand jury and audience prizes in Park City, Utah, in January. And in the esoteric department there are a few doozies, including Shane Carruth's "Upstream Color," a metaphorical drama described as the story of a man and woman "entangled in the life cycle of an ageless organism."

But the competition lineup also brims with comedy: "Austenland," from a writer of "Napoleon Dynamite," pokes fun at Jane Austen fans, while "C.O.G." adapts a David Sedaris work. And the selections are packed with familiar movie and TV stars. Jessica Biel, Daniel Radcliffe, Rooney Mara, Jane Lynch, Jennifer Coolidge, Casey Affleck, Kristen Bell, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Ellen Page and Octavia Spencer (among others) all perform in competition films.

In a joint interview John Cooper, Sundance's director, and Trevor Groth, the festival's programming chief, cautioned against scrutinizing their lineup too carefully for trends, noting that they are at mercy of what gets submitted. And "accessible" is a relative concept, they noted; these selections are aimed squarely at an art house crowd and not a broad multiplex audience. A big hit in Sundance's world means movies like "Beasts of the Southern Wild," which played in competition last year and took in $11.2 million at the box office.

"Over all, the quality of independent film is getting better and better each year," Mr. Cooper said. "The industry is healthy enough for people - actors, directors, producers, casting directors - to sustain themselves in careers."

Both men pointed to forces inside and outside the festival that are contributing to competition films that are more audience friendly, starting with the creation in 2010 of a Sundance category called Next. Devoted to more experimental, low-budget fare, Next has absorbed some pictures that would have previously been slotted in the competition. This year Next includes unusual movies like "Escape From Tomorrow," a hallucinogenic drama about a father's mental breakdown.

Changing distribution models also play a role. In the past a theatrical and DVD release was the only real option for Sundance films to get seen beyond the festival. But the rise of video on demand, both on television and online, has provided additional exposure for the films and made stars more willing to participate. At the same time filmmakers have adapted by embracing stories that are more palatable - more clearly defined stories, lighter topics - to a V.O.D. audience.

"Sundance seems to have smartly focused more intently on programming not only for artistic quality but also for consumer accessibility," said Kevin Iwashina, managing partner of Preferred Content, a movie production, sales and advisory company. "That in turn guarantees that the festival will impact culture beyond its 10-day run."

The jackpot for filmmakers, of course, remains finding theatrical distribution, and so Sundance is typically judged - to the chagrin of its founder, Robert Redford - by how much money distributors like Fox Searchlight are willing to spend on selections that are for sale, which is almost all of them.

This year two competition films in particular are generating advance buzz. David Lowery's cinematic "Ain't Them Bodies Saints" is a potential critical darling. Telling the story of a Texas outlaw and his wife, it stars Ms. Mara, Mr. Affleck, Keith Carradine and Ben Foster ("3:10 to Yuma").

"Kill Your Darlings," from the producer Christine Vachon ("Boys Don't Cry") and first-time director John Krokidas, stars Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. Foster and Elizabeth Olsen ("Martha Marcy May Marlene"). This movie looks at a murder that brought together a young Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs.

The competition lineup includes 56 feature and documentary films, culled from 4,044 submissions, an increase of only two over last year. (The year before, submissions surged 6 percent.)

The festival will slowly dole out its out-of-competition lineups over the next week. These programs include the more star-driven Premieres section; midnight thrillers and comedies; "spotlight" movies that have already played other festivals; and experimental films. Sundance will run Jan. 17 to 27.

The pre-eminent showcase for American independent cinema, Sundance has long prided itself on championing female directors - in sharp contrast to Hollywood - and about a third of next year's competition films were directed or co-directed by women. Francesca Gregorini, a second-time filmmaker (and Ringo Starr's stepdaughter), will be there with "Emanuel and the Truth About Fishes," about a troubled girl who becomes obsessed with her neighbor. "Touchy Feely," a drama about a massage therapist stricken with an aversion to bodily contact, is from the writer-director Lynn Shelton, known for the 2009 comedy "Humpday."

The festival's high-profile opening slot went to "May in the Summer," a drama about a bride-to-be who re-evaluates life after reuniting with her family in Jordan; it was written and directed by Cherien Dabis ("Amreeka"), who also stars in the leading role. Morgan Neville's heartfelt documentary about the lives of backup singers, "Twenty Feet From Stardom," will also play opening night, along with a still-to-be announced shorts program.

Documentaries are one of Sundance's strengths, and the competition crop focuses on the usual topics: abortion, AIDS, war, drug cartels, economic inequality. But selections also include lighter documentaries, like Zachary Heinzerling's "Cutie and the Boxer," a look at the 40-year marriage of the painter Ushio Shinohara and his wife, Noriko.

An unusual number of movies in the 2013 competition were made by people who cut their teeth in television. "Afternoon Delight," a dark comedy about a Los Angeles housewife who tries to rescue a stripper by hiring her as a nanny, was written and directed by Jill Soloway, a producer of shows like "Grey's Anatomy" and "United States of Tara." Liz W. Garcia ("Cold Case," "Memphis Beat") arrives with her first movie, "The Lifeguard," starring Kristen Bell as a lifeguard who starts a dangerous relationship with a troubled teenage boy.

"I love that filmmakers are taking stories that we've seen before and finding entirely new ways to tell them," Mr. Groth said.

U.S. DRAMATIC COMPETITION

Afternoon Delight (Director and screenwriter: Jill Soloway) - In this sexy, dark comedy, a lost Los Angeles housewife puts her idyllic hipster life in jeopardy when she tries to rescue a stripper by taking her in as a live-in nanny. Cast: Kathryn Hahn, Juno Temple, Josh Radnor, Jane Lynch.

Ain't Them Bodies Saints (Director and screenwriter: David Lowery) - The tale of an outlaw who escapes from prison and sets out across the Texas hills to reunite with his wife and the daughter he has never met. Cast: Rooney Mara, Casey Affleck, Ben Foster, Nate Parker, Keith Carradine.

Austenland (Director: Jerusha Hess, Screenwriters: Jerusha Hess, Shannon Hale) - Thirtysomething, single Jane is obsessed with Mr. Darcy, as played by Colin Firth in "Pride and Prejudice." On a trip to an English resort, her fantasies of meeting the perfect Regency-era gentleman become more real than she ever imagined. Cast: Keri Russell, JJ Feild, Bret McKenzie, Jennifer Coolidge, Georgia King, James Callis.

C.O.G. (Director and screenwriter: Kyle Patrick Alvarez) - In the first film adaptation of David Sedaris's work, a cocky young man travels to Oregon to work on an apple farm. Out of his element, he finds his lifestyle and notions being picked apart by everyone who crosses his path. Cast: Jonathan Groff, Denis O'Hare, Corey Stoll, Dean Stockwell, Casey Wilson, Troian Bellisario.

Concussion (Director and screenwriter: Stacie Passon) - After a blow to the head, Abby decides she can't do it anymore. Her life just can't be only about the house, the kids and the wife. She needs more: she needs to be Eleanor. Cast: Robin Weigert, Maggie Siff, Johnathan Tchaikovsky, Julie Fain Lawrence, Emily Kinney, Laila Robins.

Emanuel and the Truth About Fishes (Director and screenwriter: Francesca Gregorini) - Emanuel, a troubled girl, becomes preoccupied with her mysterious new neighbor, who bears a striking resemblance to her dead mother. In offering to babysit her newborn, Emanuel unwittingly enters a fragile fictional world, of which she becomes the gatekeeper. Cast: Kaya Scodelario, Jessica Biel, Alfred Molina, Frances O'Connor, Jimmi Simpson, Aneurin Barnard.

Fruitvale (Director and screenwriter: Ryan Coogler) - The true story of Oscar, a 22-year-old Bay Area resident who crosses paths with friends, enemies, family and strangers on the last day of 2008. Cast: Michael B. Jordan, Octavia Spencer, Melonie Diaz, Ahna O'Reilly, Kevin Durand, Chad Michael Murray.

In a World... (Director and screenwriter: Lake Bell) - An underachieving vocal coach is motivated by her father, the king of movie-trailer voice-overs, to pursue her aspirations of becoming a voiceover star. Amid pride, sexism and family dysfunction, she sets out to change the voice of a generation. Cast: Lake Bell, Demetri Martin, Rob Corddry, Michaela Watkins, Ken Marino, Fred Melamed.

Kill Your Darlings (Director: John Krokidas, Screenwriters: Austin Bunn, John Krokidas) - A story of murder that brought together a young Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and William Burroughs at Columbia University in 1944, providing the spark that led to the birth of an entire generation - their Beat revolution. Cast: Daniel Radcliffe, Dane DeHann, Ben Foster, Michael C. Hall, Jack Huston, Elizabeth Olsen.

The Lifeguard (Director and screenwriter: Liz W. Garcia) - A former valedictorian quits her job as a reporter in New York and returns to the place she last felt happy: her childhood home in Connecticut. She gets work as a lifeguard and starts a dangerous relationship with a troubled teenager. Cast: Kristen Bell, Mamie Gummer, Martin Starr, Alex Shaffer, Amy Madigan, David Lambert.

May in the Summer (Director and screenwriter: Cherien Dabis) - A bride-to-be is forced to re-evaluate her life when she reunites with her family in Jordan and finds herself confronted with the aftermath of her parents' divorce. Cast: Cherien Dabis, Hiam Abbass, Bill Pullman, Alia Shawkat, Nadine Malouf, Alexander Siddig.

Mother of George (Director: Andrew Dosunmu, Screenwriter: Darci Picoult) - A story about a woman willing to do anything and risk everything for her marriage. Cast: Isaach De Bankolé, Danai Gurira, Anthony Okungbowa, Yaya Alafia, Bukky Ajayi.

The Spectacular Now (Director: James Ponsoldt, Screenwriters: Scott Neustadter, Michael H. Weber) - Sutter is a high school senior who lives for the moment; Aimee is the introvert he tries to "save." As their relationship deepens, the lines between right and wrong, friendship and love, and "saving" and corrupting become inextricably blurred. Cast: Miles Teller, Shailene Woodley, Brie Larson, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Mary Elizabeth Winstead, Kyle Chandler.

Touchy Feely (Director and screenwriter: Lynn Shelton) - A massage therapist is unable to do her job when stricken with a mysterious and sudden aversion to bodily contact. Meanwhile, her uptight brother's foundering dental practice receives new life when clients seek out his "healing touch." Cast: Rosemarie DeWitt, Allison Janney, Ron Livingston, Scoot McNairy, Ellen Page, Josh Pais.

Toy's House (Director: Jordan Vogt-Roberts, Screenwriter: Chris Galletta) - Three unhappy teenage boys flee to the wilderness, where they build a makeshift house and live off the land as masters of their own destiny. Or at least that's the plan. Cast: Nick Robinson, Gabriel Basso, Moises Arias, Nick Offerman, Megan Mullally, Alison Brie.

Upstream Color (Director and screenwriter: Shane Carruth) - A man and woman are drawn together, entangled in the life cycle of an ageless organism. Identity becomes an illusion as they struggle to assemble the loose fragments of wrecked lives. Cast: Amy Seimetz, Shane Carruth, Andrew Sensenig, Thiago Martins.

U.S. DOCUMENTARY COMPETITION

99% - The Occupy Wall Street Collaborative Film (Directors: Audrey Ewell, Aaron Aites, Lucian Read, Nina Kristic) - The Occupy movement erupted in September 2011, propelling economic inequality into the spotlight. In an unprecedented collaboration, filmmakers across America tell its story, digging into issues as organizers, analysts, participants and critics reveal how it happened and why.

After Tiller (Directors: Martha Shane, Lana Wilson) - Since the assassination of Dr. George Tiller in 2009, only four doctors in the country provide late-term abortions. With unprecedented access, "After Tiller" goes inside the lives of these physicians working at the center of the storm.

American Promise (Directors: Joe Brewster, Michèle Stephenson) - This intimate documentary follows the 12-year journey of two African-American families pursuing the promise of opportunity through the education of their sons.

Blackfish (Director: Gabriela Cowperthwaite) - Notorious killer whale Tilikum is responsible for the deaths of three individuals, including a top animal trainer. "Blackfish" shows the sometimes devastating consequences of keeping such intelligent creatures in captivity.

Blood Brother (Director: Steve Hoover) - Rocky went to India as a disillusioned tourist. When he met a group of children with HIV, he decided to stay. He never could have imagined the obstacles he would face, or the love he would find.

Citizen Koch (Directors: Carl Deal, Tia Lessin) - Wisconsin - home of government unions, "cheeseheads" and Paul Ryan - becomes ground zero in the battle for the future of the Republican Party.

Cutie and the Boxer (Director: Zachary Heinzerling) - This candid New York love story explores the chaotic 40-year marriage of boxing painter Ushio Shinohara and his wife, Noriko. Anxious to shed her role as her overbearing husband's assistant, Noriko finds an identity of her own.

Dirty Wars (Director: Richard Rowley) - Investigative journalist Jeremy Scahill chases down the truth behind America's covert wars.

Gideon's Army (Director: Dawn Porter) - This follows three young, committed public defenders who are dedicated to working for the people society would rather forget. Long hours, low pay and staggering caseloads are so common that even the most committed often give up.

God Loves Uganda (Director: Roger Ross Williams) - A powerful exploration of the evangelical campaign to infuse African culture with values imported from America's Christian right. The film follows American and Ugandan religious leaders fighting "sexual immorality" and missionaries trying to convince Ugandans to follow biblical law.

The Good Life (Directors: Sean Fine, Andrea Nix Fine) - Dr. Leslie Gordon and Dr. Scott Berns fight to save their only son from progeria, a rare and fatal disease for which there is no treatment. In less than a decade, their work has led to significant advances.

Inequality for All (Director: Jacob Kornbluth) - In this timely and entertaining documentary, economic-policy expert Robert Reich distills the topic of widening income inequality, and addresses the question of what effects this increasing gap has on our economy and our democracy.

Manhunt (Director: Greg Barker) - This espionage tale goes inside the CIA's long conflict against al Qaeda, as revealed by the remarkable women and men whose secret war against Osama bin Laden started nearly a decade before most of us even knew his name.

Narco Cultura (Director: Shaul Schwarz) - An examination of Mexican drug cartels' influence in pop culture on both sides of the border as experienced by a Los Angeles narcocorrido singer dreaming of stardom and a Juarez crime scene investigator on the front line of Mexico's drug war.

Twenty Feet From Stardom (Director: Morgan Neville) - Backup singers live in a world that lies just beyond the spotlight. Their voices bring harmony to the biggest bands in popular music, but we've had no idea who these singers are or what lives they lead - until now.

Valentine Road (Director: Marta Cunningham) - In 2008, eighth-grader Brandon McInerney shot classmate Larry King at point-blank range. Unraveling this tragedy, the film reveals the heartbreaking circumstances that led to the shocking crime as well as its startling aftermath.

WORLD CINEMA DRAMATIC COMPETITION

Circles/Serbia, Germany, France, Croatia, Slovenia (Director: Srdan Golubovic, Screenwriters: Srdjan Koljevic, Melina Pota Koljevic) - Five people are affected by a tragic heroic act. Twenty years later, all of them will confront the past through their own crises. Will they overcome guilt, frustration and their urge for revenge? Will they do the right thing? Cast: Aleksandar Bercek, Leon Lucev, Nebojsa Glogovac, Hristina Popovic, Nikola Rakocevic, Vuk Kostic.

Crystal Fairy/Chile (Director and screenwriter: Sebastián Silva) - Jamie invites a stranger to join a road trip to Chile. The woman's free and esoteric nature clashes with Jamie's acidic, self-absorbed personality as they head into the desert for a mescaline-fueled psychedelic trip. Cast: Michael Cera, Gabby Hoffmann, Juan Andrés Silva, José Miguel Silva, Agustín Silva.

The Future/Chile, Germany, Italy, Spain (Director and screenwriter: Alicia Scherson) - When their parents die, Bianca starts to smoke and Tomas is still a virgin. The orphans explore the dangerous streets of adulthood until Bianca finds Maciste, a retired Mr. Universe, and enters his dark mansion in search of a future. Cast: Manuela Martelli, Rutger Hauer, Luigi Ciardo, Nicolas Vaporidis, Alessandro Giallocosta.

Houston/Germany (Director and screenwriter: Bastian Günther) - Clemens Trunschka is a corporate headhunter and an alcoholic. Drinking increasingly isolates him and leads him away from reality. While searching for a chief executive candidate in Houston, his addiction submerges him in darkness. Cast: Ulrich Tukur, Garret Dillahunt, Wolfram Koch, Jenny Schily, Jason Douglas, Jens Münchow.

Jiseul/South Korea (Director and screenwriter: Muel O) - In 1948, as the Korean government ordered the Communists' eviction to Jeju Island, the military invaded a peaceful village. Townsfolk took sanctuary in a cave and debated moving to a higher mountain. Cast: Min-chul Sung, Jung-won Yang, Young-soon Oh, Soon-dong Park, Suk-bum Moon, Kyung-sub Jang.

Lasting/Poland, Spain (Director and screenwriter: Jacek Borcuch) - An emotional love story about two Polish students who fall in love with each other while working summer jobs in Spain. An unexpected nightmare interrupts their carefree time in the heavenly landscape and throws their lives into chaos. Cast: Jakub Gierszal, Magdalena Berus, Angela Molina.

Metro Manila/United Kingdom, Philippines (Director: Sean Ellis, Screenwriters: Sean Ellis, Frank E. Flowers) - Seeking a better life, Oscar and his family move from the poverty-stricken rice fields to the big city of Manila, where they fall victim to various inhabitants whose manipulative ways are a daily part of city survival. Cast: Jake Macapagal, John Arcilla, Althea Vega.

Shopping/New Zealand (Directors: Mark Albiston, Louis Sutherland, Screenwriters: Louis Sutherland, Mark Albiston) - New Zealand, 1981: Seduced by a charismatic career criminal, teenager Willie must choose where his loyalty lies - with a family of shoplifters or his own blood. Cast: Kevin Paulo, Julian Dennison, Jacek Koman, Alistair Browning.

Soldate Jeannette/Austria (Director: Daniel Hoesl) - Fanni has had enough of money and leaves to buy a tent. Anna has had enough of pigs and leaves a needle in the hay. Cars crash and money burns to shape their mutual journey toward a rising liberty. Cast: Johanna Orsini-Rosenberg, Christina Reichsthaler, Josef Kleindienst, Aurelia Burckhardt, Julia Schranz, Ines Rössl.

There Will Come a Day/Italy, France (Director: Giorgio Diritti, Screenwriters: Giorgio Diritti, Fredo Valla, Tania Pedroni) - Painful issues push Augusta, a young Italian woman, to doubt the certainties on which she has built her existence. On a small boat in the Amazon rain forest, she faces the adventure of searching for herself. Cast: Jasmine Trinca, Anne Alvaro, Pia Engleberth.

Wajma (An Afghan Love Story)/Afghanistan (Director and screenwriter: Barmak Akram) - A young man in Kabul seduces a girl. When she tells him she's pregnant, he questions having taken her virginity. Then her father arrives, and a timeless, archaic violence erupts - possibly leading to a crime, and even a sacrifice. Cast: Wajma Bahar, Mustafa Abdulsatar, Haji Gul, Breshna Bahar.

What They Don't Talk About When They Talk About Love/Indonesia (Director and screenwriter: Mouly Surya) - This film explores the odds of love and deception among the blind, the deaf and the unlucky sighted people at a high school for the visually impaired. Cast: Nicholas Saputra, Ayushita Nugraha, Karina Salim, Anggun Priambodo, Lupita Jennifer.

WORLD CINEMA DOCUMENTARY COMPETITION

Fallen City/China (Director: Qi Zhao) - This spans four years to reveal how three families who survived the 2008 Sichuan earthquake embark on a journey in search of hope, purpose, identity and new lives in a China torn between tradition and modernity.

Fire in the Blood/India (Director: Dylan Mohan Gray) - In the late 1990s and early 2000s, Western governments and pharmaceutical companies blocked low-cost antiretroviral drugs from reaching AIDS-stricken Africa, leading to 10 million or more unnecessary deaths. An improbable group of people decided to fight back.

Google and the World Brain/Spain, United Kingdom (Director: Ben Lewis) - In the most ambitious project ever conceived on the Internet, Google has been scanning the world's books for 10 years. It said the intention was to build a giant digital library, but that involved scanning millions of copyrighted works.

The Machine Which Makes Everything Disappear/Georgia, Germany (Director: Tinatin Gurchiani) - A film director casting a 15-to-23-year-old protagonist visits villages and cities to meet people who answer her call. She follows those who prove to be interesting enough through various dramatic and funny situations.

The Moo Man/United Kingdom (Directors: Andy Heathcote, Heike Bachelier) - A year in the life of heroic farmer Steve, scene-stealing Ida (queen of the herd) and a supporting cast of 55 cows. When Ida falls ill, Steve's optimism is challenged and their way of life is at stake.

Pussy Riot - A Punk Prayer/Russian Federation, United Kingdom (Directors: Mike Lerner, Maxim Pozdorovkin) - Three young women face seven years in a Russian prison for a satirical performance in a Moscow cathedral. But who is really on trial: the three young artists or the society they live in?

A River Changes Course/Cambodia, U.S.A. (Director: Kalyanee Mam) - Three young Cambodians struggle to overcome the crushing effects of deforestation, overfishing and overwhelming debt in this devastatingly beautiful story of a country reeling from the tragedies of war and rushing to keep pace with a rapidly expanding world.

Salma/United Kingdom, India (Director: Kim Longinotto) - When Salma, a young girl in South India, reached puberty, her parents locked her away. Millions of girls all over the world share the same fate. Twenty-five years later, Salma has fought her way back to the outside world.

The Square (El Midan)/Egypt, U.S.A. (Director: Jehane Noujaim) - What does it mean to risk your life for your ideals? How far will five revolutionaries go in defending their beliefs in the fight for their nation?

The Stuart Hall Project/United Kingdom (Director: John Akomfrah) - Antinuclear campaigner, New Left activist and founding father of cultural studies. This documentary interweaves 70 years of Stuart Hall's film, radio and television appearances, and material from his private archive to document a memorable life and construct a portrait of Britain's foremost radical intellectual.

The Summit/Ireland, United Kingdom (Director: Nick Ryan) - 24 climbers converged at the last stop before summiting the most dangerous mountain on Earth. Forty-eight hours later, 11 had been killed or simply vanished. Had one, Ger McDonnell, stuck to the climbers' code, he might still be alive.

Who Is Dayani Cristal?/United Kingdom (Director: Marc Silver) - An anonymous body in the Arizona desert sparks the beginning of a real-life human drama. The search for its identity leads us across a continent to seek out the people left behind and the meaning of a mysterious tattoo.

NEXT

Blue Caprice (Director: Alexandre Moors, Screenwriters: R.F.I Porto, Alexandre Moors) - An abandoned boy is lured to America and drawn into the shadow of a dangerous father figure in this film inspired by the real-life events that led to the 2002 Beltway sniper attacks. Cast: Isaiah Washington, Tequan Richmond, Joey Lauren Adams, Tim Blake Nelson, Cassandra Freeman, Leo Fitzpatrick.

Computer Chess (Director and screenwriter: Andrew Bujalski) - An existential comedy about the brilliant men who taught machines to play chess, back when the machines seemed clumsy and we seemed smart. Cast: Patrick Riester, Myles Paige, James Curry, Robin Schwartz, Gerald Peary, Wiley Wiggins.

Escape From Tomorrow (Director and screenwriter: Randy Moore) - A postmodern, surreal voyage into the bowels of "family" entertainment. An epic battle begins when an unemployed, middle-aged father loses his sanity during a close encounter with two teenage girls on holiday. Cast: Roy Abramsohn, Elena Schuber, Katelynn Rodriguez, Annet Mahendru, Danielle Safady, Alison Lees-Taylor.

I Used to Be Darker (Director: Matthew Porterfield, Screenwriters: Amy Belk, Matthew Porterfield) - A runaway seeks refuge with her aunt and uncle in Baltimore, only to find their marriage ending and her cousin in crisis. In the days that follow, the family struggles to let go while searching for things to sustain them. Cast: Deragh Campbell, Hannah Gross, Kim Taylor, Ned Oldham, Geoff Grace, Nick Petr.

It Felt Like Love (Director and screenwriter: Eliza Hittman) - On the outskirts of Brooklyn, a 14-year-old girl's sexual quest takes a dangerous turn when she pursues an older guy and tests the boundaries between obsession and love. Cast: Gina Piersanti, Giovanna Salimeni, Ronen Rubinstein, Jesse Cordasco, Nick Rosen, Case Prime.

Milkshake (Director: David Andalman, Screenwriters: David Andalman, Mariko Munro) - In mid-1990s America, we follow the tragic sex life of Jolie Jolson, a wannabe thug (and great-great-grandson of legendary vaudevillian Al Jolson) in suburban Washington as he strives to become something he can never be - black. Cast: Tyler Ross, Shareeka Epps, Georgia Ford, Eshan Bay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Danny Burstein.

Newlyweeds (Director and screenwriter: Shaka King) - A Brooklyn repo man and his globetrotting girlfriend forge an unlikely romance. But what should be a match made in stoner heaven turns into a love triangle gone awry in this dark coming-of-age comedy about dependency. Cast: Amari Cheatom, Trae Harris, Tone Tank, Colman Domingo, Isiah Whitlock Jr., Adrian Martinez.

Pit Stop (Director: Yen Tan, Screenwriters: Yen Tan, David Lowery) - Two ***working-class*** gay men in a small Texas town and a love that isn't quite out of reach. Cast: Bill Heck, Marcus DeAnda, Amy Seimetz, John Merriman, Alfredo Maduro, Corby Sullivan.

A Teacher (Director and screenwriter: Hannah Fidell) - A popular young teacher in a wealthy suburban Texas high school has an affair with one of her students. Her life begins to unravel as the relationship comes to an end. Cast: Lindsay Burdge, Will Brittain, Jennifer Prediger, Jonny Mars, Julie Phillips, Chris Dubeck.

This Is Martin Bonner (Director and screenwriter: Chad Hartigan) - Martin Bonner has just moved to Reno for a new job in prison rehabilitation. Starting over at 58, he struggles to adapt until an unlikely friendship with an ex-con blossoms, helping him confront the problems he left behind. Cast: Paul Eenhoorn, Richmond Arquette, Sam Buchanan, Robert Longstreet, Demetrius Grosse.

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://carpetbagger.blogs.nytimes.com/2012/11/28/from-sundance-a-competition-slate-that-could-be-called-accessible/*](http://carpetbagger.blogs.nytimes.com/2012/11/28/from-sundance-a-competition-slate-that-could-be-called-accessible/)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Rooney Mara and Casey Affleck in ''Ain't Them Bodies Saints,'' a David Lowery film set in the 1970s. (C1)

UPSTREAM COLOR: Shane Carruth, the director, and Amy Seimetz star in the drama. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL)

MAY IN THE SUMMER: From left, Cherien Dabis, Nadine Malouf and Alia Shawkat in the film that received the Sundance festival's coveted opening slot. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THIERRY VANBIESEN/SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL)

EMANUEL AND THE TRUTH ABOUT FISHES: Kaya Scodelario portrays a troubled girl obsessed with her neighbor. (PHOTOGRAPH BY POLLY MORGAN/SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL)

TWENTY FEET FROM STARDOM: From left, Jo Lawry, Judith Hill and Lisa Fischer. (PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM WILLOUGHBY /SUNDANCE FILM FESTIVAL) (C6)

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**End of Document**



[***One-Doorbell-One-Vote Tactic Re-emerges in Bush-Kerry Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4C3H-B6X0-TW8F-G2GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JOYCE PURNICK

**Series:** FORAGING FOR VOTES -- First of two articles.

**Body**

They call it the ground war. And as anticipated, it is back after a long hiatus, subtly changing politics as we know it. Or trying to.

After decades of playing poor relation to television advertising, grass-roots politics has become a campaign star this year, as many political pros predicted it would be in the aftermath of the Bush-Gore face-off of 2000. And today it ranges from old-fashioned shoe leather to Web technology that can make a precinct captain of anyone with a computer.

It is a matter of adaptation, or survival of the most flexible. With the country still so sharply divided that political analysts figure as few as 10 percent of voters are undecided, each side is fighting to find and bring out every last one if its voters, and persuade the ''persuadables,'' too. That means competing door to door, computer to computer, Web site to Web site. A ground war to complement the air war.

''It's funny; it's in vogue,'' said Steven Rosenthal, a former labor organizer now directing America Coming Together, one of those new tax-exempt groups in pursuit of a large Democratic turnout. ''Some of us have labored in the trenches of grass-roots politics for a lifetime and fought with the party leadership for more resources,'' Mr. Rosenthal said. ''Now it's the thing to do.''

It is at least one thing on which strategists for President Bush and John Kerry agree.

''In a world where there is a wealth of information, there is often a poverty of attention,'' said Ken Mehlman, Mr. Bush's campaign manager. ''A face-to-face communication is most often the most credible and effective way to reach somebody.''

In the days of ward politics, when the country was smaller and the technology simpler, the party bosses knew a lot of the voters personally, and they or their lieutenants kept tabs on them. They knocked on their doors, harangued them, slipped literature in their mailboxes, rewarded loyalty with a ticket to a ballgame here, a letter of recommendation there. Maybe a job.

Then, with the Kennedy-Nixon campaign of 1960, television took over and made such tactics anachronistic. Why knock on 100 doors when one TV ad can reach millions? Now, campaign tacticians have decided that all those millions of people do not necessarily want to hear the same message. They want to hear about what they care about. Solution: everything old is new again; the return of ward politics, sometimes with a high-tech twist.

''We're going back to the 1950's,'' said Karen White, political director of Emily's List, the powerful political action committee that helps elect Democratic women.

So hundreds of union workers attend a weekend camp preparing to spend months away from home in search of Democrats from Florida to Pennsylvania. And Republican volunteers meeting in the solid Bush town of Macon, Ga., are instructed in the political arts of calling radio talk shows and sending e-mail. A computer specialist uses marketing tools to distinguish Democrat from Republican, another invokes the importance of blogs. And a former Republican national chairman, Gov. Haley Barbour of Mississippi, warns party stalwarts gathered in Washington that ''this will be a close election, and the best-organized campaign will win it.''

John Kerry's advisers voice equal enthusiasm for the new-old strategies.

A Surgical Approach

The goal is basic: identifying supporters and some undecided voters, then appealing to them directly and repeatedly.

''We're going to find every Bush voter, we're going to call them, we're going to write them, we're going to knock on their doors, and when the day comes, we're going to physically take them to the polls,'' Ralph Reed, coordinator in the southeast for the Bush-Cheney campaign, said to those meeting in Macon a few weeks ago.

The reason for the ground war's new popularity is simple: a bipartisan belief that grass-roots appeals work, and almost worked to elect the other guy last time.

''In both parties, particularly in the Republican Party, we got away from what we were best at,'' Mr. Reed said. ''We focused money on media and polling, on contrasting our message with Democrats mostly through paid TV ads.''

''Then in 2000, we won the presidency by in effect 537 votes out of 105 million,'' he continued, referring to the Florida face-off. ''That tends to focus the mind.''

Republicans, shocked by the loss of the popular vote in 2000 and their razor-thin margin, if that, in Florida, credited Democrats with besting them on the ground in the campaign's last days. Vowing never to be caught short again, they put together a detailed plan (the ''72-Hour Task Force'') to beat their rivals at their own game in the 2002 midterm elections, and succeeded.

Now both parties have rediscovered their roots, with significant help from the new campaign finance law. It spawned nominally independent groups, largely on the Democratic side so far, that use unlimited ''soft money'' contributions for get-out-the-vote activities. In the past, much of that same money would have gone to television ads about candidates.

These days, the race has begun to organize from the bottom up, focusing on about 20 battleground states: those that were so close in 2000 that a small edge in any one of them could theoretically decide the outcome this time. Ohio, Pennsylvania, Missouri and, of course, Florida top the list.

Television is not going anywhere. ''Nobody would be dumb enough not to include it,'' said Geoff Garin, a Democratic consultant. ''But there are limits to TV.''

Television audiences have grown cynical about political advertising, many analysts are convinced, and fragmented by the Internet, cable, talk radio and magazines.

''If you are going to communicate effectively you need to take account of that trend and act accordingly,'' Mr. Mehlman advised.

The Game, the Dinner, the Blog

That means campaigning retail as well as wholesale, at the high school football game and the church dinner, through Web sites and blogs and e-mail messages -- techniques that, as Howard Dean demonstrated, were popular because they can be, or at least appear to be, personal. The pros even have a phrase for it: niche communications.

It is customized campaigning, appealing to women in Los Angeles who favor abortion rights; to voters in Colorado worried about the environment; to the concerns of the Nascar dad and of the millions of evangelical Christians who did not go to the polls in 2000 in the numbers the Bush team had hoped they would, as Karl Rove, the president's chief political adviser, has lamented.

They will be aggressively politicked this time, just as conservative men, normally apathetic in nonpresidential elections, were in the Georgia governor's race in 2002. The Republican, Sonny Perdue, won in an upset, in part because his party identified those voters and persuaded them that Mr. Perdue shared their concerns. Still-smarting Democrats charged that Republicans lobbied conservative men about the Confederate battle flag, to Republican denials that they focused particularly on the flag.

Now, both parties are already trying to find and motivate their voters. These include people like Bonnie Rainwater of Elyria, Ohio. Elyria is a Democratic ***working-class*** neighborhood about a half-hour's drive from Cleveland. Ms. Rainwater, her toddler at her knees, was home one late afternoon when Tarina Howard rang her doorbell to say she was trying to register voters.

''Things on the news don't interest me, but with the war going on and me having a little one, it's scary,'' Ms. Rainwater said, explaining that she and her husband, a sanitation worker, were struggling to make ends meet. She filled out a registration form, one of several collected by Ms. Howard and about 30 others canvassing that afternoon in Elyria for the Ohio branch of America Coming Together, the organization that Mr. Rosenthal directs.

ACT, as it is called, uses mostly the contributions known as soft money and, under the campaign finance law, is supposed to be independent of the Democratic Party. It can register people in blatantly Democratic areas like Elyria and can ask about issues and party preferences, but it cannot overtly urge a vote for or against any candidate.

Definitions are murky, though, and Republicans as well as leading advocates of changes in campaign law are challenging the way such operations are financed. But it is expected to take the Federal Election Commission months to resolve the objections and clarify the rules, and meanwhile groups like ACT are at work, paying students and unemployed men and women $8 to $10 an hour to go door to door with hand-size computers and state voter lists.

Ms. Howard, a 20-year-old single mother, made out a voter registration form for Ms. Rainwater and entered Ms. Rainwater's concerns about the economy and the war into her mini-computer.

Voter registration efforts are nothing new, but the scope this year is unusual, people in both parties say. ACT is also overseeing an ambitious plan to send as many as 2,000 members of the Service Employees International Union, half from New York, into largely black and Hispanic areas of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Florida to register and canvass voters. Starting this week, workers will take job leaves ranging from a few months to seven; ACT and the union will pay for lodging, transportation, a daily food allowance of $35 and a salary of $600 a week, slightly more than some now earn working in hospitals and nursing homes.

Republicans are doing their own organizing. ''We're going to run like we are behind,'' Mr. Reed told the more than 250 party workers who went to Macon for a training session in late winter. ''This campaign is going to be won or lost by what we do at the grass roots.''

Participants were instructed in a highly detailed plan, complete with organizational charts and an official manual marked confidential for each county chairman. They were lectured on the importance of writing letters to newspapers in support of the president. They were urged to diversify each county organization to include a social conservative, a Hispanic, a veteran, a teacher, a representative of a small business and an African-American. They were assigned specific goals for registration and turnout in each county, got tips on the importance of bumper stickers and shared information on where to get the best bunting and how to comport themselves if they called radio shows.

''We want short, specific comments,'' said an associate of Mr. Reed, Timothy Phillips. ''We're not looking for personal attacks. And gather e-mails from folks in your county. We want permission. We don't want them to get angry about spam.''

According to Mr. Mehlman, more than 220,000 volunteers, called team leaders, have signed up nationally to work for the president's re-election, and the party's goal is to register three million new Republican voters to help elect Republicans to statehouses and Congress as well as to retain the White House.

Oops, Wrong Candidate

There are of course, limitations and risks in the ground war. No amount of grass-roots campaigning can make up for a candidate who does not go over with the public. And campaigners can inadvertently energize voters for the opposing team. In Elyria that afternoon, Ms. Howard found herself registering Jose and Juanita Torres, recent arrivals from Puerto Rico who said they liked Mr. Bush. (Their voter registration forms will be duly submitted, said Jess Goode, ACT's Ohio communications director.)

In practice, campaigns can use voter lists and other public records to paint an ethnic, racial and political portrait of a neighborhood, but they cannot be sure about the politics of every individual.

Or can they?

This year, both parties are experimenting with new technologies that build lists of about 170 million potential voters. Each name is cross-indexed with demographic and financial information drawn from public records and some commercial sources.

Computer experts are using the data to try, for the first time, to profile millions of voters, to figure out if they are worth contacting. It has never been done this way before because the technology was not sophisticated enough before. The question now is whether the technology will ever be reliable enough to typecast the public's politics by the millions.

''People want a quick fix, they want to believe that if I can find what magazines you subscribe to, I can know how you will vote,'' said Laura Quinn, a consultant to the Democratic National Committee. ''It just doesn't work that way.''

Others say it can but is not quite there yet. How does it work? The experiments are up and running.

Foraging for Votes

NEXT -- Turning consumer information into political fingerprints.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Ralph Reed, coordinator in the Southeast for the Bush-Cheney campaign, offered pointers at a training seminar in Macon, Ga., in February. (Photo by John Amis for The New York Times)

Tarina Howard, right, a worker for the Ohio branch of the Democratic organization ACT, persuaded Tameshi Dunlap to sign a voter registration card. (Photo by Roger Mastroianni for The New York Times)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** April 6, 2004

**End of Document**



[***HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS: Balancing Court Time and Class Time;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2XD0-000P-N2PS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bronx Athlete Has Learned His Father's Lesson: 'Books Are the True Security'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2XD0-000P-N2PS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Wynter Galindez

By IRA BERKOW

By IRA BERKOW

**Body**

In the dark before dawn -- it is about 5:30 A.M. -- the solitary figure of a 17-year-old boy in cap, jacket and sneakers emerges from the red-brick building where he shares a first-floor apartment with his parents, his grandfather and a younger brother. He moves along tree-lined, ***working-class*** 41st Street in Long Island City, Queens.

There are books under his arm, and he is carrying a duffel bag filled with sports equipment. He is on his way to the No. 7 elevated train at nearby 40th and Lowery and will switch at Queensboro Plaza to the N train. He will take that one stop to 59th Street in Manhattan and then catch the No. 4 train to Bedford Park Boulevard in the Bronx, where he will get off, climb the subway stairs and walk two blocks to his destination, the Bronx High School of Science.

For four years, it took Wynter Galindez about an hour to make that trip halfway across the city. When he returned home by the same route, it was usually dark again, about 7:30 at night.

In fall and winter, Wynter arrived before 6:45 for morning basketball practice -- he was the captain and point guard. In spring, there was morning baseball practice -- he was the starting second baseman. After school, there was another practice, for basketball or baseball, lasting two hours or more. In between there was schooling -- courses like college-level biology and chemistry at one of the nation's premier high schools.

In a city where young people are frequently in the news because of violence, drugs and crime, there is another side to the story, and Wynter Galindez and many others like him, young people striving to reach positive goals, represent that other side. Wynter -- 6 feet and 160 pounds, dark-haired and reserved, bound for Duke University in the fall to prepare for a career in medicine -- is the quintessence of the scholar-athlete. On the train he yawned, hung onto a strap and cracked his books, sometimes jotting an assignment onto his notepad as the car swayed. After dinner, he completed his homework, sometimes not getting to bed until midnight.

"Wynter's a good kid, a very coachable kid," said his basketball coach, Ralph Bacote. "He was one of our two co-captains, and he set a good example. He didn't score a lot because his job was to dish the ball, and he did it well, and never complained. He was never late for practice -- and when he missed practice, he always had a good excuse." Bacote laughed. "Kids at Bronx High are very intelligent -- they all had good excuses. But kids here come from all ethnic groups, and the one common thread, I think, is that they want to achieve. None more than Wynter."

Tomorrow morning, at Madison Square Garden, Wynter will join his classmates in graduation ceremonies, and he will be wearing a yellow sash on his green gown emblematic of his selection to the National Honor Society.

Wynter is one of about 34,000 graduating seniors in the 201 New York City public high schools. They represent 48 percent of the students who entered high school four years ago -- the rest either dropped out or will take longer than four years to graduate. Bronx Science is an exceptional school in this regard; the assistant principal John Francesconi said it has a 99 percent graduation rate. There are 650 graduating this week.

While Bronx Science has had some respectable athletes and athletic teams, most of the students, Fran cesconi said, "excel in other areas." The lone athlete who went on to prominence in recent memory, he said, was Wolf Wigo, class of 1991, who was a member of the 1996 United States Olympic water polo team.

In applications to college, Wynter wrote of his "Future Goals": "Athletics has dominated my life since second grade. Whether it was baseball, basketball, soccer, track or Ping-Pong, I have always tried to challenge my athletic ability. I often dreamed of pursuing a career as a professional ballplayer. However, less than one percent of all college varsity team members go on to careers as professional athletes. I play on the varsity basketball and baseball teams. While I have given my best on the court and the field, at the same time I have focused on what I know to be my strong point -- academics.

"I hope to pursue a course of study that would bridge my affinity with athletics and my career goal of medicine."

Though he is a good ballplayer, he is not of the highest rank, and he understands his limitations. As his father, Vincent, had always told him, "You can't be myopic." Wynter had to see and understand what was real around him. "Even great athletes could have career-ending injuries, or only last a couple of years in the pros," his father counseled. "Books are the fallback. Books are the true security."

Both of his parents, Vincent and Rhonda Villamia Galindez, are college graduates; she an education major at the University of South Florida who was a part-time English teacher, he a communications major at Syracuse who is a freelance television and motion-picture cameraman. While both were born in the United States, Rhonda's parents came from Cuba and Vincent's from Puerto Rico.

"I grew up in East Harlem," Vincent Galindez said, "and I saw how kids could end up in trouble. My parents helped keep me on the right path. And Rhonda and I have tried to do that with Wynter and Javan." Javan, 14, who just graduated from elementary school with honors, will attend the prestigious high school Brooklyn Tech.

Wynter, in T-shirt and jeans, sat on a couch in the living room of the two-bedroom apartment recently, a bookcase full of books behind him.

"There are temptations in the street, and if you have a focus -- like wanting to do something constructive in your life -- you do what you can to avoid them, and I have," he said. "I've had friends in junior high school, and high school, who have problems at home, or have consuming dreams of an athletic career, and let their studies slide. Some got involved with drugs, or bad crowds. Some got involved in girls. I see them now and things aren't working out and they seem to be lost."

Wynter said that when his girlfriend his sophomore year complained that she was not seeing him enough, he wound down the relationship. His current girlfriend, Jennifer Camacho, is, like him, a scholar and an athlete -- she was the co-captain of the girls' tennis team at Bronx Science and will enroll at Columbia University in the fall.

As far back as kindergarten, Wynter was placed in classes for the gifted. And, blessed with gifts, he has not squandered them, which may be the most important gift of all.

"Friends call me -- 'Come on out, we got a game of hoops' -- and I'd love to go, but if I have work at home, that's going to come first," he said. "But guys on the street also respect that you're trying to make something of yourself."

For all his achievements, Wynter is still a teen-ager. After dinner, when there might be a chore for him, he can find a way to ease out of it.

"Wynter," his mother has said, "would you throw out the garbage?"

"Mom," he replied, "I'm pretty loaded down with homework tonight -- I got to get at it."

His mother, recalling this, laughed. "I'll give him some slack," she said. "I guess he's earned it."

Besides attaining a 91 average at Bronx Science, Wynter has tutored younger kids, been a training volunteer in the Trail Blazer Camps Leadership programs for inner-city youth and interned during the summer with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. But even he gets tired. "On weekends," he said, smiling, "I might sleep until 1 in the afternoon."

Richard Schweidel, Wynter's academic adviser at Bronx Science, believes the young man's strengths emanate from his parents. "He was brought up with both parents at home, and parents who took a strong interest in him," Schweidel said. "They brought him up with a set of values that have been an underpinning for him, from church to studies to treating people in a proper way."

Although several colleges offered Wynter academic scholarships, he chose one that offered him no scholarship. But he will defray the costs of Duke, which are estimated at $31,000 a year for tuition and other expenses, through outside scholarships (such as a $2,500 Greenpoint Bank Achievers Scholarship), grants, loans and modest family savings.

"Your successes in and outside of the classroom have earned you a place among some of the nation's brightest and most talented students," read the acceptance letter from Duke. "The competition this year was particularly keen -- we received over 13,300 applications for just 1,160 places in the first-year class."

Why Duke over, say, Dartmouth or Wake Forest or Emory, which also accepted him? "I think that Duke offered me the best academic background in the field I want to pursue -- orthopedic medicine," Wynter said. "And I also admire Coach Krzyzewski. I wrote him a letter and told him I'm going to try out for the basketball team. I'll be a walk-on, and if I don't make the team? Well, there's always intramural ball. I love sports too much to give them up."

Rhonda Villamia Galindez considers herself fortunate. "We've never had any serious trouble with Wyn ter," she said. "He's been a wonderful son. I just wish he'd clean up his room."

**Graphic**

Photos: Wynter Galindez was the point guard at Bronx High School of Science, but where he really excels is in class. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. B13); Duke-bound Wynter Galindez is surrounded by family: father Vincent, mother Rhonda and brother Javan. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times) (pg. B19)

**Load-Date:** June 24, 1997

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[***Summer Work Is Out of Favor With the Young***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40HJ-G2R0-00MH-F1JN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MARY WILLIAMS WALSH

By MARY WILLIAMS WALSH

**Body**

Jack Brooks may look a middle-aged stockbroker on the surface, but beneath the starched shirt and tie beats the heart of a hometown hero, forged more than a quarter-century ago on his first summer job.

"Lifeguarding was my induction into life," said Mr. Brooks, who at 16 joined the Beach Patrol in Ocean City, N.J., and today is an associate vice president for investments at Morgan Stanley Dean Witter. "I drank my first beer as a lifeguard. I had my first romantic encounter as a lifeguard. It was much more than a summer job. It was more than I ever dreamed."

Time was, much of teenage America would have agreed: lifeguarding was the pluperfect summer billet.

Today, though, lifeguard jobs go begging, to the point where Ocean City has dipped deep into its personnel files and asked old-timers to come back and fill the empty stations. Mr. Brooks will return this summer on weekends, as will moonlighting lawyers, doctors, engineers and casino floorwalkers.

"If we had to depend on teenaged kids, we'd be hurting," said Bud McKinley, Ocean City's assistant captain for operations.

As go the beaches of the Jersey Shore, so go the workplaces of the nation. For the last 10 years, fewer teenagers and young adults have been venturing into the summer work force. Last year, even with desperate managers dangling finder's fees, tuition plans and other lures, just 62 percent of America's 16 million people between 16 and 19 years old were in the labor force, compared with a high of 71.8 percent in 1978, and the lowest percentage since July 1965.

The trend is most pronounced among young men, whose summer employment rate of 65 percent is down from 73.5 percent in 1989 and the lowest since the Bureau of Labor Statistics started keeping track in 1948.

The decline indicates that the lengthy economic expansion has given growing numbers of families the means to support their children as they learn new languages, travel and undertake other adventures, and many parents are proud to be able to offer their offspring opportunities they never had.

But the shift away from summer jobs also suggests that tens of thousands of teenagers are missing out on what some consider a hallowed American coming-of-age experience and, arguably, a social leveler that gives the college-bound a fleeting taste of ***working-class*** life.

Droves of teenagers and young adults have been signing up for summer school, from remedial reading and math to advanced-placement courses and exotic enrichment programs. In July 1994, 19.5 percent of Americans aged 16 to 19 were in school. By July 1999, 26.8 percent were.

A decade of unparalleled affluence may be prompting some parents to give youngsters money, reducing their need to work. For other teenagers, the boom still means working, but in jobs that put them on career tracks more quickly, not in the sweaty, low-paid and mind-numbing slots that have long been their lot.

Rapidly rising college tuitions may be turning off teenagers, since a summer's earnings will no longer make much of a dent in expenses. The current intense competition for university admissions also appears to be a factor, with teenagers using summers to add sizzle to their applications. It is assumed that music camp or a hands-on biology lab will impress more than a stint stocking shelves in a supermarket.

"It could be the result of the high-stakes testing that's been instituted in a lot of the states," said William Rodgers, chief economist at the Labor Department.

For adolescent-development specialists, the waning of the summer job comes as a surprise. Teachers, psychologists and occupational-health experts have been arguing for years that young Americans are working far too much for their own good.

But with a tide of teenagers turning away from summer jobs, some are raising a new concern.

"It could mean that the social divide that's happening gets worse," suggested Jeffrey A. Joerres, president and chief executive of Manpower Inc., the big temporary-employment company. Mr. Joerres worked as a house painter on his summer vacations, he recalled, and bonded with a crew of tattooed and ponytailed men who were not going to college.

"If somebody asked me, 'What did you learn?' I'd probably say, 'Well, I learned to put up scaffolding,' " Mr. Joerres said. "But in fact, I was learning other lessons. There are some life experiences that go unlearned if you take the professional track all your life."

In today's tight labor market, though, college students who seek summer work through Manpower expect to get serious, white-collar positions, Mr. Joerres said, and they are not disappointed.

"They've really shot themselves in the foot," said Mr. Brooks, who traces much of who he is today to his time under the sun as a lifeguard.

Mr. Brooks revered his first boss, "a big, barrel-chested guy who was in the Navy," he said.

"He had a soft side, but you always knew who was boss. I think, in a lot of ways, the management style I've adopted in my life is a lot like that old captain."

Not only that, Mr. Brooks said, but it was a partner from that first summer job who got him into financial services, and former lifeguards still round out his client list today.

But others see few such benefits in putting teenagers to work.

"When you have your kids working as soon as they're 13, 14 years old, the spring just goes out of their step," said Theresa Miller, a mother and writer in Tatamy, Pa.

Mrs. Miller's father had to work throughout high school to buy clothes, she said, and felt robbed of an adolescence. So when she was in high school, he let her try a paper route, but stopped her when she started looking tired. He promised she would not have to work again until she was out of college. Now she wants to do the same for her son, who went to science camp last summer and will study music this season.

"We've counseled him to be a kid as long as he can, and as long as we can afford it," she said.

There is a large and contentious body of scholarship on whether teenagers should or should not be working.

Some research shows that working adolescents get worse grades, sleep less and are more prone to dropping out of school. But other studies show that working teenagers stay in school longer, flounder less, do just as much homework and enjoy better mental health.

The effects seem to depend on the nature of the workplace. There is some evidence that young people thrive in well-ordered workplaces, where their assignments are clear and mature supervision is never far away.

But high stress and a lack of job supervision have been found to cause depression in teenagers, and the effects can linger for years.

Barbara Schneider, a University of Chicago sociologist, conducted a survey of 7,000 teenagers and concluded, among other things, that the healthy, teenager-friendly workplace is getting harder and harder to find.

Consider the car-loving youth who, 25 years ago, might have sought satisfyingly greasy summer work in a filling station, changing oil and tuning engines under the tutelage of an experienced mechanic. Today, that youth probably cannot get such a job, Dr. Schneider said. Cars come with modular components, and repair garages want mechanics with junior college certificates.

And instead of avuncular mentors like Mr. Brooks's captain, today's teenagers are apt to have supervisors not that much older than themselves, Dr. Schneider said. They get little training, make mistakes, are yelled at by customers. Then they quit in frustration.

"It's really problematic," Dr. Schneider said.

Randstad North America, an Atlanta-based company that provides temporary staff members, recently studied generational attitudes and found that today's teenagers, unlike their parents, want jobs where they are taught something.

"It's logical," said Daryl Evans, a Randstad marketing manager. "They grew up in an environment of technology changing every 12 minutes. There's this incredible motivation to keep up, or a fear of falling behind."

Sean Stevens, a junior at Georgetown University, is a good example. "I know it sounds arrogant, but my time is worth more than $8 or $10 an hour," he said. "I've got a whole lot of other things to do."

Mr. Stevens, who already speaks fluent Korean and Russian as well as good Japanese, Spanish and German, is leaving this weekend for a summer at a university in South Korea. He even managed to shoehorn in an internship at the World Bank in the four weeks between spring finals and his trans-Pacific flight.

"People want to make themselves look good on resumes," Mr. Stevens said. Just having a degree and a few summers waiting tables is no longer enough, he said. "You have to have a selling point, something to distinguish you from everybody else. You want to stand out."

But such sentiments do not always go down well with adults for whom low-skilled summer jobs were enough.

"To just spend more time reading American history and playing soccer is not the same as getting out into the world and having experiences," said David Davenport, the departing president of Pepperdine University in California, who admits he irritates faculty by asserting without end that he learned more frying doughnuts in his father's bakery than in any university. "We're crowding out the well-rounded development of our children."

Last summer, in keeping with his convictions, Dr. Davenport decided his daughter, Kate, should get a job as a chambermaid, even though Kate wanted to go to soccer camp.

"You'd think the world had come to an end," Dr. Davenport said. But he persisted and Kate ended up stripping beds and cleaning rooms at the conference center Pepperdine operates each summer on its Malibu campus.

Today, Kate does not even remember the fight about attending soccer camp. A summer of hard work and low prestige have left her sounding like a convert to her father's cause.

"At Malibu High School, most of the students were doing marine biology camps and SAT prep classes," she said dismissively. "I don't miss that environment at all."

Asked if her summer job gave her any thoughts about a career, the 17-year-old Ms. Davenport drew a blank. But as for what she plans to do this summer, she did not miss a beat.

"I've heard the money in construction is good, $10 an hour to start," she said. "I think it's important to know how to build things."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Sean Stevens, a Georgetown University junior who speaks fluent Korean and Russian, says his time is worth more than the $10 an hour many summer jobs pay. He will spend the summer at a South Korean university. (Paul Hosefros/The New York Times)(pg. 22)

Graphs track percentage of 16-to 19-year olds in school, July of each year, the percentage of 16-to 19-year olds working, July of each year, and the area of work they are in. (Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics)(pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** June 18, 2000

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[***HAVENS; Gilt by Association: Less Status, More Room***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46DT-K2D0-01CN-H4NY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 2, 2002 Friday

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**Length:** 1822 words

**Byline:**  By AARON DONOVAN

**Body**

ASPEN. Palm Springs. Woodstock. Southampton. Palm Beach.

These are historic names that resonate with status, prestigious playgrounds for the select few, nestled in spectacular settings.

Then there is Basalt. And Cathedral City, Saugerties, Hampton Bays and Stuart.

Never heard of them?

That's because they are border towns, notable mainly for the fame of their neighbors. But they may be comparative bargains for second-home buyers seeking access to chic enclaves without living in them. These towns offer easy access to ski slopes, beaches and trendy restaurants and clubs without necessarily demanding a six-figure down payment.

They bestow on their residents the joys of reverse snobbism. Border town residents are confident enough not to have to carry around their pedigrees or their Louis Vuitton luggage.

The downside? Telling people you spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for a beautiful vacation home in . . . Basalt. Then having to give the required addendum to mystified friends: it's next to Aspen.

Basalt, Colo.

WHY: A classic Western river town, Basalt is 18 miles northwest of Aspen, the cosmopolitan ski resort. Aspen Mountain is 20 to 45 minutes away, and for summer fly-fishing and rafting on the Grand Fork and Frying Pan Rivers, which converge in Basalt, it's more central than Aspen. Like Aspen, it is a historic 19th-century town that has some Victorian houses dating from the 1880's.

"It's very reminiscent of Aspen 30 years ago," said B. J. Adams, who owns B.J. Adams & Company, a real estate brokerage company in Aspen. "A lot of 100-year-old homes are being bought and renovated and beautifully landscaped."

Still, Basalt, which has about 2,800 year-round residents, is mainly a bedroom community for people who work in the area, which means there's less of the tourist trade that some people say has begun to erode some of Aspen's charm.

Basalt seems poised to take off. Architects, interior designers, real estate brokers and contractors have built offices there.

"Well-educated, professional people are now in Basalt," said John Cottle, a 22-year resident and a principal in Cottle Gray Beal & Yaw, a local architecture firm. "Even if someone has the economic means to live in Aspen, Basalt's a viable choice."

WHAT IT WILL COST: In Basalt, a 2,500- to 3,500-square-foot house will cost around $700,000. Smaller houses go for $450,000. At the low end is a $289,000 three-bedroom tract house in a subdivision. At the high end is a $5,595,000 working cattle ranch on 136 acres, with an 1889 farmhouse.

In Aspen, the average house price is $3.4 million, and prices of $1.5 million for a small one- to three-bedroom house -- what locals call a scrapper -- are not uncommon.

CONTENDER: Carbondale. A little more agricultural in character, a little farther down Highway 82 from Aspen and perhaps a little less quaint than Basalt. The cost of a three-bedroom, two-bath house is $300,000 to $1 million, said Ms. Adams, the Aspen real estate broker.

Cathedral City, Calif.

WHY: Palm Springs, the grande dame of desert resorts, has already undergone a face lift. Want to buy a midcentury modern glass house on a green fairway? Too late. It's sold. And the Spanish-style villa you fantasized about isn't available at a discount.

Fifteen minutes away is Cathedral City, in the foothills of the Santa Rosa and San Jacinto Mountains. The Cove, an old section of town, has a few houses with flat roofs and lots of glass that were built in the late 1950's or early 60's.

"The Cove is interesting and funky," said Trish Wortman, a broker at Marilyn Perlin Realtors Inc. of Palm Springs. "You can have an inexpensive cabinish home next to a 3,000-square-foot modern house."

Cathedral City, known as Cat City, lacks the nouveau hipness of Palm Springs. It was never hip. This town of 47,000, which started as a blue-collar bedroom community for hotel workers in Palm Springs, is now attracting people during the winter season, about 15,000 a year. Frank Sinatra never lived here, but second-home owners can still golf at the 108 courses in the Coachella Valley.

WHAT IT WILL COST: In the newer areas like Rio Vista or Panorama, prices range from $140,000 for a starter home to $300,000 at the high end. Condominiums close to golf courses are $70,000 to the low $100's. A four-bedroom contemporary with a flat roof and a guest house is listed at $379,000.

In Palm Springs, a three-bedroom, 1,500- to 1,800-square-foot house starts at $200,000 and goes up to $600,000; condominiums range from about $60,000 for a 600-square foot one-bedroom unit to $240,000 for a two-bedroom, 1,200-square-foot unit within walking distance of the city center.

CONTENDER: La Quinta, about 10 miles southeast of Cathedral City, is surrounded by scenic golf courses and three mountains. Single-family homes here cost $150,000 to $700,000.

Hampton Bays, N.Y.

WHY: The physical beauty of the Hamptons knows no borders. Hampton Bays has the glistening waters of Shinnecock Bay to the south and the Great Peconic Bay to the north. And Hampton Bays has something Southampton does not: marina space.

Often considered the ***working-class*** Hampton, Hampton Bays is predominantly a year-round residential community with many first-time homeowners. It is also the most densely populated and economically diverse hamlet in the town of Southampton.

It does not have social cachet, prompting some less secure residents to try to bask in the reflective glory. "People will sometimes say, 'I live in Southampton township,' " said Deidre Ciraco Francolini, the manager and an associate broker at Coldwell Banker Dunesview Properties in Westhampton Beach.

WHAT IT WILL COST: A two-bedroom, 1,200-square-foot house here will cost about $300,000, while a modest starter home is $200,000. A house on the water will demand a premium: $400,000 on a creek to $1 million on a bay (at least $500,000 less than in Southampton).

In Old Harbor, a four-bedroom colonial with a pool and garage is on the market for $495,000, and on the Rampasture Peninsula, a three-bedroom waterfront ranch is on the market for $850,000.

In the neighboring towns, Ms. Francolini said, even the smallest home would start at $400,000, and for larger houses away from the water, the range is more typically $650,000 to $2 million.

And no one is surprised when a large luxury house on the water sells for $7.5 million, Ms. Francolini said.

CONTENDER: East Quogue is a little pricier than Hampton Bays, but even so, it is still less expensive than the "name" Hamptons.

A large subdivision, Southampton Pines, was recently built here, and its 160 new homes, ranging from 2,500 to 4,000 square feet, are priced at $550,000 to $800,000. In East Quogue, a four-bedroom, two-and-a-half-bath colonial within walking distance of a private beach typically costs $500,000.

Saugerties, N.Y.

WHY: Woodstock has everything. It is a legendary artists' colony with cafes, the Woodstock Playhouse and bars with live music that rival Bleecker Street's. Ten miles east, Saugerties has always been in Woodstock's shadow. Its Main Street recalls the 1950's.

"My father always said that Saugerties is the town that never happened," said Gail Cadden, an illustrator and longtime Woodstock resident.

But Saugerties does have the Hudson River and some stately Victorians, and it has started a farmers' market (every Saturday from July to October). Many people from New York City buy vacation homes in the mountains near Saugerties because they are less expensive than those in Woodstock.

"The property values have never escalated the same way that the Woodstock property values have," said Elda Zulick, a real estate broker in Saugerties. Many second-home owners, Ms. Zulick said, are producers, writers and artists who appreciate being near Woodstock but not in it.

"I like Saugerties because it's a little more laid-back," said Stuart Bragg, an advertising executive in the health care unit of Foote, Cone & Belding. He lives on the Upper West Side and bought a three-bedroom ranch house in Saugerties earlier this year.

"Woodstock is a place where New Yorkers have always gone to get away or drop out of the New York scene," he said. "Saugerties is more like a regular American town."

WHAT IT WILL COST: As house prices in Woodstock have climbed, those in Saugerties have, too, but just not quite as much. Prices range from $85,000 for a small house of approximately 1,000 square feet in good condition to slightly more than $1 million for large houses in the mountains or on the river.

A contemporary two-bedroom house on less than an acre would cost about $240,000 in Woodstock, but a similar three-bedroom house in Saugerties is on the market for $189,000. A two-bedroom, one-bath cottage on an acre lot would be $135,000 in Woodstock, $85,000 in Saugerties.

CONTENDER: Phoenicia, nestled in the Woodland Valley of the Catskills, is a more rural community, a little farther from Woodstock but close to the Belleayre ski resort.

A four-bedroom Victorian farmhouse with a stream in back is available for $179,000, and a two-bedroom house with a separate cottage on eight acres bordering state parkland is $259,000, said Sheri Safier, a associate broker at Westwood Metes and Bounds Realty in West Hurley, N.Y.

Stuart, Fla.

WHY: In Palm Beach, the sumptuous romper room for the rich, the average price of a house on less than an acre with no water in sight is $1.6 million. Oceanfront? $15 million to $18 million. The east coast of South Florida is densely populated and has little waterfront property available, period, forcing people to migrate up the coast.

That is what makes Stuart an attractive alternative, even though it is not exactly a satellite of Palm Beach.

Stuart is on the Atlantic about 40 miles north of Palm Beach, and it also has the Intracoastal Waterway and St. Lucie River. In Stuart, the farthest house from the ocean is still only seven miles away. Stuart has a historical downtown with cobblestones and fine restaurants, and even in traffic, Stuart is still just 45 minutes from the West Palm Beach International Airport. Among the perks: strict zoning and no industrial areas. The population in 1991 was 113,000; now it has risen 15 percent, to 130,000.

Stuart is developing as a second-home community. "Right now, baby boomers in their late 30's and 40's are coming from New York and Connecticut to buy the waterfront," said Michele Post at Re/Max of Stuart.

WHAT IT WILL COST: A three- to four-bedroom house, not on the water, will bring about $200,000. The going rate is $2 million for oceanfront, and $400,000 on the canals. Two-bedroom condominiums on nearby Hutchinson Island cost $225,000.

CONTENDER: West Palm Beach is the traditional place for shoppers priced out of Palm Beach. Separated by a causeway from Palm Beach, West Palm has houses that cost $300,000 to $400,000. Town houses and condominiums are $100,000 to $150,000, said Abe Himelstein, the branch manager of Prudential Florida WCI Realty in Boynton Beach.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: CLOSE CALL -- Famous and expensive Palm Beach, Fla., far left, or affordable and nearby Stuart, left. (Photographs by Gary T. Truman for The New York Times)(pg. F1); LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION -- A renovated four-bedroom Bermuda-style home (fabulous pool) in Palm Beach's quiet Northend neighborhood is priced at $1,595,000, above left. A four-bedroom home on a large lake (no pool) was listed at $245,000 in Stuart, Fla., above right.; COMPARISON SHOPPING -- An 1875 three-bedroom home on three acres is currently on the market for $475,000 in Woodstock, N.Y., above left. In neighboring Saugerties, the asking price for a 1910 two-bedroom house on a little over two acres is $117,900, above right. (pg. F7)

**Load-Date:** August 2, 2002

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[***HOW CONTRAS RECRUIT: THE KIDNAPPING WAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-S6X0-0017-50GF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1346 words

**Byline:** By JAMES LeMOYNE, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MANAGUA, Nicaragua, June 20

**Body**

The rebel unit flagged down the local bus in northern Nicaragua and summarily ordered the male passengers to get out.

Then, without further explanation, the guerrillas gave the order: the men would follow the rebels to a contra camp. The women were told to get on their way, according to several witnesses and human-rights officials.

The mass kidnapping two months ago near the town of Siuna is one of several reports of forced recruitment of civilians by the American-backed rebels, known as contras, in recent months. It is a politically damaging practice that Reagan Administration and rebel officials have repeatedly pledged to stop.

A Tale of Misery

Most of the 15 to 20 men taken from the bus escaped in the following nights during a forced march through the jungle. But for Omar Navas, who says he was too slow and too afraid to escape -and also for his family - the kidnapping on April 27 was the beginning of a miserable experience that has not yet ended.

Mr. Navas told his story to this reporter in a rebel camp on the Honduran-Nicaraguan border last month. The reporter then traveled to Nicaragua, where he found Mr. Navas's parents, who had believed their son to be dead. They celebrated the news that he had been seen alive, and they spoke of their experience with a conflict that has destroyed their lives.

Their story offers a human measure of the unsought war and bitterly contested revolution in Nicaragua that have split communities, killed tens of thousands, and wrecked the lives of countless people like the Navas family.

'I Want to Go Home'

''Can you help me?'' Mr. Navas quietly asked as Sandinista rockets exploded near a contra border camp during a major attack last month. ''I want to go home.''

Mr. Navas, 35 years old, could not walk. His bandaged feet were swollen like grotesque melons to twice their normal size because of a congenital problem with walking and cuts that became infected after a 21-day march with his contra kidnappers in the San Jacinto regional task force.

A former schoolteacher, Mr. Navas recently became an accountant in a state-owned lumber yard, a job he took to earn more money for his family. He seemed an unsuitable candidate for guerrilla war: In addition to his inability to walk properly, he is in poor physical shape and has a young family, and he appears to have no strong political views.

Parents Hear Their Son Lives

''I am not at all political, and I told them when they took me that I could not walk properly,'' Mr. Navas said, breaking into slow tears. ''I have a wife, I have two young daughters -what will happen to them without me?''

Three weeks later, Mr. Navas's aging parents expressed reactions that were as deeply felt in their impoverished home in a ***working class*** neighborhood of Managua.

The elder Mr. Navas, 78, had just come home after being hospitalized for an acute nervous disorder brought on, his wife said, by his anxiety at losing Omar, his eldest son and the family's breadwinner. They had heard nothing of him since the rebel patrol took him away.

'He Knows Nothing About War'

''God brought this news to us,'' cried Mrs. Navas, 57, as she held her husband, Aristides. ''All of us have prayed for him these weeks to be alive, but we didn't know. God gave Omar back to us - he knows nothing about war.''

The contras also kidnapped Antonio Rodriguez from the same bus traveling between the villages of Siuna and Rosita, according to his family and human-rights officials. Mr. Rodriguez was not seen by a reporter, but people in a rebel camp said he is also being held in a border base near the Bocay and Coco rivers.

Human-rights officials estimate that at least 400 Nicaraguan families have, like the Navas family, had a relative kidnapped by the American-backed rebels. The practice now appears to be on the rise again as rebel units infiltrate Nicaragua anew and look for new recruits.

A State Department official, asked by telephone to comment on the practice, said, ''We oppose kidnapping people, and we've made that clear to the rebels.''

Kidnapping Was 'an Error'

The official appeared not to have been informed of the contra kidnappings reported to be occurring in Nicaragua despite a $3 million United States human-rights monitoring program for the rebels.

A senior rebel commander, Mike Lima, was asked why his men were still seizing people. The question was especially pointed as 30 peasants had just walked into the border camp in what appeared to be a genuinely voluntary decision to fight the Sandinistas they said they oppose.

In response, Mr. Lima described the kidnapping as ''an error,'' in which a young patrol commander had made the mistake of taking Mr. Navas and others to a secret rebel camp. There, he said, the senior commander ordered that the kidnapped men be held, rather than release them and risk disclosure of the rebels' location.

But Mr. Navas's feet were soon in such bad shape - a condition he says kept him from being drafted into the Sandinista army - that the rebels had to carry him in a sling for the last four-days of a march to a hidden base on the border, according to Mr. Lima.

More Suffering for the Navases

The effect of the kidnapping on Mr. Navas's family and their community offers a sharp example of how the tactic of forcing people to fight hurts guerrillas in wars that depend on popular support.

The Navas family had already suffered at the hands of the Sandinistas because of the contra war. The family ran the village store in San Carlos on the Coco river until 1981, when the Sandinistas decided to destroy the town and remove its inhabitants, suspected of supporting Miskito Indian rebels.

Mr. and Mrs. Navas say they lost almost everything they owned. Mr. Navas, then 72, spent eight days in a State Security cell until the Sandinistas decided that he was not a contra.

The Sandinistas then put the couple into a grim relocation camp where, the Navases said, their children persuaded officials to let them take their parents to Managua.

So Much Ill Fortune

The Sandinistas, who destroyed the couple's means of earning a living, have given them no assistance, Mrs. Navas said. She and her husband live off their children, eating beans and rice and wearing threadbare clothes and worn tennis shoes without laces.

Then, after so much ill fortune, the contras seized their son.

''We are old people, and there is nowhere left for us to go,'' Mrs. Navas said. ''The Government moved us, and now the contras have taken Omar. There has been so much suffering.'' Their kidnapped son's wife and two children still live in Siuna, in the northern war zone. The family now worries that with their son's continuing absence, his family will soon have little to live on.

According to a number of witnesses, the effort at forced recruitment by the contras has done nothing to improve their already tarnished reputation in Siuna, where a rebel unit slit the throats of two agricultural consultants in 1985, according to a resident.

Mr. Navas's Release Is Sought

Contra commanders told a reporter that Mr. Navas would be free to return to Nicaragua if he chooses, and a rebel human-rights official said there ''is an effort being made'' to see that Mr. Navas goes home. United States officials are aware of the case and are reportedly seeking Mr. Navas's release as well. But so far he has not appeared.

The last time a reporter saw him, Mr. Navas was sitting with bandaged feet in a small rebel base with almost 3,000 Sandinista troops preparing to attack. If the base was overrun, he would not have been able to flee. He had waved goodbye as a reporter left the base.

Mr. and Mrs. Navas have asked international relief officials for help, but they are very worried and say they do not know what to do next. Their plight is shared by hundreds of Nicaraguan families and will be shared by more in a war in which there appears to be no clearly defined mechanism for returning prisoners or refugees from guerrilla control.

The Sandinistas refuse to grant even minimal official recognition to the contras, making any exchange of prisoners or refugees in guerrilla hands especially difficult.

**Graphic**

Photo of Omar Navas, who says he was forcibly recruited by the contras (NYT/James LeMoyne); Photo of parents of Mr. Navas, after hearing their son was alive (NYT/James LeMoyne) (Pg. A6); Map of Nicaragua highlighting town of Siuna (NYT) (Page A6)

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[***As Hispanic Presence Grows, So Does Black Anger***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WH60-0024-J544-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER,

By LARRY ROHTER,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MIAMI, June 19

**Body**

When Cuban refugees began arriving here 30 years ago, Ruth Page was working as a seamstress in a tailoring and cleaning shop, and she says she had no strong feelings one way or another about the Spanish-speaking people. But when she lost her job to a Cuban, her attitude changed.

Now Mrs. Page remains resentful,and worried about the still-growing Hispanic presence in Miami. So when the Dade County Commission met last month to consider abandoning a requirement that all county business be conducted in English, she was one of several black Miami residents who attended the meeting to speak out.

"They are taking over, and I am a victim of that," Mrs. Page, who is now retired, complained after the commission voted unanimously to rescind the English-only rule.

Mrs. Page's attitude is shared by many other blacks as the city's Hispanic population has grown to dominate the economic and political life.

And although the language vote was among recent events that led some Hispanic and black officials to declare that "a new era" of tolerance and understanding was at hand, many of the deepest differences between the two groups remain unresolved.

The way those differences are settled, or not hold lessons not just for Miami but the entire country, prominent members of both groups say.

"The situation we are living in Miami today will be true of most major cities in America in the next 10 years," said Eduardo J. Padron, president of the Wolfson Campus of Miami-Dade Community College and a member of the executive committee of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In Dade County, which includes Miami, the Hispanic population has grown, in a little more than 30 years, from 5 percent to a majority of the two million residents. In the same time, the population of non-Hispanic blacks has risen slightly, to about 20 percent from about 15 percent. These two trends have generated tensions over issues like jobs, government contracts, claims on public services and the distribution of political power.

Complicating the population shift is a clash of two very different concepts of race and ethnicity. English-speaking blacks are increasingly alienated from their Spanish-speaking counterparts, who identify themselves by their linguistic and cultural heritage, rather than their race, and associate mostly with other Spanish speakers, of whatever color.

New Responses Required

In some important respects, though, Miami's situation diverges from that of New York, where Puerto Ricans are the main Hispanic group, and other cities. In New York City, for instance, Hispanics for the most part have not come as political refugees, and are on average poorer than blacks.

American blacks have long been accustomed to being the principal minority group in a given locale, with whites the majority. But situations in which Hispanic people outnumber blacks, or have replaced non-Hispanic whites as the dominant group, as is the case here, are new, requiring all three groups to find new responses and make new accommodations.

That demographic phenomenon is likely to occur with increasing frequency over the next decade in cities around the country because of continued immigration and high birth rates.

Hispanic people, who totaled 22.3 million nationally in the 1990 census, already outnumber blacks in Los Angeles and Houston, are rapidly pulling even in New York City and Dallas and are expected to overtake blacks as the nation's largest minority group between 1997 and 2005, according to various demographic projections.

"As a nation, we have pretty much developed our notion of minority policy based on the black population, and just stuck Latinos and Asians into that profile," said David Hayes-Bautista, a sociologist at the University of California at Los Angeles who has studied relations between minority groups. "The problem is that the profile doesn't fit. We're used to thinking of a unified minority agenda, but as the minority population becomes less black, the issues become different.

"Language and immigration, for instance, have never been part of the traditional black agenda, or are in conflict with it," Dr. Hayes-Bautista continued. "On the other hand, low levels of participation in the labor force, high levels of family disintegration and certain types of health problems are not Latino issues, frankly."

Minority Concept Challenged

That conflict is already being played out here, where some prominent blacks maintain that Hispanic residents, especially Cubans, should not be regarded as a minority group because of their numbers and their economic success.

"In South Florida they are doing excellently," said Gary Siplin, a lawyer who is president of the New Miami Group, which seeks to encourage black leadership in government and business. "They own radio stations, TV stations, schools, banks, buildings, businesses. They have the jobs."

H. T. Smith, a black lawyer, said that as far as he is concerned, Cuban-Americans are simply "white people whose native language is Spanish."

Some black legislators here have argued that because Hispanic people now constitute the majority here, they should lose eligibility for certain minority benefits, like preferential treatment in government contracting or consideration under the Voting Rights Act.

But other blacks say there must be more effort in the black population to become bilingual and adapt to the city's changed character. "We can't move Miami," said Marvin Dunn, a professor of sociology at Florida International University who has written extensively on race relations here. "The reality is that Spanish is becoming the dominant language here. It's one thing to complain, but you can't hold back the tide."

Contributing to a recent mood of conciliation between black and Hispanic residents was an agreement last month that ended the boycott of tourism here by blacks. With Mr. Smith, the lawyer, among the leaders, the boycott was called after Miami's Cuban-dominated government snubbed Nelson Mandela when the South African anti-apartheid figure visited here.

The boycott is estimated to have cost Miami up to $50 million in revenue, and the agreement that black groups negotiated with business, civil and political leaders to end it, calls for increased loans and training programs for black businesses, as well as "fair hiring for African-Americans" in the hotel and tourism industries.

Black and Hispanic officials here acknowledge, however, that barriers between the groups are more than merely economic. Dr. Dunn said said English-speaking blacks are "being surrounded by this sea of brown, Spanish-speaking people, and becoming more entrenched in our own isolation."

Many American-born blacks here and in cities like New York and Chicago seem perplexed, for instance, by the tendency of black Cubans, Dominicans, Panamanians and Puerto Ricans to define themselves not by the color of their skin, but by their language and culture. "You can't tell if you just look at somebody," Mr. Smith said. "I can be walking down a street and I say, 'Hey, brother,' and they speak back to me in Spanish."

According to the 1990 census, the desegregation of housing is occurring more rapidly in Dade County than elsewhere in Florida or in the nation as a whole. But that is the result largely of the willingness of Hispanic whites and blacks to live together, or mixed with Haitians and other Caribbean blacks, in integrated neighborhoods that are largely free of racial tension.

For the most part, native-born, English-speaking blacks remain the most segregated group in Miami, and continue to reside in clearly identifiable pockets in the northwest section of the county. They also tend to be poorer as a group than white or Hispanic people, which both increases their frustration and limits their choices.

"A big chunk of the ***working-class*** Anglo community has simply left," because of growing Hispanic dominance here, Dr. Dunn said, referring to the estimated 250,000 whites who have moved out of Dade County since 1980, most of them to other parts of Florida. "But most of the blacks have no place to flee."

Not only here, but in cities as far-flung as Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Houston, competition between black and Hispanic citizens over the drawing of legislative districts and the allotment of seats is intensifying.

"There is a real tension across the board," said Angelo Falcon, president of the Institute for Puerto Rican Policy in New York. "Generally, the black leadership has felt, 'We sacrificed all these years, we got the laws on the books, and now all these Latino interlopers are coming in.' The black population is stabilizing, while ours is growing, and there is a reaction on the part of blacks. You hear comments from blacks like, 'These Hispanics, they just got here, and they want to take over.' "

Though both black and Hispanic voters, with the exception of Cubans of both colors here, tend to vote for Democrats at the national level, their voting patterns are starting to diverge in local contests. In New York, Rudolph W. Giuliani, the Republican-Liberal challenger for mayor, has made overtures to Hispanic voters by picking a Puerto Rican, Herman Badillio, to run for comptroller on his ticket, and in Los Angeles last week, Richard Riordan, the Republican, received about 50 percent of the Hispanic vote in winning the mayoral contest.

**Graphic**

Photo: Although some leaders have hailed a new era of understanding between black and Hispanic residents of Miami, many racial and ethnic tensions still exist. Ozzie Fernandez, right, was guarded by Marc Magny, left, and George Snipe during a basketball game in a racially mixed neighborhood. (Phillippe Diederich for The New York Times) (pg. 27)

**Load-Date:** June 20, 1993

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[***TELEVISION/RADIO; The Wisecracks of Victory, the Punch Lines of Defeat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4677-WXF0-01CN-H06B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:**  By CRAIG TOMASHOFF

**Body**

THERE'S something funny about television sports coverage these days. Literally. On ESPN's "Mohr Sports" this spring, the host, Jay Mohr, dressed up like Ricki Lake for a sketch about the National Football League draft. Over on TNT's "Inside the N.B.A.," the producers played a practical joke on one of their own hosts, Charles Barkley -- it involved a suit of armor and a pillow -- and replayed it for viewers from five different angles.

And then there's Fox Sports Net's jock talk show, "Best Damn Sports Show Period," with a group of good ol' guys in comfy chairs laughing at each other's wisecracks. Halfway through, a mock anchorman delivers fake news items, like one about a basketball player with a blond dye job who has had a horrible game: "The only highlights he was a part of were in his hair."

Not that long ago, the closest television sports came to planned comedy were those wacky highlight reels that always ended with a variation on the ball-hitting-the-athlete-in-the-groin. What fans got were scores, sober analysis and interviews in which the game's hero described what he'd just done and thanked God for making it all possible. Sports coverage was regularly criticized for being too reverent about what was, after all, simply a diversion.

These days, watching sports on television is often like taking in the midnight show at Uncle Buck's Chuckle Hut. Whether it's new comedic talk shows like "Mohr Sports" and "Best Damn Sports Show Period," highlight shows like ESPN's "SportsCenter," Dennis Miller's stint on "Monday Night Football" or the pre-, post- and halftime segments of game coverage, few broadcasters seem interested in simply explicating the X's and O's.

This push toward comedy comes from changes within broadcasting and within the sports world itself. As sports channels, and coverage of athletics in general, proliferate to help feed the cable beast, broadcasts need to find ways to stand out from the pack. At the same time, rampant -- and well-publicized -- off-field misbehavior has demystified the stars fans once worshipped. And ultimately, sports is just one more television category that wants to capture the young male demographic. The best way to do that, it seems, is to put us all in a barroom watching the big game with some regular, if very well paid, guys.

This doesn't necessarily mean that all the down-and-dirty details about nickel defenses and slugging percentages have disappeared. They've just been cleverly disguised.

"I've always believed that sports is the finest form of entertainment," said David Hill, chairman of the Fox Sports Television Group. "You can offer up analysis, but you have to sugarcoat the information pill. Take our network coverage of the N.F.L. We don't treat the game like a requiem mass. It should be treated the way people who love sports treat it. They love the game, but they also love to laugh and joke about it."

On Fox's N.F.L. pregame show, the hosts, Terry Bradshaw, Howie Long and James Brown, who have been honing their act since 1994, are as likely to make fun of Mr. Long's Radio Shack commercials or Mr. Bradshaw's bald head as they are to talk about the week's games. They also kid around with regulars guests like the comedian Jimmy Kimmel and the chatty weather woman Jillian Barberie. Mr. Bradshaw, who was a Hall of Fame quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers, said that treating his sport so irreverently suits him perfectly.

"Ten years or so ago, when I was still working for CBS, this executive pulled me aside and told me I was losing my credibility by trying to be funny on the air," he said. "He said I couldn't have a smile on my face or act funny because then people would look down on me. But my philosophy is, I'd rather make you laugh -- at me or with me. I could talk about the 'Cover 4' or something, but 99 percent of the population doesn't know what that is and doesn't care what that is."

Mr. Bradshaw moved to Fox in 1994 and soon found himself free to perfect the aw-shucks charm that has made him not only a popular broadcaster but a sought-after commercial pitchman. Mr. Barkley now enjoys a similar status from his platform at TNT, though his humor is much more hard-edged. Always eminently quotable during his playing days in the National Basketball Association, he now jokes mercilessly about everything from the other hosts' sex lives to today's shoddy quality of play.

Athlete-comedians like Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Barkley are following a trail blazed by the sportscasters of ESPN, which began encouraging the anchors of its nightly news and highlights show, "SportsCenter," to toss in punch lines with their headlines years ago. Anchors like Keith Olbermann, Dan Patrick and Craig Kilborn perfected the show's winking, let-us-entertain-you tone in the early 90's. (Mr. Kilborn, of course, has come full circle, now presiding over a late-night talk show on CBS.) In the mid-90's, ESPN produced a series of comic promos that featured everything from the former Knick and presidential candidate Bill Bradley applying for an anchor's job to the boxer Evander Holyfield running the ESPN daycare center.

"We like to say that we take our sports seriously, but we don't take ourselves too seriously," said ESPN's president, George Bodenheimer. "That attitude wasn't the product of a focus group. It just kind of happened, and we found it struck a chord with the fans."

Fox Sports Net is trying to strike that same chord by creating "Best Damn Sports Show," which replaced a traditional sports news program, and hiring Tom Arnold as one of its hosts. The comic actor had no previous television sports experience, but he's a funny, fidgety presence alongside former athletes like the basketball player John Salley and the baseball player John Kruk. " 'SportsCenter' definitely changed things," Mr. Arnold said. "It was about scores and highlights, but it set a tone for everything I think we're able to do now. They set the tone for Dennis Miller getting hired as a 'Monday Night Football' analyst. They set the tone for everything that's happening now."

Robert Morton, David Letterman's former executive producer and now executive producer of ESPN's "Mohr Sports," said that the "SportsCenter" promos, in particular, "were selling sports in a different way. Without question, those spots made it easier to get more comedic sports shows on the air."

ESPN's less-than-reverent attitude became the model as sports grew on cable, with ESPN adding new channels of its own (ESPN2, ESPN News, ESPN Classic) and a rival emerging in Fox Sports Net. (CNN/SI, a 24-hour channel that tried to play it straight, died in May.) Meanwhile, everyone from TNT to USA to Comedy Central has added sports to their lineups.

"What seems to have happened over the past few years is that the number of hours of non-game sports coverage has exploded," said the veteran NBC sportscaster Bob Costas.

"There's an awful lot of time to fill. I'm sure there is also more straight and traditional reporting as well, but now it's part of a larger mix that includes more humor."

And while more outlets appeared for joking about jocks, the world of sports became increasingly easy to satirize as rich athletes landed in drug and sex scandals while charging their fans for autographs.

"There's a lot of negative attention focused on sports now," Mr. Arnold said. "So we try to counter that with humor. We want to laugh at sports, to look for the lighter side. Probably 90 percent of the athletes out there are doing good, but we love it when the other 10 percent act like fools."

Mr. Morton took the sociological view. "There was a time when athletes were ***working-class*** heroes, when the guy on the field could have been your buddy from school," he said. "People took their sports more seriously, and the games didn't have that hype side that they do now. Stadiums are named after corporations. Fans pay $250 for box seats. Now, athletes can be seen as the enemy."

As sports stars seem less like real people, sports hosts can fill the void. "There's always some guy in a group who is the jokester, the one everyone gravitates to for laughs," said Mr. Hill of Fox Sports Net. "With shows like 'Best Damn Sports Show,' we've taken that guy and put him on TV. Tom Arnold is funny and down-to-earth, along with being a 100 percent sports fan."

On "Mohr Sports," which uses the familiar late-night talk show formula -- monologue, sketches, celebrity interview and musical guest -- the jokes are "the same stuff you'd say to your friends if you were hanging around the barbershop," Mr. Mohr said.

That desire to reach today's regular guys isn't limited to all-sports channels. Bill Hilary, executive vice president and general manager of Comedy Central, is chasing the same young-male demographic. "Our audiences are the same, and they won't put up with the same old way of covering sports," he said.

That's why Comedy Central tried out "The Sweet Spot," a golfing show with Bill Murray and his brothers as hosts, this spring. It also carries quasi-sports series like "Let's Bowl," in which fictional contestants bowl against each other to settle disputes.

"We have a development team looking to create new sports franchises for us," Mr. Hilary said. "But we're never going to do something like have two or three comedians call an actual ball game. I think you can parody sports and poke fun at the cult of celebrity, but still, I don't think you can mess with the reverence for sports too much. America is not ready for comedy about the game itself."

Dennis Miller is living proof. ABC hired him to spice up its "Monday Night Football" broadcasts in 2000, but he was constantly criticized by football fans and the network dropped him after two seasons.

"To me, it's a question of proportion," Mr. Costas said of comedy during games. "When I started doing game coverage, my favorite thing anyone said about me was that I was both reverent and irreverent at the same time. Both are elements you call on at the proper time. The way you deal with the ninth inning in the seventh game of the World Series is different from the way you deal with an 11-2 game."

When the athletes are on the field, the mockery is largely forgotten for a few hours while they do their jobs. Once they leave the locker room, however, they will continue to be fair game.

"If sports went back to a simpler time, maybe the coverage would to," Mr. Morton said. "But it's not just guys on a field playing a game anymore. It's not just about hitting or catching a ball. That's why I don't think televised sports can ever go back to what it once was."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Jay Mohr on the set of "Mohr Sports," where he combines sports and comedy in the guise of a traditional talk show. (Scott Clarke/ESPN)(pg. 33); "SportsCenter," with Stuart Scott, left, and Rich Eisen, made humor a regular feature. (Rich Arden/ESPN)(pg. 32); Shaquille O'Neal and the host Tom Arnold on Fox's "Best Damn Sports Show Period," one of a number of shows that blur the line between sports and comedy. (Fox Sports Net)(pg. 24)

**Load-Date:** July 7, 2002

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[***As Landlord Grows, So Does Criticism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KT7-S4C0-TW8F-G1SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By TIMOTHY WILLIAMS

**Body**

Not long ago, Joel Weiner was a small player in New York City's residential real estate industry. The properties he owned were neither extensive, nor impressive.

But during the past two years, Mr. Weiner, 57, and his firm, the Pinnacle Group, have spent more than $1 billion on hundreds of apartment buildings and quietly become one of the biggest property owners in neighborhoods from Brooklyn to the Bronx.

But Pinnacle has had problems as it expanded: It is the subject of criminal investigations by the Manhattan district attorney and the state attorney general's office; it has been denounced by Representative Charles B. Rangel and other politicians; and it has been the subject of angry community meetings and rallies and petitions signed by thousands of people who object to its business practices.

Last week, the attorney general's office subpoenaed Pinnacle documents, including rent registration forms, as part of its investigation, Pinnacle officials said.

The antipathy generated by Mr. Weiner and Pinnacle is the city's latest entry in the time-honored landlord-versus-tenant struggle, between those who want to keep their rents down and those who want to raise them. But this one is being played out with perhaps greater passion because of a tight housing market and the breakneck speed of gentrification in recent years, which has seemed to transform many formerly undesirable neighborhoods overnight.

Critics accuse Pinnacle of buying buildings and firing superintendents within weeks. Questions have also been raised about whether the company has violated the city's rent-stabilization laws by sometimes raising rents higher than is legally allowed, through such measures as passing along the cost of questionable renovation expenses. In one case, the cost of installing five toilets was passed on to a tenant in a two-bathroom apartment.

The critics also say the company has been engaging in harassment to force people out of their apartments. Tenants describe being put through a Kafkaesque tangle of eviction notices slipped under doors at night, and of legal challenges made to their right to live in longtime apartments.

In some buildings, one-quarter to one-half of the tenants have received so-called dispossess notices -- typically the start of the eviction process -- within a few months of Pinnacle's purchase of the property. The company's practices, its critics say, are a case study in the gentrification of some of the last ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Manhattan.

''We've been living here since it was the drug capital of the world, now we are sitting on a commodity,'' said Rafael Gomez, 48, who lives in a Pinnacle building in Washington Heights, adding that people ask how ''do we end up in such a beautiful neighborhood when we are poor people?''

Mr. Weiner denied criminal wrongdoing and said his goal was to be recognized as a model landlord. He has acknowledged raising some rents, but said the increases were necessary so he could provide safe, quality housing. His lawyers maintain that any errors Pinnacle may have made in seeking to evict tenants or in overcharging on rent have been the result of honest mistakes. The company rightly says costs of improving apartments can be legally passed on to tenants.

Mr. Weiner has not disputed that his company has sent out 5,000 dispossess notices to tenants in its approximately 21,000 apartments in the past 29 months. That, say adversaries, is itself cause for alarm.

''When you are trying to evict one out of four tenants, that is what lawyers call prima facie evidence,'' Congressman Rangel said. ''It is something that screams out for a criminal or civil or legal remedy.''

Mr. Weiner agreed to be interviewed, but did not want his photograph taken because, his lawyers said, he wanted to protect his privacy and because he had received a death threat on the Internet.

Mr. Weiner, who was born in Brooklyn and lives on Long Island, said his objective was to simply get tenants to pay their rents. And he makes no apologies for Pinnacle's aggressiveness in moving to evict those late on rent or otherwise not legally entitled to live in his buildings.

''When you are in the trenches and you try to turn around a building, it's not easy,'' he said. He has hired a team of prominent lawyers, including former City Councilman Kenneth K. Fisher and Benjamin Brafman, a defense attorney whose clients have included Michael Jackson.

Mr. Weiner describes himself as a hands-on owner who visits his properties frequently and is a stickler for cleanliness, order and the removal of building code violations.

Although much of the criticism about him has focused on gentrification, Mr. Weiner said his recent purchases of buildings in neighborhoods like Washington Heights, Harlem, Inwood and the South Bronx would not necessarily lead to wealthier tenants moving in and displacing current residents.

''I don't want to call it gentrification,'' he said. ''I want to call it meeting community needs.''

He said he typically raises rents after he buys a building in order to pay for the major improvements he must make because previous landlords have neglected many of the properties. Pinnacle legally passes those costs on to tenants in higher rent bills. ''This is a very tough business,'' he said. ''I have a passion for doing it, and doing it right.''

In December 1997, Pinnacle owned 267 apartments in the city, and Mr. Weiner, though wealthy, was unknown, even to many of his competitors. But by May of this year, after an infusion of cash from the Praedium Group, a real estate fund that specializes in investing in inner cities, Pinnacle's holdings had jumped to 21,642 apartments.

From May 2004 to May of this year alone, the number of Pinnacle-owned apartments had tripled, with most of the recent purchases concentrated in Upper Manhattan and the Bronx. Among its acquisitions -- for $500 million -- was the 2,900 apartment portfolio of Baruch Singer, who had become one of Harlem's most notorious landlords because of the number of code violations and fines his buildings incurred.

Kim Powell, who in November 2005 helped start an anti-Pinnacle group called Brush -- Buyers and Renters United to Save Harlem -- said the group's primary problem with Pinnacle was how it treats renters. ''They have shown an absolute disregard for tenants,'' Ms. Powell said.

The Pinnacle model has been to purchase what it refers to as distressed properties -- typically apartment buildings that have numerous code violations, are in poor repair, and house many tenants who are behind on rent. The tenants in the 104 Singer buildings, for example, were in arrears for a total of $4.3 million, according to Pinnacle.

The company cleans up the building, often starting at the basement. It scrubs graffiti, installs exterior lighting, cameras and new front doors, and works on code violations. The rent-stabilization laws allow some or all of the cost of that work to be passed on to tenants in the form of higher rents.

Vacant units often get complete makeovers, including new kitchens. Landlords can also increase rents on vacant apartments by as much as 20 percent under state rent regulations. As a result, rents paid by incoming tenants are often significantly higher than what previous renters of the same apartment had paid.

Tenant advocates say Pinnacle is intent on raising rents to the $2,000-a-month threshold, which would remove the units that are vacant from rent-stabilization protection.

The law would then allow a landlord to rent those apartments for whatever the market will bear.

''That's their business plan,'' said Ken Rosenfeld, director of legal services for the nonprofit Northern Manhattan Improvement Corporation. ''They're testing the waters, they're pushing the envelope.''

Mr. Weiner however, said that few of his apartments had reached the $2,000 level, and that he usually charges tenants less than the legally allowed rent because the current market cannot support higher rents. The city allows an occupied rent-stabilized apartment to be deregulated after its rent hits $2,000, but only if the tenants' household income is at least $175,000 for two years in a row.

The Manhattan district attorney's office and the state attorney general's office have sought Pinnacle work invoices, eviction records, responses to tenant complaints and other documents to try to determine whether there is a pattern of fraud, whether the costs of renovations were exaggerated and false billings were submitted, officials said, speaking on the condition of anonymity because the investigation is ongoing. Some of the accusations against Pinnacle, as well as some details of the investigations, have been reported by The Daily News.

Mr. Weiner said he was cooperating with the inquiries and has pledged to change Pinnacle's business methods if either office requests it. The company has also hired two community outreach workers with the goal of forming a community advisory panel that would help guide Pinnacle operations.

Further, the company said it was willing to turn over the files of the 1,256 cases it is currently litigating against tenants to elected officials so they can be examined. Finally, it has agreed not to seek to evict elderly tenants without first contacting the city Department of Aging.

''I am looking every day to improve the operation,'' Mr. Weiner said.

Many tenants however, say they have had unsettling encounters with Pinnacle and its lawyers.

Karen Flannagan, 53, said that even after she had presented Pinnacle documents that established her residency rights to her Harlem apartment after her mother died, the company slipped an eviction notice under her door and took her to court. Her mother had been the leaseholder and the family had lived in the apartment along with Ms. Flannagan's teenage daughter for several years.

''Here I am trying to grieve, and I am having to worry about me and my daughter being thrown out,'' she said.

After two years and 10 appearances in housing court, Pinnacle abruptly dropped the case a few years ago, she said. Pinnacle lawyers, however, said recently that Ms. Flannagan's original documents had not been sufficient, though in a statement this week the company said it regretted any inconvenience it had caused her.

Marjorie Charron, 56, and her husband, Ted Charron, 59, moved into a Pinnacle building in Harlem in 2001, paying $1,900 a month for a two-bedroom apartment. They were told by Pinnacle that by law, the company could have charged as much as $2,500.

When the couple realized that other tenants were paying far less, they found out that Pinnacle had claimed to have performed $20,000 worth of remodeling work on the apartment before they moved in, which gave the landlord the right to raise the rent by a corresponding amount.

When they examined Pinnacle's invoices for the work done on the apartment, however, they found that the company had included charges for 160 light bulbs, 75 pounds of grout, 130 gallons of paint, a $198 nail gun and a $424 drain cleaning device. They also found that some items listed as installed were not there, including oak flooring and a pedestal sink.

Other costs included maintenance work such as painting walls and sanding floors, the costs of which are not permitted to be passed on to a tenant by a landlord.

Five years later, the couple was awarded $10,000 in rent credits from Pinnacle, although they say the company owes them at least $15,000 more. Pinnacle lawyers acknowledged having made mistakes in the Charron case, but continue to legally challenge some of the couples' claims.

''The average person can't do this, so by default, Pinnacle wins almost every time,'' Ms. Charron said. In a statement this week, Pinnacle said the items had been ''inadvertently misallocated'' and apologized.

In another case, Erica Martinez, who lives in a Pinnacle building in Washington Heights, received a $1,317.83 rent credit from Pinnacle after the State Department of Housing and Community Renewal ruled that she had been overcharged. In addition, the agency ordered Pinnacle to pay her triple the amount of the overcharge -- or a total of nearly $4,000 -- because the overcharge had been deemed ''willful.''

Pinnacle lawyers said the company had made mistakes in the Martinez case, but had not done so purposely.

In another case, Pinnacle has attempted to pass on charges to tenants for the $21,700 cost of new front doors in one of its buildings in Harlem, even though they were replaced several years earlier. The state eventually quashed the attempt and the tenants' rents were not increased.

''Pinnacle, if by the second or third overcharge they had said, 'Something's wrong, lets make it right,' I would have given them credit, but they never have,'' said Hazel Miura, a tenant organizer in the Bronx.

Another Pinnacle tenant, Mark Gordon, was charged through his rent for the cost of five toilets for his apartment in 2001, even though he had only two bathrooms. Pinnacle's invoices also included the cost of replacing electrical wiring that appeared not to have been replaced and a double billing for the installation of kitchen cabinets.

Mr. Gordon said three years and $10,000 in legal fees later, Pinnacle resolved the case by agreeing to lower his rent. While at the time, Pinnacle did not admit making any errors, the company recently acknowledged making a mistake.

But Pinnacle's lawyers said that in only about 50 cases had the company been found to have overcharged tenants and that only about 6 percent of its units were currently under litigation. Pinnacle says that most of the tenants it has moved to evict have failed to pay rent for at least two months.

Mr. Weiner said he instructed his employees to work out cases with tenants amicably, and that he only used the courts as a final resort. His lawyers say that despite handing out thousands of dispossess notices, no more than 351 people have actually been evicted since 2004.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Clockwise from top left: a Pinnacle Group building at 775 Riverside Drive in Upper Manhattan

tenants at a building at 706 Riverside Drive who have formed a group to oppose Pinnacle

and the Dunbar Apartments in Harlem. Pinnacle Group has become one of the biggest property owners in neighborhoods from Brooklyn to the Bronx. (Photo by Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

(Photos by above, John Marshall Mantel for The New York Times

below, Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 27)

Above, the Dunbar Apartments in Harlem, one of the properties owned by the Pinnacle Group. At right, Christian Ortiz, who is the property manager at the apartments, in one of the two-bedroom units. (Photographs by Marilynn K. Yee/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

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[***A Poll Lends Credence to the View of New York as a City of Two Souls***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WR10-0024-J2R3-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

To many people in Brooklyn, Queens, Staten Island and the Bronx, New York is truly two cities. One is theirs, a low-rise expanse of middle-class and blue-collar communities that emphasize traditional family living and values.

The second is New York's most celebrated borough, a secular, high-rise place filled with people obsessed by culture and art, defined by wealth and fashion and circumscribed by an elitist sense of self-importance.

The view that the people of Manhattan are significantly different from those in the boroughs outside Manhattan -- sometimes referred to, a bit dismissively, as the "outer boroughs" -- is reinforced strongly by the latest New York Times/WCBS-TV poll.

Such broad generalizations run the risk of creating stereotypes, of course, masking the diversity within the city's huge boroughs and feeding resentments among them. But the survey found broad patterns that indicate significant cultural distinctions between Manhattan and the rest of New York City. Among them: Manhattanites are likelier to be optimistic about the future of the city than are other New Yorkers, likelier to think their neighborhoods are safe and far likelier to have no religious affiliation.

Those differences have long been reflected in local politics, with liberals more dominant in Manhattan than in the rest of the city. But the survey, a telephone poll of 1,273 adult city residents that was conducted May 10 to 14 and that has a margin of sampling error of plus or minus 3 percentage points, indicates that the distinctions go far beyond political ideology. They include everything from family size and personal income to attitudes on sex education and homosexuality.

"I think most of our people are hard-working people -- some are working two jobs just to pay the mortgage," said the Queens Borough President, Claire Shulman. "They are far more basic in their thinking, rather than philosophical or ideological as sometimes occurs among dilettantes in Manhattan."

Religious Differences

The poll found that 25 percent of the people surveyed in Manhattan said they had no religious affiliation. In the four boroughs outside Manhattan, only 9 percent said that.

"Everybody attends church in my neighborhood," said Carole Bionda, a resident of Huguenot, on Staten Island's south shore, who was of those surveyed. "One of the nice things about it is that they all get involved. There is always something doing at the church. I don't think you'd find that in Manhattan."

Manhattanites were victims of crime less often than people in the other boroughs. Only 20 percent of Manhattan residents surveyed said they or a member of their immediate family had been victims of a crime in the last year; 29 percent of the respondents from the boroughs outside Manhattan said they or their family members had been crime victims.

Manhattanites were also much likelier to have a close friend or family member who is gay or lesbian and less likely to say they were satisfied with the public schools, even though a smaller proportion of Manhattan residents have children of school age, the survey found.

People in Manhattan were also much likelier to live alone and were much less likely to identify themselves as Catholic and slightly less likely to identify themselves as Protestant. They were better educated and had higher incomes.

For some civic boosters outside Manhattan the results confirmed distinctions that they often seem simultaneously to resent and celebrate.

Two Attitudes

Frank J. Macchiarola, the dean of the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law and a former city Schools Chancellor, contends that there are two distinct mindsets in New York: Manhattan and outer borough.

"What sets the two New Yorks apart?" Mr. Macchiarola asked in an article in the current issue of the City Journal, a quarterly devoted to public-policy issues and published by the Manhattan Institute.

"Most Manhattanites live in buildings owned by someone else, while the single-family home is the norm for outer-borough New Yorkers," he wrote. "Manhattanites usually have professional jobs; men wear white shirts and ties and carry briefcases. Outer-borough New Yorkers are more likely to work with their hands. Some outer-borough New Yorkers do work in those fancy midtown office buildings, but at night they can hardly wait to get home to Queens or Brooklyn."

Mr. Macchiarola, a Brooklyn native, contends that the cultural differences among the boroughs help explain much of the political and social tension in New York, particularly the recent squabbling over sexual issues at the Board of Education.

Peter D. Salins, a professor of planning at Hunter College, said the root of the distinctions was deceptively simple. "The rest of New York is like America, and Manhattan is not," he said.

The strains between Manhattan and the rest of the city have grown worse in recent years, Mr. Salins contended, in part because the predominantly white and upper-middle-class sections of Manhattan have expanded. "As Manhattan gets more and more distilled to its cosmopolitan soul and the rest of the city remains ordinary, the contrasts get sharper," he said.

Neighborhoods, Not Boroughs

Of course, such broad generalizations blur obvious distinctions within Manhattan and within the other boroughs, as well as between each. Even Mr. Macchiarola notes that people who live in neighborhoods like Harlem and Washington Heights may share cultural values more with people in ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhoods like Sunset Park or Bedford-Stuyvesant than with people on the Upper East Side.

And conversely, he writes, residents of Brooklyn Heights or Riverdale may have more in common with Manhattanites than they do with other Brooklyn or Bronx residents.

Some Manhattanites rejected any broad generalizations about their borough as simplistic. "Manhattan, like other boroughs in this city, is unbelievably diverse," said the Manhattan Borough President, Ruth W. Messinger. "Between some people in Manhattan and some people in the other boroughs, there are some differences in how some people live. But they are being grossly overcharacterized. I think this kind of labeling really only gets you so far."

Richard C. Wade, a professor of urban history at the City University Graduate Center, said that most of the boroughs are as large as many states. "It's important that people don't see it as Manhattan versus the outer boroughs," Mr. Wade said. "The Bronx is an outer borough. Staten Island is an outer borough. And the two places could not be less alike."

But the survey indicated that at least in general terms, there are substantial social, cultural and economic distinctions between most people in Manhattan and most people in the rest of the city -- differences that may help explain the boroughs' distinctive political cultures.

For example, 52 percent of the Manhattan respondents said they had graduated from college, while 28 percent of those in the other boroughs said they had. There was hardly any statistical difference in the age of the boroughs' residents. But 20 percent of Manhattanites said they earned more than $75,000 a year, compared with only 8 percent of those in the boroughs outside Manhattan.

A much smaller proportion of Manhattan residents identified themselves as Catholic; 27 percent of Manhattan respondents said they were Catholic, compared with 46 percent of those in the boroughs outside Manhattan. Slightly more Manhattan residents said they were Jewish than in the other boroughs and slightly fewer said they were Protestant.

There were also proportionately more whites in Manhattan than in any other borough except Staten Island. Of those surveyed, 59 percent of the Manhattanites were white and 18 percent were black. In the other boroughs, 51 percent of the respondents were white and 28 percent were black.

Nearly half, or 49 percent, of the white Manhattan respondents said they approved of the way Mayor David N. Dinkins is doing his job. Only 21 percent of white residents of the other boroughs said they approved of the Mayor's performance.

Moreover, Manhattanites of all racial and ethnic backgrounds were far more favorably disposed toward Mr. Dinkins, who has lived in the borough for most of his adult life and who is a former president of the borough.

The Mayor and his chief rival, Rudolph W. Giuliani, the Republican-Liberal candidate, are in a statistical tie citywide, according to the survey.

In Manhattan, though, Mr. Dinkins was far ahead of Mr. Giuliani, 61 percent to 28 percent, according to the poll. Mr. Giuliani was rated ahead of the Mayor outside Manhattan, 49 percent to 40 percent.

Manhattanites were also much more liberal on the sexual and religious issues that have dominated the Board of Education. They were far more supportive of distributing condoms in high schools to curb AIDS and teaching respect for homosexuals than were respondents from the boroughs outside Manhattan, the survey found.

Some New Yorkers argued that self-selection was at the heart of the differences. "People are attracted to Manhattan because they like to be near people with similar cultural values," said Mitchell L. Moss, director of the Center for Urban Research at New York University.

"The problem is that the culture of Manhattan is so tolerant that what has become the norm in Manhattan represents unacceptable social behavior in other parts of the city," he said.

**Load-Date:** May 23, 1993

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[***Friends, From Boys to Men;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7390-000P-N2W8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Despite Obstacles, 11 Chums Since 1937 Maintain Ties***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7390-000P-N2W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

What it comes down to is, they are friends. They were friends as kids playing roller hockey between sewer covers, they were friends as young men fighting for their country, they were friends when spouses and careers intervened, and they are friends now, in the ripeness and whimsy of old age.

In these querulous times when the world seems to turn much too quickly, when yesterday's intimates are barely today's memories, they have stood fast. They have not only insisted on friendship, they have defined it. They have taken friendship and gone the distance with it.

"There's nothing we wouldn't do for each other," Frank Levy said of 60 years of communing with the others. "We're friends. It's that simple, and it's that complicated."

No one suggests they have done something extraordinary, though it often seems less and less ordinary. Simply, they found people they liked when they were barely teen-agers and they have not stopped liking them. And they have not stopped seeing one another, however many obstacles the world puts in their way. Which explains why this group of men in their 70's, on the 60th anniversary of their relationship, got together recently to mark their friendship in a special way.

While they have now fanned out from New York, in the beginning, the salient factor was geography. There were 18 of them who lived on the Upper West Side, mainly in the 80's along West End Avenue, then a solid ***working-class*** and middle-class neighborhood. Like many other West Side boys, they formed a club, in 1937. No gang here getting its titillations from theft and gunfire (sure, they had their fights, though strictly with their fists), for this was a sports and fraternal club. They named it the Century Athletic Club.

They competed in baseball and football and roller hockey against rivals like the Cobras, the Nordacs, the Dukes and the Riverside Cardinals. They played stickball and stoopball and box ball.

Their self-proclaimed clubhouse was Schor's candy store on Broadway and 83d (you got whacked on the head with a puck, you went to Schor's and the owner applied a frozen malted to the lump). Members wore black-and-gold jackets and had a key signifying membership. The idea was to give the key to your girlfriend and then retrieve it -- if you were lucky -- when affections changed focus.

Weekly meetings were held at 9 P.M. on Fridays at a member's apartment. Enter after 9, and you got slapped with a 5-cent fine. Show up without a suit jacket and that was a nickel, too. Leave before a meeting was adjourned (poker followed, so who would?), and it was 10 cents out of your pocket. Run up more than a dime in fines during a meeting and it was out of there.

When meetings were conducted at Mr. Levy's apartment, his older brother would put a gym lock on the refrigerator, mainly with Marty Brustein in mind, but also with the indisputable knowledge that, as Mr. Levy put it, "All of these guys would eat like animals."

They were Jewish and they went to synagogue a lot. Forget the services, they showed up for the dances in the evenings. One club member, Louis Nick, was a drummer who had his own band and performed at some of the events. Even when one or two of them had dates, the others tagged along. As Mr. Levy put it, "When we went on dates, it wasn't a few couples, it was an army."

The Second World War broke out, and except for one judged 4-F, they all entered the service. One, Murray Strauss, a good center fielder, didn't make it. Another, Neil Weiss (known as Lefty), spent 18 months in a German prison camp before escaping. There was a girl they all liked in the neighborhood, Sunny Nick, Mr. Nick's older sister, and they all wrote letters to her. She then produced a newsletter called The Century Gazette, which she mailed to all of them so that on battlegrounds and destroyers and in fighter planes, they were still one, the Century Athletic Club.

After the war, they went off to college or otherwise got going on their lives. They stayed in touch, as best they could, and they arranged reunions every few years to replay the memories. Even with wrinkles and less hair and a pathetic fastball, they still liked each other very, very much.

That brings the story to dinner at Moran's Chelsea Restaurant in Manhattan the other evening for their latest reunion, this one the 60th anniversary of the club's founding. By now, six of the group have died. One has fallen out of touch. Eleven are left. Ten of them, (Charles Evans was in Cannes where his son was getting a film award), were on hand, converging from as far away as California and St. Thomas. Accompanied by spouses and girl friends and some offspring, they came to celebrate nothing more than the fact that they are old friends still.

The dimly lit back room of the restaurant was adorned with pictures of the group through the years. A pianist regaled the group with tunes from the 1930's and 1940's.

All of them have done all right with their lives. "There hasn't been a loser in the group," said Mr. Weiss, who sold his electrical cable business and is retired. There were divorces, tragedies here and there, but they always stood on their own feet. Some were more visible than others. Gerald Schoenfeld, remembered as bookish with a glib sense of humor, is the head of the vast Shubert theater organization. Charles Evans, who was so slow that, naturally, the boys called him Swifty, was a partner in the Evan-Picone clothing company and has done some movie producing, though not as famously as his younger brother, Robert.

Here at Moran's, the men walked straight into a time warp. They were Lefty Weiss and Red Rose and Poopsie Schwartz and all the other boyhood nicknames again. The indelible memories instantly came alive. Oh, those memories.

About how Mr. Brustein and Richard Golub have been friends since they were 4, when Mr. Brustein knocked Mr. Golub off his bicycle. "Our mothers brought us upstairs and they said, 'You're going to be friends,' and we took that literally," Mr. Brustein said.

About how, with money being short, Lefty Weiss made their hockey pucks by boiling black tape and then stowing it in the freezer.

About how they had strict but loving parents who kept them out of trouble. "My father used to say, 'Woe be unto you,' " said Mr. Levy, who owns a company that sells distressed merchandise. "I never knew what that meant, and I didn't want to find out."

About how a father walked in on one meeting, got suckered into the card game and lost $25. His wife nearly killed him.

About how Dick Zimmern's mother made the best butter cookies east of the Mississippi.

"Our credo has always been that what unites us is greater than what divides us," Mr. Golub said as he studied the room. "We've just had this special bond."

"If I had to pick the best time of my life, it was from 13 to 16," Dick Felix said.

Good food was eaten -- or at least mostly good food. Mr. Levy slipped a waitress a hockey puck and told her that whatever Mr. Weiss ordered, give him the puck dressed with lettuce. "What's this?" he asked. "A puck, eat it," Mr. Levy told him.

Then some of the members got up to adore and insult the others, as only old friends can. "Hey, Dick Zimmern, sit down or face a 10-cent fine," Mr. Levy barked. "Bob Schwartz, shut up."

Mr. Felix said that when Schor's was ripped down some years ago for a movie theater, a time capsule had been exhumed with remnants of the Century Athletic Club. He had some samples.

There had been a member named David Jarvis who showed up for a meeting and then vanished like an apparition. For years, meetings would commence with someone interjecting, "Where's Jarvis?" Mr. Felix held up a wanted poster for Jarvis "last seen at a meeting of the Century Athletic Club for Aspiring Juvenile Delinquents. Owes 35 cents in back dues." He displayed an ice cream cone that he said was the very one that contained strawberry ice cream the day that Marty Brustein flung it at Dick Golub and instead hit a nun.

And now Frank Levy had a special honor to bestow and it was on Sunny Nick (now Gordon) to thank her properly for The Century Gazette. "As you know, we all had Century keys," he said. "I think they cost us 40 cents. I would like to give to Sunny my Century key." Fighting back tears, she came up and said, "Just seeing you all again is so wonderful. I thank you for this. It took me a long time to earn it." And then she added, "You were all so handsome. You're still handsome, but so old!"

The talk and the eating and the drinking went on and on. Still, the music played. The hours spun by, but, hypnotized by the cascade of memories of the Century Athletic Club, none of the boys wanted to leave. And who could blame them? For out there in the drizzle of the night they would be men again.

**Graphic**

Photos: The Century Athletic Club recently honored Sunny Gordon, above. (Jose R. Lopez/The New York Times)(pg. B6); Members of the Century Athletic Club held their latest reunion one recent evening at Moran's Chelsea Restaurant in Manhattan. They included, from left, Marty Brustein, Richard Rosenkranz, Dick Zimmern and Bob Schwartz. Eleven friends who formed a club in 1937 on the Upper West Side still gather. A collection of their reunion photographs. (Photographs by Jose R. Lopez/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

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[***Bring Us Apart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SGK-2K20-TW8F-G170-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2751 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE F. WILL

George F. Will is a syndicated columnist.

**Body**

NIXONLAND

The Rise of a President and the Fracturing of America.

By Rick Perlstein.

Illustrated. 881 pp. Scribner. $37.50.

Rick Perlstein's sprawling, rollicking book arrives hard on the heels of a contest of empathy-exhibitionism in which the two Democratic presidential candidates competed to see who could more ardently adore churchgoing, gun-owning, not-at-all-bitter ***working-class*** Pennsylvanians. Perlstein's readers will learn why this happened. He shrewdly quotes a commentator's assessment of Richard Nixon's 1952 Checkers speech with its maudlin reference to his wife's ''Republican cloth coat'': ''Dick Nixon has suddenly placed the burden of old-style Republican aloofness on the Democrats.''

In Perlstein's mental universe, Nixon is a bit like God -- not, Lord knows, because of Nixon's perfect goodness and infinite mercy, but because Nixon is the explanation for everything. Or at least for the rise of the right and the decline of almost everything else. This is a subject Perlstein, a talented man of the left, has addressed before.

In 2001, he published the best book yet on the social ferments that produced Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential candidacy. Subtle and conscientious, ''Before the Storm: Barry Goldwater and the Unmaking of the American Consensus'' demonstrated Perlstein's omnivorous appetite for telling tidbits from the news media, like this one: When Goldwater was campaigning in the 1964 New Hampshire primary, The New York Times ran a photograph with the snide caption ''Barry Goldwater, aspirant for the Republican presidential nomination, with the widow of Senator Styles Bridges in East Concord. She holds dog.'' Oh, the other person must be the conservative presidential candidate.

In November 1964, surveying the debris of Goldwater's loss of 44 states, the Times columnist James Reston said Goldwater ''has wrecked his party for a long time to come.'' The archetypal public intellectual of the day, the Columbia University historian Richard Hofstadter, who thought the conservative movement was the manifestation of a psychological disorder, said Goldwater's candidacy provided conservatives ''a kind of vocational therapy, without which they might have to be committed.'' Surely ''the end of ideology'' -- as Daniel Bell's 1960 book was titled -- was at hand. As the winner of the 1960 presidential election had assured the country, the liberal consensus was so broad and deep that America's remaining problems were ''technical'' and ''administrative.''

''These,'' said President Lyndon Johnson when lighting the national Christmas tree in December 1964, ''are the most hopeful times since Christ was born in Bethlehem.'' In his State of the Union address a few weeks later, he said, ''We have achieved a unity of interest among our people that is unmatched in the history of freedom.'' The nation was, however, stepping high, wide and plentiful along the lip of a volcano. The first eruption occurred seven months later in the Los Angeles neighborhood of Watts. And in 1968, Republicans began winning seven of the next 10 presidential elections. Perlstein thinks he knows why. Whereas in 1960 22,000 people donated to John Kennedy's campaign and 44,000 to Richard Nixon's, in 1964 Goldwater had more than a million contributors. A mass movement was gestating, undetected by complacent celebrators of liberalism's hegemony.

Now comes the second installment of Perlstein's meditation on that era's and, he thinks, our current discontents. ''Nixonland: The Rise of a President and the Fracturing of America'' completes his inquest into the death of the ''cult of 'American consensus''' and the birth of ''American cacophony.'' Perlstein's chronicle, which begins with the Watts riot of August 1965, is itself riotous: even at its calmest, his pell-mell narrative calls to mind a Pieter Bruegel painting of tumultuous peasants; at its most fervid, it resembles one of Hieronymus Bosch's nightmares.

Do we need another waist-deep wallow in the 1960s, ensconcing us cheek by jowl with Frank Rizzo and Eldridge Cleaver, Sam Yorty and Mark Rudd, Lester Maddox and Herbert Marcuse and other long-forgotten bit players in a period drama? Do we need to be reminded of that era's gaseous juvenophilia, like Time magazine's celebration of Americans 25 or younger as 1967's ''Man of the Year'': ''This is not just a new generation, but a new kind of generation. ... In the omphalocentric process of self-construction and discovery,'' today's youth ''stalks love like a wary hunter, but has no time or target -- not even the mellowing Communists -- for hate.''

Well, this retrospective wallow does increase the public stock of harmless pleasure, as when Perlstein revisits the 1972 Democratic convention that nominated George McGovern and heard 80 nominations for vice president, including Mao Zedong and Archie Bunker. But Perlstein's high-energy -- sometimes too energetic -- romp of a book also serves, inadvertently, a serious need: it corrects the cultural hypochondria to which many Americans, including Perlstein, are prone.

Because the baby boomers' self-absorption is so ample, there already has been no shortage of brooding about those years. We do, however, benefit from the brooding by Perlstein, who is not a boomer, for two reasons. First, he has a novelist's, or perhaps an anthropologist's, eye for illuminating details, as in his jaw-dropping reconstruction of the Newark riots of July 1967. Second, his thorough excavation of the cultural detritus of that decade refutes his thesis, which is that now, as then, Americans are at daggers drawn.

Nixon, who became vice president at age 40, was well described as ''an old man's idea of a young man.'' He was, Perlstein says, one of only two boys in his elementary school photograph wearing a necktie. Politics is mostly talk, much of it small talk with strangers, and Nixon was painfully -- to himself and others -- awkward at it. His temperament always invited, and has received, abundant analysis. Perlstein's Rosetta stone for deciphering Nixon's dark personality is a distinction he acknowledges borrowing from Chris Matthews's 1996 book ''Kennedy and Nixon: The Rivalry That Shaped Postwar America.'' Arriving at Whittier College, Nixon, ''a serial collector of resentments,'' found that the clique of cool students was called Franklins, so he helped organize the Orthogonians for people such as himself -- strivers who would try to ascend by grit rather than grace.

Perlstein repeatedly explains Nixon's or other people's behavior as arising from an Orthogonian resentment of Franklins, including establishment figures as different as Alger Hiss and Nelson Rockefeller. Nixon ''co-opted the liberals' populism, channeling it into a white middle-class rage at the sophisticates, the well-born, the 'best circles.''' By stressing the importance of Nixon's character in shaping events, and the centrality of resentments in shaping Nixon's character, Perlstein treads a dead-end path blazed by Hofstadter, who seemed not to understand that condescension is not an argument. Postulating a link between ''status anxiety'' and a ''paranoid style'' in American politics -- especially conservative politics -- Hofstadter dismissed the conservative movement's positions as mere attitudes that did not merit refutation. Perlstein, too, gives these ideas short shrift.

As the pollster Samuel Lubell had already noted before the 1952 election, ''the inner dynamics of the Roosevelt coalition have shifted from those of getting to those of keeping.'' Perlstein keenly sees that some liberals ''developed a distaste'' for the social elements they had championed, now that those elements were ''less reliably downtrodden'' and less content to be passively led by liberal elites.

The masses bought television sets and enjoyed what they watched. But Newton Minow, the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission (and formerly Adlai Stevenson's administrative assistant) declared television a ''vast wasteland,'' thereby implicitly scolding viewers who enjoyed it. When New York was becoming a lawless dystopia, with crime, drugs and homelessness spoiling public spaces, August Heckscher, the patrician commissioner of parks under Mayor John Lindsay, sniffily declared that people clamoring for law and order were ''scared by the abundance of life.''

A Newsweek cover story on Louise Day Hicks, who led opposition to forced busing of school children in Boston, described her supporters as ''a comic-strip gallery of tipplers and brawlers and their tinseled overdressed dolls ... the men queued up to give Louise their best, unscrewing cigar butts from their chins to buss her noisily on the cheek, or pumping her arm as if it were a jack handle under a truck.''

Perlstein deftly deploys such judgments to illustrate what the resentful resented. Unfortunately, he seems to catch the '60s disease of rhetorical excess. He says George Romney was a ''glamour boy,'' Secretary of State Dean Rusk was ''maniacal,'' Lyndon Johnson's 1955 heart attack was a ''psychosomatic illness,'' Mayor Richard Daley's supporters were ''cigar-chompers.'' Senator Paul Douglas, the Illinois Democrat, was a giant of postwar liberalism, but when he said residential segregation resulted in part from ''consciousness of kind,'' he was, Perlstein writes, ''aping Daley.''

Perlstein says ''it was hard to keep count'' of how many times Nixon ran for president. Not really. When Perlstein writes that during a 1966 civil rights debate ''congressmen North and South behaved as if Washington, D.C., were about to cart schoolchildren off in tumbrels,'' he becomes a cartoonist. Perhaps his deep immersion in the desensitizing coarseness of the 1960s is to blame for his occasionally snarky tone, as when, referring to the death of three astronauts in a fire on the Cape Canaveral launching pad, he says they ''roasted to death.'' Senator Abe Ribicoff's speech nominating George McGovern in 1968 was ''windbaggery.'' A Black Panther shot by police ''was turned into a block of Swiss cheese.'' When ''the old Wall Street crew'' could not get into Nixon's suite at the 1968 convention, were they really ''reduced to spittle-flecked rage''? Calling South Vietnam's army ''a joke'' is not historical analysis, it is an unworthy dismissal of men who fought and died for more than a decade. +

Reaching for easy irony by jumbling together events large and small, Perlstein piles up jejune incongruities, like: ''The month of March came in like a lamb with Frank Sinatra sweeping the Grammy awards and went out like a lion with Jimi Hendrix in the hospital after burning himself while immolating his guitar.'' As Truman Capote said of Jack Kerouac's fiction, that is not writing, that is typing.

Having cast the Nixon story as a psychodrama, Perlstein has no need to engage the ideas that were crucial to conservatism's remarkably idea-driven ascendancy, ideas like the perils of identity politics and the justice of market allocations of wealth and opportunity. Instead, Perlstein dwells on motives, which he usually presents as crass or worse. As a result, the book often reads as though turbulent waters from the wilder shores of cable television have sloshed onto the printed page.

For example, Perlstein writes about some military policemen in 1969 wondering why they were on 24-hour alert at an airbase in New Jersey: ''A team of soldiers stood guard around two B-52s. Their pilots sat in the ready room carrying guns. An M.P. madly scanned the newspaper in vain for some international crisis. He knew what it meant when B-52 co-pilots started carrying sidearms. It was for one co-pilot to shoot the other if he was too chicken to follow orders and drop the big one.''

Well. Leaving aside the adolescent language (''chicken,'' ''the big one''), perhaps there really was a madly scanning M.P., but an Air Force historian laughed when asked about the idea that crews carried guns aimed, so to speak, at one another.

Perlstein says that before the Kent State violence, ''citizens were thrilled to see the tanks and jeeps rumbling through town.'' There were no tanks there. What he calls ''the heavily Dixified eastern corner'' of Tennessee was actually the least Southern, most pro-Union portion of the state. He says that at the Rolling Stones' 1969 rock concert at Altamont, Calif., ''Hells Angels beat hippies to death with pool cues.'' The bikers did fatally stab one person and hit others with pool cues but killed no one with cues. In his victory speech following the 1968 election, President-elect Nixon mentioned seeing, at a whistle-stop in Deshler, Ohio, a girl carrying a sign reading ''Bring Us Together.'' Perlstein says: ''A reporter tracked the girl down and learned her placard actually bore the rather more divisive words 'L.B.J. Taught Us Vote Republican.''' So Nixon lied? No. The New York Times later reported that as the girl drew near the event she lost her sign that said ''L.B.J. convinced us -- vote Republican,'' but by the time she reached Nixon's train she had picked off the ground another that read: ''Bring Us Together Again.''

Perlstein considers it significant that before the 1972 election, in which Nixon carried 49 states, James Reston wrote that ''barely over one in four adult Americans will have voted for the winner in 1972. ... The consequences of that kind of a minority presidency are hard to foretell.'' Actually, such ''minority'' presidents are not unusual. In 1980, when Ronald Reagan carried 44 states and defeated President Jimmy Carter 489-49 in electoral votes, Reagan won the votes of 26.9 percent of American adults. The winners of the 1996, 2000 and 2004 elections received 24 percent, 24.1 percent and 28.2 percent, respectively.

The cumulative effect of carelessness, solecisms and rhetorical fireworks is to make Perlstein seem eager to portray the years and people about whom he is writing as even wilder and nastier than they were. Which is especially unfortunate because he has a gift for penetrating judgments, for example, that Ronald Reagan was elected governor of California because he provided ''a political outlet for the outrages that, until he came along to articulate them, hadn't seemed like voting issues at all.''

Perlstein's thesis is that America became Nixonland because of ''the rise of two American identities'' in the 1960s -- actually between 1964, when Johnson won 61.1 percent of the vote, and 1968, when the combined votes for Nixon and George Wallace were 56.9 percent. Perlstein says Nixon's legacy is the ''notion that there are two kinds of Americans.'' On one side of the barricades are ''values voters'' and other conservatives who are infuriated by the disdain of amoral elites conservatives consider (in the brilliantly ironic phrase that Perlstein appropriated from Kevin Phillips) a ''toryhood of change'' determined to supervise their lives. On the other side are Hofstadterian liberals who feel threatened by these nincompoops who have been made paranoid by their status anxieties.

''How did Nixonland end?'' Perlstein asks in the book's last line. ''It has notended yet.'' But almost every page of Perlstein's book illustrates the sharp contrast rather than a continuity with America today. It almost seems as though Perlstein, who was born in 1969, is reluctant to let go of the excitement he has experienced secondhand through the archives he has ransacked to such riveting effect.

''We Americans,'' he says, ''are not killing or trying to kill one another anymore for reasons of ideology, or at least for now. Remember this: This war has ratcheted down considerably. But it still simmers on.''

Not really. America has long since gone off the boil. The nation portrayed in Perlstein's compulsively readable chronicle, the America of Spiro Agnew inciting ''positive polarization'' and the New Left laboring to ''heighten the contradictions,'' is long gone.

So exquisitely sensitive are Americans today, they worked themselves into a lather of disapproval when Hillary Clinton said that Lyndon Johnson as well as Martin Luther King was important in enacting civil rights legislation. There has not been a white male secretary of state for 11 years. Today a woman and an African-American are competing relatively civilly for the right to run for president against the center-right -- more center than right -- senator who occupies the seat once held by Goldwater. Whoever wins will not be president of Nixonland.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH FROM ASSOCIATED PRESS (1968)) (pg.BR11) DRAWING (DRAWING BY OLIVER MUNDAY) (pg.BR1)

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[***What Toni Morrison Saw***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5FRF-CWG1-DXY4-X1W9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RACHEL KAADZI GHANSAH

Rachel Kaadzi Ghansah is a contributing writer for the magazine. She has written for The Paris Review, Bookforum, Transition, Rolling Stone and The Believer, in which she published a profile of the comedian Dave Chappelle that was a finalist for a National Magazine Award last year.

**Body**

Not too long ago, Toni Morrison sat in the small kitchen attached to the studio where she was recording the audiobook for her newest novel, ''God Help the Child,'' telling a roomful of strangers stories that I will never forget. The studio, a small, refurbished barn in Katonah, N.Y., was more than a hundred years old, but only a few rustic touches remained, like a sliding barn door and knotty pine floors. A solid kitchen table had been laid with fresh fruits, muffins and tins of jam. Beams of sunlight reflected off the blindingly white snow outside the glass window. A young woman from Random House kept mentioning her sunglasses, how it was bright enough to wear them inside. Everyone giggled at her nervous chatter, but they seemed to be mostly laughing at her brave attempt to make small talk in the presence of Toni Morrison.

The only person not bothered by the glare and the room's awkward giddiness was Morrison herself, who sat at the head of the table, in a thin, black linen caftan, a wool beret and with a sizable diamond ring on one hand. Morrison wears her age like an Elizabethan regent or a descendant of Othello via Lorain, Ohio. Long before we met, I read that she could be impervious at times, coquettish at others. What was evident that day in Katonah was that had she so much as lifted a finger, every person in the room -- the studio's director and his engineer, her P.R. person from Knopf, her publisher and two young women from the audiobooks division of Random House -- would have stopped what they were doing to ask if they could assist. Not because she required it, but because the unspoken consensus was that the person who produced the 11 novels that Morrison has written, the person those books came out of, was deserving of the fuss.

It takes a long time to record a book. Many authors use actors. But that's not how Morrison hears her own sentences, so she does these tedious sessions herself. That day, she would go into a narrow, low-lit booth, carrying a small pillow for her back, sit down and read from her new book for hours. We followed along in the control room, listening to her barely-a-whisper voice read from a chapter called ''Sweetness'': ''It's not my fault. So you can't blame me. I didn't do it and have no idea how it happened.''

The hours went by. ''Toni,'' the director said at one point through his microphone, ''can you do that sentence over? Can you pronounce 'tangerine' with more emphasis on the 'rine?'â€‰'' Sometimes her voice dipped down too low to be heard. ''Toni,'' he would say, ''let's do that part over again.''

It was a long day. Some people can't do it, can't sit in that dimly lit sarcophagus-like space and read. Others who have recorded there have kept the door open because the booth was too confining. But Morrison was in absolute calm, as if this dark space and her own words were a nest of language and she was perfectly at home. Because of how she was positioned, I couldn't see her; I could hear only her voice. Purring and soft. Dulcet. A faint noise coming from within the darkness.

During her breaks, Morrison would take her place at the table, and within minutes she was surrounded. Did she want the heater closer? Did she want tea? As a defense against our smothering neediness, she tried to preserve herself, the private person inside the author, by telling us stories. My mention of New Orleans prompted her to tell a tale that she heard from a friend that must be passed along. It goes like this: There was once a man who lived in New Orleans. A city that is like no other place in this country. Now, this man's name was Big Lunch, and folks called him that because he was known for always coming around midday and asking for whatever food people had to spare. He put that food in his pockets, in his coat, in his pants, and when that food went bad, he didn't mind. You could smell this man coming around even when he was blocks away because he never bathed. And of course, over time all that food and dirt began to crust and that crust caked over his skin. Somehow or other, Big Lunch got into an accident, and when they got him to the hospital, they washed him. They washed all of his dirt and crust off. All of it. But as days passed, instead of getting better, Big Lunch began to get sicker, sicker, until finally one day he took his last breath and died. ''Because,'' she said, looking intently at me with a smile that had nothing to do with anything funny, ''those people didn't know that all of that crust was what had been keeping him alive.''

Morrison is a woman of guardrails and many boundaries; she keeps them up in order to do the work. The work ''protects,'' she told me. ''It's a serious protection: emotionally, even intellectually, from the world.'' Journalists from Europe and elsewhere call these days, one after the other, and they try to be coy, but she can tell what they really want to know. ''They are just calling to see when I'm going to die.'' She laughed and said: ''So I'll play it up a bit and say, 'Oh, today my arms hurt, my chest is sore.' Because, me? I'm not going anywhere soon.''

She wasn't too interested in her 84th birthday, she said, until President Obama's office called the other day to plan a lunch. When she told us this, oohs and aahs went around the room. Someone asked her where she was going to have it. ''Huh,'' she said, as if this were the silliest question ever posed. ''At their house! At the White House!'' Of course. ''Well, actually, it isn't a lunch; it is a dinner, and they said, 'Now, Toni, this will be very informal, don't put yourself out, you can even wear jeans if you like.'â€‰'' She paused and shook her head slightly, saying to no one in particular: ''Jeans! I've never worn jeans in my life, and I'm certainly not going to wear them to the White House. I mean.'' Then she sighed. As if she couldn't even explain it all to us, because we wouldn't get it. Like we wouldn't get how far she had come.

In 1984, Morrison was a single mother and a novelist with four books to her name, three of which -- ''The Bluest Eye,'' ''Sula'' and ''Song of Solomon'' -- are now considered classics. She had recently stopped working as an editor at Random House and published the essay ''Rootedness: The Ancestor as Foundation'' in an anthology. The essay in many ways articulated the terms that would define her writing. She noted that the novel ''has always functioned for the class or the group that wrote it.'' The novel that concerned itself with black Americans was remarkable and needed, she wrote, because it accomplished ''certain very strong functions,'' now that ''we don't live in places where we can hear those stories anymore'' and ''parents don't sit around and tell their children those classical, mythological archetypal stories that we heard years ago.'' The black novel was important because it could ''suggest what the conflicts are, what the problems are,'' not necessarily as a means of solving them but as a way of recording and reflecting them.

For years, dozens upon dozens of prominent black writers -- people like Amiri Baraka, Maya Angelou, Jayne Cortez, Nikki Giovanni and John Edgar Wideman -- were in orbit with one another. Some of these black writers had no formal affiliations, but many others organized themselves under efforts like Baraka's Black Arts Movement, where they could share the duty of not only making art but also writing themselves into the world. They were not just producing poems, plays and novels, they were also considering the obligations of their specific genre -- black literature -- and its defining aspects and distinct functions. We no longer connect Morrison to that earlier, loosely defined constellation of black writing, but she was there, and she was there long before she was a novelist. During the years that she worked at Random House, she published books by Muhammad Ali, Henry Dumas, Angela Davis, Huey P. Newton, Toni Cade Bambara and Gayl Jones, whom she discovered in the 1970s. Jones's manuscript was so impressive that when Morrison read it for the first time, uppermost in her mind, she once wrote, was ''that no novel about any black woman could ever be the same after this.'' It was Morrison who helped promote Ali's book and who once hired members of the Fruit of Islam to work security for him. She also reviewed a biography of Angela Davis for The New York Times in 1972, slamming the author for being ''another simpatico white girl who felt she was privy to the secret of how black revolutionaries got that way.''

And when the poet Henry Dumas went to his death, the way so many black boys and men do, it was Morrison, who never had a chance to meet him and published his work posthumously, who sent around a book-party announcement that was part invitation, part consolation, which read: ''In 1968, a young black man, Henry Dumas, went through a turnstile at a New York City subway station. A transit cop shot him in the chest and killed him. Circumstances surrounding his death remain unclear. Before that happened, however, he had written some of the most beautiful, moving and profound poetry and fiction that I have ever in my life read.''

Two years after Dumas's death, Morrison published her first novel, at 39. In many ways, she had prepared the world for her voice and heralded her arrival with her own editorial work. And yet the story of Pecola Breedlove, a broken black girl who wants blue eyes, was a novel that no one saw coming. Morrison relished unexpectedness. The first edition of ''The Bluest Eye'' starts Pecola's story on the cover: ''Quiet as it's kept, there were no marigolds in the fall of 1941. We thought, at the time, that it was because Pecola was having her father's baby that the marigolds did not grow.''

Morrison's work, since she published that first novel, has always delivered a heavy load. Her books are populated by both history and the people who are left out of history: a jealous, mentally ill hairdresser with a sharp knife (''Jazz,'' 1992); a man who as a child suckled at his mother's breast until those in the community found it odd (''Song of Solomon,'' 1977); an enslaved woman, who would rather slice her own daughter's neck than let captivity happen to her (''Beloved,'' 1987); and a destitute little girl, belly swollen with her father's child, holding a Shirley Temple cup, desperate to have Temple's bright blue eyes (''The Bluest Eye,'' 1970).

On one level, Morrison's project is obvious: It is a history that stretches across 11 novels and just as many geographies and eras to tell a story that is hardly chronological but is thematically chained and somewhat continuous. This is the project most readily understood and accepted by even her least generous critics. But then there is the other mission, the less obvious one, the one in which Morrison often does the unthinkable as a minority, as a woman, as a former member of the ***working class***: She democratically opens the door to all of her books only to say, ''You can come in and you can sit, and you can tell me what you think, and I'm glad you are here, but you should know that this house isn't built for you or by you.'' Here, blackness isn't a commodity; it isn't inherently political; it is the race of a people who are varied and complicated. This is where her works become less of a history and more of a liturgy, still stretching across geographies and time, but now more pointedly, to capture and historicize: This is how we pray, this is how we escape, this is how we hurt, this is how we repent, this is how we move on. It is a project that, although ignored by many critics, evidences itself on the page. It has allowed Morrison to play with language, to take chances with how stories unravel and to consistently resist the demand to create an empirical understanding of black life in America. Instead, she makes black life -- regular, quotidian black life, the kind that doesn't sell out concert halls or sports stadiums -- complex, fantastic and heroic, despite its devaluation. It is both aphorism and beyond aphorism, and a result has been pure possibility.

Often, in black literature, it seems as though the author is performing two roles: that of the explorer and the explainer. Morrison does not do this. Morrison writes stories that are more aesthetic than overtly political, better expressed in accurate Tolstoyan detail than in generalizing sentiments blunted with anger. Most important, she is an author who writes to tease and complicate her world, not to convince others it is valid.

''What I'm interested in is writing without the gaze, without the white gaze,'' she told me. ''In so many earlier books by African-American writers, particularly the men, I felt that they were not writing to me. But what interested me was the African-American experience throughout whichever time I spoke of. It was always about African-American culture and people -- good, bad, indifferent, whatever -- but that was, for me, the universe.''

In 1842, Charles Dickens, at the time one of the greatest authors writing in English, took a steamboat trip across Lake Erie. He was most excited to see Niagara Falls. While waiting for the boat in Sandusky, Ohio, he lamented that he wanted to be getting along with his trip and was apparently uninterested in passing through the next town, Vermilion, or seeing the small curve of land that would one day be Morrison's birthplace, Lorain. Dickens concluded that ''their demeanor in these country parts is invariably morose, sullen, clownish and repulsive. I should think there is not, on the face of the earth, a people so destitute of humor, vivacity or the capacity of enjoyment. It is most remarkable. I am quite serious when I say that I have not heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own; nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man's.''

When I first read this, I wondered for days who this merry black man was who was so remarkably different from the other Ohioans that Dickens encountered. Did this merry man know his difference warranted a mention from Dickens himself? Did this merry man read? At the time of Dickens's visit, 19 years before the Civil War, there were laws that prohibited black enslaved people from being taught to read or write. Was it even possible for Dickens to imagine that within a leap of a hundred years a girl would be born there who would become one the few people who could relate to his lofty position as one of the greatest writers ever to live? We will never know the thoughts of this particular merry man, but his appearance in Dicken's travelogue almost presages the novels of Morrison, novels that have ensured that lives like his are no longer merely passing mentions in another man's notes.

She wasn't born Toni Morrison. She had to become that person. She was born Chloe Wofford in 1931. Her parents, Ramah and George Wofford, were Southerners who came to Ohio at the beginning of the 20th century. She grew up hearing about how her mother's father, John Solomon Willis, a violinist, often had to leave his wife and family behind on a farm in Greenville, Ala., to go to Birmingham to make money. Morrison recalled that her grandmother, Ardelia Willis, realized as the months passed that the white boys in the area were ''circling,'' meaning her girls were getting toward that age. And when she saw white boys out in the yard, she knew what was up. This image and her grandmother's way of speech have stayed with her: ''I like the way she said 'circling,'â€‰'' Morrison told me. After sending a message to her husband that they could no longer stay put, Morrison's grandmother took her children in the dead of the night and got on the first train they could find that would take them away.

When Morrison's father was 14 or 15, two black businessmen who lived on his street were lynched in succession, and afterward, he left the South and by a circuitous route headed to Ohio. Morrison said: ''He never told us that he'd seen bodies. But he had seen them. And that was too traumatic, I think, for him.''

One of the most important things she remembers about her father, she told me, is ''how much he hated white people. Once I saw him throw a white man down the stairs, because he thought he was coming -- I think the guy was drunk -- but still he was coming up the stairs, and my father thought he was after his girls, so he picked him up and threw him down the stairs and threw our tricycle after him.'' She wrote about this incident in an essay for this magazine in 1976, and concluded that even though she was very small when she witnessed it, it taught her something key: ''that my father could win'' and ''that it was possible to win.''

But Morrison didn't grow up, she said, ''with that particular kind of alarm or fear or distrust of white people, personally.'' She described Lorain as a place where ''immigrants were everywhere, Italians and Polish people and Jewish people and black people. Some of them came down from Canada. So I never lived in a black neighborhood, and the schools were mixed, and there was one high school. And also we played together.''

The Woffords were not well off. They just worked hard. There was a railroad that ran through Lorain, and when she was little, her father used to take her and her sister, Lois, out to collect fallen bits of coal as the train trembled by. I didn't tell her that when I once drove through Lorain, with the big sky looking, as she once wrote, ''carnival'' over the flat, Midwestern expanse, it seemed like a place perfect for an imaginative child -- a keen observer, a relentless reader whose mind was full of her mother's ghost stories, visions of Russian dachas from Tolstoy, and Moorish princes from Shakespeare and poor-orphan fairy tales from Dickens -- to come up with characters of her own.

Life in Lorain taught Morrison a few things that were to set her apart when she went off to Washington, D.C., to study literature at Howard University. The first was that she never would be the sort of person who would be roped in by self-satisfied, self-segregating celebrations of blackness as something unimpeachable. Morrison was raised to compete on broader stages, with people from all walks of life, and she wasn't used to thinking of white people as the estranged other. At Howard, she wanted to write a term paper on the role of black people in Shakespeare, but her professor thought it was ''low-class'' to read and research black life. It also made her uneasy and deeply disappointed that at Howard, skin color worked as a caste system. This was something she had only read about, and she found it off-putting and silly. But in Washington, she also encountered for the first time lunch counters she could not sit at, fountains she could not drink from and stores where her money was simply no good. The confines of the campus acted as a space of blessed comfort. She simply could not take segregation seriously. ''I think it's a theatrical thing,'' she told me. ''I always felt that everything else was the theater. They didn't really mean that. How could they? It was too stupid.''

After college and graduate school at Cornell, Morrison eventually returned to Howard to teach. She married. She had a son, and then while she was months into her second pregnancy, her marriage fell apart. She decided to go back to Lorain to figure out what would come next. In the back pages of The New York Review of Books, she saw an editing position at the textbook division of Random House. She applied and got the job. With two young sons, Morrison moved to Syracuse and started to work in the completely foreign industry of editors, agents and writers.

The perplexing but wonderful thing about Morrison's career is just how much her prominence was created not by the mainstream publishing world, but by Morrison herself, on her own terms, in spite of it. The French literary theorist Pascale Casanova suggests in her book ''The World Republic of Letters'' that all literature is a kind of a cultural battleground where dominant forces routinely crush the stories of those who are the underdog. ''Literary space is not an immutable structure, fixed once and for all in its hierarchies and power relations,'' Casanova writes, adding that ''even if the unequal distribution of literary resources assures that such forms of domination will endure, it is also a source of incessant struggle of challenges to authority and legitimacy, of rebellions, insubordination and, ultimately, revolutions that alter the balance of literary power and rearrange existing hierarchies.''

In 1988, a collective of 48 black writers and intellectuals published and signed a statement in The New York Times, upbraiding the publishing industry for its ''oversight and harmful whimsy'' toward Morrison and James Baldwin. ''Despite the international stature of Toni Morrison, she has yet to receive the national recognition that her five major works of fiction entirely deserve: She has yet to receive the keystone honors of the National Book Award or the Pulitzer Prize,'' they wrote. ''It is a fact that James Baldwin, celebrated worldwide and posthumously designated as 'immortal' and as 'the conscience of his generation,'â€‰never received the honor of these keystones to the canon of American literature.'' ''Beloved,'' they said, was Morrison's most recent gift to our community, our country and our national conscience. They refused to stand by as it was snubbed by the National Book Awards. ''Beloved,'' they felt, had finally given expression to ''a universe of complicated, sweetly desiring, fierce and deeply seductive human beings hitherto subsumed by, hitherto stifled by, that impenetrable nobody-noun: 'the slave.'â€‰''

Two months later, Morrison was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. A few years after that, she won the Nobel Prize. She is still, 20 years later, the only living American laureate for literature. The last time one was awarded to an American-born writer was in 1962 to John Steinbeck. And yet in their act of defiance, these 48 black letter writers had observed a truth that the fact of Morrison's awards cannot alter: that they were working within a culture that fundamentally wasn't interested in them and they therefore had recognized what the establishment at large had refused to; that, now and then, writers of color must struggle to merely tread water in a sea of what another Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, Junot DÃ­az, described to me as ''the unbearable whiteness'' of American literature.

This is a problem even for Morrison. She is often discussed in terms of her audience, the older black women who fan themselves with her book covers at her readings, the teenage girls who sigh on buses and trains while reading ''Sula'' for class, the young male rappers who have interpolated lines from ''The Bluest Eye'' into their songs. It is this audience that her critics dismiss derisively, suggesting that Morrison panders to them, with long, poetic sentences and stories about broken black women. It is also true that a sizable portion of her audience simply looks like her, in a world where black Americans, and people of color in general, are still perceived to be nonreaders. But of course Morrison, rather than feeling marginalized or slighted by that criticism, takes delight in it. In an interview for The Paris Review, she said: ''I would like to write novels that were unmistakably mine but nevertheless fit first into African-American traditions and, second of all, this whole thing called literature.'' She added: ''It's very important to me that my work be African-American. If it assimilates into a different or larger pool, so much the better. But I shouldn't be asked to do that. Joyce is not asked to do that. Tolstoy is not. I mean, they can all be Russian, French, Irish or Catholic, they write out of where they come from, and I do too.'' It is a reply that stumps her interviewer. First African-American, she asks her, as if Morrison had stuttered. Yes, Morrison replies. Rather than the whole of literature she asks. ''Oh, yes,'' Morrison replies.

This was a radical idea. Morrison wanted to not only broaden the tastes of the industry, she also wanted to change the fate of a literary culture that had to either diversify or die. She told me that the books she edited and wrote were her contribution to the civil rights movement. By publishing black geniuses, she was also forcing the ranks of the big publishing houses and the industry to become more hospitable to her point of view, to the idea that a black writer could write for a black audience first and still write literature. She was more humanist than nationalistic, more visionary than didactic, but to some extent her editorial work was political. ''We don't need any more writers as solitary heroes,'' Morrison said in her 1981 keynote address at the American Writers Congress. ''We need a heroic writer's movement: assertive, militant, pugnacious.''

What we know now is that the inclusive, empowered revolution that Morrison raised a battle cry for has failed to come to pass. Over the last decade or so, a righteous assault on the hegemony that exists in American literature has come to the fore. Suddenly, the old guard's oft-repeated line that people of color don't read, that they don't submit, that their work isn't up to snuff was being widely and publicly debunked by workshops run by programs like Kimbilio, Voices of Our Nation Arts Foundation and the Asian-American Writers' Workshop. But what has remained more elusive is the part that Morrison figured out as an editor: What happens after the workshop and the head count? How do people change an establishment? How do people change an industry?

Morrison serves as a totem for so much of this energy. It is not just that her writing is singular; her efforts to change the lay of the land have also been singular. Junot DÃ­az recalled to me that seeing Toni Morrison on the cover of Time was revelatory for him as a young writer for this exact reason. ''At that moment,'' he said, ''you could feel the demographic shift, you could feel in the '90s what the future was going to be and when you look at the literary world now, and it's almost like that future was never realized. The literary world has tripled down on its whiteness.'' When I asked him to explain, he said: ''Well, if you think about what the colors and faces and the backgrounds of our young people are in all of our public schools, and then you look at the writers who this society valorizes, the disconnect is intergalactic. It's almost as if they saw the future in the Time cover and said, 'Well, we've got to make sure to get Franzen on the cover as a prayer against, or an attempt to exorcise, that imminent future.'â€‰''

Later, at home, after having spent time with Morrison and rereading ''Beloved'' and ''God Help the Child'' back to back, an embarrassing thing happened to me: I felt a knot in my throat that then became heavy sadness. My tears disabled me, and I found them inscrutable. Something hurt. Slowly I recognized what was behind my crying: fear and worry. I was worried about what will happen to the stories. For decades Morrison has reflected back to us what it's meant to be on the other side of this country's approved history. When young white men again sing songs about lynching black men without being able recall who taught them those songs, and the hateful origins of the N-word are erased by a convenient amnesia to allow its constant use by outsiders, who will tell the stories we don't tell ourselves? When we still have to assert that we matter, when African-Americans represent an estimated 1 percent of those working at the big publishing houses, when women and writers of color have to track how seldom they are given chances to tell their stories and when the publishing industry fails to support or encourage this generation's writers of color in any real or meaningful way, a dangerous reality is possible. What will happen to the next generation of authors who are writing from the margins?

The lobby of Random House is full of old books displayed inside towering glass cases. There is a worn cookbook by Escoffier; ''No Exit,'' by Sartre; ''Moby-Dick,'' by Melville; ''Invisible Man,'' by Ralph Ellison. Prominently centered is an early edition of ''Song of Solomon,'' by Morrison. I had come to see Chris Jackson, the executive editor at Spiegel & Grau, an imprint of Random House, and one of the roughly five or six black senior editors in America with a position at a major publishing company.

Jackson's office is full of books by the authors he has published: Victor LaValle's acclaimed novels, Mat Johnson's ''Pym,'' Eddie Huang's ''Fresh Off the Boat'' and Bryan Stevenson's ''Just Mercy.'' Jackson is in his mid-40s, wears glasses with clear plastic frames and has a graying beard. He has the contemplative look of a person who has spent most of his life reading. His desk is cluttered with magazines like The New Yorker and The Atlantic, marked drafts and a picture of his young son. Above his desk, I spied two copies of ''The Black Book,'' an anthology edited by Morrison and published in 1974 that was an iconoclastic, archival look at black life in America. Among all the books that Morrison championed and shepherded at Random House, ''The Black Book'' stands out as a strange and singular creation and one that vividly captures her notion of writing and publishing from within the black experience, without the white gaze. It is a book that works almost like a scrapbook of black life in America: a collection of photographs, illustrations, and essays. It contains quotes from the poet Henry Dumas and cartoons of sambos carrying watermelons, along with pictures of pretty black centerfolds and stories about runaways who made their break for freedom and found it.

I asked Jackson if he thought that ''The Black Book'' opened the parameters of people's perception of what black literature would look like at Random House. He paused. ''It's hard to say, because I can't speak authoritatively on the publishing scene in the 1970s,'' he said. ''But I think that at that time there weren't, and today there aren't, a lot of black editors. Editors were looking for black literature that felt like a commentary on black life, and she was doing books that were about the kind of internal experience of being black, just like the books she writes are.'' He added, ''I think white editors at that time, and even today, are mostly looking for black writers working in whatever mode happens to be selling at the time; either that, or writers who were writing out of protest,'' he said.

As he spoke, I flipped through his first-edition copy of ''The Black Book,'' because I had never seen it before. He noticed my distraction and said: ''â€‰'The Black Book' is not exactly a celebration of black life. It is a gathering together of artifacts. It's a sort of way of witnessing black life, but, again, it does feel like it's coming from the perspective within the black community. It's not like an anthropological book at all. It's almost a family history in a way. Again, I think that points to the difference in her perspective.''

Jackson is a diplomatic person, and I could see him thinking when I asked him about the biases of the industry. For example, how when Morrison became the first black woman to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1993, there were those who asked if she deserved the award. ''The literary community is not free of the prejudices of larger society, to put it nicely,'' he said. ''In some ways, it's less representative of the racial diversity of America than almost any industry I know. I feel like black literature, black art, has always been put in a separate category. I think there's always been a lot of surprising and enduring lack of full respect in certain quarters about the fact that Toni Morrison, with 'Beloved,' wrote the best American novel published probably in my lifetime, and it was written about a subject that Americans don't like to talk about or are incapable of talking about in a lot of ways.

''But I do think the resentment, part of it, is that the self-conscious literary establishment is a clubby kind of world where everyone is like, 'Well, this is not the person who's my person, who represents me,' and the literary world in America is filled with people who are represented by white men or white women. I mean, there are almost no people in literature represented by a black woman, right?'' Right, I said. Right.

It was still winter, but the day had spring undertones, a good deal of sun and now a pink evening sky that I could see through the slots of the skyscrapers. Across the way, I could see a dance class that was in session, a row of arms in flight. Yellow taxis scuttled down below like beetles. The building directly adjacent to his office seemed to be a hotel, and someone was turning down the sheets. It was one of those moments in which New York feels timeless.

Jackson walked me out to the elevator and for some reason, as I passed the row of offices, I began to self-consciously whisper. It was the end of the workday, and the elevator stopped on almost every floor. A tired, older woman with frizzy gray hair got on and smiled. A middle-aged man held the door for his co-worker. They all looked like nice people, bookish people, people I might know in the city. Two younger women got on, holding tote bags full of books, as most young people in this scene do. They smiled at me too. I did not feel any different from them or think twice about myself, until I got to the lobby, where I realized that the only black or Latino people I had seen that afternoon besides Jackson were the security guards in the lobby. Unless, that is, you counted Toni, Ralph and Maya peering down at me from those glass cases, immortalized in what seemed like a distant past.

The last afternoon I spent with Toni Morrison was at her loft in TriBeCa. It was one of the biggest apartments I have seen in the city. Large, evocative, abstract paintings by her deceased son, Slade, hung on most of the walls. There were built-in white bookcases that stretched up to the ceilings, and here and there were solid but elegantly carved pieces of antique furniture: a drafting table in the foyer, a long table for dining. Set among the plush tan, white and cream sofas and chairs was an oak coffee table. It was a steel-gray winter Monday morning, and through the windows, the bridges in the distance looked as if they were held up by land masses made of sleet and ice. Morrison sat smoking with one of her closest friends, a petite white woman named Eileen. I bummed a cigarette, and the three of us sat over coffee, our smoke spinning in the air, up toward the view of Lower Manhattan.

Because Morrison is read the world over, she is perceived to be a known quantity. She has an audience, she has awards. She is a black woman who writes about black people. Many people cling to her for this, but just as many think she has written herself into a literary ghetto. In 2008, the novelist Charles Johnson, author of ''Middle Passage,'' said, ''I don't want to say she's beating a dead horse, but she probably feels more comfortable writing about that period as opposed to something more contemporary.'' But he added, ''I do think clearly that slavery-era stories and segregation-era stories are stories about the past.''

Admittedly, the contemporary still scares her, Morrison told me, with a slight shudder. It is a pace that she doesn't quite understand. That said, the criticism that she only writes about the distant past no longer flies. ''Love'' and ''God Help the Child'' are each set in the 20th century. The new book is a fable-like novel about a well-to-do beauty executive, Bride, who lives in a modern-day California. In it, Morrison asks the reader to consider what happens to children who can't forget the torment of an excruciatingly painful childhood. Bride has to connect to others and see past the ways she has busied herself pointlessly with other people's baggage in lieu of becoming something of her own making. Even though Bride has capitalized off her blackness and her beauty, to become complete, she has to go much deeper and lose all of the symbols and the trappings.

The novel is an expression of all the ways that Morrison remains skeptical of quick fixes and easy answers. ''Having been eliminated from the lists of urgent national priorities, from TV documentaries and the platitudes of editorials, black people have chosen, or been forced to seek, safety from the white man's promise,'' she wrote in the 1976 Times essay. ''In the shambles of closing admissions, falling quotas, widening salary gaps and merging black-studies departments, builders and healers are quietly working among us.'' That piece was written long ago, but Morrison still seems to be fighting for higher stakes, whether she admits it or not. She sees that my generation is ready to push back again, but she knows well that slogans don't create change; she has written often about the emptiness of superficial reform and has said that ''the killing of young black men has never changed all that much, with or without hoodies.''

In 1993, when Morrison received the Nobel, she told a folk tale that she has since told often. It is the story of an old female writer who is accosted by an angry mob of young people. Doubting her wisdom, they demand that she tell them something relevant. They ask her to tell them how to cope with being marginalized, while ''having no home in this place. To be set adrift from the one you knew, to live at the edge of towns that cannot bear your company.''

Sitting in her apartment, I realized that every time we talked, I was just like one of those demanding young people. There was some part of me that wanted Morrison to play Moses and descend down the mountaintop and tell me what my generation should do next, how we might change these circumstances that we face. But for some reason Morrison would not to do this.

Which didn't mean she wouldn't speak her heart. She told me about the people she adores fiercely: her son, Harold Ford, and her granddaughters. And her sister, Lois, whose name she says like a prayer. (When I asked Morrison if she and Lois were close, I got an eye roll that was so sharp it chopped down the question and me. ''My sister?'' she finally said. ''I need her.'') She told me about the unexpected thrills that can occur only late in one's life, like changes in power that you never expected: Pope Francis, for example, or Michelle Obama. ''Michelle,'' she said with a smile that extended to places more important than just her face, ''is one of the biggest brains in this country.''

''You think?'' I asked her, not doubting her assessment but merely wanting a bit more. ''Oh, I know,'' she smiled, refusing to reveal a thing.

She marveled at the ways of being that people have let go of, that mystify her. When she found out that I had never slept on ironed sheets, her mouth hit the floor. ''Do you make your bed every morning?'' Rarely, I said. ''Well, how do you get in it?'' she asked. ''I don't know, I just straighten the duvet and get sort of comfortable in the tangle and climb in.'' She groaned. I told her that my mother said there was nothing in the world like ironed sheets. ''Your mother is right,'' she said. ''There is nothing in the world like ironed sheets.'' She remembered a trip down South, when her host put her sheets out to dry on the jasmine bush -- or was it a frangipani tree -- and then ironed them. ''Oh,'' she said, inhaling deeply as if the sheets were still in her hands, ''it was a sleep like no other. I've never had anything like it since.''

But when I asked her over and over what we could do to make sure our stories were not silenced, I didn't get much. All she would tell me was that a good story is one that ends with what she called ''the acquisition of knowledge.''

When I finally left Morrison's apartment, she was about to get on the phone with Lois, to ask after her well being and her day in Lorain. Her sister had not been doing well, she was in the hospital, and I watched Morrison's hands tremble as she took the call. Immediately I felt a deep shame. I had spent hours with Morrison, accosting her with questions, thinking about her, observing her, and yet for the first time I understood Morrison was a person with real human concerns. Suddenly I felt greedy and excused myself in a hurry. How silly of me to think that she should provide me with an answer to the old woman's riddle, to not see all the ways Morrison has given of herself.

On my way out, she graciously said that I should call her if I had any more questions. And even though I later sent her clips of Kendrick Lamar through her assistant, because she got excited when I told her that his work reminded me of Joyce's ''Dubliners'' but set in Compton, I never spoke to Morrison again.

From time to time though, I still think about her. Usually, what comes to mind during those moments is her last book, ''Home.'' In it, Morrison cemented the fact that her interest in history and looking back has hardly been a vain, nostalgic project. Instead, she mined what came before so it could be applied to the present, applied, perhaps, to the person who feels diminished or the readers who need to be reminded that they cannot easily turn their back on this country's inherited history, and those who are not like them. ''Who told you you was trash?'' the old women of Lotus, Ga., asks the protagonist in ''Home.'' This is a question not just for her character but for anyone who has been listening to Morrison's entire unforgettable liturgy: Who told you? And why did you believe?

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/12/magazine/the-radical-vision-of-toni-morrison.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/04/12/magazine/the-radical-vision-of-toni-morrison.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Toni Morrison at her home in Grand View-on-Hudson, N.Y. (PHOTOGRAPH BY KATY GRANNAN) (MM38-MM39)

On the cover of Time in 1998. (PHOTOGRAPH FROM TIME MAGAZINE, JAN. 19, 1998, TIME INC. USED UNDER LICENSE) (MM40)

Morrison receiving the Presidential Medal of Freedom from Barack Obama in 2012. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIGH VOGEL/WIREIMAGE) (MM41)

A compilation of black culture, edited by Morrison and published in 1974. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JENS MORTENSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM42)

Morrison in 1970, during her time as an editor at Random House. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GOTFRYD/GETTY IMAGES) (MM43)

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[***American Histories: Chasing Dreams And Nightmares;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:403K-RH90-00MH-F2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In Making Myths, Betraying Our Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:403K-RH90-00MH-F2T2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 23, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Byline:** By ANTHONY WALTON;

Anthony Walton is the author of "Mississippi: An American Journey" and the co-editor, with Michael S. Harper, of "The Vintage Book of African American Poetry."

By ANTHONY WALTON;  Anthony Walton is the author of "Mississippi: An American Journey" and the co-editor, with Michael S. Harper, of "The Vintage Book of African American Poetry."

**Body**

MY mother used to tell me that it was a grave sin, perhaps the gravest, to question the interior spiritual life of another human being; it was also a very serious matter to speak ill of the dead. As I sat in my living room watching a tape of the PBS American Experience biography "George Wallace: Settin' the Woods on Fire," which will be shown tonight and tomorrow night, I found myself striving mightily to live up to these instructions, and failing. I was also wondering why I was allowing the filth of Wallace's invective and racist posturing into my home -- the documentary clips are that scalding -- even in the good cause of education.

"Settin' the Woods on Fire" (the very title seems a bit glib, to me) is like the other films in this series -- on Eisenhower, on Nixon, on the Kennedys, to name several splendid ones I've seen -- trenchant, compelling and mostly accurate. Accuracy isn't exactly the issue, because I'm sure all the facts presented have been scrupulously checked and vetted. My concern has more to do with what has been left out, left in the library stacks that will not be searched by the millions for whom this film will become the official version: for example, with the full story of the gruesome suffering of Judge Frank Johnson and his family (true American heroes; I hope there will be a film in the series about them) wrought by Wallace's self-aggrandizing vilification and by attacks at the hands of Wallace's supporters; and with the story of Wallace's third wife, Lisa Taylor Wallace, which is glossed over (left out). They were married only a short time, and I do not wish to hint or imply lurking scandal; I merely wonder, as a concerned viewer, as an informed layman of Southern history, why the marriage is not mentioned at all. Wallace's other wives, Lurleen and Cornelia, are covered in detail. The omission leads the thoughtful viewer to ask what else may not be included, even when so much is included, so skillfully.

Also missing is a light sprinking of black folks like me, who don't care to make nice -- not to cast any aspersion on the blacks in the film, like the Alabama hero J. L. Chestnut, who have forgiven if not forgotten Wallace and his mean legacy. Even granted the time constraints of the medium, a little less smug gloating by the likes of the Wallace confidante Tom Turnipseed and a little more cross-examination of the talking heads and the historical subject would have helped me better to swallow the bitter pill of American witness that this necessary re-examination of the recent past places before us.

THE story of George Corley Wallace is a good story: too good a story, because like all good stories it invites the imposition of narrative strictures -- initiation, struggle, sacrifice, redemption -- to make more satisfying to the viewer what was mostly just chaotic and opportunistic low life. We have the innocent young trueheart who compromises to achieve his dreams, then corrects the error. But this is not a movie we're watching; it is a documentary. I grow suspicious of the subtle ways in which I think this film is trying to move me with its definite arc toward the emotionally rewarding third act, toward viewing Wallace as yet another American character, like Henry Ford, like MacArthur, who went through his ups and downs, who behaved egregiously and then suffered for it, and who, in so doing, earned the kind of burnished glow that we all recognize as the true historic countenance of every exalted figure we have loved since George Washington and Daniel Boone.

Why do we in our society always try to package history -- decades and decades of history, in this case, and the fates of millions of Americans -- into the lives of single individuals? There is a tendency, I think, in this kind of myth-making to revise reprobates into rogues, rogues into rascals, and rascals into beloved aunts and uncles. So when we see George Wallace, a man who consciously chose to ride the tiger of race through the vicious undercurrents of Alabama politics and American history at perhaps the worst possible moment, the man who skillfully fanned the fires of racial and cultural war -- it would not be too much to say national heartache -- in the 1960's, turned gradually (not just by the film but also by time, the worst of all enemies of remembrance) into a kind of shambling, just-folks folk hero, forgetting the cold-blooded "outniggering," in Wallace's infamous term, and gay-baiting of political opponents, the telling of supporters to "remember you're white," the standing in the schoolhouse door, the police riot at Selma, the crisscrossing of the country year after year spewing racial invective high and low and inventing the "code words" later put so well to use by Nixon and Reagan and a host of lesser lights; well, simply put, we betray our history, we betray what progress there is that has been purchased at so high a cost, and we betray our best selves.

We have forgotten that it was George Wallace who so skillfully used "busing" to build his national base, venturing into the northern cities and encouraging the ***working-class*** whites of Boston, New York, Baltimore and Chicago -- to name four -- that their interest lay in oppressing blacks just as these workers had been oppressed by the robber barons and union haters. In the film we see Wallace gleefully describing how he is going to force President Nixon to abandon federal busing mandates, and then take the credit. So he does, and the rest is history, if we remember. But why was busing such a flash point to begin with? I live in a rural state, Maine, in which the majority of our schoolchildren utilize the yellow behemoths as their only transportation daily; busing itself could not be any more routine or banal an activity, yet even today the word still carries the emotional currents Wallace gave it.

So why was busing such a danger back then in Boston and Milwaukee as Wallace asserted? Why is it such a danger in, say, Hartford now? I say because George Wallace used the issue to deliberately divide American from American in their native land, simply to chase the mess of pottage, some might say, that is the presidency. And though he wasn't very good at chasing the presidency, he was quite good at dividing us. I am not being revisionist. We live out the results and implications of the intentional actions of George Corley Wallace every single day in this country; just last month, here in quiet Brunswick, Me., we had two racially based fights in the high school. The virus of race, cultured and carefully misted by George Wallace, has infected every corner and precinct of the nation; just pick up your daily paper or turn on the nightly news.

The sins, if I may use so charged a word, of George Wallace, the social conservative and big-government hater (who, as far as I can tell, never, once he left college, cashed a nongovernmental payroll check), are manifold, too manifold to enumerate. I can have pity for the man I see on my television screen suffering so grievously in his wheelchair because of an assassination attempt -- perhaps forgiveness is, as my mother would say, between him and his God. But I have come to see George Wallace as a sort of Promethean figure in American cultural history -- let's not reduce him just to politics -- and when he stole the fire of race, he set off a blaze that couldn't be put out. He set aflame a conflagration of race that chases us to this day, burning through our hearts and through our cities. And yes, it might have happened anyway, and yes, it might have been someone else -- Jesse Helms or Strom Thurmond, to name two masters of "outniggering" -- but it was him, and it was what he wanted. He chose it. And that other Prometheus suffered pretty grievously as well, so perhaps this is a mythological story.

Who knows? Maybe that church would have been bombed anyway; maybe those four girls would have died anyway. Maybe Viola Liuzzo was meant to be killed in a drive-by shooting on a lonely country road. Maybe Jimmy Lee Jackson was supposed to be gutshot and die in front of his mother. Maybe Wallace's apology is sincere; maybe all his conjecture about "St. Paul on the road to Damascus" is the result of years of "trying to remove the thorn," suffering as St. Paul did after his amazing conversion from persecutor of Christians to Jesus's most devoted apostle. It can also be seen as a masterly appropriation of one of the most potent Christian stories by a master politician, who only asked for blacks to forgive him when he needed them. Only God knows, and only God, not liberals, not PBS, not the film's "downtrodden, suffering blacks of Alabama," not Congressman John Lewis and especially not me can forgive him. May God and my mother forgive me.

BUT let's not get carried away here. George Wallace did not invent racism in America, past or present. He was merely a skilled opportunist who took advantage of what he saw as an opening in a career as a professional politician. The film does a service in illuminating the human side of Wallace. One man cannot create that much evil, not even George Wallace, the George Wallace who started out wanting to emulate F.D.R., who was considered the fairest white judge in his part of Alabama, and who sold his ideals for the devil of race, and egged on every regressive impulse at a time of national crisis. Wallace chose to be a transformer -- in the electrical engineering meaning of the term -- of racial energy and emotion in American history and civilization, and he paid for his audacity and that cocky strut into infamy. He paid.

But millions of Americans voted for him, and millions more voted for his political descendants: Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Patrick Buchanan, George "Willie Horton" Bush and, yes, Rudolph Giuliani. And to name a Democrat, William Jefferson Clinton, who allowed the execution of a brain-damaged and helpless Rickey Rector in the early days of his first presidential campaign to insure that he, the liberal, didn't get outniggered either. That's what scares me the most about the PBS American Experience biography "George Wallace: Settin' the Woods on Fire." One man didn't do all that, couldn't have, and it seems that everybody else is getting off easy.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: George Wallace as a Golden Gloves boxer, from "Settin' the Woods on Fire." At right, Paul Butler and Carl Lumbly in August Wilson's "Jitney." (Wallace Foundation)(pg. 1); George Wallace, on his 75th birthday, embraced by his friend Connie Harper. (Associated Press)(pg. 35)

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[***Antidrug Tactics Exact Price On a Neighborhood, Many Say***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YXX-87B0-00MH-F4J0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By DAVID BARSTOW

By DAVID BARSTOW

**Body**

A few months ago, narcotics detectives in Brooklyn began to swarm about a tree-lined stretch of Rugby Road about a mile south of Prospect Park. Their main target was Jose Sierra, a short, chunky 32-year-old with a gold tooth who lives with his wife and three children in a $400-a-month apartment at the intersection of Rugby Road and Newkirk Avenue.

The detectives suspected that Mr. Sierra, employed as a midnight-to-8 a.m. stock checker at the local Shop Rite, was also selling heroin -- $10 packets stamped with the words "Happy Heroin" -- from the lobby of his building. They pursued Mr. Sierra aggressively, and he and his friends and relatives were repeatedly tailed, stopped, frisked, questioned. So too were suspicious characters seen around the building.

Then two weeks ago, detectives raided Mr. Sierra's apartment at dawn. The search turned up 12 glassine bags of heroin. Street value: $120.

It was, police officials said, an effective, straightforward example of Operation Condor, the undercover narcotics program that has resulted in more than 21,000 arrests across the city this year. They chose Rugby Road because of an unusually large number of heroin arrests there during the last year, mostly concentrated around Mr. Sierra's building.

But victory on Rugby Road came at a price. While recognizing the clear gain of a modest heroin bust, many there say that the aggressive tactics used against Mr. Sierra -- and others -- have too often swept up innocent bystanders, too often increased tensions in the neighborhood, too often left them feeling as if police officers had no sense of proportion.

The major sentiment on this two-block stretch of Rugby Road near Midwood, expressed by two dozen people who were interviewed, is that the New York Police Department has in some fundamental way misunderstood what they expect from law enforcement. They describe a police precinct that mindlessly imposes the mores of Mayberry on what is a classic rough-and-tumble Brooklyn neighborhood -- ***working class***, Democratic, ethnically dazzling, full of swaggering, striving characters who are not greatly shocked by a little human vice.

They describe officers swooping into the neighborhood like urban warriors, watching residents from rooftops, circling in unmarked cars and surveillance vans, seemingly oblivious to the rhythms of the neighborhood: who just moved in, who is home from college, who has a bad temper. Residents say the police never seem to know. Yet at the same time, sometimes comically, every scarf is a gang color, every neighborhood scuffle a prelude to gang warfare, every neighborhood nickname a menacing gang moniker. "Wear a little bit of gold, they ask you questions," said Royale Gibbs, 21, who lives on Rugby Road.

Almost every black or Hispanic teenager on the street has a story of being stopped and frisked One teenager, asked how many times he had been stopped in the last year, started counting with the fingers on one hand, then moved on to his other hand, then went back for round two on the first hand before giving up altogether because his friends were laughing so hard at his misfortune.

They howl in laughter as they recite, in perfect unison, the phrase they hear all too often from police officers -- "You fit the description" -- and they tell stories of being ticketed for spitting, for riding bicycles on the sidewalk.

Or they offer a helpful hint on how to guarantee arrest: demand a badge number.

White residents and older people said that they largely escaped this sort of treatment. But that does not mean they do not worry about it.

"I'm glad I'm not a 20-year-old African American," said Maggie M. Weber, 38, a white New York University student who lives with her husband and two children in an elegant, Victorian-style home just up Rugby Road from Mr. Sierra's apartment building.

She and other white residents, pleased with the street's rising property values and the new stores on Newkirk Avenue, said that yes, they wanted strong police protection, but not at the expense of a racially harmonious neighborhood.

"I want to feel safe in my neighborhood," Ms. Weber said, "but so do my neighbors who are African American and have 20-year-old sons. These are my neighbors."

Since Patrick Dorismond's death last month during an encounter with undercover narcotics officers in Manhattan, questions have been raised about the need for programs like Operation Condor, in which hundreds of detectives have been pressed into overtime duty to conduct similar undercover drug buys.

Critics have suggested that Mr. Dorismond, the fourth unarmed man -- three of them black -- to be killed by police officers in 13 months, was approached by undercover officers mainly because he was black and fit their stereotypes of a drug dealer, though he actually was an off-duty security officer.

The department has tried to counter claims of racial profiling by showing that Operation Condor detectives are sent to neighborhoods that are shown, on the basis of recent drug arrests, to need help.

And this, the police said, is how Rugby Road came to be designated for Operation Condor. According to police statistics, there were 35 heroin arrests last year on a one-block stretch of Rugby Road, from Newkirk Avenue to Ditmas Avenue. It is a statistic that conjures up images of severe urban blight, a place perhaps under siege by drug dealers.

But this is not the case on Rugby. The homes are large, solid, well-maintained -- some selling in the $400,000 range. Last week, one house was getting a fresh coat of blue paint, and another was crawling with workmen doing a major renovation. One homeowner, a Russian woman who gave only her first name, Inna, confided that she never locked her door.

Ann D. Rose, 38, a writer, moved to the neighborhood with her husband a few months ago from Park Slope, and she walks regularly along Rugby Road with her 2-year-old son, Eli. Never, she said, has she been approached by a drug dealer.

On a recent afternoon, she slowly made her way down Rugby, allowing her son to explore at his own pace. She waved hello to Ms. Weber, then went past Mr. Sierra's apartment building, past Mr. Sierra's cousins, past Michael McDonald, a gregarious 23-year-old who, according to a police wanted poster, is a dangerous gang leader named Nightwing.

Her son reached out and squeezed the front tire on Mr. McDonald's bicycle. Mr. McDonald, who said he has been arrested many times but never convicted, and who denies the gang leader charge, smiled at Eli.

"I feel safe," Ms. Rose said, dismissing the need for more intensive police protection on Rugby. She and others argued for a less adversarial form of policing -- more officers who walk a regular beat in the neighborhood and, that way, get to know people, and be known themselves. "Giuliani, he's out of control," Mrs. Rose said. "That's creating hostilities."

Upon closer inspection, most all of the 35 heroin arrests that put Rugby Road on the Operation Condor list came from in and around Mr. Sierra's building at 584 Rugby.

"If you want heroin, you go there," said Inspector Judy J. McGinn, the commanding officer of about 450 narcotics detectives who work in south Brooklyn and Staten Island.

Inspector McGinn defended using Operation Condor to go after Mr. Sierra, whom she described as a career criminal. At some times, she said, heroin buyers were double parking on the block outside. Addicts were shooting up in the lobby, dumping needles on the sidewalk.

As for the complaints of unrelenting police harassment, Inspector McGinn said that people were often subject to police questioning in the large apartment buildings that line the next block of Rugby, from Newkirk Avenue to Foster Avenue.

That particular block, a favorite of immigrant families struggling out of poverty, has a long history of drug activity, she said. Many of the building owners have signed agreements with the police allowing officers to roam the properties and arrest anyone who does not live there for trespassing.

On one recent afternoon, a group of nine young people -- all black -- gathered in the lobby of one of the apartment buildings.

All of them said they had lived on the block for several years. All nine had stories of recent stop-and-frisks.

Tashika Nelson, 16, said she had been searched four days earlier when an officer saw her looking out the lobby window.

"I was upset, but it happened before," she said.

Jeffrey Smith, 17, said he was searched five days earlier, in the same lobby.

Nelson James, 18, said he was searched on the day of Patrick Dorismond's funeral because he was wearing a Haitian flag tied around his head, something the officer interpreted as a gang symbol. "They see black people chilling, that's a gang," Mr. James said.

Meanwhile, 50 yards away, at the corner of Rugby and Foster, a quiet 18-year-old -- he identified himself only as John -- waited for his younger brother to get off a school bus. John, who is white, wore a Lands' End jacket and stood flipping through a John Irving novel. He said he has lived in the neighborhood his whole life. Asked whether he had ever been stopped and frisked by police officers, he did not hesitate with his reply: "Never."

Inspector McGinn said she did not intend to turn Rugby Road into some sort of spotless law enforcement utopia, a Mayberry in Brooklyn.

If the residents truly want the police to cool it and back off, they will listen, she said. But many business owners and residents were fed up with the heroin dealing outside Mr. Sierra's apartment, Inspector McGinn said. They wanted help, demanded it. "We're really there to serve the community," she said.

As for Mr. Sierra, who faces drug-related charges, he remains free for the moment. And so he spends his days outside his apartment building, endlessly raging against the police. Although he has struggled with drug use, he said, he is not a drug dealer. He accuses them of planting heroin in his apartment, of threatening his 14-year-old son, of plotting to make him the next Diallo or Dorismond.

Rugby Road, after all, is in the 70th Precinct, he noted, the same one where Abner Louima was brutalized by two police officers 1997.

"I'm going to Connecticut," Mr. Sierra said, pacing in his apartment. "I don't want my kids raised in this chaos."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Young people on Rugby Road in Brooklyn. The police say the area was included in a drug crackdown based on heroin arrests. (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)(pg. A1); Ann D. Rose, above, with her son, Eli, 2, dismissed the need for more intense police protection on Rugby Road in Brooklyn. "I feel safe," she said. Jose Sierra, below, who the police say had 12 bags of heroin in his apartment, admitted that he had used drugs, but denied that he was a dealer. (Photographs by Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

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**End of Document**



[***Washington at Work;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNP0-0024-J06K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Gay Official Has the Look of Apple Pie and the Outlook of a Revolutionary - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TNP0-0024-J06K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** Torie Osborn

By KAREN DE WITT,

By KAREN DE WITT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 23

**Body**

She looks a bit like Doris Day, the relentlessly upbeat, freckle-faced blonde of 1950's happy-talk movies. But Torie Osborn, the executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, is closer to tougher cinematic heroines, like those played by Sigourney Weaver.

Intensely committed to the cause of gay and lesbian rights, the 42-year-old Ms. Osborn is flying high after brokering a meeting between President Clinton and leaders of national gay and lesbian groups. At one point during the meeting, Ms. Osborn welcomed Mr. Clinton to the "Gay 90's."

The meeting epitomizes Ms. Osborn's method, organizing pressure from gay groups and enlisting the help of any other group or individual sympathetic to her agenda. To pave the way for the White House meeting, she pressed John Sculley, a friend who is chief executive of Apple Computer Inc., to write his friend, Mr. Clinton, about the importance of meeting with the group before the national gay rights march on Sunday in Washington.

"Her grass-roots background and her ability to pick up on what people out there are feeling, her organizational background and her outside-of-the-Beltway perspective, is coming just at the right time," said Mario Cooper, who was the floor manager at the Democratic National Convention and helped organize the meeting.

2 Decades as Organizer

Few leaders of gay groups will criticize Ms. Osborn on the record, but some disgruntled ones say she is a maverick, an outsider and a publicity-conscious interloper who is moving too fast for a newcomer and making a grab for the limelight.

In many ways, when Ms. Osborn addresses the crowd during the gay march on Sunday, it will be the culmination of 20 years as an organizer. It has been a journey not just about campaigning for causes like feminism and the antiwar movement, but toward understanding of self and sexuality that parallels the lives of many homosexuals around the country.

Ms. Osborn also reflects the increasing presence of lesbians in the gay movement as many of the male leaders have become sick and died of AIDS. With the ascendance of lesbians in the movement, the gay agenda has expanded to address the special concerns of black homosexuals, women and gay youths.

At the moment, Ms. Osborn is feeling heady with the power of the gay movement and particularly the gathering of homosexuals from around the nation.

'We're in Hyperspeed'

"We're on the cusp of a different era," she told 150 women at the Lesbian Power Breakfast before the march. Ms. Osborn, who was introduced by Kate Clinton, a lesbian comedian, as "a folk heroine to queers everywhere," told the women: 'We're in collapsed time; we're in hyperspeed. This is our moment in the media, but that is not going to last forever. It's going to be tough, but we're going to make it by being inclusive of the concerns of women of color, of ***working-class*** women, by showing the links between all oppressions."

It is a reflection of her vision for her own group, which she hopes is anchored and built upon a network of strong local gay organizations.

To that end, she has been crisscrossing the country speaking at the grass roots. She said that homosexuals in the military, AIDS and equal protection for gay men and lesbians were among her main concerns, but that she was also interested in issues regarding gay and lesbian youths and health care. Ms. Osborn said she was not daunted by the opposition of the religious right or messages and acts of hate against homosexuals.

"There is great promise of pluralism and democracy that is the best of America," she said. And with a glint in her Doris Day eyes worthy of Sigourney Weaver facing the Alien, she said, "We will eventually win."

As head of the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center for the last four years, and financial director for the previous four, Ms. Osborn took a moribund group and turned it into the nation's largest gay social services organization. As the first woman to head the center, she tripled the size of the staff to more than 150 people, increasing the number of women and minorities. She doubled the annual budget to $7.4 million, and the group left cramped, shabby quarters for a stunning glass and steel building in Hollywood.

"When we opened that building last year, it was a great gift to me," Ms. Osborn said. "We as a community, the gay and lesbian community, had come of age."

Her own coming of age was a journey as well. She said that as a teen-ager she knew she was a lesbian but fought it. And she is determined to insure that young homosexuals do not have to make the same tortuous journey.

"When I was 15, I had an unexpected sexual encounter with a classmate," she said in a recent interview. "It scared the hell out of me. I was overwhelmed with shame, the first time I felt sexual desire. I promptly went out and got a boyfriend. I ran shrieking from this experience."

And through her years at Barnard College, she had a boyfriend.

"I tried to be heterosexual," Ms. Osborn said. But she was frustrated.

Time of Disillusionment

Beyond that, Ms. Osborn was seeking to learn how to be a political organizer, she said, but the student antiwar groups that had formed during the Vietnam War had begun fighting among themselves by the late 1960's and early 1970's.

"I wanted to be organized and there was no one who wanted to organize me," Ms. Osborn said.

After being raped on a date, Ms. Osborn said, she discovered that she was pregnant and had an illegal abortion. That experience and disillusionment with the student antiwar movement prompted her to transfer from Barnard to Middlebury College in Vermont.

"I thought it was like Swarthmore," recounted Ms. Osborn, who was born in Copenhagen, the daughter of a Foreign Service officer, and grew up on the exclusive Main Line of Philadelphia. "But it turned out to be very preppy, very WASPy, just like the prep school I had gone to. And it turned out to be the best thing that happened to me, because there was only one other person who was an antiwar organizer there, a guy named Steve Early. I told him, 'You've got to help me become an organizer,' and he did. He also became my boyfriend."

The next several years found Ms. Osborn organizing students to go to the 1971 May Day demonstration against the Vietnam War in Washington, living in a women's commune, organizing the first feminist group at Middlebury College, evolving into an ardent feminist.

Her personal growth and confidence made her think more about her long-repressed sexuality, which remained a conflict.

"I could discredit the very movement I was trying to build," said Ms. Osborn. "It was not cool to be gay in 1971 and 1972."

But in 1972, Ms. Osborn said she was ready to come out of the closet.

"It was a gradual process that took several months, " she said. "But I can remember writing in my journal: I'm a lesbian and I can no longer deny it."

She told her parents. Her father was supportive, but her mother did not speak to her for the next six years.

Ms. Osborn continued to campaign for causes, shifting from the antiwar movement to issues of feminism and increasingly gay and lesbian issues.

"She is one of the most talented, skillful people to emerge in the lesbian-gay community in years," said David Mixner, a founder of an influential Los Angeles gay political action committee and the force behind Campaign for Military, an effort to lift the ban against homosexuals in the military. It was Mr. Mixner and other influential homosexuals in the Los Angeles area who raised nearly $1 million for Mr. Clinton's Presidential campaign.

A Special Ability

Sheila Kuehl, a lawyer with the California Women's Law Center in Los Angeles, said that Ms. Osborn's strength was in being able to bring people together while remaining adamant about the direction and agenda that she believed was necessary.

"She is the best combination of advocacy for our community," said Ms. Kuehl, who until last fall was Ms. Osborn's companion.

Mr. Mixner added: "She'll shake up the community. No doubt she'll push the edge, but she has the uncanny ability to deliver a tough message with personable skills."

Torie Osborn

Born: Copenhagen, Denmark, July 27, 1950

Hometown: Philadelphia, Pa.

Education: Graduate of The Shipley School, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 1968; B.A. in English, Middlebury College 1972; M.B.A., University of California at Los Angeles, 1984.

Career Highlights: Financial director of the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center, 1984-1988; Executive director of the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center, 1988-1992; executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, 1988-1992.

Hobbies: Work, movies, mystery books and "horrible sexist spy novels"

**Correction**

A Washington at Work article on Saturday about Torie Osborn, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, referred incorrectly to the role of Mario Cooper at the Democratic National Convention in New York last year. He was the convention manager, not the floor manager.

**Correction-Date:** April 28, 1993, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photo: "When we opened that building last year, it was a great gift to me," Torie Osborn, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, said of the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center. "We as a community, the gay and lesbian community, had come of age." (Stephen Crowley/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 24, 1993

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[***CAPITALISM LIFTS CHINA BANK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-TKX0-0017-504P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By NICHOLAS D. KRISTOF

**Dateline:** HONG KONG, March 23

**Body**

As recently as eight years ago, the Bank of China here was a stodgy outpost of the Beijing Government that barely mattered on the local banking scene.

Since China's opening to the West in the 1970's, however, the bank's growth has been extraordinary. Since 1979, deposits have increased 5.8 times, loans have gone up 8.5 times and revenue has increased twelvefold. The Bank of China group has taken to capitalist-style competition so swimmingly, in fact, that it has become the second-biggest bank in the colony.

The bank seems to think this is just the beginning. It is building a 70-story headquarters that will be Hong Kong's tallest building, with executive offices that offer a view down on the headquarters of the giant Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, the only bank in Hong Kong that is larger.

''It's extremely competitive, both in terms of service and in terms of interest rates,'' said David K. P. Li, chief executive of the Bank of East Asia, another Hong Kong bank that has been expanding. ''It's very dynamic.''

For some Hong Kong businessmen, deeply apprehensive about what will happen after the colony reverts to Chinese control in 1997, having the Bank of China as a competitor may be strangely reassuring. It provides evidence of the Beijing Government's willingness to tolerate capitalistic practices and of its expanding financial stake in the well-being of Hong Kong. In the process, China has been gaining financial experience and raising funds for investment on the mainland.

This growing presence in Hong Kong has not been painless, however. The Bank of China group seems to be sacrificing profits to gain market share, and diplomats and other bankers have doubts about the quality of its loan portfolio. It is also taking some significant risks as it develops its expensive new headquarters in the face of an extremely uncertain property market, and as it makes very long mortgage loans that lead to a mismatch between short-term deposits and long-term loans. There are also signs that the Bank of China group will face increasing competition, in Hong Kong as well as China, from other Government-owned financial institutions.

The Bank of China remains secretive, and it refused to make its two top executives in Hong Kong available for interviews. One other senior executive did grant an interview, after three months of prodding, but his information was limited. He could not say, for example, when the chief executive in Hong Kong, Huang Diyan, assumed office; how old Mr. Huang is; where he lives, or whether he has a car at his disposal. Other information was gathered from interviews with competitors, financial analysts and diplomats and from analysis of the limited financial records the bank provides.

Group of 12 Banks

The Bank of China, which is based in Beijing, heads a group of 12 other Chinese banks and one finance company operating in Hong Kong and the nearby Portuguese enclave of Macao. These sister banks operate exclusively in Hong Kong, although eight of them are technically registered in Beijing. They remain under the control of the Bank of China, although they have separate boards of directors and distinct specialties.

This Bank of China group missed the profits made by Hong Kong banks in the late 1970's, when the economy was booming and land prices were soaring. So the sister banks tried to catch up after China's dramatic policy shift of 1979. They hurried into property lending without waiting to develop their skills in credit analysis. It was an inauspicious start. The property market collapsed in 1982, along with much of Hong Kong's economy, and there are indications that many members of the banking group lost substantial sums of money.

Court records show that several of the banks had lent heavily to the Carrian Group, a Hong Kong investment firm that failed in 1983. Apparently, the individual banks did not know that other members of the group had also lent to Carrian. To avoid such credit risks, the Bank of China formed a Hong Kong and Macao regional office, which oversees the sister banks and approves large loans. The sisters are also linked by computer, and they clear checks among themselves.

Huang Diyan, the chief executive of the regional office, assumed the leadership in late 1985, and shortly thereafter began to shuffle people into retirement. Mr. Huang, who previously headed the Bank of China's international division in Beijing, appears to be highly regarded in the Communist hierarchy. He is still in his mid-50's -young for a position of authority in China - and last year was named vice chairman of the overall Bank of China. Because Mr. Huang is often traveling, the daily management rests with Zhang Xueyao, a pipe-smoking, English-speaking former diplomat who previously headed the Bank of China operation in New York. Mr. Zhang, and to a lesser extent Mr. Huang, are playing a more active role in the banking cocktail circuit than their predecessors. Neither man, however, speaks Cantonese, the Chinese dialect spoken in Hong Kong.

This has been no obstacle to growth, however, particularly among ***working-class*** and middle-class families, who are attracted by a good branch network and excellent mortgage terms. Since 1983, the Bank of China has advertised widely.

Politics Brings New Business

The Bank of China group has also picked up a great deal of commercial business, but it is not clear how much of this is based on merit. Many of the group's business clients are the 3,000 companies from China that have opened offices in Hong Kong in the last half-dozen years. And many others appear to be corporations, mostly based in Hong Kong, that think it is good politics to maintain at least one account at the Bank of China.

The bank group's staff has doubled since 1979, to 11,000, but reportedly there have been tensions between the recent university graduates and the less-educated middle managers they work under. Although some young managers have been promoted very rapidly, many have quit out of frustration, banking rivals say.

''There is a gap between the abilities of the employees and the demands of the job,'' conceded Chen Wen-jing, a senior executive of the Bank of China's regional office. As a result, he said, the bank has set up training programs that have been attended by thousands of employees.

Nevertheless, there are strong indications that bad loans are substantial and that profitability is low. The problem in making such assessments, however, is that the group's financial reports are sketchy and (with the exception of the four sister banks registered in Hong Kong) are unaudited by outside accounting firms.

Even by their official earnings statements, the profits of many of the banks in the group have fallen in the last few years, after adjusting for a devalued Chinese currency. One fairly typical member of the group, for example, the Bank of Communications, reported a $25.3 million profit in 1983, but just $14.9 million in 1985, the most recent year for which figures are available.

The 1985 profit amounted to just a 6.9 percent return on capital, compared with 17.8 percent at the Bank of East Asia, an independent Hong Kong bank.

Some rival bankers complain privately that the cut-rate mortgages and long repayment periods offered by the Bank of China have aggravated an already very competitive banking environment.

''Foreign banks can't match them,'' complained the head of one foreign bank operating in Hong Kong. In the last few years, several local banks have failed, and several foreign banks - including the Bank of America and Barclays Bank of Britain - have cut back their presence. One reason for these moves may have been the declining profitability of retail banking because of the Bank of China's policies, bankers say.

''They are taking business away,'' said Teresa Ma, an analyst in Hong Kong for Jardine Fleming Securities, ''not from the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, but from the medium-sized Chinese banks.''

Although the Bank of China is often cast as a warrior in a titanic battle with the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, most bankers and analysts see it differently. In 1985, the last year for which figures were reported, the Hongkong and Shanghai bank gained market share, analysts said. And the two giants tend to pursue somewhat different markets: The Bank of China is after the smaller depositor and borrower, and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation seeks larger customers, both individual and corporate.

''We are two big players in a very competitive banking scene, but there are a great many others,'' said Michael Broadbent, a spokesman for the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. ''We're pretty confident that we can retain our market share.''

**Graphic**

graph of Bank of China's performance in 1986; photo of Bank of China (NYT/Richard Tomkins)

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[***The Returned***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5F3J-14K1-DXY4-X0WP-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MAGGIE JONES

**Body**

Laura Klunder's newest tattoo runs down the inside of her left forearm and reads ''K85-160,'' a number that dates to her infancy. Klunder was 9 months old when her South Korean mother left her at a police station in Seoul. The police brought her to Holt Children's Services, a local adoption agency, where a worker assigned Klunder the case number K85-160. It was only two weeks into 1985, but she was already the 160th child to come to the agency that month, and she would go on to be one of 8,800 children sent overseas from South Korea that year. Klunder became part of the largest adoption exodus from one country in history: Over the past six decades, at least 200,000 Korean children -- roughly the population of Des Moines -- have been adopted into families in more than 15 countries, with a vast majority living in the United States.

Klunder, who is 30, has a warm goofiness and a tendency toward self-deprecation. (''I was the chubby kid with glasses wearing Lisa Frank T-shirts,'' she said, shaking her head at the memory of her middle-school self.) But she also resonates intensity. She chose the tattoo of her case number as a critique of adoption, she told me. ''I was a transaction. I was a number in the same way that people who are criminalized and institutionalized are given numbers.''

Klunder, who was raised in Wisconsin, moved back to South Korea in 2011, which is where I met her one night last February along with three of her friends, all adoptees from the United States. We were at a restaurant in the Hongdae section of Seoul, known for its galleries, bars and cheap restaurants. Outside, the streets teemed with university students, musicians, artists and clubbers. The neighborhood is also a popular spot for the approximately 300 to 500 adoptees who have moved to South Korea -- primarily from the United States but also from France, Denmark and other nations. Most lack fluency in the language and possess no memories of the country they left when they were young. But they are back, hoping for a sense of connection -- to South Korea, to their birth families, to other adoptees.

That night, Klunder and her friends passed plates of bibimbap (rice topped with meat and vegetables), soondubu jjigae (tofu stew) and pa jun (scallion pancake) around the table and ordered bottles of beer and soju. Everyone there was a member of Adoptee Solidarity Korea, or ASK. It was started as a reading group in 2004 by a handful of politically progressive Korean female adoptees (and one man) in their 30s, who began to discuss why Korean single mothers felt pressure to give away their children -- 90 percent of those who place their children for adoption are not married. They talked about a culture in which single mothers are often ostracized, one in which employers typically ask women about their marital status in job interviews; parents sometimes reject daughters who raise their children alone; and the children of single mothers are often bullied in school. They also questioned why the government offered little aid to mothers to help keep their families intact. At an adoption conference organized a year after the group was created, members handed out fliers that read, in part, ''ASK stands in opposition to international adoption.'' They sold T-shirts, designed by Kimura Byol-Nathalie Lemoine, an early adoptee activist, that depicted a wailing baby with a large stamp on its rear end: ''Made in Korea.''

Over time, ASK backed away from its message of ending adoption. It was too polarizing, adoptees said, and ''hard for people to hear anything we said after the word 'stop,'â€‰'' Jenny Na, one of the group's founders, wrote in a history of ASK. But in recent years, members -- along with other Korean adoptee activists -- have built an improbable political campaign, lobbying for legislation that has helped reduce the flow of Korean children overseas. In the process, they have emerged as leaders in a movement to question the very concept of international adoption, one that has galvanized other adoptees around the world.

Some of those leaders, including Klunder and her friend Kim Stoker, who was also at dinner that night, want to stanch the flow of Korean children entirely. ''I get parents' desperation to have children,'' said Stoker, who at 41 was the oldest of the group at the table. ''Accepting diverse families is great,'' she said. But, she added, ''I don't think it's normal adopting a child from another country, of another race and paying a lot of money. I don't think it's normal to put a child on a plane away from all its kin and different smells. It's a very modern phenomenon.''

Neither Klunder nor Stoker believes international adoption will stop in South Korea any time soon. But ending it is what they want. As Klunder put it, ''Our goal is to make ourselves extinct.''

In 1954, a couple from Oregon, Bertha and Harry Holt, went to a local auditorium to watch a presentation by World Vision, the Christian relief organization, on Korean War orphans. At the time, South Korea was hobbling to recover from its brutal war with North Korea. ''We had never seen such emaciated arms and legs,'' wrote Bertha, a nurse and fundamentalist Christian who wore round wire glasses, ''such wistful little faces looking for someone to care.'' Federal law prohibited families from adopting more than two children from abroad. But in 1955, the two senators from Oregon sponsored the Bill for Relief of Certain Korean War Orphans, which Congress passed specifically to allow the Holts to adopt four boys and four girls. Reports of Harry Holt, a farmer and lumberjack, coming home with eight children appeared in newspapers around the country, and soon prospective parents flooded the Holts with letters, saying that they, too, wanted to adopt war orphans. Within a year, the couple had established the Holt Adoption Program in the United States (followed later by a Holt agency in South Korea), the first and still one of the biggest international-adoption agencies.

During the '50s, most children available for adoption were of mixed race -- ''the dust of the streets,'' as they were called -- whose fathers were American and U.N. soldiers. Some of them had turned up at orphanages, lost or abandoned; in the postwar chaos, it was unclear if their parents were still alive. But in other cases, mothers relinquished their mixed-race babies because they feared that their families would be treated as outcasts.

By the 1960s and 1970s, the country had industrialized and urbanized rapidly; divorce and teenage-pregnancy rates climbed. Poor and ***working-class*** single women with babies struggled with little, or no, support from the government. Most of the children placed for adoption at the time were fully Korean. In the meantime, the number of babies available for adoption in the United States in the 1970s dropped, as birth-control was more readily available, abortion was legalized and single motherhood became more socially acceptable.

South Korea, by this point, had passed the Special Adoption Law, which created a legal framework for adoptions and approved four agencies to process those adoptions. From the beginning, though, there were problems. Adoption paperwork was sometimes fraudulent -- a grandmother or an aunt might give up a baby without the mother's consent (while she was working or looking for work), because they thought the mother and the child would be better off. Agency workers often didn't verify information -- about a child's health or age, or whether the mother had truly consented to adoption -- in order to expedite the process. Eleana Kim, associate professor of anthropology at the University of California, Irvine, and author of ''Adopted Territory: Transnational Korean Adoptees and the Politics of Belonging,'' explained that though most women weren't directly paid, adoption agencies set up homes for unwed pregnant women and took care of medical expenses with the expectation that the women would agree to have their babies sent overseas. Workers at adoption agencies sometimes told mothers that they would be selfish to keep their children, who would thrive in affluent, two-parent households in the United States. In the 1980s, adoption became big business, bringing millions of dollars to Korean agencies. The government benefited, too. For each child South Korea sent away, it had one fewer child to feed.

By 1985, the year Klunder arrived in the United States, South Korea had earned the reputation as the Cadillac of adoption programs because of its efficient system and steady supply of healthy babies. The number of adoptions reached unsettling heights, with an average of 24 children leaving South Korea each day. The continued growth was all the more striking because South Korea's economy had improved significantly. That year, its G.D.P. ranked 20th globally, just below Switzerland's, and continued to climb over the next decade. During NBC's coverage of the 1988 Seoul Olympics, when the world saw a newly democratic country lined with skyscrapers and freshly paved highways, Bryant Gumbel noted that South Korea preferred to keep quiet about its ''exportation'' of babies. North Korea also criticized its neighbor for its liberal adoption policies.

Embarrassed, the South Korean government promised to reduce international adoptions, in part by providing subsidies and extra health care benefits to South Korean families who adopted. But the government showed far less interest in helping single mothers keep their babies.

People in the United States, meanwhile, began adopting from all over the world. Though only 7,000 children were adopted into the United States in 1990, by 2004 -- the peak of international adoption -- that number had risen to 23,000, with children arriving from China, Russia, Guatemala, South Korea, Ukraine, Colombia, Ethiopia and dozens of other countries.

I was among that wave of adoptive parents. After several miscarriages, my husband and I adopted two children -- one domestically, one internationally. We chose domestic adoption initially because we longed for a newborn and wanted an open adoption, in which children and birth families can remain in contact. (Studies suggest that open adoption -- far more common in the United States than in international adoptions -- is psychologically more healthful for adoptees and birthparents.) In 2003, our older daughter, who is part Japanese and part African, was born in California, where we lived.

But by the time we signed up to adopt again a couple of years later, my husband and I were in our early 40s, and we feared that another domestic adoption could take years. Instead we looked to Guatemala, where adoptions often occurred more quickly and most children lived in foster homes, receiving more one-on-one attention than in orphanages. Unlike in China and many other countries, in Guatemala, adoptive families could also meet birth families during the process and stay connected afterward through photos, letters and visits.

I began scouting agencies with the most ethical reputations. I heard repeatedly -- though mostly from agencies and other parents -- that there were safeguards (DNA tests of mothers and children; social-worker interviews with birth mothers) to protect adoptive and birth families. But almost as soon as I arrived at the Westin Hotel in Guatemala City to finalize the adoption of our daughter, I felt queasy. Everywhere, it seemed, there were lawyers and agency representatives handing over brown-skinned babies, born to impoverished mothers, to white, wealthy parents -- some of whom might never return to Guatemala again, who might make no effort to encourage a link between their adopted children and their country or their birth families. My husband and I were eager not to be ''those parents.'' When the adoption was complete, instead of leaving the country, we drove with our daughters to a nearby city, where we spent several days. One night at a restaurant, a well-dressed Guatemalan man in his 50s or 60s passed my new daughter and me and muttered, ''There goes another baby taken from our country.''

His comment might have referred to corruption: It would become increasingly clear that Guatemala's adoption system was, like those in Ethiopia, Vietnam, Cambodia and elsewhere, plagued with illegal payments, coercion of birth mothers and in some cases outright stealing of babies. (Guatemala's program shut down seven years ago.) Or maybe he was thinking about the fact that birth mothers, typically indigenous women who faced discrimination, had little access to counseling and no official waiting period after birth during which to change their minds. He may have been imagining what would happen if the thousands of dollars each family handed over to their adoption agency was used instead to help children stay in Guatemala. And then there was the issue that Kim Stoker has since raised: Should adopted children be brought up by people of a different race?

''No parent wants their child to be discriminated against,'' Stoker told me one night in Seoul. ''But I think as a white parent in a white society -- even if you're in a multicultural neighborhood -- you can't protect your child when your child walks out the door. You provide all these economic resources, but there are all these other things that you haven't experienced as a white person.''

My husband and I are of a generation that is supposedly savvier and better educated about raising adopted children. We have done some of the ''right things'': traveled with our kids back to Guatemala and to Japan (where my older daughter's birth mother lives). We've advocated for open adoptions (with mixed success) so our daughters would have access to their records and contact with their families. Our daughters' friends and their school are diverse. And my husband and I try not to shy away from talking about the complexities of adoption and race.

Still, my daughters don't see themselves reflected in my and my husband's faces. They will confront racism in their lives, which neither my husband nor I ever have. My children are happy and deeply attached to us. But while the predominant narrative of adoption focuses on what is gained, each adoption also entails loss for both the child and her biological family. It's a loss I can't fully know and one I can never entirely heal.

Perhaps that's what the Guatemalan man meant when he saw me with my daughter. I had love and financial advantages to offer her. But she was yet another child who, through no choice of her own, was leaving her biological family, her country and her culture behind.

Before Laura Klunder left South Korea as a child, she lived with a foster family with whom she learned to take tentative steps holding an adult's hand. She could say ''omma'' (mommy) and understood other Korean words. Then on April 27, 1985, nine days after her first birthday, she boarded a Korean Airlines flight with an escort provided by the Holt agency and flew 6,500 miles to Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

In Franklin, Wis., a largely white suburb of Milwaukee, Klunder attended a Lutheran school where she was taunted by one boy for years: ''Why is your skin so dirty?'' ''You look like a black Barbie.'' ''Did you fall in the mud?'' Her parents had good intentions and, Klunder says, ''were loving in more ways than they were not.'' But they didn't acknowledge how central race was in their daughter's life. ''My parents told me they didn't see color,'' Klunder said. ''They couldn't engage on that level.''

When I recently talked to her mother, she said: ''I could see how upsetting certain things were to Laura. But I said, 'You can't let these things bother you so much; there will also be people like that in the world.'â€‰'' When the issue of adoption came up, Klunder's mother told her that her birth mother loved her very much but that God had a different plan for her. As a teenager, furious that her parents didn't understand her feelings and experiences, Klunder repeatedly lashed out at them. They were angry, too. When she was in high school, Klunder told me, her father would say: ''I didn't sign up for this. Send her back.'' (He says he remembers saying something like that only once.)

This was in the late 1990s and early 2000s, when adoption experts had already shifted from telling parents to ''assimilate'' their adopted children, instead encouraging them to talk openly about adoption, to acknowledge racial differences and to embrace their children's birth culture. Some parents signed up for ''homeland tours'' to Korea or sent their children to Korean summer ''culture camp,'' where kids gathered in the woods of Minnesota or California to study the Korean alphabet, dance to Korean pop music and learn taekwondo.

Klunder's family occasionally ate dinner with friends who had adopted Korean children, and they attended an annual Korean adoptee picnic near Chicago. Klunder felt ambivalent about it. The food was delicious, and the Korean women who danced in their hanboks were beautiful, but she didn't identify as Korean. ''They were telling me this is my culture, but I didn't see myself in that traditional dress and tight bun.'' And though she knew one other Korean adoptee as a child, by the time Klunder was a teenager -- when difference is a stigma most kids work to avoid -- ''I wanted nothing to do with adoptees.''

In a 2009 survey of adult adoptees by the Donaldson Adoption Institute, more than 75 percent of the 179 Korean respondents who grew up with two white parents said they thought of themselves as white or wanted to be white when they were children. Most also said they had experienced racial discrimination, including from teachers. Only a minority said they felt welcomed by members of their own ethnic group. The report recommended that parents do more than just celebrate multiculturalism or sign up for culture camp. Adoptees should have ''lived'' experiences related to adoption and race: traveling to birth countries, attending racially diverse schools. Those things might have helped, Klunder says, but only if she had parents who were willing to be honest about racism. ''You need parents who can talk about white privilege, who can say: 'You might experience some of this. I'm sorry. We are in this together.'â€‰''

In college, at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Klunder found a group of like-minded friends and joined the multicultural student coalition. After receiving a master's degree in social work, she took a job at Macalester College in Minnesota, advising minority and feminist groups and working on the school's response to sexual assault. Her immersion in those issues served only to make fights with her parents more disheartening. ''I knew that I was the only person of color in their life, and it was too easy for them to invalidate my point of view as another 'anger issue.'â€‰'' At some point, she said, ''I felt hopeless to create change in my adoptive family.''

Eight years ago, she stopped talking to them, though she says she hopes that will change one day. Her mother, who misses her daughter, said: ''I'm sorry for anything we didn't do correctly for her. But we didn't know how she felt. I couldn't get her to talk about anything important or what was inside her.''

In the summer of 2010, when Klunder was 26, she went to Seoul to join more than 500 other Korean adoptees from around the world for an annual event known as the Gathering. For many -- some of whom never had Korean adopted friends before -- it was a heady experience. They ate together, drank together; some stumbled back late at night into hotel rooms together. They spoke in shorthand about their American lives, sharing their stories about being told by strangers that their English was very good and about meeting men who assumed that Asian women were up for anything in bed.

Klunder skipped the bars. She was too nervous to perform at noraebang (Korea's version of karaoke) or to get naked with other adoptees at the jjimjilbangs (Korean saunas). Instead she stayed up late talking with a couple of other women. During the day, conference sessions delved into everything from searching for birthparents to the isolation of single mothers. Then Klunder heard Kim Stoker give a lecture about learning the Korean language as an avenue to ''belonging'' in South Korea. Raised in Colorado and Virginia, Stoker has lived in South Korea for 15 years and has the maternal presence of someone who has held the hands of many 20-something adoptees during their first months in Seoul. Living there is the most meaningful thing she has done in her life, she says. ''We didn't have a choice about what happened to us,'' she told me, referring to adoptees being taken from their country. ''So to come back, to live on your own terms. .â€‰.â€‰.'' she said. ''I do really feel like these are my kin.'' By the end of Stoker's talk, Klunder felt, as she put it, ''invited to come back.'' And before leaving South Korea that week, she decided that she would return to live there.

Over the year that followed in Minneapolis, Klunder was anxious about her impending move to a country where she had no friends, no employment and no fluency in the language. Still she quit her job and said goodbye to the boyfriend she loved (''an anti-racist white man,'' as she described him). She packed one large suitcase with clothes and two carry-ons with shoes, handbags and books, including works by Gabriel GarcÃ­a MÃ¡rquez, Saul Alinsky, Bell Hooks, along with South Korean adoption memoirs. Then she flew back to her birth country on a one-way ticket.

By the time Klunder moved in 2011, Seoul had become home to hundreds of returning adoptees. The Global Overseas Adoptees' Link, the largest and longest-running adoptee group in Korea, made it easier for adoptees to live in the country -- helping them find language classes and translation services and organizing social events. Most important, GOA'L, as the group is known, successfully lobbied the government to offer adoptees F-4 visas, which allow them to live and work in the country indefinitely. Now adoptees can also apply to become dual citizens.

Like many before her, Klunder spent some of her early days at KoRoot, an adoptee-only guesthouse in Seoul with cheap rooms and communal meals, run by Pastor Kim Do-hyun, along with his wife, Kong Jungae. At the two-story brick-and-stone house, Kim encourages new arrivals not only to explore Seoul but also to think about the larger political issues around their adoptions. In the '90s, as a pastor in Switzerland, Kim began working with adoptees after one committed suicide, leaving a note that said, ''I'm going to meet my birth mother.'' Later, as a grad student in theology, Kim wrote his master's thesis on birth mothers.

In 2008, Kim and his staff from KoRoot joined forces with the organization Truth and Reconciliation for the Adoption Community of Korea and one of its founders, Jane Jeong Trenka, to try to amend South Korea's adoption law to help discourage overseas adoption. Kim and Trenka, who was raised in rural Minnesota and returned to South Korea in 2004 to be closer to her birth family, spent three years meeting with public-interest lawyers, government officials, nonadoptee activists and a member of Parliament, Choi Young-hee, who agreed to sponsor the amendment. ASK and two other groups, Dandelions (a group of Korean birthparents who had placed their children for adoption) and Kumfa (an organization for single mothers), joined the effort as well. They lobbied government officials, wrote and rewrote the proposal's language and drew attention to their cause by installing a piece of artwork in a government building, featuring 60,000 hanging paper price tags inscribed with a number representing each Korean adoptee.

In August 2012, they succeeded in enacting an amendment to the adoption law, implementing curbs on adoption that would have seemed unthinkable decades ago. Women must now receive counseling and wait seven days before placing a child for adoption. All adoptions must be registered through the courts, which gives adoptees, who often struggle to make contact with their families (only a small percentage of Korean adoptees who search for birth families ever find them), an avenue for tracing their history.

Detractors say the law now creates too many hurdles for women who genuinely want to put their babies up for adoption and slows the process. Since the law was passed, the number of abandoned babies has increased -- though whether that's a direct result is unclear. They also note that Koreans are generally not comfortable ''raising another's child,'' as Koreans say, and finding adoptive families can be difficult. (Some Korean families who are willing to adopt keep it a secret.) Adoption supporters in the United States and elsewhere question the very idea of making adoption more restrictive around the world, especially in deeply impoverished countries, where birth control and abortion are taboo and there is little government will to help children, including those who languish in orphanages.

For better or worse, the amendment seems to be having its desired impact in South Korea: Adoptions to other countries, already on the decline since the 1980s -- hovering around 1,000 a year between 2007 and 2012 -- dropped to 263 in 2013. The activists also see the amendment as an acknowledgment that their views matter. ''The law incorporates the opinions of the people actually affected -- adoptees, unwed mothers,'' said Trenka, who is 42 and now a mother herself; she and her partner, Luke McQueen, a 43-year-old Korean adoptee from Colorado, have a 3-month-old daughter. ''And it's proof that Korean adoptees can be taken seriously and effect change.''

For Trenka and other Korean activists, their engagement with these issues extends beyond Korea's borders. In the aftermath of the earthquake in Haiti in 2010, Trenka publicly warned that adoptions from Haiti were vulnerable to the same sorts of problems -- fraudulent paperwork; children designated as orphans when their parents were alive -- that existed in postwar Korea. Kim Stoker joined other adoptees from around the world issuing a statement protesting the ''fast tracking'' by the U.S. government of Haitian adoptions.

More recently, Trenka, along with Vietnamese, Indian, Ethiopian and Colombian adoptees, criticized a bill before the United States Congress last year that aimed to make international adoption easier. They argued that adoptees were not consulted about the bill and said -- along with Holt International Children's Services, which publicly opposed it -- that it would eliminate adoption safeguards and reallocate foreign aid from international programs that help children.

Trenka has also met with activists from other countries, including Jenna Cook, an adoptee from China. Last year, she came to South Korea for a conference and talked to Trenka about adoptee rights. A recent graduate of Yale, Cook is one of more than 100,000 children adopted from China since the early '90s, the second-largest group of international adoptees. She and other adoptees want the Chinese government to respond the way South Korea has and offer F-4 visas so they can return for the long term. ''It's important that we are recognized as a diaspora,'' Cook says. ''We are going to come back as highly educated middle-class Europeans and Americans, with brain power and economic capital.''

While some Chinese adoptees are now in their 20s, those from other countries tend to be much younger. Since the late 1990s, roughly 29,000 children from Guatemala and 14,000 from Ethiopia have been adopted into the United States. Most of them have yet to reach high school. Compared with Korea -- a democracy and a developed country -- Guatemala, China and Ethiopia may prove less welcoming, at least for now. But as adoptees grow up, Korean activists hope that they will demand more information about their histories and the adoption process from agencies and governments. Perhaps cities like Beijing, Antigua in Guatemala or Addis Ababa in Ethiopia -- already popular destinations for adoptees and their families -- may become their own mini-adoptee communities and centers of activism against international adoption.

Around 8 p.m. on a chilly Saturday night last February, more than a dozen adoptees gathered at several pushed-together metal tables at Hongik Sutbul Kalbi, a Korean BBQ restaurant in Seoul. The room filled with conversation and smoke from meat sizzling on open grills. Nights like this are a fixture of adoptee life in South Korea, flowing from BBQ or bibimbap restaurants to a bar for soju and beer, to another bar, culminating with singing at a noraebang -- till 2 or 3 or 4 a.m. That night the gathering included a woman in her 20s, who moved to Seoul a week earlier, and others -- from California and Utah, from New York and Massachusetts -- who had lived in South Korea anywhere from six to 10 years. Several at the table weren't involved in adoption politics -- or even especially interested in it. Adoptee socializing in Seoul often divides along political lines. Hollee McGinnis, whom I met the day before, was one of several people who told me that the most ardent adoption critics make some adoptees uncomfortable. ''If you're pro-adoption, you can feel Pollyannaish,'' said McGinnis, a former policy director at the Donaldson Adoption Institute, who is researching her dissertation in Seoul on mental health and educational outcomes for children growing up in orphanages. ''I'm not an advocate or detractor of adoption. I see it as a choice and a trade-off with relative losses and gains.''

At the barbecue dinner, Benjamin Hauser said he shared this view. ''I understand there could be potential problems with adoption, but I know positive cases too.'' Hauser, who is 36 and has lived in South Korea since 2004, is a manager at an English-language school and is writing a children's adventure book featuring Korean adoptees. Unlike many adoptees, he remembers his early life in South Korea: He lived with a foster family for five years and spent two years in an orphanage before being adopted by a couple in Rochester. His parents then adopted two more boys from South Korea.

Throughout their childhood, he and his brothers had a fairly diverse group of friends, and their father, a professor of Japanese history, cooked Korean food and took the kids to Korean restaurants. At the end of high school, when his parents asked Benjamin if he would like to go to Paris or Seoul for his graduation, he picked Paris. ''I grew up as an American,'' said Hauser, who wears a small earring and has spiked hair that juts out in several directions. ''My parents are Caucasian. I didn't identify as Korean. I wasn't mature enough to realize I could explore that side.'' Before moving to Seoul, he never had an Asian girlfriend. ''It was part of my feeling of wanting to be white.''

Ten years ago, when he was working as a manager at Otis Elevator Company in Albany, he realized ''this job would be the rest of my life -- and something was missing.'' He remembered his goal when he was in the orphanage -- to return to the dairy farm where he lived with his Korean family. (He later learned that it was his foster family; he has never found his birth family.)

But he feared that searching for his Korean roots was a betrayal of his adoptive parents. ''I thought they might say, 'We were the ones who took care of you; why do you feel like you need to look for your foster family?'â€‰''

Eleana Kim, the author of ''Adopted Territory,'' says it's a common anxiety among adoptees who often dread ''coming out'' to their parents -- whether it's in the form of birth-family searches, returning to birth countries or criticizing the adoption system.

In Hauser's case, his parents were not upset. ''I was mostly worried that he might get hurt,'' his mother, Susan Hauser, told me, referring to adoptees who can't find their families or discover the families don't want to be found. ''But he was an adult, and it was his decision.'' She and her ex-husband also supported his move to South Korea. Benjamin's father, William Hauser, said: ''I understand how parents feel it's a rejection, but I don't feel it at all. In a sense I'm much closer to him since he's been in Korea.'' He and Susan Hauser are in a tiny minority of parents who visit their children each year -- their son Zack also lives in Seoul, where he's a chef.

Instead it was Benjamin's middle brother, Aaron, who was offended -- at least at first -- by how much his brother loved South Korea. ''I thought Ben's Korean pride diminished his American pride,'' he told me recently. That changed when Aaron visited Seoul, took Korean classes and hung out with Benjamin's friends. He realized that spending more time there made him feel ''more Korean,'' and that was gratifying.

Though Benjamin and his brothers feel close to their parents, many adoptees told me that closeness isn't the only relevant issue. ''It's not just about me and my personal experience,'' said Amy Mihyang Ginther, a voice coach who wrote and starred in a one-woman play that she performed in Seoul and other cities, taking on personas of adoptees and birth mothers.

Growing up near Albany, Ginther attended playgroups with other Korean adoptees and culture camp, which she loved. When Ginther was bullied in school -- kids called her Chinese and Japanese and said her parents couldn't be her ''real'' parents -- her adoptive mother came to speak to the class about Korean culture and adoption, with Amy as her co-teacher. But her love for her parents didn't keep her from longing to connect to her birth family and to South Korea. In 2004, she reunited with her birth mother (her adoptive father came with her on the trip). Then two years later, she visited again, living with her birth family for a month. (Her Korean mother was so protective, she barely let her outside the house.) In 2009, she moved to South Korea and has lived there on and off since. Ginther, who is 31, now sees her birth mother about every other month in Seoul or in her birth mother's hometown, Gimcheon, a couple of hours south of the city.

''My life in the United States, no matter how good it was,'' she told me one day over lunch, ''never made up for my omma's grief.'' As Ginther understands the story, her parents were struggling financially when she was born, the youngest of three daughters. Her father told her mother that he would leave her if she didn't relinquish Amy. (He later left anyway.) ''Her choice,'' Ginther said of her birth mother, ''was no choice at all.''

Adoptees, of course, also had no choice, and many resent the idea that they should simply be grateful -- that they are somehow better off than they otherwise would be. As Trenka writes in her memoir, ''The Language of Blood'': ''How can I weigh the loss of my language and culture against the freedom that America has to offer, the opportunity to have the same rights as a man? How can a person exiled as a child, without a choice, possibly fathom how he would have 'turned out' had he stayed in Korea? How many educational opportunities must I mark on my tally sheet before I can say it was worth losing my mother? How can an adoptee weigh her terrible loss against the burden of gratitude she feels she has for her adoptive country and parents?''

As I talked to dozens of adoptees in Seoul about what drew them back, the conversation, inevitably, shifted to what might push them to leave. For many, the experience of living in Seoul veers between warm familiarity and occasional alienation. (A different version of growing up as an Asian adoptee in a white family in the United States.) ''Korea is home,'' Amanda Eunha Lovell, told me. ''But it's not one I'm completely comfortable in.''

Lovell, who is 36, teaches English to elementary-school children and is a graduate student working on a documentary about adoptees returning to South Korea. She grew up in Ipswich, Mass., and has lived in Seoul for six years. She has an advantage over many adoptees: She speaks Korean fairly well, which makes her feel more at home. But like every other adoptee, she has had to adjust to different social norms, including Koreans' well-intentioned bluntness, especially when it comes to women: How old are you? Are you married? Are you tired? Why don't you wear more makeup?

Lovell doesn't know if she'd be willing to raise children in South Korea, with its hypercompetitive school system. In addition, many women told me that they may leave because of the dearth of romantic partners. Male adoptees have it easier -- they are seen as more masculine than they are in the United States -- and live in a ''frat culture,'' as one woman told me, filled with drinking and a wide choice of women: adoptees, other expats and ''Korean Koreans,'' as native Koreans are called.

Lovell was one of the very few female adoptees I heard about with a Korean boyfriend. He's a musician who tells her he is ''not a typical Korean guy.'' Still, ''he scolds me, saying, 'You should be doing this,'â€‰'' she said, imitating a paternal voice. Laura Klunder also pointed out the various ways gender roles are ingrained in daily life: Female adoptees are often viewed as masculine when they wear clunky shoes and carry their own bags of groceries -- a sharp contrast to the young Korean women in high heels, short skirts and meticulously applied layers of makeup. Koreans also consider it unladylike for women to smoke in public. And if a handyman arrives at a woman's apartment to fix something, he will often ask to speak to the husband. ''In the U.S., I feel my race,'' Lovell said. ''Here I feel my gender. This is what it must have been like in the United States during the 'Mad Men' era.''

For many adoptees, those cultural divides -- coupled with the fact that they can't speak the language, a frustrating and often heart-wrenching obstacle in their own birth country -- solidifies the feeling that they hover in between: not fully American, not fully Korean. Instead, they live in a third space: Asian, Western, white, adopted, other. It's a complicated place but not always a bad one. ''I am, maybe, in a way, proud of my in-betweenness,'' Lovell recently wrote me in an email.

It is a space I expect my children will share with Lovell, and with so many other adoptees. Both of my daughters' birth families and their roots tug on their hearts. If they eventually decide to live in the countries of their birth mothers for a year or five years or more, I hope to support -- even encourage -- them. If living there fills some void, creates some peace, fosters a sense of belonging, how could I not want that for them?

In the years ahead, I also expect my kids will have tough questions for me. Perhaps they will ask why my husband and I thought we were equipped to raise a child of a different race. My youngest may ask why we chose international adoption. Did we understand its failures? Did we do anything to fix them?

I hope to answer without defensiveness -- and with candor and empathy. I hope, too, that I remember two things may be true simultaneously: Our daughters' love for us and their need to question why and how we became a family.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/01/18/magazine/why-a-generation-of-adoptees-is-returning-to-south-korea.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/01/18/magazine/why-a-generation-of-adoptees-is-returning-to-south-korea.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Laura Klunder in Seoul. She had her adoption case number tattooed on her arm. (MM31)

Jane Jeong Trenka and Luke McQueen, who were raised by adoptive parents in the United States, now live with their daughter in Chungbuk Province. (MM33)

Benjamin Hauser near the farm in Daegu where he lived as a foster child until he was about 5. (MM35)

Amanda Eunha Lovell, center, in Hongdae, close to where she attends a graduate program at Hongik University. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK NEVILLE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM36)

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[***The Radical Vision of Toni Morrison***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:621K-5K41-DXY4-X515-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Highlight:** At 84, she sits comfortably as one of the greatest authors in American history, even as her uncompromising dream for black literature seems farther away than ever.

**Body**

Not too long ago, [*Toni Morrison*](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2021/books/best-toni-morrison-books.html) sat in the small kitchen attached to the studio where she was recording the audiobook for her newest novel, “God Help the Child,” telling a roomful of strangers stories that I will never forget. The studio, a small, refurbished barn in Katonah, N.Y., was more than a hundred years old, but only a few rustic touches remained, like a sliding barn door and knotty pine floors. A solid kitchen table had been laid with fresh fruits, muffins and tins of jam. Beams of sunlight reflected off the blindingly white snow outside the glass window. A young woman from Random House kept mentioning her sunglasses, how it was bright enough to wear them inside. Everyone giggled at her nervous chatter, but they seemed to be mostly laughing at her brave attempt to make small talk in the presence of Toni Morrison.

The only person not bothered by the glare and the room’s awkward giddiness was Morrison herself, who sat at the head of the table, in a thin, black linen caftan, a wool beret and with a sizable diamond ring on one hand. Morrison wears her age like an Elizabethan regent or a descendant of Othello via Lorain, Ohio. Long before we met, I read that she could be impervious at times, coquettish at others. What was evident that day in Katonah was that had she so much as lifted a finger, every person in the room — the studio’s director and his engineer, her P.R. person from Knopf, her publisher and two young women from the audiobooks division of Random House — would have stopped what they were doing to ask if they could assist. Not because she required it, but because the unspoken consensus was that the person who produced the 11 novels that Morrison has written, the person those books came out of, was deserving of the fuss.

It takes a long time to record a book. Many authors use actors. But that’s not how Morrison hears her own sentences, so she does these tedious sessions herself. That day, she would go into a narrow, low-lit booth, carrying a small pillow for her back, sit down and read from her new book for hours. We followed along in the control room, listening to her barely-a-whisper voice read from a chapter called “Sweetness”: “It’s not my fault. So you can’t blame me. I didn’t do it and have no idea how it happened.”

The hours went by. “Toni,” the director said at one point through his microphone, “can you do that sentence over? Can you pronounce ‘tangerine’ with more emphasis on the ‘rine?’ ” Sometimes her voice dipped down too low to be heard. “Toni,” he would say, “let’s do that part over again.”

It was a long day. Some people can’t do it, can’t sit in that dimly lit sarcophagus-like space and read. Others who have recorded there have kept the door open because the booth was too confining. But Morrison was in absolute calm, as if this dark space and her own words were a nest of language and she was perfectly at home. Because of how she was positioned, I couldn’t see her; I could hear only her voice. Purring and soft. Dulcet. A faint noise coming from within the darkness.

During her breaks, Morrison would take her place at the table, and within minutes she was surrounded. Did she want the heater closer? Did she want tea? As a defense against our smothering neediness, she tried to preserve herself, the private person inside the author, by telling us stories. My mention of New Orleans prompted her to tell a tale that she heard from a friend that must be passed along. It goes like this: There was once a man who lived in New Orleans. A city that is like no other place in this country. Now, this man’s name was Big Lunch, and folks called him that because he was known for always coming around midday and asking for whatever food people had to spare. He put that food in his pockets, in his coat, in his pants, and when that food went bad, he didn’t mind. You could smell this man coming around even when he was blocks away because he never bathed. And of course, over time all that food and dirt began to crust and that crust caked over his skin. Somehow or other, Big Lunch got into an accident, and when they got him to the hospital, they washed him. They washed all of his dirt and crust off. All of it. But as days passed, instead of getting better, Big Lunch began to get sicker, sicker, until finally one day he took his last breath and died. “Because,” she said, looking intently at me with a smile that had nothing to do with anything funny, “those people didn’t know that all of that crust was what had been keeping him alive.”

Morrison is a woman of guardrails and many boundaries; she keeps them up in order to do the work. The work “protects,” she told me. “It’s a serious protection: emotionally, even intellectually, from the world.” Journalists from Europe and elsewhere call these days, one after the other, and they try to be coy, but she can tell what they really want to know. “They are just calling to see when I’m going to die.” She laughed and said: “So I’ll play it up a bit and say, ‘Oh, today my arms hurt, my chest is sore.’ Because, me? I’m not going anywhere soon.”

She wasn’t too interested in her 84th birthday, she said, until President Obama’s office called the other day to plan a lunch. When she told us this, oohs and aahs went around the room. Someone asked her where she was going to have it. “Huh,” she said, as if this were the silliest question ever posed. “At their house! At the White House!” Of course. “Well, actually, it isn’t a lunch; it is a dinner, and they said, ‘Now, Toni, this will be very informal, don’t put yourself out, you can even wear jeans if you like.’ ” She paused and shook her head slightly, saying to no one in particular: “Jeans! I’ve never worn jeans in my life, and I’m certainly not going to wear them to the White House. I mean.” Then she sighed. As if she couldn’t even explain it all to us, because we wouldn’t get it. Like we wouldn’t get how far she had come.

In 1984, Morrison was a single mother and a novelist with four books to her name, three of which — “The Bluest Eye,” “Sula” and “Song of Solomon” — are now considered classics. She had recently stopped working as an editor at Random House and published the essay “Rootedness: The Ancestor as Foundation” in an anthology. The essay in many ways articulated the terms that would define her writing. She noted that the novel “has always functioned for the class or the group that wrote it.” The novel that concerned itself with black Americans was remarkable and needed, she wrote, because it accomplished “certain very strong functions,” now that “we don’t live in places where we can hear those stories anymore” and “parents don’t sit around and tell their children those classical, mythological archetypal stories that we heard years ago.” The black novel was important because it could “suggest what the conflicts are, what the problems are,” not necessarily as a means of solving them but as a way of recording and reflecting them.

For years, dozens upon dozens of prominent black writers — people like Amiri Baraka, Maya Angelou, Jayne Cortez, Nikki Giovanni and John Edgar Wideman — were in orbit with one another. Some of these black writers had no formal affiliations, but many others organized themselves under efforts like Baraka’s Black Arts Movement, where they could share the duty of not only making art but also writing themselves into the world. They were not just producing poems, plays and novels, they were also considering the obligations of their specific genre — black literature — and its defining aspects and distinct functions. We no longer connect Morrison to that earlier, loosely defined constellation of black writing, but she was there, and she was there long before she was a novelist. During the years that she worked at Random House, she published books by Muhammad Ali, Henry Dumas, Angela Davis, Huey P. Newton, Toni Cade Bambara and Gayl Jones, whom she discovered in the 1970s. Jones’s manuscript was so impressive that when Morrison read it for the first time, uppermost in her mind, she once wrote, was “that no novel about any black woman could ever be the same after this.” It was Morrison who helped promote Ali’s book and who once hired members of the Fruit of Islam to work security for him. She also [*reviewed a biography of Angela Davis*](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2021/books/best-toni-morrison-books.html) for The New York Times in 1972, slamming the author for being “another simpatico white girl who felt she was privy to the secret of how black revolutionaries got that way.”

And when the poet Henry Dumas went to his death, the way so many black boys and men do, it was Morrison, who never had a chance to meet him and published his work posthumously, who sent around a book-party announcement that was part invitation, part consolation, which read: “In 1968, a young black man, Henry Dumas, went through a turnstile at a New York City subway station. A transit cop shot him in the chest and killed him. Circumstances surrounding his death remain unclear. Before that happened, however, he had written some of the most beautiful, moving and profound poetry and fiction that I have ever in my life read.”

Two years after Dumas’s death, Morrison published her first novel, at 39. In many ways, she had prepared the world for her voice and heralded her arrival with her own editorial work. And yet the story of Pecola Breedlove, a broken black girl who wants blue eyes, was a novel that no one saw coming. Morrison relished unexpectedness. The first edition of “The Bluest Eye” starts Pecola’s story on the cover: “Quiet as it’s kept, there were no marigolds in the fall of 1941. We thought, at the time, that it was because Pecola was having her father’s baby that the marigolds did not grow.”

Morrison’s work, since she published that first novel, has always delivered a heavy load. Her books are populated by both history and the people who are left out of history: a jealous, mentally ill hairdresser with a sharp knife (“Jazz,” 1992); a man who as a child suckled at his mother’s breast until those in the community found it odd (“Song of Solomon,” 1977); an enslaved woman, who would rather slice her own daughter&#39;s neck than let captivity happen to her (“Beloved,” 1987); and a destitute little girl, belly swollen with her father’s child, holding a Shirley Temple cup, desperate to have Temple’s bright blue eyes (“The Bluest Eye,” 1970).

On one level, Morrison’s project is obvious: It is a history that stretches across 11 novels and just as many geographies and eras to tell a story that is hardly chronological but is thematically chained and somewhat continuous. This is the project most readily understood and accepted by even her least generous critics. But then there is the other mission, the less obvious one, the one in which Morrison often does the unthinkable as a minority, as a woman, as a former member of the ***working class***: She democratically opens the door to all of her books only to say, “You can come in and you can sit, and you can tell me what you think, and I’m glad you are here, but you should know that this house isn’t built for you or by you.” Here, blackness isn’t a commodity; it isn’t inherently political; it is the race of a people who are varied and complicated. This is where her works become less of a history and more of a liturgy, still stretching across geographies and time, but now more pointedly, to capture and historicize: This is how we pray, this is how we escape, this is how we hurt, this is how we repent, this is how we move on. It is a project that, although ignored by many critics, evidences itself on the page. It has allowed Morrison to play with language, to take chances with how stories unravel and to consistently resist the demand to create an empirical understanding of black life in America. Instead, she makes black life — regular, quotidian black life, the kind that doesn’t sell out concert halls or sports stadiums — complex, fantastic and heroic, despite its devaluation. It is both aphorism and beyond aphorism, and a result has been pure possibility.

Often, in black literature, it seems as though the author is performing two roles: that of the explorer and the explainer. Morrison does not do this. Morrison writes stories that are more aesthetic than overtly political, better expressed in accurate Tolstoyan detail than in generalizing sentiments blunted with anger. Most important, she is an author who writes to tease and complicate her world, not to convince others it is valid.

“What I’m interested in is writing without the gaze, without the white gaze,” she told me. “In so many earlier books by African-American writers, particularly the men, I felt that they were not writing to me. But what interested me was the African-American experience throughout whichever time I spoke of. It was always about African-American culture and people — good, bad, indifferent, whatever — but that was, for me, the universe.”

In 1842, Charles Dickens, at the time one of the greatest authors writing in English, took a steamboat trip across Lake Erie. He was most excited to see Niagara Falls. While waiting for the boat in Sandusky, Ohio, he lamented that he wanted to be getting along with his trip and was apparently uninterested in passing through the next town, Vermilion, or seeing the small curve of land that would one day be Morrison’s birthplace, Lorain. Dickens concluded that “their demeanor in these country parts is invariably morose, sullen, clownish and repulsive. I should think there is not, on the face of the earth, a people so destitute of humor, vivacity or the capacity of enjoyment. It is most remarkable. I am quite serious when I say that I have not heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own; nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man’s.”

When I first read this, I wondered for days who this merry black man was who was so remarkably different from the other Ohioans that Dickens encountered. Did this merry man know his difference warranted a mention from Dickens himself? Did this merry man read? At the time of Dickens’s visit, 19 years before the Civil War, there were laws that prohibited black enslaved people from being taught to read or write. Was it even possible for Dickens to imagine that within a leap of a hundred years a girl would be born there who would become one the few people who could relate to his lofty position as one of the greatest writers ever to live? We will never know the thoughts of this particular merry man, but his appearance in Dicken’s travelogue almost presages the novels of Morrison, novels that have ensured that lives like his are no longer merely passing mentions in another man’s notes.

She wasn’t born Toni Morrison. She had to become that person. She was born Chloe Wofford in 1931. Her parents, Ramah and George Wofford, were Southerners who came to Ohio at the beginning of the 20th century. She grew up hearing about how her mother’s father, John Solomon Willis, a violinist, often had to leave his wife and family behind on a farm in Greenville, Ala., to go to Birmingham to make money. Morrison recalled that her grandmother, Ardelia Willis, realized as the months passed that the white boys in the area were “circling,” meaning her girls were getting toward that age. And when she saw white boys out in the yard, she knew what was up. This image and her grandmother’s way of speech have stayed with her: “I like the way she said ‘circling,’ ” Morrison told me. After sending a message to her husband that they could no longer stay put, Morrison’s grandmother took her children in the dead of the night and got on the first train they could find that would take them away.

When Morrison’s father was 14 or 15, two black businessmen who lived on his street were lynched in succession, and afterward, he left the South and by a circuitous route headed to Ohio. Morrison said: “He never told us that he’d seen bodies. But he had seen them. And that was too traumatic, I think, for him.”

One of the most important things she remembers about her father, she told me, is “how much he hated white people. Once I saw him throw a white man down the stairs, because he thought he was coming — I think the guy was drunk — but still he was coming up the stairs, and my father thought he was after his girls, so he picked him up and threw him down the stairs and threw our tricycle after him.” She wrote about this incident in an essay for this magazine in 1976, and concluded that even though she was very small when she witnessed it, it taught her something key: “that my father could win” and “that it was possible to win.”

But Morrison didn’t grow up, she said, “with that particular kind of alarm or fear or distrust of white people, personally.” She described Lorain as a place where “immigrants were everywhere, Italians and Polish people and Jewish people and black people. Some of them came down from Canada. So I never lived in a black neighborhood, and the schools were mixed, and there was one high school. And also we played together.”

The Woffords were not well off. They just worked hard. There was a railroad that ran through Lorain, and when she was little, her father used to take her and her sister, Lois, out to collect fallen bits of coal as the train trembled by. I didn’t tell her that when I once drove through Lorain, with the big sky looking, as she once wrote, “carnival” over the flat, Midwestern expanse, it seemed like a place perfect for an imaginative child — a keen observer, a relentless reader whose mind was full of her mother’s ghost stories, visions of Russian dachas from Tolstoy, and Moorish princes from Shakespeare and poor-orphan fairy tales from Dickens — to come up with characters of her own.

Life in Lorain taught Morrison a few things that were to set her apart when she went off to Washington, D.C., to study literature at Howard University. The first was that she never would be the sort of person who would be roped in by self-satisfied, self-segregating celebrations of blackness as something unimpeachable. Morrison was raised to compete on broader stages, with people from all walks of life, and she wasn’t used to thinking of white people as the estranged other. At Howard, she wanted to write a term paper on the role of black people in Shakespeare, but her professor thought it was “low-class” to read and research black life. It also made her uneasy and deeply disappointed that at Howard, skin color worked as a caste system. This was something she had only read about, and she found it off-putting and silly. But in Washington, she also encountered for the first time lunch counters she could not sit at, fountains she could not drink from and stores where her money was simply no good. The confines of the campus acted as a space of blessed comfort. She simply could not take segregation seriously. “I think it’s a theatrical thing,” she told me. “I always felt that everything else was the theater. They didn’t really mean that. How could they? It was too stupid.”

After college and graduate school at Cornell, Morrison eventually returned to Howard to teach. She married. She had a son, and then while she was months into her second pregnancy, her marriage fell apart. She decided to go back to Lorain to figure out what would come next. In the back pages of The New York Review of Books, she saw an editing position at the textbook division of Random House. She applied and got the job. With two young sons, Morrison moved to Syracuse and started to work in the completely foreign industry of editors, agents and writers.

The perplexing but wonderful thing about Morrison’s career is just how much her prominence was created not by the mainstream publishing world, but by Morrison herself, on her own terms, in spite of it. The French literary theorist Pascale Casanova suggests in her book “The World Republic of Letters” that all literature is a kind of a cultural battleground where dominant forces routinely crush the stories of those who are the underdog. “Literary space is not an immutable structure, fixed once and for all in its hierarchies and power relations,” Casanova writes, adding that “even if the unequal distribution of literary resources assures that such forms of domination will endure, it is also a source of incessant struggle of challenges to authority and legitimacy, of rebellions, insubordination and, ultimately, revolutions that alter the balance of literary power and rearrange existing hierarchies.”

In 1988, a collective of 48 black writers and intellectuals [*published and signed a statement*](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2021/books/best-toni-morrison-books.html) in The New York Times, upbraiding the publishing industry for its “oversight and harmful whimsy” toward Morrison and James Baldwin. “Despite the international stature of Toni Morrison, she has yet to receive the national recognition that her five major works of fiction entirely deserve: She has yet to receive the keystone honors of the National Book Award or the Pulitzer Prize,” they wrote. “It is a fact that James Baldwin, celebrated worldwide and posthumously designated as ‘immortal’ and as ‘the conscience of his generation,’ never received the honor of these keystones to the canon of American literature.” “Beloved,” they said, was Morrison’s most recent gift to our community, our country and our national conscience. They refused to stand by as it was snubbed by the National Book Awards. “Beloved,” they felt, had finally given expression to “a universe of complicated, sweetly desiring, fierce and deeply seductive human beings hitherto subsumed by, hitherto stifled by, that impenetrable nobody-noun: ‘the slave.’ ”

Two months later, Morrison was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. A few years after that, she won the Nobel Prize. She is still, 20 years later, the only living American laureate for literature. The last time one was awarded to an American-born writer was in 1962 to John Steinbeck. And yet in their act of defiance, these 48 black letter writers had observed a truth that the fact of Morrison’s awards cannot alter: that they were working within a culture that fundamentally wasn’t interested in them and they therefore had recognized what the establishment at large had refused to; that, now and then, writers of color must struggle to merely tread water in a sea of what another Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, Junot Díaz, described to me as “the unbearable whiteness” of American literature.

This is a problem even for Morrison. She is often discussed in terms of her audience, the older black women who fan themselves with her book covers at her readings, the teenage girls who sigh on buses and trains while reading “Sula” for class, the young male rappers who have interpolated lines from “The Bluest Eye” into their songs. It is this audience that her critics dismiss derisively, suggesting that Morrison panders to them, with long, poetic sentences and stories about broken black women. It is also true that a sizable portion of her audience simply looks like her, in a world where black Americans, and people of color in general, are still perceived to be nonreaders. But of course Morrison, rather than feeling marginalized or slighted by that criticism, takes delight in it. In [*an interview for The Paris Review*](https://www.nytimes.com/interactive/2021/books/best-toni-morrison-books.html), she said: “I would like to write novels that were unmistakably mine but nevertheless fit first into African-American traditions and, second of all, this whole thing called literature.” She added: “It’s very important to me that my work be African-American. If it assimilates into a different or larger pool, so much the better. But I shouldn’t be asked to do that. Joyce is not asked to do that. Tolstoy is not. I mean, they can all be Russian, French, Irish or Catholic, they write out of where they come from, and I do too.” It is a reply that stumps her interviewer. First African-American, she asks her, as if Morrison had stuttered. Yes, Morrison replies. Rather than the whole of literature she asks. “Oh, yes,” Morrison replies.

This was a radical idea. Morrison wanted to not only broaden the tastes of the industry, she also wanted to change the fate of a literary culture that had to either diversify or die. She told me that the books she edited and wrote were her contribution to the civil rights movement. By publishing black geniuses, she was also forcing the ranks of the big publishing houses and the industry to become more hospitable to her point of view, to the idea that a black writer could write for a black audience first and still write literature. She was more humanist than nationalistic, more visionary than didactic, but to some extent her editorial work was political. “We don’t need any more writers as solitary heroes,” Morrison said in her 1981 keynote address at the American Writers Congress. “We need a heroic writer’s movement: assertive, militant, pugnacious.”

What we know now is that the inclusive, empowered revolution that Morrison raised a battle cry for has failed to come to pass. Over the last decade or so, a righteous assault on the hegemony that exists in American literature has come to the fore. Suddenly, the old guard’s oft-repeated line that people of color don’t read, that they don’t submit, that their work isn’t up to snuff was being widely and publicly debunked by workshops run by programs like Kimbilio, Voices of Our Nation Arts Foundation and the Asian-American Writers’ Workshop. But what has remained more elusive is the part that Morrison figured out as an editor: What happens after the workshop and the head count? How do people change an establishment? How do people change an industry?

Morrison serves as a totem for so much of this energy. It is not just that her writing is singular; her efforts to change the lay of the land have also been singular. Junot Díaz recalled to me that seeing Toni Morrison on the cover of Time was revelatory for him as a young writer for this exact reason. “At that moment,” he said, “you could feel the demographic shift, you could feel in the ’90s what the future was going to be and when you look at the literary world now, and it’s almost like that future was never realized. The literary world has tripled down on its whiteness.” When I asked him to explain, he said: “Well, if you think about what the colors and faces and the backgrounds of our young people are in all of our public schools, and then you look at the writers who this society valorizes, the disconnect is intergalactic. It’s almost as if they saw the future in the Time cover and said, ‘Well, we’ve got to make sure to get Franzen on the cover as a prayer against, or an attempt to exorcise, that imminent future.’ ”

Later, at home, after having spent time with Morrison and rereading “Beloved” and “God Help the Child” back to back, an embarrassing thing happened to me: I felt a knot in my throat that then became heavy sadness. My tears disabled me, and I found them inscrutable. Something hurt. Slowly I recognized what was behind my crying: fear and worry. I was worried about what will happen to the stories. For decades Morrison has reflected back to us what it’s meant to be on the other side of this country’s approved history. When young white men again sing songs about lynching black men without being able recall who taught them those songs, and the hateful origins of the N-word are erased by a convenient amnesia to allow its constant use by outsiders, who will tell the stories we don’t tell ourselves? When we still have to assert that we matter, when African-Americans represent an estimated 1 percent of those working at the big publishing houses, when women and writers of color have to track how seldom they are given chances to tell their stories and when the publishing industry fails to support or encourage this generation’s writers of color in any real or meaningful way, a dangerous reality is possible. What will happen to the next generation of authors who are writing from the margins?

The lobby of Random House is full of old books displayed inside towering glass cases. There is a worn cookbook by Escoffier; “No Exit,” by Sartre; “Moby-Dick,” by Melville; “Invisible Man,” by Ralph Ellison. Prominently centered is an early edition of “Song of Solomon,” by Morrison. I had come to see Chris Jackson, the executive editor at Spiegel &amp; Grau, an imprint of Random House, and one of the roughly five or six black senior editors in America with a position at a major publishing company.

Jackson’s office is full of books by the authors he has published: Victor LaValle’s acclaimed novels, Mat Johnson’s “Pym,” Eddie Huang’s “Fresh Off the Boat” and Bryan Stevenson’s “Just Mercy.” Jackson is in his mid-40s, wears glasses with clear plastic frames and has a graying beard. He has the contemplative look of a person who has spent most of his life reading. His desk is cluttered with magazines like The New Yorker and The Atlantic, marked drafts and a picture of his young son. Above his desk, I spied two copies of “The Black Book,” an anthology edited by Morrison and published in 1974 that was an iconoclastic, archival look at black life in America. Among all the books that Morrison championed and shepherded at Random House, “The Black Book” stands out as a strange and singular creation and one that vividly captures her notion of writing and publishing from within the black experience, without the white gaze. It is a book that works almost like a scrapbook of black life in America: a collection of photographs, illustrations, and essays. It contains quotes from the poet Henry Dumas and cartoons of sambos carrying watermelons, along with pictures of pretty black centerfolds and stories about runaways who made their break for freedom and found it.

I asked Jackson if he thought that “The Black Book” opened the parameters of people’s perception of what black literature would look like at Random House. He paused. “It’s hard to say, because I can’t speak authoritatively on the publishing scene in the 1970s,” he said. “But I think that at that time there weren’t, and today there aren’t, a lot of black editors. Editors were looking for black literature that felt like a commentary on black life, and she was doing books that were about the kind of internal experience of being black, just like the books she writes are.” He added, “I think white editors at that time, and even today, are mostly looking for black writers working in whatever mode happens to be selling at the time; either that, or writers who were writing out of protest,” he said.

As he spoke, I flipped through his first-edition copy of “The Black Book,” because I had never seen it before. He noticed my distraction and said: “ ‘The Black Book’ is not exactly a celebration of black life. It is a gathering together of artifacts. It’s a sort of way of witnessing black life, but, again, it does feel like it’s coming from the perspective within the black community. It’s not like an anthropological book at all. It’s almost a family history in a way. Again, I think that points to the difference in her perspective.”

Jackson is a diplomatic person, and I could see him thinking when I asked him about the biases of the industry. For example, how when Morrison became the first black woman to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1993, there were those who asked if she deserved the award. “The literary community is not free of the prejudices of larger society, to put it nicely,” he said. “In some ways, it’s less representative of the racial diversity of America than almost any industry I know. I feel like black literature, black art, has always been put in a separate category. I think there’s always been a lot of surprising and enduring lack of full respect in certain quarters about the fact that Toni Morrison, with ‘Beloved,’ wrote the best American novel published probably in my lifetime, and it was written about a subject that Americans don’t like to talk about or are incapable of talking about in a lot of ways.

“But I do think the resentment, part of it, is that the self-conscious literary establishment is a clubby kind of world where everyone is like, ‘Well, this is not the person who’s my person, who represents me,’ and the literary world in America is filled with people who are represented by white men or white women. I mean, there are almost no people in literature represented by a black woman, right?” Right, I said. Right.

It was still winter, but the day had spring undertones, a good deal of sun and now a pink evening sky that I could see through the slots of the skyscrapers. Across the way, I could see a dance class that was in session, a row of arms in flight. Yellow taxis scuttled down below like beetles. The building directly adjacent to his office seemed to be a hotel, and someone was turning down the sheets. It was one of those moments in which New York feels timeless.

Jackson walked me out to the elevator and for some reason, as I passed the row of offices, I began to self-consciously whisper. It was the end of the workday, and the elevator stopped on almost every floor. A tired, older woman with frizzy gray hair got on and smiled. A middle-aged man held the door for his co-worker. They all looked like nice people, bookish people, people I might know in the city. Two younger women got on, holding tote bags full of books, as most young people in this scene do. They smiled at me too. I did not feel any different from them or think twice about myself, until I got to the lobby, where I realized that the only black or Latino people I had seen that afternoon besides Jackson were the security guards in the lobby. Unless, that is, you counted Toni, Ralph and Maya peering down at me from those glass cases, immortalized in what seemed like a distant past.

The last afternoon I spent with Toni Morrison was at her loft in TriBeCa. It was one of the biggest apartments I have seen in the city. Large, evocative, abstract paintings by her deceased son, Slade, hung on most of the walls. There were built-in white bookcases that stretched up to the ceilings, and here and there were solid but elegantly carved pieces of antique furniture: a drafting table in the foyer, a long table for dining. Set among the plush tan, white and cream sofas and chairs was an oak coffee table. It was a steel-gray winter Monday morning, and through the windows, the bridges in the distance looked as if they were held up by land masses made of sleet and ice. Morrison sat smoking with one of her closest friends, a petite white woman named Eileen. I bummed a cigarette, and the three of us sat over coffee, our smoke spinning in the air, up toward the view of Lower Manhattan.

Because Morrison is read the world over, she is perceived to be a known quantity. She has an audience, she has awards. She is a black woman who writes about black people. Many people cling to her for this, but just as many think she has written herself into a literary ghetto. In 2008, the novelist Charles Johnson, author of “Middle Passage,” said, “I don’t want to say she’s beating a dead horse, but she probably feels more comfortable writing about that period as opposed to something more contemporary.” But he added, “I do think clearly that slavery-era stories and segregation-era stories are stories about the past.”

Admittedly, the contemporary still scares her, Morrison told me, with a slight shudder. It is a pace that she doesn’t quite understand. That said, the criticism that she only writes about the distant past no longer flies. “Love” and “God Help the Child” are each set in the 20th century. The new book is a fable-like novel about a well-to-do beauty executive, Bride, who lives in a modern-day California. In it, Morrison asks the reader to consider what happens to children who can’t forget the torment of an excruciatingly painful childhood. Bride has to connect to others and see past the ways she has busied herself pointlessly with other people’s baggage in lieu of becoming something of her own making. Even though Bride has capitalized off her blackness and her beauty, to become complete, she has to go much deeper and lose all of the symbols and the trappings.

The novel is an expression of all the ways that Morrison remains skeptical of quick fixes and easy answers. “Having been eliminated from the lists of urgent national priorities, from TV documentaries and the platitudes of editorials, black people have chosen, or been forced to seek, safety from the white man’s promise,” she wrote in the 1976 Times essay. “In the shambles of closing admissions, falling quotas, widening salary gaps and merging black-studies departments, builders and healers are quietly working among us.” That piece was written long ago, but Morrison still seems to be fighting for higher stakes, whether she admits it or not. She sees that my generation is ready to push back again, but she knows well that slogans don’t create change; she has written often about the emptiness of superficial reform and has said that “the killing of young black men has never changed all that much, with or without hoodies.”

In 1993, when Morrison received the Nobel, she told a folk tale that she has since told often. It is the story of an old female writer who is accosted by an angry mob of young people. Doubting her wisdom, they demand that she tell them something relevant. They ask her to tell them how to cope with being marginalized, while “having no home in this place. To be set adrift from the one you knew, to live at the edge of towns that cannot bear your company.”

Sitting in her apartment, I realized that every time we talked, I was just like one of those demanding young people. There was some part of me that wanted Morrison to play Moses and descend down the mountaintop and tell me what my generation should do next, how we might change these circumstances that we face. But for some reason Morrison would not to do this.

Which didn’t mean she wouldn’t speak her heart. She told me about the people she adores fiercely: her son, Harold Ford, and her granddaughters. And her sister, Lois, whose name she says like a prayer. (When I asked Morrison if she and Lois were close, I got an eye roll that was so sharp it chopped down the question and me. “My sister?” she finally said. “I need her.”) She told me about the unexpected thrills that can occur only late in one’s life, like changes in power that you never expected: Pope Francis, for example, or Michelle Obama. “Michelle,” she said with a smile that extended to places more important than just her face, “is one of the biggest brains in this country.”

“You think?” I asked her, not doubting her assessment but merely wanting a bit more. “Oh, I know,” she smiled, refusing to reveal a thing.

She marveled at the ways of being that people have let go of, that mystify her. When she found out that I had never slept on ironed sheets, her mouth hit the floor. “Do you make your bed every morning?” Rarely, I said. “Well, how do you get in it?” she asked. “I don’t know, I just straighten the duvet and get sort of comfortable in the tangle and climb in.” She groaned. I told her that my mother said there was nothing in the world like ironed sheets. “Your mother is right,” she said. “There is nothing in the world like ironed sheets.” She remembered a trip down South, when her host put her sheets out to dry on the jasmine bush — or was it a frangipani tree — and then ironed them. “Oh,” she said, inhaling deeply as if the sheets were still in her hands, “it was a sleep like no other. I’ve never had anything like it since.”

But when I asked her over and over what we could do to make sure our stories were not silenced, I didn’t get much. All she would tell me was that a good story is one that ends with what she called “the acquisition of knowledge.”

When I finally left Morrison’s apartment, she was about to get on the phone with Lois, to ask after her well being and her day in Lorain. Her sister had not been doing well, she was in the hospital, and I watched Morrison’s hands tremble as she took the call. Immediately I felt a deep shame. I had spent hours with Morrison, accosting her with questions, thinking about her, observing her, and yet for the first time I understood Morrison was a person with real human concerns. Suddenly I felt greedy and excused myself in a hurry. How silly of me to think that she should provide me with an answer to the old woman’s riddle, to not see all the ways Morrison has given of herself.

On my way out, she graciously said that I should call her if I had any more questions. And even though I later sent her clips of Kendrick Lamar through her assistant, because she got excited when I told her that his work reminded me of Joyce’s “Dubliners” but set in Compton, I never spoke to Morrison again.

From time to time though, I still think about her. Usually, what comes to mind during those moments is her last book, “Home.” In it, Morrison cemented the fact that her interest in history and looking back has hardly been a vain, nostalgic project. Instead, she mined what came before so it could be applied to the present, applied, perhaps, to the person who feels diminished or the readers who need to be reminded that they cannot easily turn their back on this country’s inherited history, and those who are not like them. “Who told you you was trash?” the old women of Lotus, Ga., asks the protagonist in “Home.” This is a question not just for her character but for anyone who has been listening to Morrison’s entire unforgettable liturgy: Who told you? And why did you believe?

Rachel Kaadzi Ghansah is a contributing writer for the magazine. She has written for The Paris Review, Bookforum, Transition, Rolling Stone and The Believer, in which she published a profile of the comedian Dave Chappelle that was a finalist for a National Magazine Award last year.

PHOTOS: Toni Morrison at her home in Grand View-on-Hudson, N.Y. (PHOTOGRAPH BY KATY GRANNAN) (MM38-MM39); On the cover of Time in 1998. (PHOTOGRAPH FROM TIME MAGAZINE, JAN. 19, 1998, TIME INC. USED UNDER LICENSE) (MM40); Morrison receiving the Presidential Medal of Freedom from Barack Obama in 2012. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LEIGH VOGEL/WIREIMAGE) (MM41); A compilation of black culture, edited by Morrison and published in 1974. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JENS MORTENSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM42); Morrison in 1970, during her time as an editor at Random House. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD GOTFRYD/GETTY IMAGES) (MM43)

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By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** GRIMETHORPE, England, April 16

**Body**

The turnoff for this South Yorkshire mining town with the Dickensian name comes up shortly after an election billboard on the main road saying, "Britain is booming."

The ruling Conservatives put the sign up and it was about as far as they felt comfortable venturing toward this forlorn place. The residents of Grimethorpe are solid ***working class***, resentful of the Tories for having shut down their coal pits and long loyal to the party with the name that sounded familiar to them, Labor.

Now, though, Labor has refashioned itself as "New Labor" and it is conducting a campaign for the May 1 national election aimed at wooing the beneficiaries of the boom with promises of low taxes and limited government spending. The targets are the voters of prospering Middle England. None of them live here.

This is the Britain that got left behind by the boom and is now being left out of the campaign. The new Laborites are just as scarce in places like Grimethorpe these days as the old Conservatives.

"The Labor Party isn't on the side of the working people anymore," said Ken Capstick, 55, a former miner and union official. He recalled that Tony Blair, the reformist leader of New Labor, paid a visit in December to celebrate the victory of the local member of Parliament in a by-election and was gone in 15 minutes. "His footwork was so fast I thought he was Lionel Blair," Mr. Capstick said, referring to a popular British music hall dancer.

The boom has come at the cost of aggravating two divisions in British society, one between the rich and the poor, the other between the south and the north. And Grimethorpe, northern and poor, is at the bottom end of both equations, neglected and invisible in the current national debate.

Places like these -- the ghettos of reinvigorated urban centers and downtrodden rural villages near affluent towns all over Britain -- suffer from a shortage of jobs and an abundance of drugs and crime.

People here will most likely vote Labor, if they bother to vote at all.

As you head toward Grimethorpe, you leave behind the Britain accurately portrayed by the boastful placard, a country whose restored civic centers, suburban shopping malls and leafy bedroom communities attest to the robustness of its recovering economy under the Tories.

Success is even in the air. Sheffield, the regional capital that was long a soot-blackened steel town, now claims the cleanest atmosphere of any industrial city in Europe.

Enter Grimethhorpe, however, and the roadside offers a different set of signals. There are red-brick row houses with their windows and doors boarded up and clutches of middle-aged men idling on the main street and in the parking lot of the Red Rum pub. The vast hillside sloping off to one side is covered with weeded-over crushed concrete and rusted cables.

An outspoken report from the Council of Churches for Britain and Ireland called "Unemployment and the Future of Work" chastised the political parties last week for ignoring what it called the growing problems of poverty, unemployment and social exclusion.

"When so many are living in poverty and unemployment, it is wrong to give priority to the claims of those who are already well off," the document said. "None of the political parties has put forward a program which offers much real hope of improvement to those in greatest need."

Though the report was supported by all church denominations and compiled by high-profile clerics and well-known economists, it did not attract lasting attention after its publication on April 8 because it prescribed a remedy of increased taxes, worker organization and government spending that no political party in post-Margaret Thatcher Britain will go near.

Prime Minister John Major and his Conservatives are campaigning on their success in reviving the country's economy, and Mr. Blair's Labor Party is saying it will preserve the gains and continue the progress by not raising personal income taxes for five years and not exceeding current Tory spending limits for two years.

"I keep hoping that the Labor Party is trying to grab the votes of the two-thirds and get them to pay attention to the other third," said Mike West, head of the church Industrial Mission office in Sheffield. "It's my only cause for optimism."

Speaking to a gathering at the Tinsley Methodist Church in suburban Sheffield, Gabrielle Cox, one of the authors of the report, said: "We once had a shared sense of decency and compassion, but it doesn't seem to be anything you can appeal to any longer. Bring this subject up, and we British act like someone got sick on the carpet. We get terribly embarrassed, and we look the other way."

If poverty and unemployment go unnoticed in the political debate, they are also being disguised in government statistics. A recent study by Sheffield Hallam University's Center for Regional Economic and Social Research suggests that Britain's unemployment statistics vastly understate the scope of the problem by leaving out people who claim benefits under a category known as "permanently sick." Britain's unemployed, the report estimates, actually number 3.95 million instead of the officially recognized 1.8 million, or 14.2 percent instead of 7.1 percent.

The researchers said this explained a phenomenon here in which industries shrink their work forces radically but the unemployment figures remain static. "In parts of the North -- like the coalfields -- official rates have barely reacted to the disappearance of formerly dominant employers," the report said.

The Grimethorpe Colliery was shut down in 1993, one of last networks of underground tunneling to be capped with concrete in a government pit-closing program that left only 100 strip and deep mines with 15,000 workers in an industry that immediately after the war counted 1,500 mines and 700,000 employees. Since 1985, 230,000 mining jobs have been lost.

The workers were the hard men of British industry, reviled by many for their union militancy and romanticized by others for their endurance in the face of the danger their hellish working conditions posed to their health and their lives and for the fervid family spirit of the embattled pit communities like this one.

The coal industry entered terminal decline in the 1980's, victim of an economic move to natural gas and a political move away from the ideological activism represented by the mining unions.

"Everyone's heart and soul was in that pit," said Danny Gillespie, 53, a hearty six-footer in jeans and flannel shirt who followed his father into the mines when he was 15 and saw his own job and those of his wife and 16-year-old son end with the shutdown here four years ago. "The closing tore apart every family in this village. They just left people to sit in their house to die."

Maggie Loy, a job-search tutor with the Barnsley Metropolitan Borough Council, said: "People tend to think about the men, but don't forget the women. Many of them were laid off too, and there were lots of divorces and lots of women just leaving, just disappearing."

Mr. Gillespie decided that at 49 he stood no chance of finding new work. "They said computers were the thing to do," he said, splaying his large hands before him. "These fingers of mine are a little thick for that." He became one of the "permanently sick," a man in good working condition who does not work and who also doesn't show up on the unemployment rolls.

There are hundreds of such people in Grimethorpe because no new jobs have opened up here and there is no regular transportation available to places where there might be jobs. The Hallam Sheffield University report said male unemployment in the overall Barnsley area was 28.7 percent. David Parry, a 45-year-old former miner who is the research officer of the Barnsley office of the Coalfield Communities Campaign, said male unemployment in Grimethorpe itself was estimated to be as high as 85 percent.

Of particular concern to the residents is the loss of opportunities for the young and the habits they have picked up in idleness.

"They want to replace their old clothes so they nick clothes off the lines," said Ken Hancock, 44, a miner for 26 years who now runs the Red Rum, where his wife Gail has long worked behind the bar. "They need money for drugs so they knock over shops in town. They're out on the streets at 3 in the morning."

The boarded-up houses all carry signs saying, "Keep Out: Heating System Removed," to try to persuade youths not to break in, trying to find copper wires to sell.

"Grimethorpe now has a reputation as a place where thieves live," Mr. Gillespie said sadly of the town that was a short time ago known for its neighborliness.

"Understand," said Mr. Parry, "the idea that anyone within 5,000 miles of Barnsley would be using heroin was completely unheard of."

There are 60 million tons of known workable coal entombed here. "I can name 11 seams of coal right here where we're standing," Mr. Gillespie said. Grimethorpe also had the world's largest Pressurized Fluidized Bed Combustion generator, considered the cleanest and most efficient commercial method of producing coal-fired electricity. It was closed in 1991 and demolished in 1992.

The British Government said in November that it was going to create an agency with a one-third public and two-thirds private mix to raise $1.6 billion during the next 10 years for the renewal of 56 former British Coal locations. The only activity thus far has been the placement of the group's posters at the sites.

Mr. Parry looked out over the rolling green Yorkshire hills and said, "If you want to find empty fields of rubble, just look for signs for the English Partnership."

**Graphic**

Photo: Ken Hancock, left, manager of the Red Rum pub in Grimethorpe, said idle young people there had turned to crime. He talked with David Parry, a research officer with the Coalfields Communities Campaign. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. A6)

Map of England showing location of Grimethorpe: Grimethorpe lacks jobs but has an abundance of drugs and crime. (pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** April 22, 1997

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**Body**

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art. A searchable guide to these and many other art shows is at nytimes.com/events.

Museums

American Folk Art Museum: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Oct. 18) On July 26, 1969, a group of young Latinos stood on stage of the band shell in Tompkins Square Park, in the East Village, and declared the founding of the New York branch of a revolution-minded political party called the Young Lords. Its purpose was to gain social justice for New York's ***working-class*** Latino population, then largely Puerto Rican and treated with contempt by the city. Most of the people on stage that day were recent college graduates well-versed in leftist political theory. To gain the trust and cooperation of the grass-roots communities -- concentrated in the East Village, East Harlem and the South Bronx -- they knew they needed to get their feet on the street, and they wasted no time. They cleaned up neighborhoods; battled for health care; and created spaces for art and music. Spread over three institutions, "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. Through Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Oct. 17 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

? Brooklyn Historical Society: 'Personal Correspondence: Photography and Letter Writing in Civil War Brooklyn' (through spring 2016) Symbolically, the Civil War ended when Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant in the spring of 1865. For many people who lived through it, though, the war never ended at all, and it lives on in letters sent to and from the battlefield. Thousands of these ended up half-forgotten in attics and bureau drawers; a small stash comes to light in this exhibition that consists of just one little room with a lot in it -- including letters, Civil War souvenirs and explanatory texts -- with everything as readily accessible as if in a well-packed suitcase. 128 Pierrepont Street, near Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights, 718-222-4111, brooklynhistory.org. (Cotter)

? Brooklyn Museum: 'Jean-Michel Basquiat: The Unknown Notebooks' (through Aug. 23) In this sparkling if sometimes arcane exhibition, the contents of eight notebooks, supplemented by several paintings and large drawings, trace the evolution of Basquiat's loquacious pictorial style. Time spent with the catalog enhances the experience. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) Describing herself as a ''visual activist,'' the South African photographer Zanele Muholi is dedicated to increasing the visibility of black lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex people with notable international success. Her stark black-and-white photographs often respond to the violence inflicted on those groups. But the exhibition also includes colorful photographs of same-sex weddings that are radiant, both with African sunshine and irrepressible joy. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Frick Collection: 'Leighton's ''Flaming June''' (through Sept. 6) ''Flaming June,'' by Frederic Leighton (1830-1896), a masterpiece of Victorian painting, has come to New York for the first time in more than 35 years, for a solo turn at the Frick. Anyone who's ever perused books of late-19th-century British art will instantly recognize the idyllic image of a young woman in a sheer, incandescent orange dress curled up in sleep on piles of drapery on a marble bench, with a sunstruck Mediterranean in the distance. She's particularly memorable for her disproportionately large right thigh. The painting is languorously beautiful and an exceptionally interesting artifact of Victorian consciousness. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Johnson)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) This outdoor rooftop exhibition is about time. The main attraction is a massive fish tank containing a curious assortment of objects, animate and inanimate. As if by magic, a boulder of lava floats in the water, its top rising a bit above the surface. A couple of inches below is a mound of sand around which are swimming little brown eel-like lampreys and bright orange Triops cancriformis, or tadpole shrimp, two species thought not to have evolved in millions of years. Elsewhere on the roof, a boulder of Manhattan schist, the material that forms the bedrock for many New York City skyscrapers, represents geological duration. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'China: Through the Looking Glass' (through Sept. 7) Designed to illustrate the influence of Chinese culture on Western fashion, this visually extravagant exhibition fills both the basement-level Anna Wintour Costume Center and the Chinese galleries on the second floor, and claims a repurposed Egyptian space in between. In terms of real estate, it's one of the museum's largest shows ever. And it feels that way, exhaustingly so, with acres of objects, photographs, film clips and apparel punched up by sound-and-light special effects. In a way, it's all just fashion business as usual, the product of a culture that speaks a language of overkill. In this case, though, a smaller, better show is all but buried: a nuanced historical essay on cultural hybridity, the mixing of styles and ideas over space and time that leaves every culture equal to every other culture in its creative impurity. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (through Sept. 20) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Paintings by George Stubbs from the Yale Center for British Art' (through Nov. 8) A rare sighting in New York: eight paintings by the inimitable English painter George Stubbs (1724-1806). They include two of his best racehorse pictures, with their stunning precision of anatomy, portraiture, landscape space and interspecies psychology. Four other paintings follow two men through a day of shooting small game and the fifth shows the gentle killing of a wounded doe at a hunt's end. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Reimagining Modernism: 1900-1950' (continuing) One of the greatest encyclopedic museums in the world fulfills its mission a little more with an ambitious reinstallation of works of early European modernism with their American counterparts for the first time in nearly 30 years. Objects of design and paintings by a few self-taught artists further the integration. It is quite a sight, with interesting rotations and fine-tunings to come. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Warriors and Mothers: Epic Mbembe Art' (through Sept. 16) If a dozen masterpiece Renaissance sculptures, done in an unknown and wildly unorthodox style, suddenly turned up in the Italian countryside, the find would make the news. You'll encounter the equivalent of such a discovery in this show of spectacular weatherworn, wood-carved figures, some dating to before the 17th century, that were made by the Mbembe in southeastern Nigeria and taken to Paris by an African dealer in the early 1970s. They caused a sensation among collectors and scholars at the time, and you can see why. But the effort to find more of them proved fruitless. The examples at the Met, which include the original dozen, represent all the fully intact stand-alone Mbembe figures known to exist. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

MoMA PS1: Simon Denny: 'The Innovator's Dilemma' (through Sept. 7) A hyperactive multimedia extravaganza by this Berlin-based artist takes down irrational exuberance about new technologies with sardonic verve. Along the way, it indirectly damns the high-end art market's own inflationary mania. If Mr. Denny doesn't get to the bottom of what's causing the sociopathology infecting both industries, his show is certainly a good conversation starter. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

? MoMA PS1: 'Wael Shawky: Cabaret Crusades' (through Aug. 31) Some of the most vivid depictions of a war in the Middle East aren't on television news these days. They're in the local solo debut of the Egyptian artist Wael Shawky at MoMA PS1. Called ''Cabaret Crusades,'' it's made up of three sequential films set in the distant past, beginning in the 11th century when European armies marched eastward to claim the Holy Land. The story is one of almost unremitting violence, and the scenes of battle, torture and execution are appalling to see, which is a surprise, considering that all the actors are marionettes, some of which are on view in the gallery, and an extraordinary sight they are. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Cotter)

MoMA PS1: 'Samara Golden: The Flat Side of the Knife' (through Aug. 31) Standing at a railing where you look into the museum's two-story-tall Duplex Gallery, you behold a confoundingly complicated interior architecture with furniture, stairways, musical instruments, wheelchairs and many other domestic items rendered in silvery, foil-clad foam board. The gallery's floor is covered by a grid of large mirrors so that everything is doubled. What you think is up may really be down, and what you take to be real might be a virtual reflection of the real. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

MoMA PS1: 'Im Heung-soon: Reincarnation' (through Sept. 10) The South Korean artist and director, who won the Silver Lion at this year's divisive Venice Biennale, presents his latest work: an exquisitely filmed, if somewhat jumbled, meditation on the enduring traumas of armed conflict. One video screen features Vietnamese women who suffered at the hands of the Korean army during the Vietnam war; the other follows women in Tehran who lost children during the Iran-Iraq war. Though the connections between the two conflicts finally remain somewhat obscure, ''Reincarnation'' hangs together thanks to Mr. Im's striking cinematography and inventive approach to documentary -- he intermingles historical footage with fictional reenactments and bold non-narrative sequences, such as a woman's long black hair swallowed up in a flowing sand dune. 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Jason Farago)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (through Sept. 20) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (through Sept. 20) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'One-Way Ticket: Jacob Lawrence's Migration Series and Other Visions of the Great Movement North' (through Sept. 7) In the early 20th century, tens of thousands of African-Americans left the rural South for the industrial North in search of jobs, homes and respect. Officially, this MoMA show is meant to mark the centennial of that immense population shift, though it also marks another anniversary: the first time in two decades that all 60 paintings in Jacob Lawrence's great ''Migration Series,'' now divided between New York and Washington, have been shown together at the museum. Here they are surrounded by period photographs, books and fabulous music in a display as stimulating to the mind and the ear as it is to the eye. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Scenes for a New Heritage: Contemporary Art from the Collection' (through April 10) MoMA's latest installation of works from its permanent collection fills the second-floor contemporary galleries with videos, installations, sculptures, drawings, prints and photographs produced by more than 30 artists during the past three decades. It's an uneven, haphazard selection, but leaving artistic quality aside, its unusually optimistic-sounding title inadvertently raises a large and intriguing question: At a time when contemporary art seems to be spinning its wheels, what could a new heritage be? 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

Museum of Modern Art: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Martha Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: 'Design and Violence' (continuing) Described on the museum's website as a ''curatorial experiment,'' ''Design and Violence'' was and is an exhibition that exists almost entirely on the Internet. The show includes pictures, descriptions, essays and discussions about design objects used for violent purposes, including the AK-47 rifle, animal slaughter systems, bullets, plastic handcuffs and graphics depicting everything from refugee migration to incarceration demographics to violent video games. It's a heavy and heady gathering of information that leans at times toward a symposium rather than an exhibition, but remains grounded in innovative objects that have made -- or could make -- a cultural impact. Online at designandviolence.moma.org; 212-708-9400. (Schwendener)

Museum of Modern Art: Zoe Leonard: 'Analogue' (through Aug. 30) Ms. Leonard's ''Analogue,'' a vast suite of photographs installed across three walls of the MoMA's atrium, is an affectingly plangent update of Social Realist photography. Produced between 1998 and 2009, its 412 images -- 342 color, 70 black and white -- catalog examples of low-end commerce from New York to Africa, indirectly but evocatively representing the human toll of corporate globalization. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

? Museum of Modern Art: 'Yoko Ono: One Woman Show, 1960-1971' (through Sept. 7) In 1971, Yoko Ono gave herself an imaginary solo show at MoMA by means of a few cut-and-paste photographs and some strategically placed newspaper advertisements. More than 40 years later, the real thing has come to pass and it was worth the wait. Enhanced by films and a soundtrack, the show is largely archival, with lots of works on paper, including the 151 hand-typed note cards that, in 1964, became ''Grapefruit: A Book of Instructions and Drawings,'' and demonstrate how radical this artist's early experiments with language and performance were. A 2015 sculpture rounds things out. Sure to put you off balance, it's a reminder of what a wake-up-to-life call that art can be, a message that this underestimated artist has been delivering for years. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Activist New York' (continuing) With a focus on activist tactics from the 17th century to the present, this exhibition -- designed by the firm Pentagram -- is a room-size onslaught of sensory stimulation, complete with videos, graphics and text. Told through 14 ''moments'' in New York activism, it includes a facsimile of the Flushing Remonstrance (1657), a petition for religious tolerance given to Peter Stuyvesant, director-general of the settlement, as well as contemporaneous objects, like a Dutch tobacco box, a Bible and ''Meet the Activists'' kiosks adjacent to each display, which identify activist groups working in the present. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Schwendener)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Sept. 7) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-1996), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through Nov. 29) Handwritten Bob Dylan lyrics, well-strummed guitars from Lead Belly, Judy Collins and Odetta, concert posters, Sing Out! magazines, video from a raucous protest over banning folk singers from Washington Square, the street sign from Gerdes Folk City and plenty of songs on headphones evoke idealism and ambition in ''Folk City.'' The exhibition explores how New York City became a magnet for and a champion of rural styles and then the center of a pop-folk movement, from leftist ''people's music'' efforts in the 1930s and '40s, and the Red Scare reaction, to the civil rights rallies, coffeehouses and hootenannies of the folk revival at its peak. The tangle of tradition and change, earnestness and pop machinations are on view, along with the makings of a legacy that roots matter and a song can change the world. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Jon Pareles)

Neue Galerie: 'Gustav Klimt and Adele Bloch-Bauer: The Woman in Gold' (through Sept. 7) With the spring release of the movie ''Woman in Gold,'' which is about the restitution of some Nazi-looted paintings by Gustav Klimt to their rightful heir, the most celebrated of those works, the predominantly golden ''Adele Bloch-Bauer I'' (1907), was brought back into the media spotlight after its 2006 purchase by Ronald S. Lauder for $135 million, then the highest price paid for a painting. This small show features the portrait along with eight other Klimts and an assortment of jewelry and decorative objects typifying the luxurious lifestyle of Adele and Ferdinand Bloch-Bauer, the art collectors who commissioned it. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Johnson)

? Neue Galerie: 'Russian Modernism: Cross-Currents of German and Russian Art, 1907-1917' (through Aug. 24) This lively, scattershot exhibition of about 70 paintings and works on paper forms an indispensable introduction to Russian modernism's figurative beginnings and its ties to German Expressionism. That many of the Russians are unknown compensates for the unevenness of their work and for a selection of abstract pieces that feel tacked on. The German works, while outnumbered, look great. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Albert Oehlen: Home and Garden' (through Sept. 13) This fantastic, overdue show skims too lightly over three decades of painting -- from 1983 to 2011 -- as the artists moved from Neo-Expressionist self-portraits to his latest abstractions, in which irony is replaced by a semblance of anguish. In between: some of the first (and best) forays into painting by computer, and a group of canvases whose sublime abandon obliterates elaborate computer-built images. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (through Sept. 20) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation -- who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: 'Art as Activism: Graphic Art from the Merrill C. Berman Collection' (through Sept. 13) This show offers a selection of 71 posters from the 1930s to the '70s that show the role visual art has played in political and protest movements in the United States. Drawn from the singular collection of Merrill C. Berman, an investor from Rye, N.Y., they offer a rich alternate history of the last century, one you probably didn't learn about in your American history textbooks. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org.(Schwendener)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'After Midnight: Indian Modernism to Contemporary India, 1947/1997' (through Sept. 13) This large group exhibition of South Asian-born artists is really two shows, a focused one of modernist painting from roughly the time of Independence in 1947 through the 1970s, and a larger, somewhat haphazard selection of multimedia work from the past few years. The best way to approach the second part is one artist at a time, and there are some fine ones, from Atul Dodiya and Dayanita Singh of an older generation, to Prajakta Potnis and Sreshta Rit Premnath of a younger. The placement of films by Nikhil Chopra around the museum's grand New York City panorama makes for a win-win installation. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an special sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Chelsea

Elmer Bischoff: 'Figurative Paintings' (through Sept. 12) During the heyday of Abstract Expressionism in the 1950s, a number of painters in San Francisco turned away from abstraction and back to representational painting, thereby founding what came to be known as Bay Area Figuration. Elmer Bischoff (1916-1991) was one of the leaders of the movement. This show reveals a visionary, unabashedly romantic painter working under the influences of Edward Hopper and Albert Pinkham Ryder. He created images of poetic nostalgia and spiritual yearning grounded in robustly applied, richly sensuous paint. George Adams Gallery, 525-531 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-564-8480, georgeadamsgallery.com. (Closed Aug. 15 through 31.) (Johnson)

Galleries: SoHo

? Robin Rhode: 'Drawing Waves' (through Aug. 30) Though now based in Berlin, the South African artist returned to Johannesburg to paint a mural of abstract waves on a rundown street. The suite of 16 photographs here documents the mural in progress, but instead of holding a brush, Mr. Rhode has a surfboard, and in a fine bit of urban slapstick he keeps trying to surf the breakers he's just painted. This small but potent exhibition continues the artist's engaging mixture of drawing and performance, notably via a wall-spanning work completed by local public school students, who wielded giant oil crayons to illustrate the waves that carried the ships of the Dutch East India Company to the Cape of Good Hope. As a video here shows, the children were more than game -- when a pair of them try to draw a dark blue wave near the bottom of the wall, they drop the crayon and collapse onto the floor. Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street, SoHo, 212-219-2166, drawingcenter.org. (Jason Farago)

Galleries: Other

' ''The Last Party'': The Influence of New York's Club Culture: Mid-70s to Early '90s' (through Aug. 23) This lively, messy scrapbook of a show uses photographs, videos, paintings and a recreation of the Mars Bar, the famous dive that became a tourist attraction, to look back on a downtown scene of gleeful debauchery. Art isn't well served, but it's fascinating to peruse the scores of photographs of Andy Warhol, Deborah Harry, David Byrne, Lou Reed, Mick Jagger, Elizabeth Taylor, the Ramones and many other luminaries hanging out in places like Studio 54, CBGB and Max's Kansas City. It's like flipping through back issues of People magazine. WhiteBox, 329 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-714-2347, whiteboxnyc.org. (Johnson)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through April 2016) People with small children likely will enjoy Mr. Hein's three-part show. If it's a hot day, the kids will rush to be drenched by ''Appearing Rooms,'' which has water spouting up unpredictably from a square platform of metal grating. Youngsters as well as grown-ups also may be fascinating by the perceptually confounding ''Mirror Labyrinth NY,'' which consists of mirror-surfaced planks of stainless steel in varying heights planted in the grass in a spiral formation. Meanwhile, guardians can rest on one of 16 fanciful, shocking orange park benches while their young charges clamber about on the furniture's surrealistically altered parts. Brooklyn Bridge Park, 334 Furman Street, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, publicartfund.org. (Johnson)

Out Of Town

? Lynda Benglis: 'Water Sources' (through Nov. 8) The most compelling temporary exhibition at Storm King Art Center in recent years focuses on a heretofore unfamiliar but important dimension of Ms. Benglis's distinguished career: creating working fountains. The show's main attraction is a quartet of gorgeous fountains rising from temporary, circular pools embedded in the lawn outside the center's home building. Two of them have abstract forms suggesting psychic monsters surging up from unconscious depths. The others feature flower shapes stacked into majestic columns. 1 Museum Road, New Windsor, N.Y., 845-534-3115, stormking.org. (Johnson)

Bruce Museum: 'Walls of Color: The Murals of Hans Hofmann' (through Sept. 6) This small but substantial and exuberantly colorful exhibition is the first to examine the four projects for mosaic murals that the Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) tackled in the 1950s. Only two were executed, but the paintings and collages Hofmann produced in preparation for them sharpened his signature clash of contrasting abstract styles, expanded his scale and set the stage for his last, and best, paintings. 1 Museum Drive, Greenwich, Conn., 203-869-0376, brucemuseum.org. (Smith)

? Clark Art Institute: 'Van Gogh and Nature' (through Sept. 13) ''Nature is very, very beautiful here,'' van Gogh wrote to his younger brother Theo in the summer of 1890, a few weeks before he took his own life. He was referring to the vistas of forests and grain fields surrounding the town of Auvers-sur-Oise northwest of Paris. He had written almost identical words in other letters, from other places, over the years. Natural beauty was the first thing he noticed wherever he went, and this show of some 50 paintings and drawings, on loan from American and European museums, is filled with his images of it, from early, twilit Dutch landscapes, to sumptuous floral still lifes, to exquisite late drawings of insects and birds. They add up to one of this summer's choice art attractions; a low-key big deal. 225 South Street, Williamstown, Mass., 413-458-2303, clarkart.edu. (Cotter)

Dia:Beacon: Robert Irwin: 'Excursus: Homage to the Square³' (continuing) A walk-in maze with walls of white scrim lit by color-filtered fluorescent tubes, Mr. Irwin's ''Excursus: Homage to the Square³'' had its debut in 1998 at the Dia Center for the Arts in Chelsea. It was so popular that the curators elected to keep it on view a year longer than its originally planned run. It's reincarnation here is similarly transporting, if not as thoroughly as the original was. But to experience it at Dia:Beacon along Minimalist works by other artists that encourage heightened perceptual attention to the here and now is as spiritually calming as it is historically illuminating. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Johnson)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) While she is probably best known for having been Willem de Kooning's wife, Elaine de Kooning had an interesting life and career of her own. Indeed, if an enterprising filmmaker wanted to make a romantic biopic evoking the New York artworld from the rise of its bohemian avant-garde in the 1930s and '40s through the pluralist era of the '70s and '80s, he or she could not find a more suitable subject than Ms. de Kooning. Adding up to a collective portrait, this show's 18 paintings and drawings include four outstanding self-portraits by the artist herself along with works by Mr. de Kooning, Fairfield Porter, Hedda Sterne and Alex Katz. Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center, 830 Springs-Fireplace Road, East Hampton, N.Y., 631-324-4929, sb.cc.stonybrook.edu/pkhouse. (Johnson)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through Jan. 24) For its 50th anniversary, this museum has brilliantly thread together work from two sources: its own holdings in African material and the Camille O. and William H. Cosby Jr. collection of African-American art. The Cosby collection, weighted toward canonical figures like Romare Bearden and Charles White, will bring in the crowds, but it is the curators and museum itself, which is in a period of renaissance, that have made the show rise well above predictability. Smithsonian Institution, 950 Independence Avenue SW, Washington, 202-633-4600, africa.si.edu. (Cotter)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Discovering the Impressionists: Paul Durand-Ruel and the New Painting' (through Sept. 13) This terrific exhibition presents more than 90 Impressionist paintings, including many that haven't been seen in the United States in decades or ever, all of which passed through the hands of Paul Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who put Impressionism on the international map. The paintings alone will make the show a popular draw. But it's the tale of Durand-Ruel's long and hugely influential career, richly detailed in the exhibition catalog, that makes this something more than just another crowd-pleaser. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Smithsonian American Art Museum: 'The Artistic Journey of Yasuo Kuniyoshi' (through Aug. 30) The first American survey in decades of the Japanese-American painter emphasizes his efforts of the 1920s, distinguished by their singular synthesis of American folk art, Asian art and European modernism. But throughout it reveals an artist open to influence yet always true to his own sensibility whose his life, art and times fuse with instructive clarity. Unfortunately, the show will not travel. Eighth and F Streets NW, Washington, 202-633-7970, americanart.si.edu. (Smith)

Last Chance

'Anthems for the Mother Earth Goddess' (closes on Friday) This provocatively plaintive show of temporary murals and a sculptural installation is the gallery's last exhibition at this location. Kevin Sampson's visionary ''Fruit of the Poisonous Tree'' protests almost everything about modern society, including the recent deaths of young black men at the hands of the police. In bright, sharply outlined colors, Chris Doyle's ''Everhigher'' depicts an absurd utopia of high-rise residential buildings. Peter Fend proposes a pragmatic idea: He has diagramed a submarine that would turn ocean biomass into methane fuel. Andrew Edlin Gallery, 134 10th Avenue, near 18th Street, Chelsea, 212-206-9723, edlingallery.com. (Johnson)

'Bonsai #5' (closes on Friday) This exquisitely calibrated group show honors Roger Brown, the Chicago painter whose ''Virtual Still Life'' series occupies the gallery's larger space (at 630 Greenwich Street). It centers on Mr. Brown's 1997 painting ''Bonsai #5, Literati (Bunjing),'' joined for the occasion by paintings and sculptures by Peter Halley, Kenneth Price, Carol Bove, Diana Simpson and Alex da Corte. Engaging crosscurrents about art-making, craft and much else abound. Maccarone, 98 Morton Street, at Washington Street, West Village, 212-431-4977, maccarone.net. (Smith)

Françoise Grossen (closes on Friday) This small, excellent retrospective of Ms. Grossen's work from 1967 to 1991 offers plenty of examples of how fiber artists broke, as Ms. Grossen once said, with the ''rectangle'' and the ''wall.'' ''Sisyphe'' (1974), a magnificent sculpture made of rope and laid out on a low platform, is reminiscent of elaborately braided hair or masses of coiled rope on a ship's deck. Works from her ''Metamorphosis'' series (1987-90) are suspended from the ceiling like hanging nets or carcasses with exposed skeletons. All of these demonstrate what Ms. Grossen could achieve, working almost exclusively with knotted and braided rope. Blum & Poe, 19 East 66th Street, at Madison Avenue, Upper East Side, 212-249-2249, blumandpoe.com. (Schwendener)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Fatal Attraction: Piotr Uklanski Photographs' (closes on Sunday) A small but succinct survey of the multimedia bad-boy artist's polymorphous relationship to photography shows him constantly changing scale, film and printing methods while exploring the medium's ability to startle, seduce and become generic. He appropriates, imitates and pays homage as he goes, regularly invoking his Polish roots. Don't miss the large photo-banners in the museum's Great Hall or the massive fiber-sculpture monument to the eye and to insatiable looking. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Van Gogh: Irises and Roses' (closes on Sunday) Art is long, but color can be brief. That's the message conveyed by this concentrated, juicy show. Reuniting four biggish floral still lifes painted in under a week, it affirms the artist's ability to give flowers the presence of portraits. And, using the latest digital means, it also examines the changes wrought by an orange-scarlet that faded over time. Enjoyable and edifying. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? 'Margaret Morton: A Retrospective' (closes on Saturday) This photographer's primary subject since the late 1980s has been the homeless population of New York City -- men, women, children and animal companions who live in public parks, empty lots, train tunnels, doorways and on the street. In Ms. Morton's pictures their poverty is plain, but so is their ingenuity and resilience in creating conditions of survival and community. Her view isn't romantic in either direction of uplift or despair; it's an act of realistic witness, which is crucial as the city continues to grow criminally rich at the top, leaving more and more people stranded at the bottom. Leica Gallery New York, 670 Broadway, near Bond Street, NoHo, 212-777-3051, us.leica-camera.com/leica-lalleries. (Cotter)

Ebecho Muslimova (closes on Saturday) Ms. Muslimova draws funny, wordless cartoons of a lovably goofy, corpulent alter ego called Fatebe. Deftly outlined with fine brushes in sinuous, black ink lines on snowy white pages, Fatebe always appears naked and with an expression of popeyed surprise in all sorts of awkward and confounding situations. She's a performance artist in ''Fatebe Floor Piece,'' in which she's cutting a splintery circle in a gallery's wooden floor, using her head like a jigsaw. Room East, 41 Orchard Street, at Hester Street, Lower East Side, 212-226-7108, roomeast.com. (Johnson)

? 'George Ohr Pottery: No Two Alike' (closes on Friday) Ohr (1857-1918) dubbed himself ''the Mad Potter of Biloxi,'' but the 50 bowls, cups, vases and pitchers in this stunning exhibition testify to a creative sensibility much different from his bumptious public persona. They are marked by an exquisite delicacy of touch, a subtle sense of humor, an extraordinary formal sophistication and a Picasso-like inventiveness. Craig F. Starr Gallery, 5 East 73rd Street, Manhattan, 212-570-1739, starr-art.com. (Johnson)

Ruth Root (closes on Friday) Ms. Root's new works are paradoxically more minimal and yet more opulent than her earlier paintings. Each one is composed of two parts: a digitally printed fabric shape designed by Ms. Root and a plexiglass component covered with enamel and spray paint. The two parts are connected by simple folds, like origami or a cardboard box, and hung from grommets on the wall. The real difference in the new works, however, is that Ms. Root has unleashed a firestorm of patterns, deftly harnessing art history and vernacular culture to shift the narrative of abstract painting, just a little bit. Andrew Kreps Gallery, 537 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-741-8849, andrewkreps.com. (Schwendener)

Michael Smith: 'Excuse me!?!...I'm looking for the ''Fountain of Youth'' ' (closes on Friday) The current show includes heraldic banners with half-finished Sudoku puzzles, photographs of trips to theme parks, a ballet with Baby Ikki (Mr. Smith's signature character), and a fountain made of handblown glass that mimics the mundane office water cooler. Honed over a long career, Mr. Smith's work is still heavy on irony and postmodern ennui -- but it also channels the dissonant sensation of being alone in an overpopulated world, coupled with a cultivated infantile artistic response to the insanity of ''adult'' society. Greene Naftali, 508 West 26th Street, Chelsea, greenenaftaligallery.com, 212-463-7770. (Schwendener)

? 'Virtual Still Life' (closes on Friday) The 11 paintings here belong to a series that Roger Brown, the Chicago Imagist, produced in the mid-1990s. Each features a luminous, pastoral landscape sparely dotted by silhouetted, Lilliputian figures. Each also has a shelf jutting out from the bottom of the canvas on which cups, vases, ashtrays and other pieces of vernacular pottery are displayed, as if on a windowsill. There's a surprising sense of harmony between the physically here-and-now and the further reaches of imaginative vision in these beautiful works. Maccarone, 630 Greenwich Street, at Morton Street, West Village, 212-431-4977, maccarone.net. (Johnson)

? 'What Nerve!: Alternative Figures in American Art, 1960 to the Present' (closes on Friday) A lavish challenge to postwar American art history's focus on New York, abstraction and Conceptual art brings to the fore the exemplars of California Funk, Chicago's Hairy Who and Detroit's Destroy All Monsters, with, as tacked-on tail, the Forcefield collective from Providence, R.I. ''What Nerve!'' presents excellent early works and ephemera all around, and much fertile ground for fresh curatorial thought. Matthew Marks Gallery, 502, 522 and 526 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Smith)

Stanley Whitney (closes on Sunday) A group of five little-seen paintings, scores of works on paper and small oil studies from the 1990s illuminate the painter's path to recent works on view at the Studio Museum in Harlem. They also reveal a keen and versatile talent for drawing, as well as Mr. Whitney's relentless exploration of color, mark-making and the grid. Karma, 39 Great Jones Street, between Lafayette Street and Bowery, East Village, 917-675-7508, karmakarma.org. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/14/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-14-20.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/14/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-aug-14-20.html)

**Graphic**

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Enraged Filmgoers: The Wages of Faith? - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BK7-BRB0-01KN-212W-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

THE advent of Mel Gibson's "Passion of the Christ" has brought with it a controversy that seems, at least at first glance, familiar, even ritualistic. Once again a filmmaker has brought his interpretation of Scripture to the screen and once again, before most audiences have had a chance to see the picture, there are expressions of outrage, accusations of bigotry and bad taste, and an outpouring of contentious publicity. This feeling of deja vu could lead a perplexed observer to echo the words that Pope John Paul II may or may not have uttered upon seeing Mr. Gibson's film: "It is as it was."

Well, it is and it isn't. Hearing the charges of prejudice and persecution bouncing back and forth between Mr. Gibson's critics and his partisans, I can't help but recall the knot of quietly praying picketers I walked past 20 years ago to purchase a ticket for Jean-Luc Godard's modernized gloss on Jesus' birth, "Hail Mary," a film whose nudity was taken, sight unseen, to be blasphemous.

And I also recall the images from 1988 of demonstrators protesting Martin Scorsese's screen adaptation of Nikos Kazantzakis's "Last Temptation of Christ," a movie that some of the largest theater chains in the country refused to screen and that Blockbuster Video declined to stock on its shelves. There was also, more recently, the outcry in 1999 over Kevin Smith's theological gross-out comedy "Dogma," which was dropped by its original distributor, Miramax, after its parent company, Disney, drew fire from some Roman Catholic groups.

The obvious thing to say about the skirmishes over "Passion," which will either subside or intensify once the movie opens nationally on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 25, is that, since those earlier dust-ups, the sides have reversed. The conservative Christians who were so vocal in their condemnation of Mr. Godard, Mr. Smith and, especially, Mr. Scorsese, are now equally vocal in their defense of Mr. Gibson. An ugly undercurrent of anti-Semitism ran through some of the attacks on those supposedly sacrilegious movies, directed not at the filmmakers, none of whom were Jewish, but at the producers and studio heads who have periodically served as convenient targets for conspiracy-minded demagogues. Similar insinuations bubble beneath the surface of some of the defenses of Mr. Gibson's reportedly pious picture, which is itself accused of fomenting anti-Semitism by placing the blame for Jesus' death on the Jews.

This reversal is testimony both to the endlessness of the culture wars and to the changed landscape of battle. Those Catholics and evangelical Protestants who felt alienated from much of American commercial culture and who informed the earlier protests, have not only a powerful and glamorous Hollywood ally in Mr. Gibson but also a growing sense of cultural and political confidence. More and more it seems that religious expression -- in the form of best-selling thrillers, pop music, movies and television programs -- is entering the mainstream.

Or, perhaps, re-entering it. There is, of course, a strain of ecumenical, therapeutic spirituality in American culture that has been around since at least the mid-19th century and that takes on more or less secular coloration as intellectual fashions change. But we take for granted these days that anything -- especially any visual representation -- touching on the hard scriptural and historical substance of faith will generate fierce argument. Religion is, like sex and politics, one of those subjects canonically to be avoided at dinner parties or family reunions, lest inflamed passions disrupt civility. Movies that delve into the Bible or that explicitly offer up interpretations of its teachings and stories can always expect, and can easily be accused of provoking, the most divisive and virulent kinds of controversy.

It was not always as it is. Fifty years ago, movies on biblical themes, far from being the most controversial Hollywood offerings, were among the least. In 1953, 20th Century Fox inaugurated its wide-screen CinemaScope format with "The Robe," a vast and costly biblical epic starring Richard Burton as a Roman tribune who participated in the Crucifixion. The subject and the spectacle seemed well matched. CinemaScope had been designed as a response to the menace of television, and the film's sacred story of awe and redemption served to emphasize the scale and sublimity of the movies.

The picture was also calculated to appeal to the widest possible interdenominational audience, as were the spate of Old and New Testament widescreen extravaganzas that followed, from Cecil B. DeMille's "Ten Commandments" (1956) to William Wyler's 1959 remake of "Ben-Hur." In that film, which set records at the Academy Awards and later became an Easter-time television staple, Charlton Heston, DeMille's Moses, played a nice Jewish prince, some of whose best friends (and bitterest rivals) were Romans.

"Ben-Hur," based on a novel by the Civil War general Lew Wallace, was subtitled "A Tale of the Christ," but as in "The Robe," Jesus' death was presented indirectly, as it affected the lives of the human characters, and fidelity to the letter of the Gospels (or other historical sources) was less important than a broad, inclusive distillation of their message.

But by the early 1960's, when he was not yet the musical Superstar he would eventually become, Jesus was ready to take a lead role, in films like Nicholas Ray's "King of Kings" (1961) and George Stevens's very long all-star Sunday school pageant, "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (1965). In that film, Jesus, played by the young Max von Sydow, wanders through a Holy Land that resembles nothing so much as an endless showbiz talk show, populated by the likes of Shelley Winters, Telly Savalas and John Wayne, temporarily exchanging his cavalry badge for centurion's armor.

"The Greatest Story" was perhaps the apex (or, if you prefer, the nadir) of Hollywood biblical kitsch, though its spirit was revived a dozen years later by Franco Zeffirelli, whose mini-series, "Jesus of Nazareth," starred Robert Powell and featured a jaw-dropping international cast including James Earl Jones, Claudia Cardinale, Ernest Borgnine and James Mason.

Thank God they don't make them like that anymore. But the year before Stevens's "Story" was released, Pier Paolo Pasolini made "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," a film that, in its insistence on bringing the techniques of cinematic realism to the life of Jesus, can be seen as a precursor both to Mr. Scorsese's "Temptation" and (judging from the descriptions that have been published) to Mr. Gibson's "Passion." Though Mr. Gibson, part of a Catholic traditionalist tendency that rejects much of post-Vatican II Catholicism, is a vocal enemy of modernity, the aesthetic that reportedly informs his film -- the graphic brutality of the Crucifixion, the use of Latin and Aramaic instead of English -- has more in common with Pasolini's confrontational realism than with Stevens's sumptuous pageantry.

Pasolini, an uncompromising sexual, political and artistic radical, was arrested in 1962, after his installment in the anthology film "Ro.Go.Pa.G." had seemed to mock not only the conventions of biblical filmmaking but the figure of Jesus himself. "The Gospel According to St. Matthew," however, cemented his paradoxical reputation as a Catholic Marxist, and was perhaps the first film to emphasize the existential contradictions inherent in being at once wholly human and utterly divine.

In trying to imagine the inner life -- and therefore also the emotional and sensual life -- of his hero (beautifully played by Enrique Irazoqui), Pasolini made his Jesus at once a man of his own time and a painfully, even jarringly, modern figure. His Jesus was also a partisan of the poor, and the film, like all of the director's best work (and much of his worst), is unsparing in its implicit judgment of the corruption and cruelty of contemporary bourgeois civilization.

Pasolini's modernism filters down through the later films of Mr. Godard and Mr. Scorsese. "Hail Mary" goes so far as to import the story of the Immaculate Conception into the drab modern world, making Mary a sullen Swiss adolescent living in a shabby ***working-class*** milieu, and imagining the conception itself as a moment of terrifying carnal ecstasy. It was this idea that most inflamed the protesters -- or rather, the rumor of its existence that caused them to avert their eyes -- just as it was the sexuality of Willem Dafoe's Jesus that enraged those who sought to prevent "Last Temptation" from being made or distributed. It was also the Rabelasian profanity of "Dogma" that caused its spirit of earnest theological inquiry to be taken -- again, by people who could not bring themselves to see it -- as heresy.

In retrospect, the religious seriousness of these movies seems self-evident. Mr. Godard, recoiling from the Marxist dialectics of his earlier work, was well into his lyrical phase, and his films from the mid-1980's have a contemplative, pastoral quality that is, if not overtly religious, then certainly infused with a sense of spiritual inquiry.

Mr. Scorsese and his collaborator, Paul Schrader, in adapting Nikos Kazantzakis's earthy, revisionist rendering of the life of Jesus, were also clearly reckoning with their own religious backgrounds. Mr. Scorsese was a Catholic altar boy in Little Italy for whom movies became a second religion, and Mr. Schrader grew up in a Dutch Calvinist denomination that viewed movies as sinful. Much of their work, together and apart, is infused with a sense of moral struggle, the conflict, as Mr. Scorsese puts it in the commentary accompanying the Criterion DVD of "Temptation," between the teachings of the Gospels and the code of the streets.

None of this mattered, of course, to the film's enemies. "Can we finally look at 'Last Temptation of Christ?' " the film critic David Ehrenstein wonders in his liner notes to the Criterion reissue, before revisiting some of the attempts to prevent us from doing just that. Political pressures made it difficult for Mr. Scorsese to finance his movie, and the timidity of the theatrical exhibitors meant he had a hard time showing it, problems that Mr. Gibson, for all his public protestations of victimhood, has not had to face, since he made "The Passion" entirely with his own money. And, curiously, attempts to prevent people from seeing it have come from the filmmaker himself, who has held screenings for handpicked, presumably sympathetic audiences and kept out potential critics.

All of which will be moot by Feb. 25, when we can finally look at "The Passion of the Christ" for what it is -- part of a long and tangled movie tradition as well as an act of cultural provocation. The argument about the film's political implications is important and, in any case, will be hard -- at least for a while -- to drown out. But at a certain point, disciples of cinema, whatever their other loyalties and affiliations, must reaffirm a basic creed: for God's sake, shut up and watch the movie.

Gospel of Cinema

The movies and television mini-series in the Critic's Notebook article on religious films:

"THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST" (1988), directed by Martin Scorsese. VHS, Universal Studios, $16.99; DVD, Criterion Collection, $35.99.

"THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW" (1964), directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. VHS, VCI Home Video, $14.99; DVD, Water Bearer Films, $26.96.

"DOGMA" (1999), directed by Kevin Smith. VHS, Columbia Tristar, $9.95; DVD, Columbia Tristar, $19.95.

"HAIL MARY" (1985), directed by Jean-LucGodard. VHS, Vestron, $3.99; not on DVD.

"BEN-HUR" (1959), directed by William Wyler. VHS, Warner Studios, $8.99; DVD, Warner Studios, $21.49.

"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD" (1965), directed by George Stevens. VHS, MGM/UA Video, $1.50; DVD, MGM/UA Video, $17.98.

"THE ROBE" (1953), directed by Henry Koster. VHS, 20th Century Fox, $6.98; DVD, 20th Century Fox, $14.90.

"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS" (1956), directed by Cecil B. DeMille; VHS, Paramount Studios, $14.95; DVD, Paramount Studios, $16.99.

"KING OF KINGS" (1961), directed by Nicholas Ray. VHS, Warner Studios, $14.95; DVD, Warner Home Video, $17.98.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH" (1977), television mini-series directed by Franco Zeffirelli. VHS, Family Home Entertainment, to be released Feb. 17, $24.98; DVD, Artisan, $24.98.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A Critic's Notebook article in Weekend yesterday about religious films that have stirred contention included an erroneous reference to the Immaculate Conception in connection with Jean-Luc Godard's 1985 film "Hail Mary." Christian doctrine teaches that Mary was conceived by her mother, Anne, without the stain of original sin; the term does not refer to the conception of Jesus by Mary.

A Critic's Notebook article in Weekend on Friday about religious films that have stirred contention included an erroneous reference to the Immaculate Conception in connection with Jean-Luc Godard's 1985 film "Hail Mary," and a correction in this space on Saturday misattributed the belief involved. It is Roman Catholic teaching -- not the teaching of all Christian denominations -- that Mary was conceived by her mother, Anne, without the stain of original sin. And the term does not refer to the conception of Jesus by Mary.

**Correction-Date:** January 31, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Clockwise from right, Myriem Roussel in "Hail Mary" (1985); Willem Dafoe in "The Last Temptation of Christ" (1988); and Salma Hayek and Matt Damon in "Dogma" (1999). (Photographs from the Everett Collection)(pg. E1); Charlton Heston, center, played Ben-Hur in William Wyler's 1959 film. (Photo by Warner Home Video); Max von Sydow as Jesus in George Stevens's all-star biblical pageant, "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (1965). (Photo by United Artists)(pg. E27)

**Load-Date:** January 30, 2004

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living In/Carroll Gardens; Area of Gardens and 19th-Century Charm - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45T9-V290-01CN-H50P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 12, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 11; Column 2; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 5

**Length:** 1515 words

**Byline:**  By AARON DONOVAN

**Body**

A CENTURY ago, Carroll Gardens was a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Brooklyn, home to thousands of Irish immigrants. In the decades before World War II, the Irish moved out and first-generation Italians moved in.

The neighborhood kept its Italian-American character for decades and to a large degree retains it still. But in recent years a new group has begun to settle in the area -- young urban professionals.

"They're from Iowa, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas, all over the heartland of America," said Salvatore J. Scotto, known as Buddy, the president of the Carroll Gardens Association and the informal mayor of the area. "When they come here into the neighborhood, they feel great because everybody's looking after everybody else. They realize that people around here care about them. They don't get that feeling in Manhattan because Manhattan is just too busy."

For the moment, the usual order of property transfer in this urban neighborhood of three- and four-story brownstones and federal brick town houses has undergone a reversal. People are moving in when they attain a certain degree of wealth, rather than the other way around.

An urban renaissance has led people of means to stay put. Mr. Scotto, for example, was ready to leave in 1964. "Like everybody, it was time to move to the suburbs," he said. But his parents encouraged him to stay, and he founded the association.

The neighborhood took its name from the new civic association that Mr. Scotto had founded. Carroll Gardens was formerly just a section of a larger area called South Brooklyn, which also included what is now Cobble Hill and Boerum Hill. The most recent indication of the neighborhood's changes has been the transformation of its main commercial street, Smith Street, from a dreary gray strip to a rejuvenated row of cafes, boutiques and clubs that draws people from outside the neighborhood.

"When I first moved here, you wouldn't walk on Smith Street at night," said Laurie Alicea, 38, who moved to Sackett Street 30 years ago with her family. "Now, it reminds me of the Village."

The neighborhood's two commercial streets run north and south through its center. In addition to Smith Street, which lies above the F and G subway lines, Court Street, one block to the west, has also experienced a recent commercial growth.

Real estate agents say that residents are attracted to the area for its 19th-century charm and quiet tree-lined streets, its shops within walking distance and its location not far from the offices in Downtown and Midtown Manhattan.

The areas to the west of Court Street are the most sought after in the neighborhood, especially the blocks where the row houses have deep, verdant front yards. It is these gardens from which the neighborhood got its name. They exist between Court and Henry Streets, from First Place to Fourth Place. On this side of the neighborhood, the poplars are so thick with leaves that one cannot see the upper floors of the buildings without crossing the street.

The name Carroll comes from Charles Carroll of Maryland, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. During the Revolutionary War, he led a regiment of 400 men that tried to regain from the British a strategically placed farmhouse on the Gowanus Creek, now the Gowanus Canal. About 300 of his men were killed in the attacks, which took place in August 1776. A street, a park and then the neighborhood were named after him.

Between Court and Smith the buildings are similar to those to the west, but the trees are fewer and smaller. Between Smith and the Gowanus Canal, the neighborhood's eastern border, the buildings too are smaller and some blocks are devoted to industrial use. This side of the neighborhood also has blocks with front-garden lots, from President Street to Second Street between Smith and Hoyt Streets.

In the past, the blocks near the canal frequently suffered from putrid smells emanating from the stagnant, polluted canal. But in 1999 a long-unused flushing propeller was reactivated to circulate the water, and in the years since, the smell has vanished and birds and fish have come to the canal, as have weekend kayakers, said Craig Hammerman, district manager for Community Board 6, which includes Carroll Gardens.

Mr. Scotto said he hoped that with the changes, some of the industrial blocks, which had formerly housed businesses that used the canal for shipping, could now be converted to mixed-income residential use.

Over the past 10 years, prices for homes have steadily climbed, real estate agents said, until about a year ago, when they leveled off as the recession began to take hold. A multifamily brownstone or brick town house typically sells for $650,000 to $1.3 million, depending first on size, then location and condition. In multiple-family buildings, the owners often live in a garden apartment and rent the upper floors, or live in an upper-floor duplex or triplex and rent out the lower floors.

Neighborhood rents are about $1,000 for a studio, $1,200 to $1,600 for a one-bedroom apartment and $1,800 to $2,500 for a two-bedroom apartment, said Michael Mayo, manager of Carroll Gardens Realty, which specializes in rentals. There are few co-ops or condominiums in the area, but those that are available, like the newly built Carroll Gardens Condominiums on the south side of Degraw Street, are usually about $400 a square foot, which for a two-bedroom unit translates to about $400,000 to $450,000, according to Christopher Thomas, the director of the Brooklyn office of the William B. May Company.

The neighborhood is in many ways similar to Cobble Hill and Boerum Hill, the two other former slices of South Brooklyn that lie to the north of Degraw Street. "It's the same thing, the exact same thing," Mr. Mayo said with a wave of the arm at his office at Degraw and Smith Streets encompassing all the neighborhoods nearby.

But there are subtle differences. While subway service in Carroll Gardens is limited to the F and G trains, the other neighborhoods each have at least 10 lines within walking distance. And while the long blocks of Boerum Hill seem to stretch on as far as the eye can see, in Carroll Gardens at many intersections with Smith and Henry Streets, the corners of the east-west streets often do not quite line up with one another. The ability to see the end of a street a few blocks away creates a feeling of, if not exactly coziness, manageability. And on the streets that are affected, there is less traffic, Mr. Hammerman said.

PRICES in the neighborhood are similar to neighboring regions. "The bigger brownstones are going to sell in the same range as anything you're going to get in Boerum Hill or Cobble Hill," said Sal Capozucca, a lifelong Carroll Gardens resident who has a real estate office on Atlantic Avenue in Boerum Hill, where he uses the name Sal Cappi.

Mr. Thomas said Cobble Hill's slightly higher prices might be attributable to the fact that the area was desirable for doctors and others who wanted to be located near Long Island College Hospital in Cobble Hill.

There is one public elementary school in the neighborhood: P.S. 58, the Carroll School, on Smith Street, where 51 percent of all students read at or above grade levels last year, about 6 percentage points above above the citywide average, 45.3 percent. Students often advance to Intermediate School 293 in Boerum Hill.

The neighborhood is also home to Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and St. Stephen Roman Catholic Parish School on Summit Street, which has an enrollment of 220 students from prekindergarten through eighth grade.

On the church itself, just east of the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, weather-worn letters under the steeple clock spell out the words "Drive Carefully."

There are two other Roman Catholic churches in the area, St. Mary Star of the Sea, on Court Street between Nelson and Luquer Streets, and St. Agnes Church on Sackett Street at Hoyt Street. There is also an Episcopal Church, St. Paul's, at the corner of Clinton and Carroll Streets. Another church, Old Westminster, at 450 Clinton Street at the corner of First Place, with wrought-iron gates, antique-style street lamps and stone Romanesque architecture, has been turned into co-op apartments.

A stroll down Sackett Street shows the dynamic at play in Carroll Gardens. Ms. Alicea, the 30-year resident, said she appreciated the new commercial vigor on Smith Street but said that she felt the neighborhood had lost some of the friendliness she remembered growing up and that most of her friends had moved to Staten Island.

She confessed to staying because her grandmother owned her building and charged below-market rent. Reflecting on the appeal of the greater space and privacy that attracted many of her former schoolmates to other neighborhoods, she said, "Maybe it's because I grew up here, but the brownstones don't do anything for me."

A few doors down, Doug Klosterman, 32, an architect from St. Louis, unloaded a truck as he moved into a fourth-floor walkup that rents for $1,400 a month. He had no such brownstone fatigue. "Everyone had great things to say about the area," he said.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on May 12 about living in Carroll Gardens omitted an elementary school in the neighborhood. It is P.S. 146, the Brooklyn New School, at 610 Henry Street.

**Correction-Date:** June 2, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: President Street has numerous gardens and trees. One of two main commercial streets in the neighborhood, Court Street has experienced a recent revival. The Gowanus Canal, formerly a liability, is now an attraction.; 2-story, 2-family brick brownstone at 321 Carroll Street, $689,000. 4-story brownstone with 3 apartments and store at 570 Henry Street, $899,000. 4-story, 4-family brownstone at 500 Clinton Street, $1.5 million. (Photographs by Eddie Hausner for The New York Times) Chart: "GAZETTEER" POPULATION: 16,457 (2000 census).AREA: 0.41 square mile.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $51,548 (1997 estimate).MEDIAN PRICE OF THREE-FAMILY TOWNHOUSE: $1.2 million.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $3,500.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $1 million.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $700,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF A 2-BEDROOM CO-OP: $425,000.MEDIAN PRICE A YEAR AGO: $400,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $225,000.MIDRANGE RENT ON 2-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,950.DISTANCE FROM MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 8 miles.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN: Thirty minutes on the F train from Carroll Street or Smith and Ninth Streets ($1.50 one way, $63 for monthly MetroCard.)GOVERNMENT: City Councilman Bill DeBlasio (Democrat).CODES: Area, 718 and 347; ZIP, 11231.TOWARD A VENICE IN BROOKLYN: In 1997 a reporter for The New York Times took a boat ride on the Gowanus Canal and described it this way: "The odor was foul, the water black. Any temptation to trail a hand in the water was stanched by a mention of the hepatitis and cholera microbes that had been found there." But on May 3, 1999, the canal was transformed when the propeller that sits at its head was activated for the first time since it broke in the early 1960's. While the bottom of the canal is still tainted with a century of industrial waste and, legend has it, a few Mafiosi, the propeller circulates the once-stagnant water. The odor is gone, said Jeanne DiLascio, executive director of the Gowanus Canal Community Development Corporation. Because of that, she said, she expects real estate prices along the canal to increase. "I think Carroll Gardens and Park Slope will be connected in the near future," she said, "with a body of water that's not a separator, but a connector." Map of Brooklyn highlighting Carroll Gardens and surrounding areas.

**Load-Date:** May 12, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Governor Turns to the Cities***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BKN-6VK0-01KN-22FV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 1, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 14CN; Column 5; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1923 words

**Byline:**  By AVI SALZMAN

**Body**

CALL it his urban initiative. With his poll numbers dropping and his support among moderate Republicans disappearing, Gov. John G. Rowland has turned to the cities for support. And in some places, he is getting it.

Mr. Rowland, born and bred in Waterbury, is asking for support in the state's biggest cities, Waterbury, Hartford, New Haven and Bridgeport, as he faces inquiries into gifts he took for his vacation cottage. These are cities where Democrats sometimes face stronger competition from the Green Party than from Republicans. Other than Waterbury, the state's biggest cities voted against him overwhelmingly in the last election.

Now, he is hoping local leaders in those cities, including ministers at some active black congregations in the state, can help his approval numbers. Dean Pagani, Mr. Rowland's chief of staff, acknowledged that some people might find it "ironic" that the governor has support in the cities.

Dr. John Orman, professor of politics at Fairfield University, was one of those people.

"It would be really ironic if a Republican governor's last hope of support is the inner-city communities," he said. "It would be like a liberal Democrat going to try to get support from conservative senior citizens in Arizona. Rowland's record isn't something that's going to make people in the inner cities say 'He's really a champion of minorities and he's going to help us."'

In a speech in Bridgeport on Jan. 22 to announce financing for an economic development project, Mr. Rowland stressed his connections to the cities. He said he ran for a third term "because we had unfinished business in Bridgeport, Waterbury, New Haven and Hartford."

"This city has extraordinary faith and hope," he told a crowd of dignitaries, business people and reporters. "It reminds me of my hometown of Waterbury, which is one of the reasons I feel closely committed to this community."

Later, he made comparisons between his own plight and that of the city, which has received more than $650 million in state investments during his tenure as governor.

"We have faced some ups and we have faced some downs, and so have I," he said. "But my command focus will be on bringing this city back along with our capital city of Hartford, Waterbury and New Haven, making sure that everybody has a better quality of life. I have not taken my eye off this ball for one day over the last nine years. And my eye will be on this ball for as long as I am in office."

People realize the governor has invested more in the state's cities than previous governors, Mr. Pagani said. According to the governor's office, the State Bond Commission has sent more than $439 million to Waterbury, $847 million to Hartford, $303 million to Bridgeport and $313 million to New Haven for capital improvement projects during his tenure.

His current strategy, observers say, will attempt to shift the focus to those projects. During the past week, Mr. Rowland has also talked with ministers at primarily black churches in Hartford and New Haven. From their comments after the meetings at the Capitol, it appears he made a good impression.

"It's absolutely vital as a Christian to operate the ministry of reconciliation," said Gary L. Jenkins, a pastor at the Sword of the Spirit Ministries in New Haven. "As a pastor and a man of compassion I felt it was time to extend a hand of forgiveness to the governor."

Mr. Jenkins, who first met the governor while he was a radio reporter covering the Capitol more than 20 years ago, considers himself Mr. Rowland's friend. He doesn't condone what the governor did, but he said he thought it was time to forgive him.

Though he said he was speaking as a friend of the governor, he acknowledged he had a lot of influence over the people who go to his church. He planned to use that influence.

"I asked my parishioners to forgive him," Mr. Jenkins said. "They trust me as their pastor and in return I think that translates into a change of heart for some people. I would say they're overwhelmingly in his favor."

Mr. Jenkins said he planned to bring together other ministers and ask them to forgive the governor and urge their parishioners to do the same. Given what he has heard in the community, he said he did not think that would be particularly difficult.

"I never considered going on a crusade for Governor Rowland," he said. "I found out there are other ministers who felt the same way I did."

Like other black ministers interviewed for this article, Mr. Jenkins said he remembered a moment of crisis in his community when the governor stepped in. In 1997, a black man, Malik Jones, was shot and killed by an East Haven police officer. The governor was at his side in the neighborhood, Mr. Jenkins said, and even called the United States attorney general at the time, Janet Reno, to push for an investigation.

Mr. Rowland hugged the pastor at least twice during their meeting on Monday and they prayed together. While Mr. Rowland has been criticized by newspaper columnists and political observers for his "Come to Jesus" apologies earlier in the scandal, Mr. Jenkins feels he is expressing genuine feelings.

"He's a compassionate man, believe it or not," he said. "That's the thing that the news media doesn't see."

That point was reiterated by Cornell Lewis, a minister at the Northend Church of Christ on Albany Avenue and the leader of the group Men of Color, which has pushed to get drug dealers out of Hartford. Mr. Lewis also met with the governor last Monday. He said the meeting focused on the issues Mr. Lewis is dealing with in Hartford, but they also discussed the governor's predicament.

Mr. Lewis noted how quiet it was in the Capitol and asked the governor why. Mr. Rowland told him about the formation of a committee that will decide whether to impeach the governor. The governor was obviously distressed, said Mr. Lewis, who asked if he could do anything for him. But the governor did not specifically ask for him to rally support, Mr. Lewis said.

"To be honest, there are people in the African-American community who don't share the opinion of many Democrats who are trying to impeach him," Mr. Lewis said. "They don't see grounds for impeachment to begin. They see it as politics.

"This is what I'm hearing in the coffee shops, in the barbershops, in the weight room: 'You want to destroy a man because of a hot tub and some improvements he made at a cottage?"'.

Some people equate the governor's economic woes to their own, despite his making $150,000, Mr. Lewis said. Education and alimony payments eat up a lot of that money, Mr. Lewis added.

The governor's push for support, though, may fall short, especially in black communities, Dr. Orman said. The governor might have been able to count on support in the cities if he was seen as a victim. But, Dr. Orman said, that is not the impression most people have.

"If there was an appearance of a partisan witch hunt then I could see people rallying around Rowland," he said. "He's not set up for a classic underdog 'they're trying to drive me out of office' campaign."

Indeed, others said the governor was not getting much sympathy in the cities, and especially not in the black community.

"Certainly the governor has left his mark on cities in terms of trying to revive them," said Steven M. Harris, a founding member of the Greater Hartford African-American Alliance and a former Hartford city councilman. "But the folks I listen to, ***working class*** folks, everyday folks, they're a little surprised that the governor's been hanging on this long. Because if that was us, or if that was me, they'd lock me up and throw away the key."

City dwellers have also reacted angrily to the governor's moves to cut health insurance for poor people. Now that he is in hot water, they aren't necessarily going to turn around and embrace him, said Marilyn E. Rossetti, executive director of Hartford Areas Rally Together, a community development organization. Ms. Rossetti said she had heard mixed things from the people she worked with. Mostly, though, people struggling to make it in Connecticut's cities aren't focused on the governor at all. At most meetings of community members, including a large gathering last week, the subject didn't even come up.

"Not one person in that room talked about the governor," she said. "They talked about their community."

Others disputed the claim that Mr. Rowland has helped the state's cities.

"He's been in office for nine years and despite a national economy that was mostly robust during that time, our cities are in worse shape," said George C. Jepsen, the state Democratic Party chairman.

Democrats control the top office in every major city in the state, but only one of those mayors, John DeStefano of New Haven, has asked the governor to step down. Mr. DeStefano has already indicated his interest in running for governor in 2006. Others, such as Waterbury Mayor Michael J. Jarjura, a Democrat, have supported the governor. Mr. Rowland backed Mr. Jarjura during his last election run.

"I was actually just getting upset with what I believe to be a rush to judgment by some high level political people both on the federal and state level. It appeared to me that there was a frenzy going on to raise the level of vitriol so the governor no longer had any other choice but to step down," Mr. Jarjura said after a news conference on Tuesday during which Mr. Rowland announced that more state money would go to the city for community development.

Mr. Jarjura said he had not been asked to rally support for the governor, but that he was happy to make appearances with him in the city. He acknowledged that the appearances helped Mr. Rowland take the attention off his scandals, but said that was not his primary concern.

"It's not about anyone overtly out to do public relations," he said. "It's my honor and privilege to stand with him. He's been generous to my city and many other cities in the state."

Of course, some mayors may have more to lose by asking him to resign than they have to gain. The state's cities are still competing for money and bonds, which the governor can help steer their way. Some Democrat leaders in the Legislature have specifically asked mayors not to speak out on the issue.

State Senator William A. Finch of Bridgeport urged local politicians not to speak out on the Rowland scandal, for fear that it could hurt the city's chances of getting state grants.

John M. Fabrizi, the mayor of Bridgeport, said he didn't need Mr. Finch's advice to make the decision not to ask the governor to resign. Though he supported the committee of inquiry formed last week to decide on impeachment, Mr. Fabrizi said he would let state legislators worry about what is going on at the Capitol. He is focused on the city.

"I appreciate his opinion," Mr. Fabrizi said of Mr. Finch. "However, I base my reasoning on the governor's relationship to Bridgeport. He's been a tremendous asset to Bridgeport."

Some of the governor's staunchest supporters said they would continue to rally behind him.

"I may not be of his political persuasion but I'm a friend of the governor," said the Rev. King T. Hayes, pastor at Shiloh Baptist Church in Hartford. Mr. Hayes, who gave the benediction at each of the governor's inaugural ceremonies, said he did not condone the governor's actions, but does feel he deserved a second chance. He hasn't preached to his parishioners about the governor, but he intended to stand behind his friend.

"Friends are not 'fair weather,"' he said. When you're good, they're your friends. When you're bad, they're still your friends."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Gov. John Rowland with Michael Jarjura, mayor of Waterbury, last week. Mr. Jarjura said: "It's my honor and privilege to stand with him." (Photo by Associated Press); Gary L. Jenkins, a pastor at the Sword of the Spirit Ministries in New Haven. (Photo by George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Gov. John Rowland speaking at a news conference in Bridgeport last month. The mayor, John Fabrizi, said Mr. Rowland has helped the city. (Photo by Associated Press); Cornell Lewis, a minister in Hartford, said some people in the community just see the moves against the governor "as politics." (Photo by George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** February 1, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X9W0-0024-J0PT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Softer Side To a Knight Of Wicked Wit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X9W0-0024-J0PT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 26, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

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**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

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**Length:** 1480 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

IF you think you know Honore Daumier because you know the famous and beloved lithographic illustrations he did for the Paris journal Le Charivari in the mid-19th century, think again. A wonderful exhibition of Daumier's drawings, along with some related paintings and sculptures, which opens today at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will be a revelation.

For all the fluency and wicked humor of so many of his lithographs, Daumier reveals himself in these mostly private works to be an artist of wider technical range and vastly subtler emotions. Some of the drawings are heartbreaking in a quiet, almost surreptitious way that has nothing to do with the theatrics that Daumier was obliged to perform in his caricatures and that at one point landed him in jail.

Posterity has recorded little he said, but the show leaves no doubt about his ambition and the breadth of vision that allowed him to absorb with equal perspicacity Old Master paintings in the Louvre and impoverished itinerant musicians on the ***working-class*** streets of the Ile St.-Louis, where he lived for many years. Without taking too big a psychological leap, you can also feel, in the recurrent images of fugitives and displaced citizens, something of Daumier's attitude toward his own ambivalent status in Paris's artistic constellation, praised as he was by the likes of Baudelaire and Champfleury, but still regarded widely as a mere caricaturist.

When he depicts with evident affection a pair of connoisseurs in a painter's studio lovingly attending to a sheaf of works on paper, you can sense Daumier conjuring up ideal patrons. And when he depicts an aging pair of melancholic clowns lost in thought, you can see a reflection of Daumier himself, the comic artist. No wonder he also devoted a series of poignant and atmospheric drawings and paintings -- but not prints -- to the popular subject of Don Quixote, whose quest he might well have considered a metaphor for his own effort to establish himself as a serious artist.

It was left to succeeding generations to guarantee for Daumier, through their emulation of his work, the exalted status he deserved. A long and diverse list of artists built on his achievement: Cezanne, Degas, van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, Beckmann, perhaps Ensor, and Giacometti. Giacometti's characteristically obsessive style of drawing, in particular, recalls the way Daumier makes some of his most extraordinary images through swirls of angel's-hair lines, none of which on its own describes a form but all of which are together somehow precise. This is a long way from the "thick, strong, manly touch" that Henry James once noted about Daumier's prints.

Daumier was essentially self-taught, his remarkable gifts as a draftsman clearly innate. He was born in 1808 in Marseille, the son of a glazier, picture-framer and frustrated poet who moved his family to Paris in 1816, hoping to establish himself as a writer. It would be largely left to Daumier to support the family; his father died in 1851 in the Charenton insane asylum.

He studied briefly as a teen-ager with the artist Alexandre Lenoir and took drawing and painting classes at the Academie Suisse in Paris, where students worked without formal instruction. But by the late 1820's, he was already on his own, creating illustrations for the weekly La Silhouette. When, during the early 1830's, he produced a series of caricatures of King Louis-Philippe and his deputies, Daumier earned for himself a modest spell in Ste.-Pelagie prison. After 1835 and the Government's prohibition on political caricatures, he turned to the safer ground of illustrating everyday life.

His drawings, which are virtually all undated, seem to come principally from two periods: around the 1848 Revolution, which interrupted his press assignments and allowed him more time to devote to paintings, for which the drawings are often preparatory; and the 1860's, when Le Charivari temporarily laid him off, having incorrectly calculated that after three decades he had overstayed his welcome with the public.

The drawings are focused on a handful of eclectic subjects, including not only Don Quixote and carnival performers and connoisseurs and refugees, but also people on trains and in railway stations (displaced people of a sort), women and children (but, interestingly, rarely men and women), and lawyers. For Daumier, lawyers were as much performers in their dubious way as saltimbanques, and in a few cases, like "The Speech for the Defense" and "The Sideshow," he recycled the same basic composition to describe both groups.

Still, it is striking that so many of the works here depict people simply thinking, looking, sitting alone in silence or engaged in intimate conversation. It seems to have been mostly during the 1860's, when the unemployed Daumier was producing elaborate drawings and watercolors to satisfy collectors, who expected from him a certain brand of caricature, that he relied on the broader humor of his prints.

The Metropolitan's show is arranged more or less according to subject, with the addition of an early academic portrait, several gorgeous landscapes in watercolor and pen and ink, and a group of studies based on classical and religious themes, which make clear Daumier's debt to Old Masters like Rubens. There is, for example, the great "Drunkenness of Silenus," whose robust physicality he would also put to use in his sly depiction of a lawyer in "Grand Staircase." There is "The Kiss," whose emotional high pitch brings to mind Gericault, and "The Riot," whose tumult of figures pays homage to the Baroque. And there is "Five Studies for the Prodigal Son," a deeply moving group of sketches in which the tremulous lines with which Daumier describes the hunched figure of the son held by his father add immeasurably to the pathos.

Those same lines could also suggest movement, a tangle of them simulating the waving arms of a barker at a sideshow or the arc of a drumstick. Daumier was a master at this, as one after another drawing demonstrates. And it is the absence of this energetic, looser style in the works he did for collectors that can make them seem fussy and static by comparison.

He was also a master, as the exhibition makes clear, at the dramatic use of light and shadow, sometimes seeming to mimic Caravaggio and his followers, as when he silhouettes figures against a fire in "Hunters by the Fire," or when he gathers several men around a candlelit table in "A Good Vintage." His well-known watercolors of passengers in first-, second- and third-class railway carriages are as much studies in light as they are studies in character, and in fact it is the conspicuous softness of the light in the first-class carriage and the cavelike dimness in those of the other classes that most immediately put the message across.

Something of the same mastery of light and shadow applies to his sculptures, several of which are on view, including the bronze relief of "The Emigrants," a Michelangelesque procession of figures that is one of Daumier's finest achievements. As he does with drawings in which form is described by a jumble of lines that turn the whole page into a roiling plane, in sculptures like "The Emigrants" the undulated surface is a mass of scars, folds, wrinkles and facets that catch the light and give the sense of tremendous activity. Daumier's style of drawing varied, but it can often be most accurately described as sculptural.

Daumier never became a great painter, as he wished to be, and several of the projects commissioned by the state, with which he hoped to stake his claim as a serious artist, didn't pan out. But he produced some remarkable paintings nonetheless, and one of them is the oil sketch of Don Quixote on a white horse, which, fittingly, is the last work in the show. It is, unlike many of the other paintings, a loose swirl of strokes, reminiscent of Fragonard in its freewheeling virtuosity. It is also suggestive, in its strong color contrasts, of the encroaching blindness that left Daumier by his death in 1879 able to distinguish only lights and darks.

The show has been organized by Colta Ives of the Metropolitan and Margret Stuffmann of the Stadel in Frankfurt, where it was first seen. It includes about 125 of the roughly 800 drawings Daumier is known to have done (he produced thousands of lithographs). There are a few questionable selections; a study related to "The Emigrants" relief hardly seems, in its woodenness, to be by Daumier. But the exhibition is mostly full of terrific things, handsomely presented. At the entrance are a group of his best-known lithographs, which can make a very different impression after you have seen the show. You shouldn't miss it.

The exhibition of Daumier drawings remains at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82d Street, through May 2. It is sponsored by J. P. Morgan & Company, and will not travel.

**Graphic**

Photo: A detail of "The Artist in His Studio," from a show of Honore Daumier's drawings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. (The Metropolitan Museum of Art) (pg. C8)

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[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2YB0-000P-N3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Back in the Kitchen, Post-'Picket Fences'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2YB0-000P-N3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Kathy Baker

By MARGY ROCHLIN

By MARGY ROCHLIN

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

NOT THAT LONG AGO, Kathy Baker's mother called to urge her to play lighter roles. "I want you to do comedy," Lany Baker said. "You're so good at it. Why don't you just tell everybody?"

On a recent afternoon, Ms. Baker, 46, best known for her role as the town doctor on the much-acclaimed television series "Picket Fences," was making lunch in her sunny kitchen and musing about why her dry wit was such a well-kept industry secret. "I don't think people look at me and think 'funny,' " she said as she prepared a vinaigrette for a green salad.

By the time she was ladling chicken-and-rice soup into small Chinese porcelain bowls, she had come up with a theory. "This is my fatal flaw: I have an aura of sadness," she said. Ms. Baker most often portrays starkly self-possessed women to whom life has not been especially kind. "I think it's just the natural physiognomy of my face."

On Friday, Ms. Baker will be found playing her latest self-possessed woman in "Inventing the Abbotts," which is about two boys from the ***working class***, one of whom admires and pursues three wealthy sisters. In the movie, based on Sue Miller's short story, she plays the beleaguered widow struggling to instill in her two sons (Billy Crudup and Joaquin Phoenix) the belief that what counts is not how much money you have but who you are.

For months now, "Inventing the Abbotts" has been hyped as a showcase for some of Hollywood's hottest young talent: Mr. Crudup, Mr. Phoenix, Liv Tyler, Jennifer Connelly and Joanna Going. An ad campaign employs a sepia-toned group portrait of Ms. Baker's co-stars, resting serenely on top of one another, courting the camera with all 10 heavily lashed eyes, but no sight of Ms. Baker. If Ms. Baker's mother were to judge solely from the poster, even she wouldn't know that her daughter is the quiet ballast of this 50's tale.

During most of her scenes, Helen (Ms. Baker) can be found in a pale green kitchen, slicing tomatoes or rolling out dough while she dispenses parental advice. Early in the movie, she must settle a dispute: the younger son is wearing inked-on sideburns in imitation of Elvis, the elder is demanding that he scrub them off.

"You do understand, honey, that your sideburns don't look real?" asks Helen with sweet, low-key directness. In those few simple words she manages to suggest volumes about the dignity of this ordinary woman and why her presence will be felt even when she is no longer on screen.

"In a way, Helen is the heroine of the film," said Pat O'Connor, who directed "Inventing the Abbotts." "It's a very attractive part."

On the surface, though, this might not seem to be the case: the role is billed seventh on screen, and Mr. O'Connor's attention during filming was constantly diverted by the less-experienced cast. When Ms. Baker was called upon to perform a long and difficult speech early in the filming, without even a chance to practice beforehand, she remembered surprising herself by wailing, "Don't I ever get a rehearsal around here?"

"Maybe I was tired," Ms. Baker said, with a naughty-girl expression. "Not a major incident" was the way Mr. O'Connor dismissed it. "A tiny little storm in a teacup." He said he knew that Ms. Baker would be the perfect Helen and make it seem as if all other relationships in "Inventing the Abbotts" revolved around her.

"A good actor can bring a clarity to a performance that gives meaning to things outside of that particular character," said Mr. O'Connor, who considered other actresses like Helen Mirren and Joan Allen before choosing Ms. Baker for the part. "It was no surprise to me that if given the opportunity, Kathy would be able to have that kind of impact."

Clearly, Mr. O'Connor is familiar with Ms. Baker's track record: For 14 years, she has been constructing big moments for herself in projects developed and packaged around more famous leading men. In "Jacknife" (1989), she played a spinster wooed by Robert De Niro's Vietnam veteran. In "Clean and Sober" (1988), her recovering drug addict captivated both Michael Keaton, playing a patient in rehab, and the audience.

"People just want to watch her," said Mr. Keaton. "She doesn't have that kind of classic beauty. She has something inside of her that makes men find her so sexy. When Kathy was getting the job of 'Clean and Sober,' I remember the director telling me, 'She's concerned that she's not physically attractive enough.' And I thought, 'She doesn't have anything to worry about there.' "

Back in 1983, when Ms. Baker made her screen debut as Alan Shepard's wife in "The Right Stuff," there were too many swaggering flyboys around for her to truly make an impact. But in 1987, Ms. Baker was provided with her first opportunity for scene stealing in the urban film "Street Smart." As soon as she wobbled into the movie on stiletto heels as an ill-fated prostitute, it was hard to remember that this was supposed to be a vehicle for Christopher Reeve.

That year, a certificate arrived in Ms. Baker's mailbox saying she had won a best-supporting-actress award from the National Society of Film Critics. While she appreciated being chosen, "I was disappointed that there wasn't a ceremony," she says. "Wouldn't it have been fun if they had, like, a dinner?"

Sitting in her breakfast nook, wearing a comfortably loose denim work shirt and black capris, Ms. Baker looks like a pretty suburban housewife. Warm and quick to laugh, she comes off as equal parts spirited goofball and dedicated mother of two. (Ms. Baker and her husband and business manager, Don Camelleiri, have sons age 7 and 12.) When her baby sitter Trish Sereika appeared with a tinfoil-covered plate, Ms. Baker started clapping her hands. With one look at what was on the plate, Ms. Baker declared herself the victor in their friendly jellyroll competition.

"It looks like it might taste good," she teased Ms. Sereika about her crumpled yellow cake.

When the telephone rang, however, Ms. Baker fell silent. Cocking one ear toward the answering machine, she apologized. "I just want to make sure it's not about my boys," she said.

In the community of strangers formed on a movie set by cast and crew, she's the cuddly, motherly one, always searching for ways to close the gap between herself and others.

"She is so maternal," says Claire Danes, 17, who played Ms. Baker's niece in "To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday." "It just pours out of her. When you're talking with her, she's always sort of patting you gently on the shoulder or asking questions about school."

THE MIDDLE OF THREE daughters, Ms. Baker was born in Midland, Tex., into a Quaker household that upheld the religion's principals of nonviolence and good will. Today, she spends less time in a house of worship than she does worrying about how she has strayed.

"I feel guilty about my success," Ms. Baker said. "I feel guilty about the nice house I live in. I feel guilty that I have enough money to take my kids on ski vacations and that my husband has a pickup truck that is basically just a toy. I have a healthy amount of guilt. Period."

She was 10 when she joined the Albuquerque Children's Theater. Later, as her father, who was a geologist, started moving the family around the country, Ms. Baker joined successive school theater clubs. "I was the drama queen," she said. "That was my notoriety."

After high school graduation, Ms. Baker enrolled at Cal-Arts, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, but discovered that the school's curriculum, which was heavy on improvisation, was too experimental for her taste. "It was like group therapy," said Ms. Baker, who was often castigated by fellow pupils for being too uptight. "Very dog-eat-dog. And it kind of broke my heart."

For the next several years, Ms. Baker stopped acting and tried other things. After studying French at the University of California, Berkeley, she transplanted herself to Paris and studied cooking at the Cordon Bleu. Two years later, in 1977, she arrived back in Northern California with Le Grand Diplome.

One day, on the way to start a job as the manager of a bakery in San Francisco, she took a detour and attended the tryouts at the Magic Theater instead. Eventually, she got the role of May in the original production of Sam Shepard's stage play "Fool for Love."

Since then, it seems, there is no theatrical discipline in which Ms. Baker is not in demand. In 1992, when her children were still small, she began a four-year stint as Dr. Jill Brock on the CBS series "Picket Fences." The highly praised show was routinely dismissed by the network chiefs for poor ratings. Just before she started filming "Inventing the Abbotts," the producers chose to pull "Picket Fences" off the air for good.

"It was like no matter how many good report cards we brought home, Mommy and Daddy were still never happy," said Ms. Baker. Still, she found love and support elsewhere. During the show's run, she received a Golden Globe, a Screen Actors Guild Award and a trio of Emmys. And this time around, she got to go to the parties and everything.

**Graphic**

Photos: Kathy Baker in "Inventing the Abbotts"--An aura of sadness. (Merie W. Wallace/20th Century Fox )(pg. 17); Ms. Baker and Tom Skerritt in "Picket Fences"--Four-year run. (CBS)(pg. 25)

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[***THEATER: SIMON'S 'BROADWAY BOUND'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8GJ0-0007-H4D7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

IN an Act II monologue that's the indisputable peak of Neil Simon's ''Broadway Bound,'' a middle-aged Jewish mother named Kate Jerome tells her younger son, Eugene, about the most glamorous incident of her life - a night at the Primrose ballroom, 35 years earlier, when George Raft asked her to dance. Both as written by Mr. Simon and acted by Linda Lavin, Kate's reminiscence spirals upward like the opening clarinet glissando in Gershwin's ''Rhapsody in Blue.'' It's a mesmerizing journey to a bygone ***working-class*** Brooklyn where first-generation American Jews discovered the opportunities and guilt that came with the secular temptations of a brash new world.

Bernard Malamud couldn't have bettered the perfect pitch of this speech, yet young Eugene, the aspiring writer previously seen in Mr. Simon's ''Brighton Beach Memoirs'' and ''Biloxi Blues,'' is already imagining how his mother's past might be reshaped into a movie that will keep the audience ''at the edge of its seats.'' Kate doesn't seem to notice her son's editorial interjections, however, until Eugene announces that his movie will have ''a happy ending.'' It's then that Ms. Lavin suddenly stiffens her posture, as if throwing off the dreaminess of memory to reassume the weight of present-day reality, and closes the scene with an abrupt admonition: ''The movie isn't over yet.''

That moment crystallizes both the meaning of the play at the Broadhurst and the wonderment of following its author's recent career. ''Broadway Bound'' shows us its hero as he prepares to break into comedy writing on radio in the late 1940's, but not before he learns that life, unlike the movies, doesn't always come to a clear-cut, let alone happy, finale. Throughout the evening Eugene is tempted to draw neat conclusions about the troubled relatives in his fractious Brighton Beach household only to discover that their ''whole story'' is far more complicated, ambiguous and eternal than he ever imagined. And, of course, the story of Mr. Simon's development as a playwright isn't over yet, either. In ''Broadway Bound,'' Broadway's most successful practitioner of tidy dramaturgy continues to enhance the complexity that has brought him artistic rebirth in his cycle of alliteratively titled autobiographical plays.

The result, a transitional work, is messy, in both the positive and negative senses of the word. ''Broadway Bound'' contains some of its author's most accomplished writing to date -passages that dramatize the timeless, unresolvable bloodlettings of familial existence as well as the humorous conflicts one expects. But the seamless merging of laughter, character and emotion that ignited ''Biloxi Blues'' is only intermittently achieved here. There are stretches, especially in Act I, when ''Broadway Bound'' isn't funny or moving but just reportorial and expository, with plot twists and thematic invocations piling up undigested, like the heavier courses at an attenuated Passover seder. ''Every writer needs an editor,'' says Eugene, and one must wonder if a great play has been left unextracted from the rich but bulky material at hand.

What's most impressive about ''Broadway Bound'' is Mr. Simon's expanded generosity toward characters who are not himself. Eugene, a role that the talented Jonathan Silverman has now inherited from Matthew Broderick, is not the protagonist of this play. That position falls instead to Miss Lavin's Kate - a woman who must contend not only with the impending departure of Eugene and his brother, Stanley (Jason Alexander), but also with the probable desertion of her wandering husband of 33 years (Philip Sterling) and the growing frailty of her elderly live-in father (John Randolph). While Kate has lived for the single goal of raising a family, the post-World War II ''Broadway Bound'' finds her at a personal and historical moment when both her single-minded purpose and the Old World values that instilled that maternal mission are fast becoming obsolete.

Though Mr. Simon has either sentimentalized or caricatured his past heroines, he sees Kate whole, refusing to sanctify or mock her. Kate is a remarkable achievement - a Jewish mother who redefines the genre even as she gets the requisite laughs while fretting over her children's health or an unattended pot roast. She's a woman who takes ''her own quiet pleasure'' in a world that goes no farther than her subway line, and if her life is over once her dinner table is deserted, she greets her fate with stoical silence, not self-martyrdom. One only wishes that Ms. Lavin, whose touching performance is of the same high integrity as the writing, could stay in the role forever. It's all too easy to imagine the coarse interpretations that could follow this actress's meticulously, deeply etched portrait of a woman who is a survivor, not a victim, of an immigrant family's hard path to assimilation.

Almost as stirring, in both conception and performance, is the character of Kate's father, the unreconstructed, if sometimes hypocritical Trotskyite played with a matchless mixture of buried affection and shrewd comic timing by Mr. Randolph. This crotchety old man is a fresh take on the archetype the actor previously played in Arthur Miller's ''American Clock'' - no matter whether he's suffering the humiliations of age, or humorlessly applying socialist utilitarianism to his grandson's frivolous jokes, or confusing paternal anger for political ideals in an early joust with Kate's well-off sister Blanche (an empathic one-scene appearance by Phyllis Newman). Another product of tough circumstance, Mr. Randolph's grandfather, too, helps us see why Eugene pines so strongly for the luxury of intimacy that previous generations of Jeromes have been denied.

Oddly enough, Eugene's most intimate current companion, the older but more juvenile brother who is his mentor and writing partner, is less fully drawn. Stanley and Eugene aren't as hilariously fused as Mr. Simon's past male odd couples, nor do they achieve the Cain-and-Abel bonding of the equivalent brothers in Miller and Shepard plays. Perhaps to make up the difference, the usually witty Mr. Alexander starts Stanley off at a shrill pitch and stays there: the anger Stanley expresses in a fit of writer's pique is undifferentiated from the far more primal rage with which he confronts his father later on. Then again, the father, competently performed by Mr. Sterling, also fails to carry the dramatic weight attached to him: Mr. Simon seems to be expecting us to think back to ''Brighton Beach Memoirs'' to find a vestige of the principled, lovable patriarch that Kate and her sons keep claiming once existed within the spent, drab figure before us now.

The lengthier squabbles featuring the father or Stanley defy even the efforts of Ms. Lavin or of the impeccable director, Gene Saks, to animate them. Far livelier are the interludes in which Mr. Simon, with a nostalgic gusto reminiscent of Moss Hart's ''Act One,'' dissects the ambitions and craft of aspiring show-biz comedy writers. When Eugene and Stanley finally get their break on CBS, their silly, period radio sketch is interpreted or misinterpreted differently by everyone who hears it -leading to a masterly delineation of how even writing intended for a mass audience begins with specific details, and before that, in the unexplored subconscious.

Mr. Silverman presides over these interludes with appealing brio. It takes a while to forget Mr. Broderick's Eugene, but once one does, it's clear that his successor has captured both the ''nice, likable, funny'' shell of the young man and the ''angry, hostile'' writer-on-the-make within. By the time Eugene coaxes his mother to dance with him, in Oedipal emulation of that long-ago invitation from George Raft, we also see the compassion of a fledgling playwright who may someday come to terms with his childhood.

In ''Broadway Bound,'' Eugene's grown-up creator hasn't always come to those terms. One must endure those scenes in which the author, still bound by Broadway realism, settles for a smoothly crafted chronicle of his Brighton Beach memoirs, finite details instead of subconscious truth. But the compensating rewards are there when Mr. Simon, like mother and son in their imaginary ballroom, uncovers the family history that's never over, and, mature artist that he is, makes it spin.

COMING TO TERMS

BROADWAY BOUND, by Neil Simon; directed by Gene Saks; scenery by David Mitchell; costumes by Joseph G. Aulisi; lighting by Tharon Musser; sound by Tom Morse; production stage manager, Peter Lawrence. Presented by Emanuel Azenberg. At the Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street.

Kate...Linda Lavin; Ben...John Randolph; Eugene...Jonathan Silverman; Stanley...Jason Alexander; Blanche...Phyllis Newman; Jack...Philip Sterling; Radio voices...Marilyn Cooper, MacIntyre Dixon and Ed Herlihy.

**Graphic**

Photo of Linda Lavin (Martha Swope)

**End of Document**



[***Right Again, but Somewhat Left***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XBJ0-0024-J1SK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Alan Ehrenhalt;

Alan Ehrenhalt is the executive editor of Governing magazine and the author of "The United States of Ambition: Politicians, Power and the Pursuit of Office."

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**Body**

BOILING POINT

*Republicans, Democrats, and the Decline*

*of Middle-Class Prosperity.*

*By Kevin Phillips.*

*307 pp. New York:*

*Random House. $23.*

THROUGH more than 25 years of analysis and prediction, nobody has been as transcendently right about the outlines of American political change -- or as tantalizingly wrong about crucial details -- as Kevin Phillips. In "The Emerging Republican Majority," written in 1967, the year before Richard Nixon took the White House out of Democratic hands, Mr. Phillips predicted not only Mr. Nixon's victory but also the full quarter-century of Republican Presidential dominance that was to follow. The social and racial upheaval of the 1960's, Mr. Phillips wrote, would be to Democrats what the Depression was to Republicans: it would probably be a full generation before the average middle-class white voter trusted any Democrat to run the country again.

That truth, grasped so early and argued so cleanly, stands as perhaps the single most brilliant political insight of recent times. The only complication was that Mr. Phillips went beyond it to infer something more sweeping: Republican control of Congress, the states and all levels of the political system. The failure of that prediction provided ammunition to critics; it also confounded Mr. Phillips himself. At one point in the 1970's he argued that the top-to-bottom Republican majority was snatched away at the last moment by Watergate. Later he said it had been blocked by the power of the news media to control election results. Neither of those explanations was very convincing.

By the early Reagan years, however, Mr. Phillips had moved on to other grand forecasts. In "Post-Conservative America" (1982), he traced the economic frustrations of the American voter and prophesied that years of political instability would follow. Once again, Mr. Phillips demonstrated a genuine sensitivity for the middle-class American mind and political temperament. But his analysis suffered, if nothing else, from unfortunate timing. He saw chronic inflation as a scourge of modern government and the source of electoral disruption. Just as his book was appearing, inflation began a steady decline that essentially removed it as a political problem for a decade to come.

But in 1990, Mr. Phillips renewed his reputation as an astute political thinker. In "The Politics of Rich and Poor," he penetrated the veil of Reagan-Bush prosperity and showed how the previous decade had redistributed income and wealth away from middle-class and ***working-class*** families and into the bank accounts of the rich. In the years since, as recession and stagnation have settled in everywhere, much of what Mr. Phillips wrote in 1990 has become both conventional wisdom and underlying text for political debate.

Now, in "Boiling Point," Mr. Phillips has expanded on his rich-and-poor-in-the-80's thesis to explore the phenomenon of middle-class decline from the widest possible perspective, tracing not only the fat and lean decades of postwar American life but the lessons of other times and places as well: Victorian Britain, the 17th-century Netherlands, even the Spain of Philip II.

In the last 20 years, Mr. Phillips says, the American middle class has been losing cash and a great deal more. Not only has real income been falling since 1973, a point most economists are now willing to concede, but also the typical $40,000-a-year family has been the victim of a galaxy of economic changes few have bothered to add up.

What this family gained in the 1980's in lower income taxes, it lost in higher payroll taxes for Social Security and higher sales and property taxes at the state and local level. It has paid further as the real cost of services and leisure has soared: tuition, legal fees, even the price of baseball tickets and cable television. Most important, this family and others like it have been the primary victims of massive deindustrialization. The middle-class family that thrived in the 1950's and 1960's on one breadwinner's income from a high-wage manufacturing job is now forced perilously close to financial collapse as a working husband and working wife find themselves mired in dead-end service jobs or nonunion factory work that pays little more than the minimum wage.

Each of these things has been said elsewhere, but Mr. Phillips puts them together with a thoroughness that no one before him has achieved, and he delivers them in an acerbically provocative prose style. "Huge chunks of industrial America . . . had become graveyards of vocational mobility," he tells us. "In less than a generation, the average American went from being a political icon to being a fiscal milch cow."

Some of the arguments are less than precise. For example, we never learn precisely just what Mr. Phillips means by "middle class." At times, he stretches the term to include families that earn as much as $100,000 a year. At other times, he seems to include these families as part of the elite that middle-class Americans ought rightfully to resent.

But the major themes are carefully presented and convincing, and they will ring true to anyone who has troubled to read the newspaper of any major American city in the last few years. The economy of the 1990's is middle-aged fathers in Ohio and Indiana, men who used to earn good incomes at Ford or Caterpillar, saddled with low-wage jobs at Kmart or Wal-Mart that offer little comfort, satisfaction or hope of advancement. It is young mothers who commute 30 miles from one suburb to another for a pink-collar job whose wages are half eaten by child care and travel costs. It is families that scarcely see one another for days on end.

Meanwhile, Mr. Phillips tells us, the share of pretax income going to the richest 1 percent of American families rose from 8 percent to 13 percent in the dozen years from 1977 to 1989, while the effective tax rate on those same families was declining from 35.5 percent to 26.7 percent. Taken together, these facts are a powerful economic indictment, and they generate legitimate questions about when and if the nation is going to face a middle-class populist rebellion against the wealthy.

But Mr. Phillips is not content to justify such a rebellion or even to predict one. He is determined to show that it is already taking place. And here his book simply fails.

Mr. Phillips tells us, for example, that Gov. Pete Wilson of California accepted a modest 1991 increase in taxes on the highest incomes because of overwhelming popular support for a so-called soak-the-rich ballot initiative scheduled for a vote the following year. He does not tell us that a soak-the-rich measure, albeit a stronger one, did come to a statewide vote in November 1992 and was decisively defeated.

MR. PHILLIPS cites the Presidential campaign successes of both Jerry Brown and Ross Perot as signs of national populist enthusiasm, but this argument requires feats of selective memory. Mr. Brown, like the radio talk-show populists he came to resemble, aimed his attack at political elites, not economic elites. It was not Sam Walton or John Kluge that Mr. Brown ridiculed in his campaign. It was the leadership of Congress and the complacency of its incumbents. This is populism of a sort, but not the sort that Mr. Phillips claims to have discovered.

Ross Perot, with his East Texas twang and his gibes against Washington, can be said to have learned some of the lyrics of populism. One must ask, however, what sort of soak-the-rich movement would serve up as its voice of rebellion an unrepentant Texas computer billionaire preoccupied with budget deficits. In a genuine populist revolt, Mr. Perot would not be the hero. He would be one of the villains.

Then there is the question of Bill Clinton and his promise to raise the taxes of those who earn more than $200,000 a year. If it takes that much income to be rich, the fact is that there are very few rich people in the United States, and confiscating their money would do little to redistribute overall wealth. Far more telling than Mr. Clinton's willingness to tax the super-rich was his mortal fear of raising revenue from the upper middle class, the people between $100,000 and $200,000, who in any legitimate populist rebellion would be among the targets. If one has to use the Clinton campaign as evidence that 1992 was a populist political year, as Mr. Phillips does, one is on very shaky ground.

But it is not necessary to accept Mr. Phillips's strained account of the 1992 election to appreciate his book for what it is: an impressive piece of economic analysis and a troubling moral argument. The past decade has done more than enough societal damage to make populists out of those on the losing side of economic change; it simply has not made populists out of very many of them up to now. "Boiling Point" may create a few more.

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[***Spare Times: For Children***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:54B8-SNP1-DXY4-X51B-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LAUREL GRAEBER

**Body**

'Untapped!'

The young men at the New Victory Theater don't just dance with their bodies, they also dance with their voices.

They're presenting ''Untapped!,'' a family show whose title reveals both its untrammeled energy and its freewheeling content. Expert hoofers, these fellows, based in Australia, extend tap into wild territories. With their casual duds, streetwise moves and Crocodile Dundee accents, they seem like Down Under versions of the ***working-class*** blokes in ''The Full Monty.'' But at their most graceful, they make you think of how Fred Astaire might have performed if he'd joined a hip-hop crew.

Members of a troupe called Raw Metal Dance, they combine comedy, circus and virtuosic intensity. Jonny Grant, a k a Dr. Rhythm, acts as M.C., cheerfully exhorting ''the top shelf'' and ''middle shelf'' (translation: balcony and mezzanine) to join the orchestra section in ''screaming and clapping just as loud as you can.'' Two guitarists and a drummer, playing funk, techno and rock, make it easy to follow those orders.

An adept mimic, Mr. Grant can conjure Darth Vader, Justin Timberlake and Elmo. He also makes good on his promise to teach a child volunteer to beat-box in three minutes. But he's not alone in performing vocal gymnastics. ''Rhythmic Voice,'' a number much more clever than its title, features the dancers -- Sam Windsor and, above, from left, Daniel Sintes, Reece Hopkins, Andrew Fee and Matthew Sintes (Daniel's brother) -- bouncing around words while one of them desperately tries to talk on a cellphone. Interjections like ''Hoo-ha!'' and ''Oh, yeah,'' in counterpoint to the caller's frustrated ''Hey, hey,'' constitute a dance in themselves.

The men have just as much fun actually moving. When Mr. Fee, also the show's director (and choreographer, along with the cast), announces that they'll ''take you through a few genres,'' these include hip-hop-inflected tap (Mr. Fee even briefly switches to dancing on his hands) and flamenco-inflected tap.

''Thong Tap'' and ''Flipper Tap'' are even more unusual: one number done in flip-flops (sometimes put on the hands for rhythmic slapping) and another executed in snorkeling footgear. Maybe these are more smack dancing than tap dancing, but they're beautifully synchronized as well as funny.

Children tend not to be dance purists anyway. And adults admiring hunky Aussie talent will find these guys a much more affordable ticket than Hugh Jackman.

(Friday and Saturday at 2 and 7 p.m.; Sunday at noon and 5 p.m.; New Victory Theater, 209 West 42nd Street, Manhattan, 646-223-3010, newvictory.org; $14 to $38; $9 to $25 for members.) LAUREL GRAEBER

For Children

'The Amazing Max and the Box of Interesting Things' (Friday through Sunday) Max Darwin, a k a the Amazing Max, promises not only interesting things, but also some interesting phenomena: levitation, strange appearances and disappearances, props that seem to move on their own. They're part of this 50-minute magic performance, which includes audience participation and will continue on Sundays in an open-ended run. At 4:30 p.m., Manhattan Movement & Arts Center, 248 West 60th Street, (212) 239-6200, manhattanmovement.com, theamazingmax.com; $29.50 and $49.50.

'Angelina Ballerina: The Very Merry Holiday Musical' (Friday through Sunday) Very merry and very mouse-filled: you can count on that. Susan DiLallo and Ben Morss, who created ''Angelina Ballerina the Musical,'' have now written a show about the tiny rodent heroine in toeshoes. Directed toward ages 3 to 12 and based on the children's book characters created by Katharine Holabird, this Vital Theater Company production centers on a holiday pageant the mice are putting on -- until a mix-up interferes with the plans. (Through Jan. 2.) Friday at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 11 a.m. and 1 and 3 p.m. In previews; opens on Dec. 3. Vital Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street, fourth floor, (212) 579-0528, vitaltheatre.org; $29.50.

'Archaeology Zone: Discovering Treasures From Playgrounds to Palaces' (Friday; Sunday through Tuesday; and Thursday) Children will step into the shoes of an explorer like Indiana Jones in this permanent exhibition at the Jewish Museum, but the adventures will be purely scholarly. Still, there is plenty of excitement in analyzing artifacts like a jar handle, a clay jug and a bangle and figuring out the purpose behind ancient pieces like a Greek helmet and a bull-shaped vessel. This interactive show, for ages 3 to 10, also includes a re-created room from the Ottoman period (about 1900), where young archaeologists can dress in costume. From 11 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.; until 8 p.m. on Thursdays; until 4 p.m. on Fridays; 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, (212) 423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org; free with admission: $12; $10 for 65+; $7.50 for students; free for under 12 and members.

Backstage Tours at 'The Fantasticks' (Saturday and Sunday) The producers of ''The Fantasticks'' think it's time to introduce the next generation of theatergoers to their show, the longest-running musical in the world. They have initiated a program for young audiences that will take them behind the scenes after matinee performances, where they can tour the backstage area, meet cast members, learn how the show is put on and take pictures. And, of course, have their first experience with Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt's fable about love. Saturdays after the 2 p.m. show and Sundays after the 3 p.m. show, Jerry Orbach Theater, Snapple Theater Center, 210 West 50th Street, Manhattan, (212) 921-7862, fantasticksonbroadway.com. Free with the purchase of matinee tickets: $51.50 to $76.50; $160 for a family four-pack. Reservations are required.

'The Berenstain Bears Live! In Family Matters, the Musical' (Friday through Sunday) The most famous bears since the three in the Goldilocks story are now onstage in an open-ended run of this adaptation of three of the titles in the long-running children's book series by Stan and Jan Berenstain. The show, by Michael Borton and Michael Slade, offers a pleasant hour for small theatergoers, with a pop-flavored score and actors who inhabit their fuzzy roles enthusiastically. But like the books, it's rather tame and tidy; after this many years of a formula, even the Berenstain cubs are starting to show their age. Friday and Saturday at 11 a.m.; Sunday at 2 p.m.; Marjorie S. Deane Little Theater, 10 West 64th Street, Manhattan, (866) 811-4111, berenstainbearslive.com; $34.95 to $59.95. (The most expensive tickets include wearable bear ears and foot-of-the-stage seating.)

'A Christmas Carol' (Saturday and Sunday) You know Christmas is coming when Ebenezer Scrooge returns to the stage. Manhattan Children's Theater, now in a new location, has mounted one of the first of the season's Dickens adaptations for children. Created and directed by Bruce Merrill, this revival features both traditional songs and original music. At noon and 2 p.m., 380 Broadway, at White Street, TriBeCa, (212) 352-3101, mctny.org. In advance, $18; $16 for children. At the door, $20.

'A Christmas Carol' (Friday) Scrooge learns his lessons tunefully in this musical from Theatreworks USA, recommended for ages 6 and older. If it's anything like the company's debut production of this adaptation, the staging will be a treat: inspired, funny and far more intimate than the enjoyable extravaganza that used to come to Madison Square Garden every year. And who knew Marley could sing? At 1 and 3 p.m., Queens Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens, (718) 760-0064, queenstheatre.org; $14.

'A Christmas Carol, as Told by Charles Dickens (Himself)' (Thursday) This theatrical adaptation of the holiday tale adds yet another ghost to the mix: that of the author. Written by Greg Oliver Bodine, the show draws on Dickens's own material from the reading tours he conducted throughout the United States. The script offers a playful side of his personality, imbuing the storytelling with physical comedy. (Through Dec. 24.) At 7 p.m., Canal Park Playhouse, 508 Canal Street, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, TriBeCa, (866) 811-4111, canalparkplayhouse.com; $18; a pre-fixe brunch is available for an additional $6.95 in advance or $8.95 at the door.

Family Films (Friday through Thursday) The Film Society of Lincoln Center is showing a number of vintage movies for children, and parents will especially appreciate the vintage prices. Its Family Films series continues this weekend with two titles in which Roald Dahl had a hand: ''Chitty Chitty Bang Bang'' (1968), an adaptation of a children's novel by Ian Fleming, about a magical car, with a screenplay by Dahl and Ken Hughes (Sunday at 2 p.m.); and ''Fantastic Mr. Fox'' (2009), Wes Anderson's more recent adaptation of Dahl's novel about wise foxes and foolish farmers (Saturday at 4 p.m.). All week the society is also showing ''The Sound of Music,'' the original 1965 extravaganza with Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer. And just to get everyone in a festive mood, it's a special singalong screening (Friday, and Monday through Thursday, at 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 10:30 a.m.). Amphitheater, Elinor Bunin Munroe Film Center, 144 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, filmlinc.com; $6.

'Flying Monsters 3D' (Friday through Sunday and Tuesday and Wednesday) This sounds like the perfect film for Halloween season, except that these monsters didn't come from a folk tale or a horror writer's imagination. They were living, breathing realities millions of years ago. Written and narrated by David Attenborough, this new giant-screen 3-D film explores the world of pterosaurs: flying reptiles like the quetzalcoatlus, which was the size of a jumbo jetliner, and the tapejara, which had a sailboat-shaped head. Scientists will discuss their fossils, while the 3-D re-creations swoop at you from the screen. (Through Jan. 31.) At 11:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., with an additional 3:30 p.m. show on weekends; Joseph D. Williams Science Theater, Liberty Science Center, 222 Jersey City Boulevard, Liberty State Park, N.J., (201) 253-1310, lsc.org; $9; $8 for teachers; $7 for ages 2 to 12 and 62+. Film tickets are in addition to center admission: $15.75, $5 and $11.50. Combination tickets are also available.

'Freckleface Strawberry the Musical' (Friday through Sunday) Based on the actress Julianne Moore's picture book ''Freckleface Strawberry,'' about a 7-year-old redhead who earns that nickname from her teasing friends, this delightful show has come back onstage at a new theater and with a new cast. The musical transcends the usual themes about celebrating the differences that make us special with a winning score and inventive comedy, as well as an acknowledgment of the unfunny aspects of its young heroine's situation. (The run is open-ended.) Friday at 3 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3 p.m.; Manhattan Movement & Arts Center, 248 West 60th Street, (212) 239-6200, frecklefacestrawberrythemusical.com; $45 to $85.

'Gazillion Bubble Show: The Next Generation' (Friday through Sunday, and Wednesday) Children love bubbles, and this interactive show promises not just a gazillion but also some of the largest ever blown, along with light effects and lasers. The stars are the members of the Yang family: Fan and Ana Yang and their son Deni and others, who rotate as M.C.'s for the production. Audience members may even find themselves in bubbles of their own. Friday at 2 and 7 p.m.; Saturday at 11 a.m. and 2 and 4:30 p.m.; Sunday at noon and 3 p.m.; and Wednesday at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.; New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, gazillionbubbleshow.com; $44.50 to $89.50; lap seats for ages 2 and under are $20, at the box office only.

'Hansel and Gretel' (Saturday and Sunday) These young adventurers could certainly use some assistance. In this adaptation of their story, written and directed by Johannes Galli, the founder of Galli's Fairytale Theater, young audience members are involved in helping to trick the wicked witch. On Saturday only, the show is followed by a one-hour theater workshop in which children dress in costume and put together a short play with the help of the theater's staff. At 2 p.m.; Saturday workshop at 3 p.m.; Galli Theater Midtown, 347 West 36th Street, Manhattan, (212) 352-3101, gallitheaterny.com; $20; $15 for ages 2 to 17; $5 discount when using the promotional code ''Hansel'' online or on the phone. Workshop is $15, or $10 when more than one child from a family attend.

'Jim Henson's Fantastic World' (Friday through Sunday, and Tuesday and Wednesday) The man behind the Muppets -- and so many other feats of puppetry, film and imagination -- is being celebrated in this exhibition at the Museum of the Moving Image. Containing over 120 artifacts, the show includes Kermit the Frog and Bert and Ernie Muppets; excerpts from Henson's experimental films and his Muppet movies; and animations, storyboards, props and photographs spanning his career, from the 1950s television show ''Sam and Friends'' to ''Sesame Street'' and beyond. On Saturdays and Sundays, guided tours of the exhibition are at 3 p.m. (Through Jan. 16.) 35th Avenue at 37th Street, Astoria, Queens, (718) 777-6888, movingimage.us. Museum hours: 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; until 8 p.m. on Fridays; until 7 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Free with admission: $12; $9 for 65+ and college students; $6 for ages 3 to 18; free for under 3; free to all on Fridays from 4 to 8 p.m.

'Knuffle Bunny: A Cautionary Musical' (Friday through Sunday) How do you turn a book into a rousing musical when its main character speaks only gibberish? The author and illustrator Mo Willems has risen to the challenge with this semiautobiographical show, based on his best-selling picture book ''Knuffle Bunny.'' With a score by Michael Silversher and book and lyrics by Mr. Willems, the musical relates the fateful day when Trixie, a toddler, goes to the coin laundry with her daddy, and her favorite stuffed animal gets mixed up with the wash. Trixie realizes what has happened, but how can she let the grown-ups know? Friday at 2 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.; Skirball Center for the Performing Arts, 566 La Guardia Place, at Washington Square South, Greenwich Village, (212) 352-3101, nyuskirball.org; $15 to $25.

'The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe' (Saturday) If the children of the Pevensie family could travel to the magical land of Narnia through something as simple as a wardrobe, why shouldn't two hard-working actors be able to play them and all the characters found there? That's what Erin Layton and Andrew Fortman attempt in Off Broadway Family Theater's first production, le Clanche du Rand's adaptation of C. S. Lewis's classic novel. Saturdays at 11 a.m., St. Luke's Theater, 308 West 46th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200, narniaoffbroadway.com; $35.

Material Lab at the Museum of Modern Art (Friday through Monday, and Wednesday and Thursday) No matter how much talent artists have, they need the right materials to create their work. This new interactive space at MoMA invites families to explore a wide range of mediums that are reflected in the museum's collection. The stations in the Material Lab include a drawing table; a collage table; Discovery Boxes, with surprise materials within; Cornell Boxes, filled with found objects, in the spirit of the work of Joseph Cornell; and a digital painting experience using new technology from Microsoft. (Through June.) From 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. (until 8 p.m. on Fridays); Lewis B. and Dorothy Cullman Education and Research Building, (212) 708-9400, moma.org. Free with museum admission: $25; $18 for 65+; $14 for students; free for members and for ages 16 and under; free on Friday evenings from 4 to 8 p.m.

'The Nutcracker' (Tuesday) Children who aren't ready for a full serving of the Land of the Sweets and the other confections of ''The Nutcracker'' may enjoy this low-calorie version: it's just an hour. Presented by New York Theater Ballet, it is also new. Keith Michael has choreographed this version, giving the story an Art Nouveau setting and turning Marie into a young woman. Part of a monthlong holiday celebration at the World Financial Center Winter Garden, the debut of ''The Nutcracker'' coincides with the illumination of the Winter Garden's 100,000 holiday lights, which will take place just before the 6 p.m. performance. At 12:30 and 6 p.m., World Financial Center, West Street, south of Vesey Street, Lower Manhattan, (212) 945-0505, artsworldfinancialcenter.com; free.

'Perfect Catch: A Throwmantic Comedy' (Saturday and Sunday) Love has a lot to do with finding a perfect catch, but in this family show, closing this weekend and part of Canal Park Playhouse's Classic Brunch Matinee series, the catching part is particularly important. Jen Slaw and Michael Karas, jugglers and circus performers, play co-workers who at first don't like each other but share a mutual love of office pranks. Before long sparks -- and a lot of other things -- start to fly. At noon and 2 p.m., Canal Park Playhouse, 508 Canal Street, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, TriBeCa, (866) 811-4111, canalparkplayhouse.com; $20; a pre-fixe brunch is available for an additional $6.95 in advance or $8.95 at the door.

'Pinkalicious, the Musical' (Saturday and Sunday) In Elizabeth and Victoria Kann's adaptation of their children's book, the pink-obsessed title character, a little girl, finds out that sometimes being in the pink can be too much of a good thing -- especially when eating too many pink cupcakes has turned her pink from head to toe. (John Gregor wrote the score and some of the lyrics.) At 11 a.m., Manhattan Movement & Arts Center, 248 West 60th Street, (212) 579-0528, pinkaliciousthemusical.com; $29.50; $49.50 for premium tickets.

'The Snowy Day and the Art of Ezra Jack Keats' (Friday through Tuesday, and Thursday) One of the most groundbreaking works of the 1960s wasn't intended for adults: ''The Snowy Day,'' a picture book by Ezra Jack Keats, helped revolutionize children's literature by featuring a black boy as its protagonist. This new exhibition at the Jewish Museum explores the life and art of Keats (1916-83), born Jacob Ezra Katz. The son of Jewish immigrants, Keats drew on his own experiences with poverty and prejudice to create Peter, the character at the heart of ''The Snowy Day'' and several more books. (Through Jan. 29.) From 11 a.m. to 5:45 p.m.; until 4 p.m. on Fridays and until 8 p.m. on Thursdays; 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, (212) 423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. Free with admission: $12; $10 for 65+; $7.50 for students; free to under 12 and members; free to all on Saturdays.

'Thanksgiving Weekend Family Stories' (Friday through Sunday) Remember the day your baby brother spoke his first word? Or your grandmother mistakenly used salt instead of sugar in that recipe? Anecdotes like these make up families' personal histories, and the DiMenna Children's History Museum is inviting visitors to record them this weekend as take-home projects. Visitors should bring their own video cameras; the museum will provide the backdrop, tips from a professional storyteller and a tour through the museum's exhibits of famous families for inspiration. From 1:30 to 3:30 p.m., DiMenna Children's History Museum, New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, (212) 485-9293, nyhistory.org; free with museum admission: $15; $12 for teachers and 65+; $10 for students; $5 for ages 7 to 13; free for under 7.

'The Three Bears Holiday Bash' (Friday through Thursday) There's no word on whether Goldilocks is invited to this seasonal celebration, but Santa Claus definitely is. A production from the Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater, this puppet musical centers on the annual variety show put on by the Bears, in which Baby Bear asks Santa to star. The fun draws on Hanukkah and Kwanzaa, as well as on Christmas. (Through Dec. 30.) This Friday at 11 a.m. and 1 and 3 p.m.; other weekdays at 10:30 a.m. and noon, with an additional 2:30 p.m. show on Wednesday; Saturdays and Sundays at 1 p.m.; Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater, Central Park, 79th Street and the West Drive, Central Park, (212) 988-9093, cityparksfoundation.org/swedish--cottage.html; $8, or $5 for children. Reservations required.

'Winter on a Flatbush Farm' (Saturday and Sunday) Flatbush certainly doesn't resemble farming territory these days, but Lefferts Historic House, the farmhouse museum in Prospect Park, will re-create the atmosphere and activities of 19th-century Brooklyn in this weekend celebration. Children can learn how to make candles, preserve food and begin a patchwork quilt; watch flax spun into thread; and sample traditional treats made over an open fire. On Sunday at 3 p.m., St. Nicholas will also visit. From 1 to 4 p.m., Prospect Park, the Willink entrance, Flatbush Avenue and Empire Boulevard, Brooklyn, (718) 789-2822, prospectpark.org/lefferts; free.

Winter's Eve at Lincoln Square (Monday) In ''A Christmas Carol'' Scrooge's spiritual opposite was Fezziwig, his genial boss of long ago who knew when to put aside workaday concerns, throw open his doors and invite everyone to a grand party. Something similar will happen in New York on Monday evening, but the companies offering the revelry will be modern corporations in the Lincoln Square Business Improvement District. This 12th annual festival will offer many children's events, including a tree lighting; concerts by Joanie Leeds & the Nightlights; a reading by former Mayor Edward I. Koch, who will sign ''Eddie Shapes Up,'' the new children's book he wrote with his sister, Pat Koch Thaler; performances by the Big Apple Circus; street pageantry from Arm-of-the-Sea Theater; and arts and crafts. From 5:30 to 9 p.m., Broadway from 58th to 68th Streets; Kids' Central is the American Bible Society, Broadway and 61st Street, (212) 581-7762, winterseve.org; free. LAUREL GRAEBER

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY RAW METAL DANCE)

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[***A Proposal for a Home Depot In Port Chester Draws Fire in Rye***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8N50-000P-N1P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By KATE STONE LOMBARDI

**Dateline:** PORT CHESTER

**Body**

THE Home Depot wants to open a store here, and so far, the effort has taken five years, been the subject of dozens of hearings and generated multiple lawsuits, which involve at least 10 law firms.

It is not unusual for citizen groups or municipalities to try to block huge retail developments, nor is it out of the ordinary for such litigation to drag on for years. But what makes this case stand out is that the government of Port Chester wants the Home Depot to open its doors here. The problem is, its municipal neighbor, the city of Rye, does not.

Because of a county administrative statute, which gives a neighboring community some say about what goes on near its border, Rye has the legal standing to fight the Home Depot here. So rather than this being a case of a town fighting to keep development out, it has turned into two municipalities battling each other over what they say are the best interests of their communities.

"This is not just about Home Depot," said Christine Korff, the Mayor here. "Now it has become a bigger issue about the right of the village of Port Chester to determine its own destiny and the right for us to build within our own boundaries."

The Mayor of Rye, Edward B. Dunn, said the City Council has an obligation to protect Rye from the effects of the proposed Home Depot and to address concerns like the congestion that the warehouse store would cause on the streets of Rye. He said that not all Port Chester residents supported the arrival of the store and that some had urged Rye to continue its fight against the Home Depot.

In a county with more than 40 municipalities, it is not surprising that what is in the interest of one community sometimes conflicts with its neighbor's interests. In this case, what is considered good for Port Chester -- a store that proponents say will bring development, tax revenue and employment to a struggling village -- offers, from Rye's point of view, little except increased traffic.

Rye is invoking a section of the Westchester County Administrative Code, which states that each city, village or town must give notification of proposed changes in planning and zoning matters within 500 feet of a municipal border and that such actions will be subject to judicial review. The proposed development would be within 500 feet of Rye.

"The wisdom of the lawmakers when they put that law into effect was that things that a community did on its border affect its neighboring community," Mr. Dunn said. "They clearly contemplated a situation such as this."

The administrative statute, which addresses "the rights and duties of abutting communities," was passed in 1961 and is unique to Westchester County, said Edward Burrows, chief planner of the county's Planning Department. The provision is not part of the state's Planning Code.

Compounding the conflict are the different economic profiles and subsequent needs of the two municipalities. Port Chester has more ***working-class*** residents and a mix of residential and industrial properties. Over the last few decades, a number of factories closed and, in doing so, eroded the village's tax base. The village was hit particularly hard by the closing of the Life Saver plant in 1984. Rye is primarily residential, with abundant open space, well-regarded schools and a blend of housing, which includes a number of large estates.

Figures from the 1990 census show the median price of a one-family house here was $225,000 and the median household income was $35,216, with annual property taxes of $3,500. In Rye, the median price of a one-family house was $405,000, and the median household income was $69,695, with property taxes of $7,404.

The Rye Citizens Committee, a group that has strongly opposed the Home Depot in Port Chester, includes "the presidents of major investment firms, insurance chiefs, partners of top law firms -- an amazing board of directors," said Joseph Chira, a spokesman for the group. It has been easy for the group to raise money to fight the proposed development, he said. The group fears that the Home Depot would affect the quality of life in Rye, bringing increased traffic, pollution, noise and more crime.

Mayor Dunn of Rye, a retired managing director of Morgan Stanley and Company, the international investment banking concern in Manhattan, said it was a mistake to look at the conflict in terms of the municipalities' economic profiles. He said the city of Rye and the village of Port Chester had many close relationships, including fire departments and ambulance corps, which back each other up .

But Mayor Korff, a mortgage broker, disagreed. "It's like the haves and the have-nots," she said. "They're settled and happy with the way they are. They don't want to change, and they can afford to be that way. We have a lot of people in Port Chester who are not affluent, and declining assessments require us to seek development. We welcome the new shoppers that Home Depot will bring, and we welcome the traffic. This will revitalize our village."

A spokeswoman for the Home Depot, Katrina Blauvelt, said the experience in Port Chester was a first for the corporation. "In every single city where we open a store, we have to work with the zoning board," Ms. Blauvelt said. "But this is unusual, because we're not used to legal activity with another town. This is the first time a neighboring town has become involved in legal actions to stop one of our stores."

The Home Depot has proposed building a 101,400-square-foot warehouse-like retail outlet and an 18,000-square-foot outdoor garden center on more than 8 acres off Midland Avenue in Port Chester. If the store is built, it will be the county's second Home Depot; the first opened in October in New Rochelle. The New Rochelle store has also become the focus of controversy, because several contractors who built the 118,000-square-foot building there have filed liens in State Supreme Court in White Plains over payments they say are owed them.

The Home Depot, which is based in Atlanta, has 518 stores in the United States and Canada, 28 of them in New York. The company first filed an application to build the store in Port Chester in 1992. To do so required a change in zoning, and to grant that, the village had to comply with the state's Environmental Quality Review Act. The village had to prepare an environmental impact statement, which included ways to mitigate the impact of the development on traffic, noise and air quality among other things.

Port Chester completed the process and approved the project in 1994. The city of Rye and the Rye Citizens Committee then sued the village in separate suits in State Supreme Court in White Plains, saying that the village had not adequately considered the environmental impact of the proposed project.

The State Supreme Court ruled in favor of both the city of Rye and the Citizens Committee. The Home Depot began a new effort to build the store and reapplied for a zoning variance. Between the summer of 1994 and the fall of 1995, the environmental impact process was repeated. This time, Port Chester hired land-use consultants, traffic-engineering companies and additional lawyers, the cost of which, $240,000, was paid for by the Home Depot.

"We feel the agreement for Home Depot to reimburse Port Chester for the consultants and lawyers is a corruption of the local zoning process," Mr. Chira said. "How can a consultant working for a planning commission be impartial when you've got the influence of a Home Depot tossing around a lot of money? The consultants are supposed to be working for the village, not Home Depot."

Again, the village of Port Chester approved the project, and again the city of Rye and the Rye Citizens Committee filed suits in State Supreme Court in White Plains. In its suit, the Rye Citizens Committee took issue with how the environmental impact process was undertaken, charging that the village had held unlawful executive meetings, withheld documentation and otherwise blocked a fair hearing. The city of Rye claimed that Port Chester's findings under the Environmental Quality Review Act were "an abuse of discretion" and violated the law's requirements by failing to look comprehensively at the proposed store's impact on traffic.

This time, the court ruled for Port Chester. In September 1996, it ruled against Rye's attempt to nullify the approval, and in January it ruled against the Citizens Committee. Again, both parties appealed, this time to the Appellate Division of State Supreme Court in Brooklyn. Meanwhile, the Home Depot prepared a suit against the city of Rye to force the city to approve proposed widening a ramp on Midland Avenue at its intersection with Interstate 95. Midland Avenue runs through Port Chester and Rye.

In February, the Rye City Council proposed a tentative settlement with Port Chester, which, among other things, included an agreement from the Home Depot to pay $200,000 for road improvements to ease traffic congestion in Rye. Mr. Dunn sent a letter to Rye residents explaining the proposal and inviting them to a public meeting on the issue.

The meeting at City Hall, attended by several hundred residents, was raucous, with the Rye Citizens Committee leading a call, "Rye is not for sale." The City Council did not vote on the proposed settlement, and then, in an apparent turnaround, voted unanimously to continue its legal fight against the Home Depot.

Ms. Blauvelt of the Home Depot said the company was committed to the site here. The Rye Citizens Committee is equally adamant. "We see this development as affecting the very essence of Rye as a community, and we consider it a community worth fighting for," Mr. Chira said. The city of Rye is continuing its appeal. And Mayor Korff is confident that the village will prevail in court.

"I don't understand this hysteria that Home Depot is going to be the downfall of the whole area," Ms. Korff said. "We're talking about people who are going to the hardware store to buy home improvement supplies. It's the most innocuous business, and they're reacting like it would be an apocalypse."

**Load-Date:** March 23, 1997

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[***SPRING THEATER/VISIONS OF AMERICA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YNN-59S0-00MH-F2KK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Death in Laramie, Reimagined as Drama***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YNN-59S0-00MH-F2KK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Michael Janofsky, the chief of the Denver bureau of The New York Times, covered the Matthew Shepard case.

By MICHAEL JANOFSKY;  Michael Janofsky, the chief of the Denver bureau of The New York Times, covered the Matthew Shepard case.

**Dateline:** DENVER

**Body**

IN the frigid early-morning hours of Oct. 7, 1998, a bicyclist found the beaten and bloodied body of a 21-year-old college student tied to a buck-rail fence in a remote field outside Laramie, Wyo. Matthew Shepard was not dead yet, but within five days he would be. Two local roofers about the same age as the victim were arrested and charged with a murder they eventually confessed to committing.

Learning that Mr. Shepard was gay, they had lured him out of a downtown bar, robbed him of $20, then beat him into unconsciousness with the butt end of a handgun. They left him to die on the prairie because they did not know what else to do with him. To avoid the death penalty, each pleaded guilty in exchange for a sentence of life in prison with no chance for parole.

As one more in a growing list of shocking murders in recent years, along with those of Nicole Brown Simpson, JonBenet Ramsey and James Byrd Jr., the killing of Mr. Shepard brought with it the usual accompaniment of intense media coverage and soul-searching questions about how such a tragedy could have occurred. The murder had the added dimension of martyrdom: his sexual orientation and violent manner of death fused, symbolizing for gay men and lesbians how close they still live to forces of hate, fear and misunderstanding.

As a site for the murder, Laramie seemed no more unlikely than anywhere else, a quiet, nondescript ***working-class*** town of 27,000 people, most of whom are white, heterosexual and unaccustomed to national attention, particularly if it suggests that just for sharing the same ZIP code as the killers, they might also be perceived as homophobic.

Yet through the arrests, confessions and sentencings, it was plainly evident how such a horrifying event affected those closest to it -- Mr. Shepard's family, the killers' families, the killers themselves. It was never quite so clear how Laramie fared. Could the town ever return to its docile anonymity, or would it forever carry a murderous stigma as a place of intolerance, where a gay man was killed for being gay? Who could really know? As Laramie tried to move on, most of the cameras left.

But a curious group of interrogators stayed behind, and out of what they learned over a year of visits, during which they tape-recorded interviews with 200 Laramie residents, Moises Kaufman has crafted his latest play. The artistic director of the Tectonic Theater Project in New York, Mr. Kaufman has created "The Laramie Project," an attempt to unpeel the layers of a town to understand how ordinary people might be affected by extraordinary events.

The play, a production of the Denver Center Theater Company in association with Tectonic, was scheduled to open last night at the Ricketson Theater in the Denver Center for the Performing Arts. Denver is the closest big city to Laramie. The play is expected to run through April 1. Mr. Kaufman then hopes to move it to New York.

"When Matthew was beaten, it was a watershed moment," Mr. Kaufman said in a recent interview as he and his company transcribed and evaluated hundreds of hours of audio tapes.

"At these certain watershed moments," he went on, "ideas float around in our culture, and an event like this becomes a lightning rod as the ideas come together, parallel subjects like gay issues, community issues, violence, class.

"As we do with most of our projects, we asked ourselves, can the theater play a part in the national dialogue of current events? Media does that differently with radio, television and newspapers. We want to know if there is room for the theater to add to that."

Mr. Kaufman's last play, "Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde," attempted to answer similar questions about similar issues in its own context, Victorian England, and did so with rousing success. Though there was no actual murder, Wilde's position and reputation (and ultimately his life) were casualties once he was found guilty of being a homosexual and sentenced to jail. Drawn from actual court documents, testimony and handwritten journals -- the only sources of the words uttered onstage -- the play opened to glowing reviews in 1997 and ran for more than 600 performances in New York before moving on to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto and London. It continues in many other cities here and abroad.

In "The Laramie Project," the presentation is more personal, even though the play focuses less directly on the murder than on its impact on the town. The story unfolds onstage through the words of those interviewed by Mr. Kaufman's actors and writers, and also through the actors' responses as they recreate their interview sessions, sometimes playing both interviewer and interviewee, marking the difference with costume and accent changes.

Mr. Kaufman acknowledged a certain amount of artistic license, inasmuch as any creative endeavor involves some content selection and editing. But the audience is never duped. The play opens with a narrator conveying the important distinction that it is based on what the actors heard from their sources, not on what the sources said.

In some ways, the process resembles the work of Anna Deavere Smith, the author and performer who created two acclaimed plays after conducting hundreds of taped interviews -- to reflect ethnic strife in New York City in "Fires in the Mirror" and civil disturbances in California in "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992." Her current work, "House Arrest," examines the role of the presidency through interviews and historical documents.

But there are important differences between her work and his, Mr. Kaufman said. While Ms. Smith alone decided how many of those interviewed would be given life onstage, the Tectonic project involved 11 actors and writers as interviewers, a collaboration that led to intense arguments and emotional pleas by company members, campaigning to have their subjects included in the final script. By the end, only about 60 made the cut, with Mr. Kaufman and his head writer, Leigh Fondakowski, choosing.

It was also unusual -- probably unique, Mr. Kaufman said -- that a theater company would spend so much time in one place researching, a commitment that made the actors themselves virtual residents of Laramie and, as a result, part of the story. Unlike hit-and-run television and many print reporters, they had the time to win trust and, in the end, become part of the story they tell.

" 'The Laramie Project' actually explores the effect our presence had on the town and that the town had on us," Mr. Kaufman said. "It underlines the importance of the observer and constantly reminds the audience that what they are hearing and seeing is an aesthetic experience created by a group of people who are trying to tell a story and paint a portrait of what we saw and heard."

In other words, the play is not so much a documentary as theatrical journalism, an attempt to tell a true story in a way that would be more difficult in another medium.

For Mr. Kaufman, the shocking events in Laramie had a natural resonance, given his own crosscurrents as a playwright, director and man. Mr. Kaufman, 36, whose father is a Holocaust survivor from Romania, grew up Jewish and gay in a largely Roman Catholic country, Venezuela, where he attended an Orthodox Jewish school in which almost everyone else was studying business. Arriving in the United States in 1987 to study theater, he instantly became a "Latino."

THOSE personal anomalies, he said, fueled an initial fascination with what happened in Laramie, and that fascination grew as he and his actors gathered material from a wide assortment of townspeople. Some of these were directly involved in the case, like prosecutors, investigators, the bartender who served Mr. Shepard the night he was assaulted and the bicyclist; others were not, including friends and relatives of Mr. Shepard and friends and relatives of his killers, and some had no connection.

The actors also interviewed Mr. Shepard's parents, Judy and Dennis, for whom the case became a crusade for laws making a victim's sexual orientation a reason for designating a crime as a hate crime. But the Shepards are not represented in the play. Nor are the killers, Aaron J. McKinney and Russell A. Henderson, whom the actors did not seek to interview.

When they first arrived in Laramie, Mr. Kaufman and his inquisitive band had no idea what their efforts might produce, he said. Some were initially shy about seeking interviews. Some were uncomfortable with the tape recorders. Most had never conducted an interview of any kind. And some had rough early encounters: Mr. Kaufman said one of the actors told him that he approached a man "who I thought was going to kick me in the stomach."

But as his questioners fanned out, working in teams of two, themes began emerging over their six two-week visits to the town. "We were hearing these incredible voices, incredible stories," said Ms. Fondakowski, a member of the Tectonic group since 1995. "We found that people had felt so betrayed in that their town had been misrepresented as a Podunk, hillbilly, redneck kind of place. With us, they saw they had another opportunity to tell a version of their story."

For Mr. Kaufman and all his collaborators -- including Donovan Marley, the artistic director of the Denver Center Theater Company -- the final script uses Laramie's story to tell a much larger one: that America, for all its fortunes and power, still cannot escape the basic human conflicts, and tragedies, arising out of differences learned through fear and ignorance.

"This is about what happens to a town when it is forced to really look at all the things people really believed in all their lives," Mr. Kaufman said. "A lot of the philosophy we heard from people was that Laramie was a live-and-let-live place. But I don't know. I really don't know what the truth is in that statement."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The playwright Moises Kaufman of the Tectonic Theater Project.; The interviewers-and-actors of the Tectonic Theater Project rehearsing "The Laramie Project" in Denver. (Photographs by Kevin Moloney for The New York Times)(pg. 10); Michael Emerson, foreground, as Wilde in the Tectonic Theater Project's 1997 production of Moises Kaufman's "Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde" at the Greenwich House Theater. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

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[***If You're Thinking of Living In/The Ironbound; A Home Away From Home for Immigrants***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BF6-WRF0-01KN-2263-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JULIA LAWLOR

**Body**

THE ***working-class*** area in Newark's East Ward known as the Ironbound is the first stop on many an immigrant's pursuit of the American dream, beckoning with its low-cost housing, close-knit community and convenient location.

Often the journey ends not with a house in a leafy suburb, but on the gritty streets of the Ironbound itself. Some new arrivals may have the means to leave, but they do not have the heart to do so.

"What's so special about this place is that it's a community, a little village," said Linda Rodrigues, a daughter of Portuguese immigrants and raised in the Ironbound.

Dr. Rodrigues, chairwoman of the foreign language department at the New School University, returned to the Ironbound in 1976 after living briefly in New York City. From her living room she can gaze across the street at the house where she grew up. She can stroll along the Ironbound's commercial center, Ferry Street, and bump into someone she knows on every block. Traffic is congested, to be sure, and there is a severe shortage of parking spaces. But, she said, "I don't want to live anyplace else."

The Ironbound, which comprises roughly four square miles east of Newark's Pennsylvania Station, between the Passaic River and Newark Liberty International Airport, is a mix of homes, stores and industrial buildings, with a vibrant commercial center of shops, ethnic restaurants, cafes and clubs on Ferry Street.

Portuguese immigrants started arriving in the 1920's to join a population that was largely Polish, Italian, Irish and German. There was also a sizable number of blacks in the 1950's and 1960's, Ms. Rodrigues said, but the number has dwindled.

Relaxed immigration laws resulted in a large influx of Portuguese in the 1960's and 1970's. The next wave of immigrants, in the late 1980's and early 1990's, were Portuguese-speaking Brazilians. More recently, there have been Spanish speakers from South America and Mexico.

Only about 15 percent of the housing in the Ironbound is single-family, according to Arthur Rosa, president of the Rosa Agency, a local real estate firm. Two- and three-family houses make up about 60 percent of the market, he said, and the remainder is apartment buildings with four or more units.

Prices have doubled in the last five years and more than tripled in 10 years, Mr. Rosa said. Existing single-family homes range from the low- to the mid-$200,000's, two-family housing is in the mid-$300,000 range, and three-family houses in the mid-$400,000's. New two-family houses start in the mid-$400,000's and new three-families go for well over $500,000.

SINCE the late 1990's, demand for housing has been high, said Manuel Morais, president of Century 21 Central Realty in the Ironbound. Some 900 new homes have been built in the last decade.

In the past three months, however, sales have slowed, in part because a revaluation in Newark has caused property taxes to soar, said Manny Fernandes, sales manager for Century 21. Dr. Rodrigues's taxes doubled, for example, to $7,600 from $3,700.

The demand for rental apartments in the Ironbound exceeds the supply, and most tenants are found by word of mouth.

Matt McCracken, an architect, moved to the Ironbound from London four years ago, renting a large three-bedroom apartment on Ferry Street with access to a backyard for $1,200 a month. He likes the short commute to his office in Manhattan, and he can walk to the supermarket, the barber, the neighborhood bar. "You feel like you're in a community as soon as you walk into the Ironbound," he said.

This closeness attracted many Portuguese immigrants to the Ironbound. Jobs were available in the many factories and there were people happy to help them find work and a place to stay. Today, there are some 20 Portuguese social clubs, most representing a single town or province of Portugal. The clubs help new immigrants, but mainly offer programs that keep the Portuguese traditions alive.

The oldest of the clubs, the Sport Club Portuguese, was founded in 1921 and has 1,000 members from all regions of Portugal, said its president, Jack Costa. It sponsors nine soccer teams and a troupe that performs traditional Portuguese dances. It also founded the Luis de Camoes School, which teaches Portuguese history and language. "This is a way to show our kids where we came from," Mr. Costa said.

Brazilians now make up about half of the Portuguese-speaking population in the Ironbound, where initial tensions over cultural differences between mainland Portuguese and Brazilians have largely disappeared.

Grass is a rare sight in the Ironbound today, but when Newark was founded in 1666, the area was all farmland. Early on, said Charles F. Cummings, a Newark city historian, the Ironbound area was referred to as "Dutch Neck" and then "Down Neck" because of the way the Passaic River curved to form what looked like a neck.

The Ironbound's present name may stem from the many forges and foundries there in the second half of the 19th century, Mr. Cummings said. But the name might also have come from the rail tracks that surrounded the area when the railroads were built in the 1830's.

The Ironbound soon developed into the industrial center of the city, where the poorest residents lived and toiled in factories 12 hours a day, six days a week. At one time it was filled with breweries, according to Mr. Cummings. The most famous, Ballantine, opened there early in the 19th century. The Ballantine brewery closed in the 1970's, as did many other Ironbound factories.

A big fear of many Ironbound residents today is that the jump in property taxes late last year will force them out of the area. Many tax bills have more than doubled, said Augusto Amador, a City Council member for the East Ward, which encompasses the Ironbound. "This is causing a lot of pain, and those most affected are the senior citizens who can't afford to pay," he said. One realtor cited the case of an elderly woman whose taxes jumped from $700 in 2002 to $3,900 at the end of last year.

Mr. Amador is proposing an ordinance to allow elderly and disabled homeowners in one- and two-family houses to defer paying the tax increase until their homes are sold.

The lack of space -- for recreation, for parking, for expanded schools and playgrounds -- is another concern. The Frederick Law Olmsted-designed Riverbank Park was saved from being turned into a minor league baseball stadium by a group called Friends of Riverbank Park. After extensive renovation, it reopened last year. A new park, Joseph Minisch Park, is being built alongside the Passaic River.

"Open space is a major quality of life issue in the Ironbound," said Joseph Della Fave, executive director of the Ironbound Community Corporation. "We have half an acre of park space for every 1,000 residents, compared with seven and a half acres of park space for every 1,000 residents in New York and other major cities." Mr. Della Fave's office is favors amending the master plan to require new developments to set aside space for parking and playgrounds.

The housing boom has led to overcrowding in the Ironbound's schools. In the area's six elementary schools, class sizes through fourth grade average in the mid-20's, according to Ray Lindgren, executive assistant to the superintendent of schools. State guidelines call for no more than 21 students per class in those grades.

Dr. Lindgren said classes in the upper grades can reach 30 students, though guidelines state there should be no more than 24. Some schools use trailers for classrooms.

The district is planning to replace all the elementary schools, most built more than 100 years ago. Two new schools are to be built on the sites of existing schools; the rest will be built elsewhere and the present buildings used for other purposes. A new East Side High School is to be built at the old Ballantine brewery site.

Eight years ago, the state took over the Newark public schools, largely because of problems with fiscal management and academic achievement. Dr. Lindgren said that there had been a "major turnaround in the fiscal area" in the schools and that academic achievement had improved, "although it is not where it needs to be."

STILL, the Ironbound has one of the jewels of the district: the Ann Street School. In 1999, the school, for pupils in prekindergarten through eighth grade, received a National Blue Ribbon award, the only urban school in New Jersey to do so that year, according to Dr. Lindgren. The award is based on the quality of curriculum, special programs offered and student test scores, he said.

On statewide assessment tests, the percentage of fourth graders in the six schools who scored "proficient" or "advanced proficient" in language arts literacy ranged from 83 to 94 percent, except at South Street School, where 59 percent of the students scored that high. The statewide average was 86 percent. In fourth-grade math, the range was 72 percent to 91 percent, except for 44 percent at South Street, which ends with fifth grade. The statewide average for math was 68.5 percent.

Between 62 and 90 percent of eighth graders were proficient or better in language arts, compared with a statewide average of 73 percent. In math, the percentage of eighth graders in three Ironbound schools who scored proficient or above ranged from 73 to 79 percent; at Oliver Street School, however, 46 percent were at that level and at Hawkins, 28 percent. The statewide average was 68 percent.

Last year's senior class at East Side High School had 399 students, and 49 percent went on to two- or four-year colleges. Students totaled an average of 757 on the SAT reasoning tests, compared with the statewide average of 1,016.

Many parents in the Ironbound send their children to parochial schools. St. Casimir Academy has 220 students in prekindergarten through eighth grade. Tuition is $2,500 a year. The Academy of St. Benedict also offers prekindergarten through eighth grade, with tuition and fees of $2,300. It currently enrolls 250 students.

Ironbound residents -- whether from Portugal, Ecuador, Peru or Brazil -- seem to share one form of recreation. The parks are full of children, and adults, playing soccer, and the game is the spectator sport of choice at bars and clubs. When Brazil won the World Cup, revelers took to the streets in the middle of the night.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: St. Stephen's Episcopal Church at Ferry Street and Wilson Avenue, left, and homes on New York Avenue.; Ferry Street, the commercial center of the Ironbound, reflects the area's strong Portuguese flavor. (Photographs by Dith Pran/The New York Times); 3-bedroom, 1-bath single-family house at 95 1/2 Napoleon Street, $189,000. 2-family house with 3 bedrooms, 2 baths in main unit at 25 Main Street, $385,000. 3-family house with 3 bed-rooms in each unit at 76-78 Clifford Street, $579,000. Chart: "GAZETTEER" POPULATION: 50,000 (2000 census).AREA: 4 square miles.MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME: $34,231.MEDIAN PRICE OF ONE-FAMILY HOUSE: $217,000.TAXES ON MEDIAN HOUSE: $4,000.MEDIAN PRICE ONE YEAR AGO: $190,000.MEDIAN PRICE FIVE YEARS AGO: $115,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF EXISTING TWO-FAMILY HOUSE: $385,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF NEW TWO-FAMILY HOUSE: $465,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF EXISTING THREE-FAMILY HOUSE: $450,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF NEW THREE-FAMILY HOUSE: $579,000.MEDIAN PRICE OF A TWO-BEDROOM CONDOMINIUM: $200,000.MIDRANGE RENT ON A TWO-BEDROOM APARTMENT: $1,000.GOVERNMENT: Nine-member nonpartisan Newark City Council, one each from five wards and four at large, serving four-year terms. The Ironbound is in the East Ward, represented by Councilman Augusto Amador.SCHOOL EXPENDITURE PER PUPIL: $11,093.RUSH-HOUR COMMUTATION TO MIDTOWN MANHATTAN: 20 minutes by New Jersey Transit train to New York Penn Station; $3.30 one way, $92 monthly. Or 35 minutes on PATH train to 33rd Street, $1.50 one way.DISTANCE TO MIDTOWN: 13 miles.IMMIGRANT SUCCESS STORY: At McWhorter and Lafayette Streets in the Ironbound, a plaque commemorates two people who embodied the immigrant experience: Daniel and Elvira Rodrigues. According to his daughter, Linda, Daniel left Portugal at 13 as a stowaway on a ship to Brazil; among other jobs there, he worked as a milkman, going door to door with a cow. In 1925, at age 23 and with a third-grade education, he left for the United States, again as a stowaway. Wandering the Brooklyn docks, he heard about a Portuguese-speaking community in Newark, went there, and met some Portuguese laborers who let him sleep in the bathtub at their boarding house. He met his future wife, Elvira -- born in Brazil of Portuguese parents -- and after factory and construction jobs, they opened a successful oil business. With the profits, the couple bought real estate. In 1959, the family sailed to Portugal with 66 trunks of food and clothing for the poor. Map of New Jersey highlighting The Ironbound.

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2004

**End of Document**



[***New York City Planners Seek New Uses for Industrial Areas***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-XM50-0024-J216-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By STEVEN PROKESCH

By STEVEN PROKESCH

**Body**

After years of preserving industrial zoning for thousands of acres of land in the futile hope that New York City's manufacturing base could be revived, the city's planners said yesterday that they wanted to open the land for more promising uses.

The proposal by the City Planning Department, is aimed at improving neighborhood services, creating jobs and generating more tax revenues. In many cases, the plan would make it easier to put into productive use land that is now vacant, underused or has only abandoned multistory industrial buildings.

For example, the proposal for industrial zones would enable dozens of the huge discount and department stores and supermarkets now found in the suburbs to be established in the city -- especially in poorer neighborhoods that need them the most. The proposal would do this by raising the size limit on stores in some areas zoned for light and medium manufacturing to 100,000 square feet, from a current 10,000 square feet.

New Recommendations

Under current rules, a retailer would need to obtain a zoning variance to build such a store -- a process that can take years.

Some 17,000 to 20,000 acres, or about 10 percent of the land in New York, is now zoned to encourage industrial use, even though employment at industrial companies has fallen to 768,000, from 1.7 million in 1960.

Richard L. Schaffer, director of the Planning Department and chairman of the City Planning Commission, said the department intends to begin writing detailed recommendations within a couple months and to begin a city- and state-mandated environmental-impact study in the spring.

While Mayor David N. Dinkins already is a supporter, the proposals, which arose from an 18-month study by the Planning Department, will also need to be approved by the Planning Commission and the City Council. When it comes to zoning, which can change the value of real estate by thousands if not millions of dollars, any proposed change of this magnitude is sure to generate battling over the rules deciding the fate of each block.

But economists and private urban planners agreed with Dinkins administration officials that the changes are badly needed.

"This is a long-overdue and essential effort to bring New York City's zoning into the 21st century," said Mitchell L. Moss, director of New York University's Urban Research Center. "The study demonstrates that a change in the city's land-use policy offers an untapped opportunity to stimulate economic development and investment, especially in the outer boroughs."

With the proposal seeking to make zoning more flexible and with the city desperate for jobs and modern retail stores, Dinkins administration officials predicted that after much wrangling and inevitable modifications they would prevail.

Mr. Schaffer said he hoped to begin the process of obtaining the commission's and Council's approval by the end of this year. He said the zoning changes could be enacted as early as mid-1994.

"What the study provides is a comprehensive, realistic assessment of the industrial sector and recommends changes in land use and zoning policies that recognize current economic realities," he said. "New York City is no longer the place that produces goods for the rest of the country but one that exports advanced business services and information around the world."

59 Areas Examined

It was Mr. Schaffer who decided in 1991 that the city needed to rethink its industrial zoning and how it could stabilize the industrial sector and stimulate overall economic development. He found an important ally in Barry F. Sullivan, the Deputy Mayor for Finance and Economic Development, who took office last May.

The city has been holding the industrially zoned land in the hope that manufacturing and other industrial activities would rebound. But the Planning Department study documented the failure of that policy.

It looked at 59 areas that account for virtually all of the industrial zones in the city and their density of industrial employment density -- or the number of jobs per acre. In 43 of the 59 areas, there were fewer than 30 jobs per acre. By comparison, Manhattan's garment district, the densest area, has 676 jobs per acre, and 63 percent of the city's industrial jobs are within a three-mile radius of Manhattan's central business district, including neighboring parts of Queens and Brooklyn.

"It's difficult to think of an economic scenario under which the kind of manufacturing we once had is going to come back," said Eric Kober, the Planning Department's director of housing and economic planning.

The study, entitled "New Opportunities for a Changing Economy," also identified the high level of crime in some industrial districts and the city's poor freight-transportation system and high taxes as factors that have hurt the industrial sector.

Better Truck Routes

Planning Department officials also jumped into the debate about the priorities for improving the city's transportation system.

They called for improvements in water and rail links, but they clearly believe that the top priority must be improving truck routes so freight can move easily throughout the city. New York's congested trucking network -- the result of obsolete highways that lack clearance for the largest trucks -- is widely considered one of the worst of any big American city's.

The transportation and zoning proposals are aimed at encouraging the growth of such promising enterprises as air cargo, wholesaling and such light manufacturing businesses as food processing and assembling computers and consumer electronics. Many of these industries have been growing in the region in the last decade, but most of that growth has occurred in the suburbs.

Restrictions on some areas now zoned for industrial use might also be eased or eliminated so they could be turned into residential neighborhoods or parks.

The department identified some of these areas -- like Red Hook in Brooklyn, the Harlem River waterfront in the Bronx and northern Hunters Point in Queens -- in its waterfront plan issued last August. In yesterday's report, it said other formerly industrial areas where residential and commercial rezonings might be appropriate include three neighborhoods in Manhattan, SoHo, NoHo and TriBeCa.

Expansion Possibilities

The proposal also calls for easing restrictions in some commercial districts -- including Chinatown and an area between 14th and 34th Streets and Fifth and Seventh Avenues in Manhattan -- to create more mixed-residential, commercial and light-industrial areas. Specifically, it calls for easing or eliminating the tight restrictions on wholesalers and light manufacturers.

The changes would make it easier for these businesses to expand their operations in the city rather than move to the suburbs and might generate new uses for obsolete commercial buildings.

Poor and ***working-class*** neighborhoods in upper Manhattan, the South Bronx and central Brooklyn could benefit if modern retail stores are developed on their extensive tracts of underused industrially zoned land. But so would such affluent Manhattan neighborhoods as SoHo, NoHo and TriBeCa, which now suffer from a dearth of grocery stores, dry cleaners and other local services.

'Room for Retail Growth'

"What's been happening is New Yorkers have been commuting to the suburbs for shopping," Mr. Schaffer said. "The city, in effect, has been ceding tax dollars, employment and income to the suburbs. We think there's more room for retail growth in the city."

Since the current zoning code was enacted, manufacturing employment in the city, excluding the self-employed, has plunged to 293,448 from 914,000 in 1961, mainly as a result of the fall in production workers. About 60 percent of those remaining are production workers. The remaining 40 percent are professional, clerical and other white-collar jobs.

During the same period, employment in other industrial sectors like transportation, wholesale trade, construction, public utilities and telecommunications dropped, but less precipitously, to 474,423 from 759,700, while employment in services soared to 1.9 million from 1.4 million as a result of growth in financial and business services like advertising and accounting.

In 1974, when the city significantly amended the industrial zoning laws, officials still hoped for a revival in manufacturing and other industrial sectors and believed that one way to encourage it was to limit the competition for land between industrial and other activities.

Differing Reactions

Many operators of small retail shops are expected to oppose the proposed changes. But supermarket chains and mass merchandisers were enthusiastic. "We're definitely looking at more locations, and it would be very helpful to us if there were some changes made," said Charles E. Lotzar Jr., director of special real-estate projects at K Mart Corporation. It opened its first store in the city -- a 147,000-square-foot unit in Fresh Meadows, Queens -- last October.

The proposal may raise fears among economists and business executives who have contended that the city should not give up on the manufacturing sector, which can provide jobs for relatively unskilled people, including many who do not speak English well.

But city planners say other industrial sectors can also provide work for those workers.

**Graphic**

Map: "Where the Jobs Are" shows number of industrial jobs per acre in the third quarter of 1989 in areas that contain almost all the industrial zones in New York City. (Source: City Planning Department) (pg. B2)

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**End of Document**



[***For the Professional Mother, Rewards May Outweigh Stress***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6XG0-000P-21DN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By JANE E. BRODY

By JANE E. BRODY

**Body**

RESEARCH substantiates the popular image of stressed-out working mothers who juggle job and home -- the superwomen who have primary responsibility for child care, housework, family meals and recreation while struggling to earn a living or pursue a career.

But, according to a large new study of professional women in the fields of medicine, law, accounting and engineering, the challenge of coping with family demands does not keep women with careers from progressing professionally and deriving satisfaction from their demanding lives.

In fact, in a study of 1,123 Canadian career women, those with husbands and children were happier and no less accomplished or financially successful than their counterparts without spouses or children who could devote much more time and attention to work.

The study, described at an international conference in Washington last month, indicated that even for women with rewarding careers, having a spouse and children remain important sources of pleasure and pride in women's lives.

The authors of the study, Dr. Ethel Roskies and Silvie Carrier, psychologists at the University of Montreal, found that on the whole childless women, whether married or single, devoted more hours to their careers but earned no more than married women with children and were less satisfied with their lives.

The least satisfied were single professional women without children. Only unmarried female physicians, who worked longer hours, earned more than their married counterparts with children, but their added earnings did not buy greater happiness.

Myth on Career Advancement

"Our findings belie the popular belief that marriage and children are a barrier to career advancement, but they reinforce the belief that single status and/or childlessness are an impediment to personal well-being," Dr. Roskies said.

Among the professional women who were the subjects of the study, those who were married and mothers had the highest levels of self-esteem and psychological well-being and were least likely to be depressed, even though they experienced more time pressures and had less social support than childless career women, the Canadian researchers reported.

None of which means that, especially for less affluent women with ordinary ***working-class*** or middle-income jobs rather than high-paying careers, the health and productivity of working women and the stability of family life could not be much improved by work-place policies that reduce the tug of war between family and job. "We are not saying that the married women with children in our study were living in a paradise," Dr. Roskies said in an interview.

Indeed, at the conference on stress in the changing work place, researchers from several countries described remarkably consistent study findings: Everything works better for fathers as well as mothers, and for the employers' bottom line, when supervisors and companies recognize that most employees are parents who have families as well as jobs to worry about.

The findings show that employers who accommodate the needs of working parents, for example by assisting with child care or providing flexible work schedules, have workers who are more productive and healthier physically and emotionally. Yet, a 1985 study showed, flexibility in starting and ending times was available only to about 12 percent of full-time employees, and it was more often available to men than to women.

Employees with children who work for parent-friendly companies are less likely to miss work and less likely to place added burdens on their fellow workers, various studies have shown. When companies assist with child care, women who have recently given birth are more likely to return to their prenatal jobs, reducing costly turnover.

For example, at a large company in Salt Lake City, on-site employer-sponsored child care reduced worker turnover, with 92 percent of pregnant women returning to their jobs after childbirth. In addition, Dr. Scott F. Hill and colleagues at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Salt Lake City found in a survey of working parents that the availability of child care at their work site increased job satisfaction and decreased stress at work and at home for fathers as well as mothers.

Parent-friendly employers have noted other benefits. Those who provide child-care services at or near work say there are rewards, including improved employee morale, lower absenteeism, more effective recruitment of new employees and good public relations.

In this country, the working mother of young children is no longer the exception. She is now the rule. More than half of women with preschool children have jobs outside the home, and the percentage of working mothers rises with the age of their children. The family with two wage-earners is now the national norm: in two-thirds of all two-parent families, both parents work, forcing most families to seek new ways to care for infants and preschoolers and for school-age children after school.

Yet, according to Dr. Chaya S. Piotrkowski of the National Council of Jewish Women Center for the Child: "The United States is notoriously behind other developed countries in its provision of policy supports for families. Other Western countries provide paid paternity and maternity leaves and affordable, high-quality out-of-home child care for all who need it."

Dr. Piotrkowski, who was chairwoman of a session of the conference sponsored by the American Psychological Association and the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, said that in this country, "high-quality child care is unaffordable and unavailable to most families, except the most affluent."

Without live-in grandparents willing and able to care for young children while the parents work and without adequate financial resources to hire a full-time housekeeper or baby-sitter, families with two working parents and single-parent families must improvise solutions to child-care problems.

Throughout the country, growing numbers of working parents depend upon informal day-care arrangements that circumvent licensing requirements, regulations and inspections that would help assure their children's health and safety. They also create patchwork systems to accommodate changes in work schedules, sick children and baby sitters, school holidays and other irregularities.

And, as life expectancy increases and medicine continues to evolve ways to prolong the lives of the chronically ill, families, especially women, increasingly find themselves having to care for ill and elderly relatives. In a study of 9,573 employees at 33 companies and agencies in the metropolitan area of Portland, Ore., Dr. Nancy J. Chapman and colleagues found that women with responsibilities for both children and elderly or disabled adults experienced more stress and were absent more often than employees with little or no care-giving responsibilities.

The level of stress increases for women who "have to balance personal and family responsibilities with their obligations at work," said Dr. Judith K. Barr, associate director for programs at New York Business Group on Health Inc., in New York City. In a telephone survey of 503 women with managerial and nonmanagerial jobs conducted in mid-1990 by the Gallup Organization, Dr. Barr found that "job-related stress is widespread among working women," affecting 40 percent of them more than half their working days.

And the more stress the women reported, the more often they experienced both physical and emotional symptoms that could be stress-related. Women who said their jobs were usually stressful also described frequent problems with fatigue, back pain or other muscle strains, headaches, insomnia, digestive disorders, changes in appetite, shortness of breath, difficulty getting started in the morning, loss of interest in work, difficulty managing family responsibilities and frequent feelings of irritability, hostility, anger, nervousness, anxiety, tension or depression.

Job-related stress also contributes to marital difficulties, according to several recent studies. Dr. Piotrkowski said the studies had shown that "when workers experience their jobs as stressful, or react negatively to them, they report less satisfying marital relationships and more marital tension."

Dr. Barr also found that the ways women often cope with high levels of job stress -- like working harder or trying to do more things at once or keeping the problem to themselves -- did nothing to relieve the stress and might even compound the problem.

To be sure, husbands and fathers have greatly increased their participation in family and household chores. But according to one study in 1986, 58 percent of husbands said that housework should be shared, while only 33 percent assumed a significant proportion of family chores.

"Women still have primary responsibility for family work," Dr. Piotrkowski said. "At considerable cost, women absorb many of the strains inherent in being a three-job family, with primary responsibilities for child care and housework in addition to their jobs. The dual-earner family is a team short of players: there are simply not enough hands to do the work."

The Center for the Child conducted a nationwide survey in which interviews were conducted with 2,620 working women who were about to give birth. This was followed up with a survey of 1,916 of the women four to seven months after childbirth. The findings suggested that "almost anything employers do to help employees balance the demands of work and family can have positive impacts."

Among the helpful items were flexibility in work schedules; letting employees take time off for family responsibilities; having supervisors who understand employees' family needs; employer-sponsored child care at or near work, and financial or logistical help from the employer in arranging child care.

Whereas 55 percent of working mothers with none of these sources of support reported having serious problems with child care, only 20 percent of those with four or more such sources of support had child-care difficulties. Among those who decided not to return to work after childbirth, one in five cited difficulty in finding suitable child care as the main reason.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** December 9, 1992

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[***For All the Bombs, the I.R.A. Is No Closer to Goals***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6WT0-000P-20D8-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By JAMES F. CLARITY,

By JAMES F. CLARITY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland

**Body**

As its annual pre-Christmas bombing campaign accelerates here and in Britain, the Irish Republican Army seems stronger than ever. It apparently has the dedication, skill, manpower and weapons to continue indefinitely its 23-year campaign to force the British to withdraw their troops and their political control from this British province.

But while the estimated 300 to 400 guerrillas of the outlawed I.R.A. are tying down some 30,000 police and British Army troops -- setting off bombs in shopping areas, raiding police and army posts, shooting suspected members and sympathizers of Protestant paramilitary units -- the organization seems no closer to its stated objective. That is to declare a cease-fire once the British promise to leave the six counties of Northern Ireland, and to set up conditions whereby the province's 950,000 Protestants and 650,000 Roman Catholics decide whether they want to become part of the Irish Republic.

These are the conclusions given in interviews recently by senior British officials, Protestant and Catholic political leaders, and people who have regular contact with the I.R.A. guerrillas, many of whose members live with their families in West Belfast, holding regular jobs, or collecting welfare, between operations.

Agreement on Some Points

They agreed generally on several points:

\*Neither force can achieve victory in the field.

\*There is no serious public or parliamentary pressure on either the British or Irish Government to arrange a peaceful settlement.

\*The peace talks, which collapsed last month, are unlikely to make any progress until after local elections here next spring. The elections involve the majority Protestant politicians, who want to remain part of Britain, and the minority Catholics, who are divided between support for the I.R.A. and its political wing, Sinn Fein, and the moderates of the Social Democratic and Labor Party.

More Violence or Negotiations?

The question no one can answer is whether the I.R.A. will expand its military action, or, through Sinn Fein, move toward negotiations after a decrease in terrorist attacks, or even a cease-fire.

Protestant paramilitary groups have also increased violence in recent years. But the Protestants are not as well armed or trained as the I.R.A. They kill suspected I.R.A. guerrillas and sympathizers, but do not detonate bombs that kill civilians.

As I.R.A. violence increased at the end of November and the start of December, about 100 people were injured in bombings in Belfast and Manchester, England. After a bomb explosion in a crowded Belfast shopping street on Dec. 2, the British Secretary for Northern Ireland, Sir Patrick Mayhew, said:

"It looks as though the I.R.A. are continuing with a policy which they believe, incredibly, will yield them some support, some success. They have no support and they will get no success. They hope to achieve a political result by violence. They're never going to succeed like this."

Gerry Adams, the president of Sinn Fein, which refuses to renounce I.R.A. violence, said after the bombing: "I want to see it ended. I don't want to see people either bombing or being bombed."

But Mr. Adams said the bombings, "can't be wished away," and added that Sinn Fein policy was still that while the party does not advocate armed struggle, it recognizes it as part of "the right to resist British occupation of our country."

No Military Solution

Michael Mates, a Conservative Member of Parliament who is British security minister in the province, said: "There's no military solution. We must hold our ground, contain the terrorists, until the politicians find the way forward."

One of the politicians is John Alderdice, a psychiatrist and head of the Alliance Party, which is a 60-40 mix of Protestants and Catholics. He said the I.R.A. was "committed, well-organized, well financed" and had proved to some extent that "violence does pay," having been partly responsible for reforms in housing and employment to improve the lives of the Catholic minority, as well as the creation of the 1985 Anglo-Irish Agreement, which gives the Dublin Government a consultative role in the affairs of the north.

All sides agree that the Irish elections last month could produce a government that will be more willing to make compromises toward a peace agreement than was the government of Prime Minister Albert Reynolds.

In the 23 years of civil war, 3,023 people have been killed, about half of them by the I.R.A., according to British figures. The I.R.A. has killed about 900 security force members, while losing about 300 of their own, some by their own faulty bombs. Most of the rest are civilians. So far this year, 80 people have been killed, slightly lower than last year's rate.

Small Attack Units

To lessen security risk, the I.R.A. is organized into six- or seven-member units who are unaware of one another's missions. Many recruits come from ***working-class*** families. One Government official said that a typical recruit is "from a housing estate, without a job, little prospect of a good life and he sees the British Army trampling all over the place." A Catholic priest whose ministry includes talking to the I.R.A. members said that some of the guerrillas get their I.R.A. loyalty "with their mother's milk."

"They have no problems of conscience," he said. "It's a just war for them."

In recent years, the guerrillas have been trained to use more sophisticated detonation systems, like a flash gun to activate photoelectric cells on a mortar that blew apart a police car and killed an officer last spring. They have also learned to make 1,000-pound bombs by grinding other chemicals into heaps of chemical fertilizer, which enhances the force of the blast. This preserves the stock of tens of thousands of tons of Semtex explosive the I.R.A. received from Libya in the mid-1980's, which is still hidden in the province and across the border in the Irish Republic.

Guerrillas are paid a salary, perhaps $200 a week, and if they are imprisoned, a stipend goes to their families, and there are pensions when they become too old, or well known, to continue military work.

The guerrillas who have been operating in London in recent years are said to be "sleepers" who were sent several years ago to lie low and integrate in local communities. There were at least 25 of them. The I.R.A. paid their rent and their salaries. Because they infiltrated so skillfully, they are extremely difficult to track, officials here said.

Needs $10 Million a Year

The British estimate that the organization needs at least $10 million a year to carry on its activities, some of which it gets from extorting merchants and other racketeering enterprises, including selling pirated videotapes. An American fund-raising group, Noraid, also provides money, although less than it did 10 years ago.

The British officials say they know who the I.R.A. leaders are, but do not arrest them because they could not prove their guilt in court. The present commander of the Northern Brigade, the army's title for its chief in the province, is Martin McGuinness, the British officials say. Mr. McGuinness, who was a losing Sinn Fein candidate for the British Parliament last spring, denies this as British propapaganda.

Mr. Adams, the Sinn Fein president, is also close to the I.R.A. leadership, the British officials say, possibly a member of its Army Council. Mr. Adams denied this in an interview, noting that he could be imprisoned for 10 years if convicted of contacts with the outlawed I.R.A.

In 1972, Mr. McGuinness and Mr. Adams were flown to London for peace talks with British officials that failed. That, said Mr. Adams, set a precedent for Britain talking to Sinn Fein, which London now refuses to do unless the party renounces violence.

Looking for an End

"The British are not prepared to talk now," he said. "When they are prepared to talk, they will find reasons and we will not put up obstacles for them."

He added: "I want to see an end to the I.R.A. I admire their dedication and bravery. But I don't want to see young Irish people out losing their lives and taking other people's lives if there's another way."

The only way, said Mr. Mates, the British security minister for Northern Ireland, would be if Sinn Fein abjured terrorism.

"Not only will we not tolerate it," he said of violence, "no citizen of this island, north or south, will eventually tolerate it."

The Catholic priest, who has been talking to I.R.A. members for more than 20 years, said: "They're fighting the ancient war of Irish independence. They say it's a war about the right of political self-determination. They say the Protestant minority on the island does not have the right to dictate to the majority."

"He is hard-headed and suspicious," the priest said of the typical I.R.A. hard-liner. "He says we've been fighting this war for 700 years and we're going to finish it once and for all. Just give us two or three years. We won't stop until there is an alternative that is as least as effective as the armed struggle."

**Graphic**

Photo: Despite the escalation of the bombing campaign before Christmas, the Irish Republican Army seems no closer to its stated objective of a cease-fire if Britain promises to leave Northern Ireland. Victims of a bombing in Manchester on Dec. 3 waited for aid. The I.R.A. was suspected in the attack. (Reuters)

**Load-Date:** December 13, 1992

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[***HOUSING PROJECTS IN NEW YORK CITY FACE BIG CHANGES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9440-000P-N0SY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

**Body**

Facing stiff reductions in Federal aid, the sprawling New York City Housing Authority is exploring what was once unthinkable: turning over some of its high-rise buildings to private managers and earning more money from all its projects by sharply increasing the number of tenants with jobs, who can pay more rent.

The authority, long the nation's largest and most successful public housing agency, says it has essentially concluded that it must abandon many of its long-held ideals if it is to survive in this new era of austerity as a provider of housing for those who cannot afford to buy or rent their own homes.

The authority is being forced to consider these proposals because of the major changes emanating from Washington, where the Republican majority in Congress is cutting housing subsidies even as it tries to spur local housing officials to adopt more market-driven policies by loosening rules that had restricted how they could spend Federal money.

"The status quo absolutely cannot be maintained," said John G. Martinez, a deputy general manager at the authority who is in charge of finding ways to revamp its operations.

While urban officials across the country have denounced the cuts in housing aid, some Republicans in Congress have countered that it is foolish for the Federal Government to continue pouring money into a system that they say has largely been a failure. Unlike the authority in New York City, many housing authorities across the country have been beset by mismanagement and corruption, and Federal officials in recent years have seized control of some, including those in Philadelphia and Chicago.

The Republicans say they want to reduce the housing subsidies to push the authorities to operate more efficiently. And they say that by relaxing many of the rules that have governed how much rent can be charged and how subsidies can be spent, Congress will give the authorities the freedom to flourish.

The reductions imposed by the Republicans in the last two years have so squeezed the New York City authority that earlier this month, officials announced that they would trim the authority's work force of 15,000 by at least 1,000 employees. Trying to avoid layoffs, the officials said they had reached a tentative agreement with municipal unions to offer workers who voluntarily leave a severance package.

But officials at the authority acknowledge that they need to do more than just cut staffing to compensate for the loss of hundreds of millions of dollars in Federal subsidies for its 331 housing projects. They say the authority will probably have to relinquish its role of being the housing provider of last resort for many of the poorest of the poor.

It may have to subcontract the job of operating its properties to nonprofit groups or private companies while also seeking to reap additional money from its buildings by leasing more space to commercial businesses. And while the authority's officials will not publicly discuss it, they say they will eventually have to examine selling some buildings, an idea long considered taboo.

The cuts in Federal subsidies come when there is already a severe shortage of housing for poor and ***working-class*** people in New York City. At least 130,000 people, for example, are on the waiting list for the authority's apartments. The authority, which houses 600,000 people, is also under pressure from the overhaul of the Federal welfare law last year, which could end up reducing the amount of money that some tenants receive to pay rent.

"For the Housing Authority to meet its public purpose and to be in a position to insure that it can provide safe and sanitary housing," Mr. Martinez said, "it is absolutely imperative that the authority look at a different way of doing business."

He stressed that the authority had not yet made any decisions on major policy shifts, adding that its board would begin mulling options in April.

Like New York City's, most other housing authorities, including those in Boston, Washington and Newark, are grappling with the same problems: how to cut costs and take in more revenue to make up for dwindling Federal money. The challenges are even greater for authorities that have been poorly run.

Many are scaling back renovations on aging buildings that were never particularly well maintained in the first place. They are forming partnerships with nonprofit groups, and they are re-examining one of the most sensitive subjects in public housing: what percentage of units should be set aside for poor people who have little means to pay.

By law and tradition, housing authorities have devoted most of their space to the poorest of the poor. Across the country, the percentage of tenants with jobs for most authorities is only about 15 to 20 percent. New York City's has one of the highest, at 30 percent -- one reason, housing experts say, that it has been relatively successful.

But with so many budget pressures, New York City's and other housing authorities say they want to move more people with jobs to the top of the waiting lists.

"We now have to say to some of those poor people, 'Sorry, we need to house more working people,' " said Sandra B. Henriquez, administrator of the Boston Housing Authority. "We have to worry about income."

Some tenant leaders said such changes might leave poor people with nowhere to go. And they said they were already seeing the effects of the cuts in Federal subsidies for renovating and running buildings. At the Drew-Hamilton Houses in Harlem, a tenant leader, Barbara G. Barber, said the authority had eliminated a custodian's job recently, leaving hallways dirtier and reducing pickups for garbage.

"These budget cuts are going to wipe out public housing if someone does not listen," Ms. Barber said. "This is going to be very devastating to residents."

The New York City authority, which is a quasi-independent agency that is controlled by the Mayor, pays for only about half of its costs from the rents it charges. The rest are covered by government subsidies, 90 percent of which come from the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The New York City authority's annual HUD subsidy for renovations and repairs has dropped by more than 25 percent, from $435.1 million in 1994 to $320 million this year. The authority's HUD subsidy for operating costs has stayed largely flat in recent years, even as its expenses continue to grow. And city officials said they believed the cuts would get worse by the end of the decade.

Two of the leading Republicans in Washington on housing policy, Representatives Rick A. Lazio of Long Island and Jerry Lewis of California, said they realized that the reductions might be hard for the authorities to shoulder. But they said that with Congress trying to balance the Federal budget, housing agencies had to operate differently.

"The way the Federal Government goes about assisting communities with housing and other services is largely irrational," Mr. Lazio said. "It is based upon a model that is largely obsolete, especially considering the fiscal stresses that we are under."

The New York City Housing Authority has already experimented with turning over a few of its smallest buildings to nonprofit groups to manage. The question now is whether it can save money by letting such groups manage its many high-rise buildings, which are where the vast majority of its tenants live. Or, further down the line, whether it should sell some of the buildings to nonprofit groups or private companies.

Otherwise, if the subsidies continue to decline, the authority might have to focus its resources on keeping up the buildings that are in the best condition.

"The alternatives are to evaluate our projects and try to find alternative places for people and then raze those projects if they can't be maintained," said Roy Sinclair, chief financial officer at the authority.

The average rent in the authority's projects is just under $300 a month, officials said. For an apartment being rented for that amount, the authority currently receives a subsidy of about $300 a month from HUD, giving it a total income for the unit of nearly $600 a month.

For now at least, the authority must abide by a Federal rule that limits the tenant's rent to a maximum of 30 percent of the tenant's income. But if the authority rented the same space for which it had received a total of nearly $600 for a nonworking family instead to a working one, it might be able to charge that family more than $600. Such a move might be even more financially beneficial for the authority if its HUD subsidies continue to drop.

Mr. Martinez, the authority's deputy general manager, said its leaders understood that many tenants were fearful of this new era. He said that the authority would never force people out of their apartments and that by bringing in more working tenants and giving them the opportunity to choose which developments they can live in, it would create a better atmosphere in its properties.

"The major catalyst for all this is the impact of what we see happening at the Federal level in terms of reduction of subsidies," he said. "But the overriding concern is that we have a commitment to maintain the number of public housing units in the community, and to try to enhance a greater quality of life for people."

**Graphic**

Graph/Map: "A CLOSER LOOK: Housing Cutbacks"

The New York City Housing Authority depends on Federal aid for much of its capital and operating budgets. Cuts in government subsidies for public housing have prompted the agency to consider turning over some developments to private managers, including nonprofit organizations. Map shows sites of these developments, and graph tracks how much the Federal Government has given the New York City Housing Authority for its general operations and repairs and renovations budgets, 1991 through and estimated 1997. (Sources: Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development; New York City Housing Authority) (pg. B6)

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[***Yonkers Finds A Peacemaker;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33X0-000P-N50J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mayor Restores Sense of Calm To a City Known for Conflict***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33X0-000P-N50J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** John D. Spencer

By MONTE WILLIAMS

By MONTE WILLIAMS

**Dateline:** YONKERS, Jan. 27

**Body**

The Mayor of this distressed city is playing host to student council members from Park Hill Scholastic Academy, an elementary school near City Hall. Standing in the august, oak-paneled reception room next to his office, John D. Spencer, Yonkers's 40th mayor, offers counsel ("Don't be a follower, be a leader"), exudes warmth ("We love you children"), and spouts encouragement ("You're the best!").

Mr. Spencer, a gregarious, third-generation Irish-American, a native son of this city, has made it his business not only to cheer students, as he did in the reception room last week, but to charm civic leaders and coax City Council members.

"Talking to him is like talking to your neighbor across the street," said Steve Sansone, a volunteer with the Mayor's Community Relations Committee. "He's very down to earth."

Many in this largely blue-collar city of 188,000 say the Mayor's "people skills" have helped bring a measure of peace to Yonkers politics, a notoriously quarrelsome arena, and have helped put to rest some of the city's most divisive issues.

Yonkers, the fourth largest city in the state, is still licking its wounds from years of rancor over integration. In the 1980's, the city was brought to its knees and the brink of financial ruin after a Federal judge ordered it to desegregate its housing and schools. For years, the City Council refused to comply with the housing desegregation plan, resulting in lawsuits, fines, and a reputation for racism.

"The way those issues were handled hurt the image of Yonkers tremendously," Mayor Spencer said. "We were considered politically immature. Our image was one of chaos, not the kind of place that would draw families and developers. What I'm trying to do is repair that image and move forward."

A year has passed since Mr. Spencer, 50, who was the City Council's majority leader, took office after vanquishing his Democratic predecessor, Terence M. Zaleski. In that time, he has ended the power struggle between the Mayor's office and the City Council that once deadlocked government. Of course, it helps that Mr. Spencer is a Republican, as are five of the seven City Council members.

But Mr. Spencer, who describes himself as a moderate on social issues and a conservative on fiscal ones, has won bipartisan support for many of his policies and was able to strike a major bargain beyond City Hall.

In October, he brokered a deal with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that gave Yonkers more control over how it fulfills its housing desegregation obligations. He persuaded the Federal judge who wrote the desegregation order, Leonard B. Sand, that Yonkers could carry out an integration plan without interference from an agency established by the judge to insure compliance.

"This Mayor seems to be committed to implementing the agreement as opposed to his predecessors," said Michael Sussman, a lawyer for the Yonkers branch of the N.A.A.C.P. "For 16 years, we've dealt with a succession of pretenders. But he seems not to be. I feel the depth of his sincerity is admirable not only on a personal level, but I think the housing will get built, which is why I went along with the agreement."

While acknowledging his successes, some Democrats say that he is stubborn and that as a Councilman, he was an obstructionist.

"The reason John Spencer has been able to get so much done is he doesn't have a John Spencer on the City Council bashing him the way Terry had," said Ann Muro, chairwoman of the Yonkers Democratic Party. "His role on the Council was the antagonist."

Mr. Spencer makes no apologies, saying that Mr. Zaleski tried to usurp the Council's power. A City Charter revision passed shortly before Mr. Spencer took office gives the mayor the right to set salaries, control the budget process and hire a city auditor. But Mr. Spencer saids he does not care what the charter says.

"I have respect for the Council," he said. "They deserve my respect."

Mr. Spencer, the adopted son of a country club groundskeeper and his wife who had eight children of their own, was raised in a white, ***working-class*** neighborhood in northwest Yonkers.

He was a vice president of real estate management for Bankers Trust until 1991, when he left to start his own building services management firm. He was elected to the City Council in 1990.

His supporters say he has a low-key style and strives to build consensus.

"He'll call us in his office and he'll explain what he's trying to do over pizza," said Richard Martinelli, majority leader of the City Council. "He has an open-door style, and that's why he's able to get a lot of his initiatives approved."

His skills were tested almost immediately after he took office, when he was faced with a $75 million budget deficit. With little public debate and hostility, he was able to get Council Democrats and Republicans to accept a 9.5 percent property-tax increase and the elimination of 80 vacant municipal jobs.

But part of Mr. Spencer's success seems attributable to luck. In September, a Federal appeals court ruled that New York State was liable for part of the cost of desegregating Yonkers's schools.

Still, Mr. Spencer has had his own fiscal coups. He got the City Council to approve a $50 million bond act to improve roads and bridges. Under Gov. George E. Pataki's proposed budget, Yonkers would receive $22.5 million in aid for depressed cities, and school aid to the city would be increased by $4 million.

The Mayor said he would like much more money for the school system, from which many whites have fled since busing was put in place. "The state uses an education-aid formula that is antiquated and doesn't make sense," he said. "We're about the same size as Syracuse, yet they get about $45 to $50 million more from the state."

Mr. Spencer said he hopes his warm relationship with Mr. Pataki will narrow that gap.

Many say Mr. Spencer has prodigious powers of persuasion, especially compared with Mr. Zaleski, his predecessor.

Mr. Zaleski was widely criticized for his caustic style, which worsened his rancorous relationship with the City Council. The Council and Mr. Zaleski sued each other. Several members of Mr. Zaleski's staff quit or were dismissed.

Mr. Zaleski's wife, Lynn, was his campaign treasurer, and the target of an investigation involving campaign contributions from city employees. No charges were brought, but the campaign returned more than $17,000 it had collected from municipal workers.

For his part, Mr. Spencer has been criticized for including too few members of minorities in his administration. The Mayor says he plans to "improve in that area." He recently hired Joe Farmer, a former City Councilman who is black, to head the agency that will oversee housing desegregation.

Since the 1986 desegregation order, the city has built just 200 low-income rental units for black and Hispanic families in mostly white neighborhoods. The scattered-site housing is considered successful, even by some who opposed it. "There were a handful of people who pandered to people's fears and inflamed racial tensions," Mr. Spencer said.

The deal Mr. Spencer forged with the N.A.A.C.P. calls for 600 additional affordable-housing units over six years in existing and new construction for families earning $30,000 to $70,000. Mayor Spencer noted that the housing was "middle-income and race-neutral."

"Natural integration, where people live, play and worship together, has more meaning," said the Mayor, who is married and the father of two adult children, both of whom attended parochial schools. "The way to integrate schools is to have integration in housing. There has been a lot of natural integration over the years. Yonkers in 1997 does not look like Yonkers in 1978 or 1979. A lot has transpired over the years."

With his push for more integrated housing, Mr. Spencer said he would like to end busing for students in lower grades. "I think it's easier for young children to go to schools in the neighborhoods where they live," he said. "Busing children across town can take 45 minutes or longer. No one wants that for a 5-year-old, and it has nothing to do with racism."

He also said he planned to develop the waterfront and hoped to clean up the city. He has already imposed a fine on property owners who fail to remove graffiti within 48 hours.

But cleaning up the city's image may prove more difficult than freeing buildings of graffiti and sweeping streets.

"Many people have asked me why I wanted to be Mayor," Mr. Spencer said, adding that he took a pay cut when he left the private sector for the $115,000-a-year post. "I didn't plan it. One thing led to another.

"I compare it to a dog being kicked around on the street. The city was being kicked around. I wanted to say, 'We can be okay. We will be O.K.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Mayor John D. Spencer of Yonkers has been a year on the job, and many say he has helped bring a measure of peace in that city and has helped put to rest some of its most divisive issues. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

Chart: "PROFILE: John D. Spencer"

BORN: Nov. 17, 1946

HOMETOWN: Yonkers

EDUCATION: Sacred Heart High School, Yonkers, 1964; Westchester County Community College, 1966.

CAREER: Property manager, Cushman & Wakefield, 1977-84; vice president of real estate management, Bankers Trust, 1984-91; manager of his own building services management company, 1991-1995; Yonkers City Council member, 1990-96; Mayor, 1996-present.

FAMILY: Married May 8, 1971, to Eileen Looney. Two children, John Jr., 24, and Jennifer, 23.

INTERESTS: Golf, reading.

**Load-Date:** January 28, 1997

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[***ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9FV0-000P-N01K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Surviving Freedom After the Wall Came Down***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9FV0-000P-N01K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1605 words

**Byline:** By VICKI GOLDBERG

By VICKI GOLDBERG

**Dateline:** BERLIN

**Body**

TOTALITARIAN REGIMES, having a lot to fear from photographers, control what can be seen and shown. Democratic regimes, having a lot to fear from photographers, control what they can, stage-managing public life as a set of photo ops.

So what happens to photographers when they suddenly slip out of the net of totalitarianism into the wide sea of democracy? Sometimes they discover that freedom has its own limitations, and sometimes they encounter currents of history that are tricky for anyone to navigate. In 1989, the fall of the Berlin wall abruptly opened Western markets to East German photojournalists who could find a way into them. The East Germans already had talent to spare; what they needed, overnight, were new coping skills. Some photographers who had been secure enough in a narrow life were undone by an excess of opportunity.

One group that has succeeded in the brave new world is an agency called Ostkreuz, formed by seven East German photographers after reunification. The radical changes in professional and personal life that swept in threatened more than once to overwhelm them, but they managed to thrive in the jungle of Western commerce largely because they were smart, they were good, and they had a telephone.

Other photographers in the East found themselves incommunicado without the perks of modern technology. The outdated East German phone system had a limited number of telephones and lines to the West. When the wall fell, the East was suddenly hot news, but no one could get through. Ostkreuz invested in a radiophone; it rang like a cash register. Then they bought file cabinets for a couple of dollars apiece from the Stasi, the former secret police, and went into business.

But Communist states had not trained their citizens to operate in an open market, to compete, to understand credit. Suddenly photographers could have better equipment, decent film (East German color film was so untrue to life that West Germans coveted it for its artistic effects), cars, bigger apartments and ruinous debt. Instantly they needed more assignments.

Pooling their varied skills and styles, the Ostkreuz seven all managed to earn a living, which was a miracle then and still is. Sibylle Bergemann and Ute Mahler take portraits, photo essays and fashion pictures. Werner Mahler specializes in semi-abstract, color landscapes, Jens Rotzsch in color images of travel, Thomas Sandberg in serious, rather old-fashioned black-and-white photo essays, Harf Zimmermann in large-format photographs of architecture. Harald Hauswald (travel and slightly eccentric reportage) earned an enormous Stasi file by being published in America, entirely without his knowledge, in High Times magazine and continuing to work for Western publications. Sometimes he used a pseudonym because the state helped itself to a share of foreign earnings. The agency's signature, if it has one, is its diversity and individuality. Recently it added four younger photographers to keep itself up-to-date.

Twenty-five years ago in America, freelance photojournalism, never an easy way to make a living, became exponentially more difficult when the general-interest picture magazines died or doddered. Europe is now facing a similar predicament. Things were better in 1989 -- for those with a road map to the territory. Mr. Sandberg and Mr. Zimmermann, who speak fluent English, betray both wonder and sorrow over the differences life style and politics make on the practice of photography.

In East Germany, a photographer was paid a fixed, limited price for a picture, however long it took to get it, and then only if it was published. No day rate or guarantee, which are standard in the West. "They saved money no matter what it cost," as Mr. Zimmermann puts it. Still, living was cheap, and no one starved.

Artists in fact were cosseted in a peculiar version of paradise, or anyway guaranteed employment. A Government-sponsored organization would arrange murals for factories or documentary films about work. Many bad artists lived quite well. Mr. Sandberg thinks this was insidiously damaging for artists, who need a market in order to find out whether they might be better butchers than painters. (There were no commercial galleries; the only official gallery spent most of its energy illegally selling "cultural goods" like cobblestones and old street lamps that were in demand in the antique-crazy West.)

The official organization for photographers did not dole out jobs but set fees and made it impossible for anyone who was not a member to collect them. Photography shows were surprisingly frequent, especially in the official "culture houses" set up by the state. According to Mr. Sandberg, the Government saw these shows as a kind of safety valve, where pictures that could not be printed in large-circulation magazines could be displayed to smaller audiences, because who cared?

The people who came did. The exhibitions were not about censored material but about aspects of everyday life that were not in the official news, so they became a kind of replacement for photojournalism. Unable to find a lot of reality in the newspapers, people were hungry for information. Frequent photography shows continue in East Berlin but no longer mean so much. Everything can be printed in the papers now.

Back then, the party decided what could be printed. Every day the chief editor of some magazine got a call from the Central Committee saying: "Why did that story look ugly? Our ***working class*** is beautiful. They have the power in this country. They deserve to be treated well." Someone would lose a promotion, and the editor would be even more careful next time.

Photographers knew what was expected of them and tried to make good pictures out of it; essentially that is what they do on assignment, no matter what government holds sway. "The most dangerous thing," Mr. Zimmermann says, "was inside our minds." The rules had been learned and internalized, forging "a scissors in your head" that automatically censored what would never get shown anyway.

And then the wall came tumbling down and everything changed: what people ate, what they wore, how to get subway tickets and credit cards, and how to deal with that new phenomenon, opportunity. Not all of this was for the better for photographers. Mr. Sandberg, who was on the staff of an East German magazine, says he had more influence on stories then: he conferred on layout and once or twice a year did an end run around editor and party to get an essay the way he wanted it. Today, an assignment for Stern, the major German magazine, allows him no input whatever.

The photographers note that when they needed less to live on they had more time for their own projects, and even more time to think. Things move too fast now. The old way, of course, had certain disadvantages. Photographers adopted the motto, "In the average we are at the peak"; it was not good to be better than that. Mr. Zimmermann says, "If nothing can happen to you, you have time to think about what you want and do what you want, but you never have a chance to do something big."

Mr. Sandberg, who was brought up to believe in the socialist ideal by a father who was imprisoned for being a Communist and then put in a concentration camp for being Jewish, had mixed emotions once he realized that socialism had never worked. "In the closed society, you didn't have a chance to make your own personality," he says. "You didn't have a chance to take risks, make decisions, fail, be successful. Yet if you can only walk in a little garden for many years, you see every flower, tree and bird. It gives you the possibility of concentrating yourself. Most East Germans just live to have bananas now."

Some in Ostkreuz have discovered that paradoxically, they have simply exchanged one tyranny for another. It used to be the party. Now it is a magazine's questionable taste, or illusions about life, or ideas about what will appeal to the masses. Mr. Zimmerman says that in the totalitarian system the reason a picture was not picked lay precisely in the picture itself: what it showed, what it said. No longer. Trendiness is now the criterion. The world today is in too much of a hurry to worry about making a good picture anyway, according to Mr. Sandberg. "In the 1960's we had six months for a story, in the 1970's six weeks. Now it's more like six hours."

Besides, photojournalism is in some peril. "Twenty years ago people needed magazines," Mr. Sandberg goes on. "Who needs them now? We have TV. Newspapers are beginning to print in color." This issue is bedeviling photographers everywhere. The magazine market emphasizes celebrity portraiture, color and single pictures that make a quick points rather than the complexity of a series. The pressure to be commercial makes it difficult to maintain an individual style.

Mr. Sandberg is convinced that the only way to do real photojournalism and get published in an important way in an important place today is to be a war photographer. "But I'm in my mid-40's, I have children, and I'm not stupid enough to go into a war zone." Instead, he is thinking of leaving Ostkreuz, which he founded with Werner Mahler, and setting up a "virtual agency" and library run by computer. With luck, he hopes to have time to do his own work and perhaps even keep his vision intact as opportunities for photojournalism dwindle.

East German photographers have had to adapt to a lot of change in a short time: first to the sport of Western competition and media enterprise, then to rules that changed while the game was still going on, and now to the fact that a lot of the spectators have simply gone home.

**Graphic**

Photos: "Hiding From a Virus," taken at a kindergarten for H.I.V.-positive children in Berlin, by Thomas Sandberg (left), a co-founder of the East German agency Ostkreuz. (Ostkreuz) (pg. 39); Trash art, by Harf Zimmerman, 1993, in the Spreebogen area of Berlin, the site of the new Chancellor's office (the Reichstag at the right). (Ostkreuz) (pg. 40)

**Load-Date:** January 26, 1997

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[***More Spanish Accents, But Fewer Are Cuban;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9DB0-000P-N4CM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Latin Faces in a Corner of Queens That Once Seemed More Like Havana***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-9DB0-000P-N4CM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MIRTA OJITO

By MIRTA OJITO

**Body**

From the glass door of his Junction Boulevard barbershop, Rafael L. Fiallo, Cuban immigrant and Queens resident for 28 years, peers into the street where his American dream has come true and, suspending scissors and comb in midair, wonders out loud, "Where has everybody gone?"

The neighborhood has changed, he declares. Not long ago, this stretch of Junction Boulevard and Roosevelt Avenue, the line that both separates and connects Elmhurst, Corona and Jackson Heights, was dotted with Cuban businesses and familiar faces. Now, the old restaurant that served authentic Cuban dishes across the street is owned by a Mexican and tortillas are the main fare. The beauty parlor is a grocery store. And Mario's Jewelry, where Mr. Fiallo used to buy birthday presents for his wife and children, is a Peruvian-owned party-goods store.

Mr. Fiallo does not recognize the faces anymore; he cannot even identify the different Spanish accents that flow in and out of his barbershop. And, perhaps what matters most to him, nobody knows who he is, either.

"I used to stand outside and people would walk by and wave, 'Hey, barbero,' people who didn't know my name but knew who I was," Mr. Fiallo, 65, said. "Now, I go outside and nobody calls out."

The neighbors who used to greet Mr. Fiallo were Cuban immigrants who settled in New York in the early 1960's as the Irish and the Germans were moving out, and who have in turn moved to the suburbs or to Miami. With their departure, other immigrants, from Bangladesh to Ecuador, have moved in.

But because New York is such a magnet for Hispanic immigrants, for the most part Latino has replaced Latino in this corner of Queens, both changing and reviving the neighborhood, creating a mix that is no longer Cuban or Colombian. Nor is it just Dominican, Peruvian or Mexican.

Instead, the new immigrants have formed a pan-American neighborhood where each immigrant group takes from the others as much as it gives. But because they have retained a strong sense of national pride and origin, they do not jump in the proverbial melting pot. Their American experience is more like a salad bowl, where ingredients lie side by side, mixing but somehow retaining their particular look and flavor.

"They are creating a true American culture, with ingredients from everywhere in Latin America and a large dose of elements from the United States," said Jose Prince, a professor of sociology at La Guardia Community College. "They have shed some of their national quirks to come together under a Hispanic banner."

It is, in part, a practical decision, since there are not enough members of one nationality to prevail, and because, they say, it is the best way to coexist in harmony and to succeed in business.

"You either adapt or you perish," Jose Vizcaino said, donning a bloody butcher's apron behind the meat counter of his tiny Elmhurst supermarket, El Mundo. "As a businessman, you have to adapt."

Mr. Vizcaino, a Cuban immigrant, remembers a time when he did not have to work too hard to please his customers' whims. He knew Cubans liked a lean boliche (round-eye beef) and big palomilla steaks (top sirloin). But a few years ago, he had to learn that what Cubans call boliche is muchacho for Colombians and colita de cuadril for Argentinians.

"The first time someone asked me for a muchacho, I blanked out," said Mr. Vizcaino, who has since added to the shelves of his supermarket an array of products from Peru, Ecuador and Mexico. "I don't know what they are, but the customers ask for them, I write down the orders, get them, and they buy them."

Even Mr. Fiallo, who claims to miss the old neighborhood, has adapted. Through the years, he has hired several non-Cuban employees and has learned how to decipher his customer's orders -- what Cubans call a hair cut, pelado, is in Colombia a slang word for adolescent boys.

In Rincon Criollo, a Cuban restaurant on the Corona side of Junction Boulevard, Cuban coffee is no longer made the traditional way, in which sugar is mixed with the coffee as soon as the first drops seep out of the percolator. It is, admits the owner, Rodovaldo Acosta, a concession to patrons who may have less of a sweet tooth than Cubans do.

In another bow to their international clientele, they have hung wooden maps of all the countries in the Americas, right above the black and white pictures from their old restaurant on the outskirts of Havana.

In El Yumuri, the bakery next door to Rincon Criollo, the Cuban owner, Manuel de las Cuevas, is raving about his new addition to the menu: tres leches, a Central America delicacy made with three types of milk. And across the street, next to El Mundo, the flower shop owner Luis Molina is well aware that Colombians prefer orchids. But Mr. Molina, who is Cuban, keeps red roses on hand for the few Cubans who still patronize his shop, D'Gardenia.

There is a private side too to this intermingling of nationalities and tastes. Neighbors have become friends, who dance at the same salsa club Saturday night and pray at the same church Sunday morning. And more and more these days, neighbors marry.

Javier Arenas, a retired handyman from Medellin, Colombia, says his Colombian friends tease him because he speaks with a Cuban accent. He cannot help it, he says, since most of his friends are Cubans. He plans to return to his native city, but when he does, he will take with him his cherished recipe for Cuban moros, a traditional rice dish, and his newly acquired taste for Mexican tortillas.

And Maria de los Angeles Macias, who arrived from Mexico just two years ago, says she is already addicted to Cumbia, a Colombian dance, and merengue, a Dominican rhythm.

Emilio, Fausto and Jose Heredia, three Cuban brothers who own Emilio III Cocktail Lounge, in Elmhurst, are married to non-Cuban women. Emilio married a Peruvian; Fausto, a Colombian, and Jose, a Salvadoran.

Fausto Heredia, who speaks with a Colombian accent, says his wife's accent has prevailed not only with him but also with their two children. But, he says with a smile, he has prevailed in the kitchen, where his wife has learned to cook Cuban foods. In the bar, he employs bartenders from Colombia, the Dominican Republic and Peru.

Both decisions, whom to marry and whom to hire, were influenced by the fact that it has become difficult to find Cubans in Queens, Mr. Heredia says. Cubans are the only Hispanic group whose numbers decreased in Queens in the decade between the 1980 and 1990 censuses.

"I don't remember the last time a Cuban client came through that door," he said, pointing to the wooden door of the family's dark, ***working-class*** bar on the Elmhurst side of Junction Boulevard. "But I do keep bottles of rum in hand, just in case."

To be sure, this Queens salad bowl is not without its sour ingredients. Some shop owners who publicly say they want to please their new clients as well as people who claim to love the diversity in their buildings, privately complain of the "quality" of some of the new immigrants, who are poorer, younger and more transient than the established, older immigrants.

But even some of those who criticize the newer immigrants acknowledge that their presence has made these neighborhoods a true Hispanic enclave, where food and products from every country in the Americas are available everywhere, and where the sheer size of the Hispanic population has forced establishments and institutions to offer services in Spanish.

In the stores that line Junction Boulevard, employees and shop owners speak Spanish, though they may not know how to speak English. Muti Shuaib, the Palestinian owner of a furniture store that occupies the spot where a popular Cuban bodega once was, communicates in Spanish with his mostly Dominican and Colombian clients. And in St. Joan of Arc, a Roman Catholic church in Jackson Heights, two Spanish-language services have been added to accommodate the needs of an ever-growing congregation. Three years ago, there was only one.

Mr. Prince, who left Cuba in 1964 and has lived in Queens since 1970, says the new immigrants have injected new blood and vibrancy to an area that just a few years ago began to show signs of decay. The continuing revival of the area may bring some of its former dwellers back, he says.

He is encouraged by the early signs. Lately, he has begun to notice that the children of the Cubans who once fled New York in search of the sun are returning to the city of their childhood in search of jobs, the same magnet that pulled their parents here over three decades ago.

"They may not speak Spanish, but when they hear me speak English with my Cuban accent, their ears perk up," Mr. Prince says. "And many times, they remember Queens."

**Graphic**

Photos: Justo Lopez savoring his Cuban coffee last week at Rincon Criollo, a Cuban restaurant on Junction Boulevard in Corona, Queens, where many of the newer customers are from other Latin countries. (pg. B1); The customers in Rafael L. Fiallo's Queens barbershop were once mostly Cuban, as he is. Now, like Lazaro Baltodano, a Mexican man who got a hair cut the other day, they are Latinos from all over the Americas; Flowers and religious items are on sale at D'Gardenia, whose Cuban owner stocks items that appeal to Colombian customers as well. (Photographs by Linda Rosier for The New York Times) (pg. B4)

Chart/Photos: "Changes On the Shelf" lists some items now available on Junction Boulevard where most of the stores once catered to Cubans. (Photographs by Naum Kazhdan/The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Map: "Changes On the Street"

Once largely Cuban-American, the stretch of Junction Boulevard from Roosevelt Avenue to 43d Avenue in Queens has changed in recent years. Asian entrepreneurs now own a pharmacy and a photo shop where once was La Fuente Espanola, a Cuban restaurant and bar. A Mexican owns what used to be Cuban restaurant across the street. These and other changes are shaded on the map. (pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** January 29, 1997

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[***What Happened to the Girls in Le Roy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5554-66G1-DXY4-X1N9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SUSAN DOMINUS

**Body**

Before the media vans took over Main Street, before the environmental testers came to dig at the soil, before the doctor came to take blood, before strangers started knocking on doors and asking question after question, Katie Krautwurst, a high-school cheerleader from Le Roy, N.Y., woke up from a nap. Instantly, she knew something was wrong. Her chin was jutting forward uncontrollably and her face was contracting into spasms. She was still twitching a few weeks later when her best friend, Thera Sanchez, captain of one of the school's cheerleading squads, awoke from a nap stuttering and then later started twitching, her arms flailing and head jerking. Two weeks after that, Lydia Parker, also a senior, erupted in tics and arm swings and hums.

Then word got around that Chelsey Dumars, another cheerleader, who recently moved to town, was making the same strange noises, the same strange movements, leaving school early on the days she could make it to class at all. The numbers grew -- 12, then 16, then 18, in a school of 600 -- and as they swelled, the ranks of the sufferers came to include a wider swath of the Le Roy high-school hierarchy: girls who weren't cheerleaders, girls who kept to themselves and had studs in their lips. There was even one boy and an older woman, age 36. Parents wept as their daughters stuttered at the dinner table. Teachers shut their classroom doors when they heard a din of outbursts, one cry triggering another, sending the increasingly familiar sounds ricocheting through the halls. Within a few months, as the camera crews continued to descend, the community barely seemed to recognize itself. One expert after another arrived to pontificate about what was wrong in Le Roy, a town of 7,500 in Western New York that had long prided itself on the things it got right. The kids here were wholesome and happy, their parents insisted -- ''cheerleaders and honor students,'' as one father said -- products of a place that, while not perfect, was made up more of what was good about small-town America than what was bad. Now, though, the girls' writhing and stuttering suggested something troubling, either arising from within the community or being perpetrated on it, a mystery that proved irresistible for onlookers, whose attention would soon become part of the story itself.

Le Roy's East Main Street displays an impressive row of grand Victorians and Federalist-style homes built in the 19th century, testament to the flour mills and salt mines that made the town a comfortable place to live. After that came the Jell-O years, when that company and several others employed thousands of people in the area. But Jell-O and most of the rest of the factories took their work elsewhere by the 1960s, and now a good number of those historic homes have been divided into two- or three-family rentals, with peeling paint and rows of crooked mailboxes inside the foyer. Some houses look so beaten down by weather and disrepair that it comes as a surprise to see a light on inside. Le Roy is a ***working-class*** community with good schools that attract people who work in nearby Rochester. But it is also a manufacturing town whose prosperous days are behind it -- the kind of place where local politicians are always talking about how to bring back the good old days.

Katie Krautwurst and her family live in one of the stately, well-preserved houses in town, a home her mother's ancestors built, its porch now decorated with semicircular American flag banners and a child's antique sled. At the top of a winding staircase is Katie's room, a pink-and-yellow perch where she and Thera sat talking one late February afternoon. The girls grew close a few years ago, when they met through cheerleading and realized they both had a crush on the same guy. ''How weird was that?'' Thera asked, her voice going loud and her eyes going wide. Thera speaks in italics and underlines; Katie, by contrast, is so reserved she could be mistaken for nonchalant. As they talked, Thera was idly going through Katie's walk-in closet to see what was new. Katie's face showed a quick spasm, a twitch, every few minutes, subtle enough that you might miss it if you weren't looking. Thera had a bruise on her left leg from where she had fainted the evening before and landed on her bedside table.

On the afternoon when Katie first started twitching, she was at her boyfriend's house. When the symptoms worsened, his mother called her mother, who told them to call an ambulance and meet her at the emergency room in Rochester. Paramedics strapped Katie onto the stretcher. ''Then I couldn't twitch, so it made it even worse, and I was freaking out even more,'' she said. Doctors at the hospital told Katie and her mother that she was having an anxiety attack. Katie was a straight-A student who admits she can be anxious at times. But her symptoms persisted, so she and her mother went back to the same emergency room a few days later. This time, Katie's mother, Beth Miller, a nurse, insisted they conduct more elaborate tests. After seven hours of testing that included an M.R.I. and a blood panel, the doctors told Miller what she already knew: her daughter had tics.

Katie was still twitching when she saw Thera early the next week at the art class they were taking together. ''I was really weirded out,'' Thera said. ''I got upset, really upset.'' When, a few weeks later, Thera's symptoms came on, she and Katie did not connect the events. ''A lot of people have tics,'' Katie said, as if she thought at the time it was just something girls got, like cramps or a cold. It's true that tics are not that uncommon -- one in a hundred high-school students experiences them at one time or another. Last summer, Katie played soccer with two girls who were displaying tics on and off for more than a year. One was diagnosed with Tourette's syndrome.

When doctors told Thera's mother, Melisa Phillips, that her daughter's tics were stress-related, she ''went along with it,'' she told me. ''I know she has a huge heart, and she's wound tight.'' Thera also had an episode of tics three years ago. But when Phillips learned that other girls were coming down with similar symptoms, she began to wonder if there was more to this than stress.

Other parents were wondering the same thing: Maybe there was something in the water at the school or in the ground under the playing fields. By mid-January, the number of known cases was around 12, and parents eagerly awaited the preliminary results of an investigation by the New York State Department of Health. But at the community meeting where the results were to be announced, officials said that out of deference to the patients' privacy, their diagnosis could not be revealed. They did try to assure the crowd that the school's environment was safe, but the air-quality tests they performed left a number of parents unsatisfied, including Katie's mother and stepfather, Don Miller. Five days after the meeting, Katie, Thera and their mothers -- all of them photogenic and sympathetic -- appeared on the ''Today'' show. ''I'm trying to get all the information together so I can proceed in finding a cure for our daughters,'' Beth Miller told Ann Curry.

On the show, Katie's tics seemed under control, but Thera's were extreme: she jerked her head to the side and swung her arm across her body and occasionally stuttered over a word before making a guttural cry. She looked impossibly brave for showing herself in that state on national television. ''I was always so active, and everybody was always happy to be around me,'' she said, in fits and starts. ''But I don't feel like myself anymore.''

The story took off quickly, not just on the local and national news but on Facebook and autism blogs and sites devoted to mental health and environmental issues. The day after Katie and Thera appeared on ''Today,'' a neurologist in Buffalo whose practice had seen many of the girls was given the greenlight to speak about the diagnosis: it was conversion disorder, he said, which meant the girls were subconsciously converting stress into physical symptoms. And because so many students were afflicted with similar symptoms, it was also considered to be mass psychogenic illness, which is another way of saying mass hysteria.

To many parents, the diagnosis was woefully inadequate, even insulting.''It's a very hard pill for me to swallow -- what are we, living in the 1600s?'' the guardian of one of the girls said. Besides, kids are always stressed, and some of these kids may have been less stressed than most. On CNN, James DuPont, the father of an afflicted girl, said, ''A lot of these kids were just, you know, having a happy, normal life.'' Miller told me she did not buy the diagnosis, not one bit. ''My daughter hasn't had any trauma,'' she said. ''She was just happy, going along. She was as happy as can be.''

Long before any teenagers started twitching, the conversation at the coffee shop in town or at the counter of Jim DuPont's television-repair shop would turn, from time to time, to speculation about what kind of waste Le Roy's manufacturing plants might have left behind. Some of the older residents remember that they could always tell what flavor the Jell-O factory was producing on a given day based on the color of the water in Oatka Creek. What else, they wonder, got dumped on Le Roy?

Beth Miller suspects that there was a cancer cluster on the street where she once lived in Le Roy -- she and several of her neighbors have been stricken with tumors -- and early on, she suspected that Katie's symptoms might have something to do with the environment as well. Not long after she started pursuing these leads, someone placed under her doormat documentation about a train accident near Le Roy in 1970, in which tens of thousands of gallons of toxic chemicals were spilled into the soil, including trichloroethylene, a solvent that has been linked, in high levels of exposure, to nervous-system damage, among other things.

Three months into Katie's illness, Miller contacted Erin Brockovich, the environmental activist played by Julia Roberts in the film of the same name. Brockovich sent a team to Le Roy to test the soil on school grounds, theorizing that the school might have been built on earth trucked in from the contaminated site. ''We don't have all the answers, but we are suspicious,'' Brockovich told USA Today. ''They have not ruled everything out yet.''

On Saturday, Jan. 28, Brockovich's team, accompanied by a crew from CNN and a handful of other reporters, arrived at the Le Roy high school to perform their tests, only to find members of the local police waiting to escort them off the property. The mood in Le Roy, already tense, was now charged with anger. ''I will tell you that usually in settings or situations like this, when I'm confronted by officials barring access to something, they usually have something to hide,'' Bob Bowcock, one of Brockovich's testers, told CNN.

In the days that followed, groups of residents made their way to the site of the former spill, to compare notes and to see what there was to see. ''I am very angry,'' said Robyn Horn, a mother of four. ''I mean, what are they trying to hide? They wouldn't let them take a little bit of soil?'' The Batavian, a local online newspaper, posted a poll asking, ''Are you confident Le Roy schools are looking out for the best interest of students?'' Of the 1,600 people who responded, 67 percent answered no.

And so on the first Saturday morning in February, five months into the crisis, there was another community meeting. Kim Cox, the school superintendent, stood before the town's parents and faced hostile questions about a host of environmental concerns: natural gas wells on school property, toxic-waste cleanup sites within a few miles and a sticky orange substance oozing out of the playing fields.

''What are you doing now to protect our children in school right now?'' one of the parents asked.

Cox offered her best assurances: that environmental testing had already been done; and that no known environmental toxin, the country's best experts agreed, would cause these particular symptoms or account for an affliction affecting almost exclusively teenage girls and not boys or teachers or any other staff members.

A small woman in the audience stood up and began to shout, ''You guys need to prove to us it is safe for my daughter to be in this school.'' The superintendent tried to respond, but the woman pointed her finger at her and said: ''No, I'm done listening to you. You need to do something!'' Then she stormed out of the room, a man with a video camera hustling after her.

Right around this time -- when Brockovich started appearing in the news and everyone was talking about toxins and trust in local officials was at an all-time low -- the neurologists in Buffalo who were treating some of the girls started seeing their patients' conditions worsen. One of the doctors, Laszlo Mechtler, told The Batavian that patients who had been improving were suddenly in his office, ''crying, 'This chemical is in my head and I'm damaged for the rest of my life.' '' Doctors also saw an increase in cases, which they attributed to sensational coverage and increased stress. As more girls got sick, the story got bigger, and then more girls got sick.

Katie and Thera thought some other girls in town might be suffering from conversion disorder. But not them. ''No,'' Katie said. ''Me and Thera, we've definitely had times we've been stressed out, but this wasn't the time we were stressed out.''

As the afternoon we spent talking wore on, the pink on Katie's bedroom wall turning a darker rose, she started packing up a bag to go to her boyfriend's house. The families were close -- her boyfriend's mother drove her and her mom to the hospital the second time she went. Her own mother could not drive, Katie explained, because she was recovering from brain surgery.

In addition to her tumor, Beth Miller suffers from trigeminal neuralgia, a nerve condition that causes excruciating pain in her face. In the weeks leading up to the surgery, she was so sick she sometimes had trouble getting out of bed. The surgery took place just a week before the onset of Katie's tics.

Katie could see the line of questioning that piece of information might provoke, so she quickly clarified. ''She's had, like, 13,'' Katie said of the surgeries. If that seems like something that might be hard on a child, Katie isn't one to dwell on it. ''I'm so used to it,'' she said, her voice trailing off in a huge yawn. ''Seriously, it was like a walk in the park.''

Thera was perched on the bed, biting her nail. It was not just cheerleading and clothes that bound the girls: both have gone through a lot with their families -- troubles of very different natures, but troubles nonetheless. Several years ago there was a traumatic loss in Thera's family, the details of which they requested remain private. And now her relationship with her biological father, with whom she hasn't lived since she was very young, was weighing on her. She was feeling particularly bad about it lately, losing sleep over some harsh words they recently exchanged. She and her mother were angry that, even after she started having seizures, he didn't come up from his home in South Carolina to help out. ''I used to be Sissy to him, and now I'm just Thera,'' she told me. ''And he used to be Dad, and now he's just Frank.''

Not long after Thera's symptoms began, her mother started dating someone new. But, Thera said, she liked him.

Katie looked up from her cellphone. ''Oh, so you like him, now?'' Thera said that she did, a lot. She had just been wary at first. ''I have trust issues,'' she said. ''I think I have that right.''

Over the course of the afternoon, both girls yawned, one after the other; one mentioned her stomach hurt, then the other one did, too. They spoke in shorthand and overlapping sentences. Thera reached into Katie's closet and pulled out a jumper. ''It's a onesie,'' she said. Katie laughed.

''Katie told me that she wouldn't wish tics on anyone,'' Thera said, ''but if it had to be someone, she was glad she was going through it with her best friend.''

Like everything else in high school, the girls' symptoms were broken down by status: there were the kids who were really sick and then the kids whose illness was ''psychological'' and then the kids who were faking it so they could get on the news. No matter how many times the doctors explained that these symptoms were real, something the girls could not control, the finger-pointing persisted. One mother even went on Facebook to publicly accuse her daughter's best friend of faking, before apologizing the next day. ''If they were faking it, I'd like to know how they can cause it,'' said Dave Watson, guardian for one of the affected cheerleaders. ''It's not like any one movement is more exaggerated than the next. It's pretty damn consistent. I'd like someone to explain to me how they could walk around all day and do it consciously.''

Conversion disorder presents something of a paradox in that it engages some voluntary pathways in the brain but is experienced by the patient as wholly involuntary. One study found overlapping, but distinctly different, brain activity in patients diagnosed with conversion disorder and patients asked to ''fake'' the same illness, in this case a limp ankle, suggesting ''more complex mental activity'' in patients with conversion disorder. The very notion of what makes a movement feel voluntary -- and whether movements actually are voluntary, or only feel that way as a result of some post hoc coordinating that happens in the brain -- is another philosophical and neurological question.

Researchers think the illness might have something to do with the amygdala, a locus of startle and fear responses in the brain, which has been shown to be overactive in patients with conversion disorder. ''Ordinarily, the amygdala might create psychological distress, but instead, in these cases, it would create an involuntary movement,'' says Mark Hallett, a senior investigator at the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke. He added, though, that while the theory is plausible, ''we're at a primitive level'' in terms of understanding how it works.

Conversion disorder is somewhat better understood now than it was when the French neurologist Jean Martin Charcot displayed his patients' fainting fits to hundreds of dazzled audience members in the 1870s. Fainting and nonepileptic seizures are common symptoms, as are seemingly paralyzed limbs; less common, but still well represented, are certain types of tics and twitches. Recent research has confirmed some of Freud's early theorizing on the subject, finding that a history of trauma is higher in patients with conversion disorder than in other kinds of psychiatric patients.

Part of what is baffling about the Le Roy case is that it seems to combine two equally poorly understood phenomena: conversion disorder and mass psychogenic illness. Jennifer McVige, a doctor at the Dent Neurologic Institute in Buffalo who has seen 14 patients from Le Roy (neither Katie nor Thera is her patient), has said that most of them are dealing with serious stressors or trauma. That history is somewhat unusual for mass psychogenic illness, which is not generally thought to target people with a particular psychological background. In other ways, however, the case in Le Roy is a textbook example. Half of mass psychogenic illnesses occur in schools, and they are far more common in young women than any other category. Simon Wessely, an epidemiologist at King's College in London and chairman of the department of psychological medicine, estimates that hundreds of outbreaks occur every year in the United States -- just this past November, 22 students fell ill with stomach complaints at a football game in Houston, and no one so much as noticed outside the local news. Motor mass hysterias -- twitching, fainting, stuttering -- are more rare and draw more attention. In the past 10 years there have been three such outbreaks in the United States, which Robert Bartholomew, a sociologist specializing in the subject at Botany Downs Secondary College in Auckland, New Zealand, says is a surprising number for so short a period of time.

How could one person's illness be reflected in another person's neural pathways, playing a trick on consciousness, convincing the host that it originated in her own body? In the last decade, scientists have begun to explore the concept that regions in our brain once thought to activate only our own activity or sensations are also firing what are known as mirror neurons when we witness someone else perform an action or feel a sensation. Mass psychogenic illness could be thought of as the maladaptive version of the kind of empathy that finds expression in actual physical sensation: the contagious yawn or sympathetic nausea or the sibling who grabs his own finger when he sees his brother's bleed.

Any two people, as they try to delicately disagree or flirt or compare notes on the best route to Boston, might unwittingly match vocal tones or even frequency of eye blinks. In one study, researchers found that subjects trying to form an alliance with someone else subconsciously tap their feet to match the tapping of that person's foot, or touch their faces with the same frequency. ''It's happening unconsciously, but it is serving the goals you need it to serve,'' says Jessica Lakin, the chairwoman of the psychology department at Drew University in New Jersey, who studies what's known as the chameleon effect. Another study contrived to make subjects feel excluded from an online game; when those subjects were next introduced to someone new, they matched foot-tapping even more assiduously (and equally subconsciously) as if all the more motivated, at some primal level, to bond through physical mimicry. Mass psychogenic illness, whatever its mysterious mechanism, seems deeply connected to empathy and to a longing for what social psychologists call affiliation: belonging.

Cheerleaders frequently come up in case histories of mass psychogenic illness at schools, partly because psychogenic outbreaks often start with someone of high social status. But it might also be that their enviable unity is what makes them more susceptible. In 2002, 10 students, 5 of them cheerleaders, in a rural town in North Carolina suffered from nonepileptic seizures and fainting spells. In 1952, the Associated Press reported that 165 members of the Tigerettes cheerleading squad from Monroe, La., fainted before halftime at a high-school football game in nearby Natchez, Miss. There were no unusual circumstances, other than a little bit of heat and an embarrassing incident in which the girls had come onto the field after the first quarter, by accident. So many girls were fainting in quick succession that five ambulances raced across the field at once. ''It looked like the racetrack at Indianapolis,'' a spectator said.

Most cases resolve quickly. Authorities say something reassuring about the environment, the symptoms fade and everyone moves on. ''Things only go wrong,'' Wessely wrote in 1995, ''when the nature of an outbreak is not recognized, and a fruitless and expensive search for toxins, fumes and gases begins. Anxiety, far from being reduced, increases. It is only then that long-term psychological problems may develop.'' A school in the United Kingdom was plagued for years by the concern that a strange odor was making students and teachers ill, even though public-health officials found no problem. Administrators relocated the school temporarily, but teachers still worried that the books they brought with them could contaminate the new space.

The environmental concerns in Le Roy seemed to be gaining traction rather than being put to rest. At times, it was hard to distinguish between paranoia and justifiable concern. Soon after Brockovich's testers were turned away from the school, a WPIX reporter showed footage of dozens of corroding barrels near the site of the train derailment, some of them oozing a putty-colored material, in an area marked ''Hazardous Waste.'' E.P.A. officials told the reporter that despite the labels, they did not believe ''for one second'' that the barrels contained hazardous materials -- then sent men in hazmat suits to test and later remove them. ''With the government, our own health department, collaborating with the school, with Dent, it's almost just short of a conspiracy,'' James DuPont, one of the fathers, said. ''People are getting that thing, like they're trying to hide something.''

''That mass psychogenic illness -- that's just a bunch of hoggy,'' said Heather Parker. It was around noon on a Sunday in late January, and she was getting ready to leave the house to go to her job doing technical support at TurboTax. Her 17-year-old daughter Lydia, who took ill one week after Thera in mid-October, was curled up in an armchair in the living room. As she talked, Lydia's right arm moved, over and over and over, in what looked like a hitchhiking gesture that had lost its way.

There was a calmness to the movement, an acceptance, that was different from what she displayed in a dramatic interview on ''Dr. Drew,'' a TV show on HLN hosted by Drew Pinsky, in late January. On that show, Lydia's face looked distressed, and her arm swung far more wildly. She had bruises on the side of her face from where had she punched herself. Beside her that day, Thera fidgeted and twitched.

Thera and Lydia are in the same grade, but before they both started suffering from tics, ''we weren't as close as we are now,'' Lydia said. Lydia is not the cheerleading type or the honor-roll type -- she has friends, but a small circle, and she was never much of a student. In some of the earliest news clips, her hair is blond; a few months later it is red; then, most recently, a purply black. She knew Thera from art class. ''She is a phenomenal artist,'' Lydia said. ''She can draw like there's no tomorrow. And she's in cheerleading. She has a bunch of friends. She has an amazing boyfriend -- and she wasn't stressed out. It's heartbreaking for her.'' It was only when she thought of Thera's pain that Lydia's eyes looked as if they were tearing up.

Precisely because Thera seemed to have the world at her feet, it's hard for Lydia to accept what the doctors have said about conversion disorder. But there's one thing Lydia is certain of. ''It's not the environment,'' she said. ''I always drank my own Snapple.''

The ''Dr. Drew'' interview was broadcast live from Thera's home. Several minutes into a discussion with a medical expert, the camera suddenly cut back to Thera. ''Oops,'' Drew Pinsky said. ''Thera is having a little bit of a reaction there. Thera, are you O.K.?'' She had slid slowly to her mother's lap and then onto the floor. ''Is her airway O.K.?'' Pinsky asked. ''Do you need me to call the paramedics?'' Her mother looked oddly calm, explaining that Thera had epilepsy. Recently she had also been experiencing nonepileptic seizures, which are a common form of psychogenic illness in people who have epilepsy. ''It's going to pass,'' she said. Thera was conscious, eyes open, but seizing up on the floor. Soon after the cameras stopped rolling, Lydia temporarily blacked out. Within a few days, she was feeling so much numbness in her legs, she had to rely on a wheelchair. She borrowed Thera's.

On the day we spoke, Lydia no longer needed the wheelchair, but she still did not seem well. She was having trouble sleeping and was on 11 different prescription medications. As we spoke, Lydia's 5-year-old sister silently came into the living room and crawled under a fleece leopard-print blanket beside her, looking out warily. Lydia's mother works long hours, and her grandmother works nights. That leaves Lydia to give her sister dinner, to put her to bed, to take her along on trips to the mall with her friends.

As for their father, ''No one knows where he is,'' Lydia said. And even if he were around, she would not trust him to watch her sister. ''He was always violent since maybe I was 10,'' she said. The worst incident occurred in February 2009. Her father had been drinking. ''I threw a shoe at him, he kept yelling at me and punched me in the back of the head,'' Lydia said. ''We ended up in a corner just like that, punching each other in the face for 10 minutes before my grandmother pulled him off.'' Lydia, her arm swinging steadily, spoke in a low, almost disinterested monotone. Fourteen at the time of the attack, she filed a police report.

''He reached out to me on Facebook a couple of days ago,'' Lydia said. For the first and only time during the interview, she let out two loud humming noises. ''He found out from watching -- hmm, hmm -- from the news and stuff. I didn't really let it bother me.''

Her sister got up and wandered into the kitchen to get some potato chips. ''It isn't important,'' Lydia said. ''It isn't relevant.''

The psychiatric department at the Rochester Medical Center was partially funded by a gift from Helen Woodward Rivas, heir to the Jell-O fortune and resident of Le Roy. (The department, its chairman liked to say, ''rests firmly on a foundation of Jell-O.'') It also happened to be the scholarly home of a physician-psychiatrist named George Engel, who was best known for promoting what he called the ''biopsychosocial'' model of diagnosing and treating illnesses. His influential 1977 paper in Science argued that doctors should evaluate the life circumstances, family backgrounds, income levels and daily habits of patients in addition to their physical health.

Engel would have seen biopsychosocial factors everywhere in Le Roy, a town that changed, like so many others in Western New York, when its factories closed down. The median income there, even as recently as 1980, was almost 9 percent above the national average; now it's below average. Where there were once single-family homes owned by their residents, there is a higher than average number of rental properties, meaning a more transient population. And the town's changes in family structure follow a trend that is particularly pronounced in ***working-class*** communities -- more divorce, more single mothers. In 1980, Le Roy had fewer single mothers living there than in most of the country; now that number, too, is higher than the national average. Economically, ''you see a decline in Le Roy, relative to the rest of the country,''said Andrew Beveridge, a sociology professor at Queens College and a consultant in census statistics for The New York Times. ''The change in household structure -- that's quite stark.''

A common thread emerged among the five girls I interviewed extensively: none had stable relationships with their biological fathers. And the father of a sixth girl had seen little of his high-school daughter until his concern about the tics galvanized their relationship. Another student was a foster child who switched foster homes shortly before his tics came on; yet another is in the custody of an older sibling. Another two have spotty contact with their fathers. One young woman I interviewed was close to homeless after she and her mother left her father's trailer. They're staying with a friend of a friend while her mother, who was laid off two times in the last year, tries to scrape together first and last month's rent so they can get a place of their own.

Nineteen-year-old Chelsey Dumars was both estranged from her own parents and a single mother herself. But she was also proof of the way that families could be put back together again in new variations. She lives in a narrow house by the railroad tracks that belongs to Penny Privitera-Watson and Dave Watson, the mother and stepfather of her former boyfriend, Peter. Chelsey moved in with them not long after she found herself pregnant last year. She and Peter were just friends at that point -- the father was someone else -- but she was on the outs with her own parents, who live in nearby Brockport, and needed help. Penny's sister runs a day care center behind the house, which means that Chelsey could go back to school -- and cheerleading -- knowing that her baby was well cared for.

Chelsey's symptoms came on about two weeks after Thera's. Her head twisted to the side every few minutes, her mouth grimacing as if she had tried and failed to stop the movement midway. At times, her neck twisted so severely that she was afraid to eat for fear of choking. Watson and his wife have taken her to various doctors and hospitals and are frustrated by what they see as an inadequate diagnosis. ''These girls are no more stressed than the girls the year before and the year before that,'' Watson said. Peter suggested another reason for people to accept the diagnosis of conversion disorder: The way he saw it, it didn't offer much hope. ''It's like it's incurable unless you eliminate the stress,'' he said. ''And there's stress everywhere you go.''

There are, of course, dozens of girls at the Le Roy high school with plenty of stress and difficult family situations who did not start twitching and jerking -- and many more who suffer neither poverty nor trauma nor family illness, and watched, their mother and father sitting beside them, as their friends appeared on the nightly news. Why these girls? One could try to connect the dots: the relationships of cheerleading and art class and friendship, the way the symptoms seemed to flow from the girls at the top of the social heap to those who looked up to them, the commonality of a certain kind of vulnerability. But the workings of the illness are in some ways as mysterious as the hidden codes of adolescence itself.

Hysteria, the medical historian Robert Woolsey writes, is a ''protolanguage,'' its symptoms ''a code used by a patient to communicate a message which, for various reasons, cannot be verbalized.'' As their parents and the media and town officials conducted a conversation all around them, the girls in Le Roy seemed to be sharing a language that maybe even they did not fully understand. That so many people in town were more preoccupied with environmental waste than the homes of the affected young people suggests that their message may have been hard for some of the adults to hear, too.

But there were also some Le Roy residents who knew the girls' backgrounds and who made the link between those histories and the symptoms. Lynne Belluscio, the director of the Le Roy Historical Society, said that in a small town, ''people weren't going to go and shout, 'Say, these kids have got these kinds of problems.' '' They were not going to say it at a community meeting, and they might not even say it to friends. ''That's damaged the trust within the community,'' she said.

The sickness of the girls seemed to ripple out to affect the health of the whole community, which suddenly found itself an object of fascination and fear and mistrust. Five basketball games were canceled when parents of players in neighboring counties voted not to let their children travel to Le Roy. Belluscio has a friend who is worried that her real estate sale is falling through, a common tale in recent weeks, and local businesses were complaining that commerce was down, because people had fears about the water, not to mention an aversion to the media vans up and down Main Street. ''It's emotionally exhausting to people who love this community,'' said Lorie Longhany, chairwoman of the Genesee County Democratic Committee. ''Without laying any blame on any of these families -- they're going through their private hell with this. But it's not private hell, it's public hell. It's almost like a depression has just settled over Le Roy.''

Eventually, the E.P.A. tested the barrels and found they did not contain hazardous waste. Eventually, it was discovered that the sticky orange ooze on the playing fields was something known as rust fungus, which is common to Kentucky bluegrass. And yet Erin Brockovich said there was more to investigate. It seemed the door on potentially dangerous toxins could never fully be closed.

In her book ''Hystories,'' the feminist critic Elaine Showalter argues that hysterical epidemics require three ingredients: physician-enthusiasts and theorists; unhappy and vulnerable patients; and supportive cultural environments. The physician-enthusiast generally offers ''a unified field theory of a vague syndrome, providing a clear and coherent explanation for its many confusing symptoms,'' she writes.

Le Roy certainly had vulnerable patients and a supportive environment. And in late January, Rosario Trifiletti, a pediatric neurologist from Ramsey, N.J., stepped forward with a theory of the illness. In a local doctor's office, where a group of concerned parents had gathered to hear what he had to say, Trifiletti laid out his thinking: the girls were suffering from an illness similar to Pandas (Pediatric Autoimmune Neuropsychiatric Disorders Associated with Streptococcus), a disease in which the immune system alters the neurochemistry of young people suffering from strep infection. The parents had questions, and Trifiletti seemed to have reasonable answers. If it was an infection, why would it only affect girls? Trifiletti explained that it might be their more sensitive endocrine systems. Why so many girls, if Pandas is generally rare? It could be a particularly virulent infection. What about the environmental toxins? That might be compromising their immune systems in ways that left them particularly vulnerable to this kind of autoimmune disease.

Susan Swedo, the neurologist at the National Institutes of Health who first described the disease, has implied that she doubted Pandas or a similar syndrome could be responsible for the symptoms in Le Roy. The phenomenon is rare enough that the odds of so many students suffering from it at once, all in one high school, were almost impossible. But a week later, after examining the girls, Trifiletti revealed on ''Dr. Drew'' that all nine of the girls he tested showed evidence of either strep exposure or exposure to the organism associated with pneumonia. Results were far from conclusive, and he would need to study the levels of antibodies in their blood over time to know more, but he said there was enough evidence to get them started on antibiotics and anti-inflammatories.

After that, more lines were drawn in Le Roy. Some girls, including a few who had been receiving treatment at Dent, started seeing Trifiletti and taking the medications he prescribed. Others remained with their original neurologists, and were bullied on Facebook by those who were now taking the antibiotics: if you got better without the pills, you had surely been faking all along. The accusations invariably exacerbated the symptoms. Wessely, the epidemiologist, cited a medical-journal paper whose title had long resonated with him: ''If You Have to Prove You Are Ill, You Can't Get Better.''

When I spoke to him in late February, Trifiletti told me that the girls he was treating were showing dramatic signs of improvement. Katie's parents said they believed that she was responding well to the antibiotics; Chelsey's family reported that the drugs are helping her as well. But another patient of Trifiletti's said she was still fainting.

When the subject of the girls' personal backgrounds came up -- the biopsychosocial factors that might be affecting their health -- Trifiletti said he had not had the time to ask them about those kinds of things. The abuse, the troubling family circumstances -- much of it came as news to him. ''Jeez, I didn't realize the extent,'' Trifiletti said. ''These aren't things people want to talk about. I don't know, maybe I'm wrong. It's hard to distinguish between the drug and the placebo effect.''

Trifiletti's Pandas-like disease was so vaguely formulated that it was impossible to rule out. There was no way to know whether the antibiotics were really doing the work or serving as placebos. Then again, even the benefits of therapy could be considered a placebo effect: to believe in mass hysteria is to believe in the power of the mind to convince itself of almost anything.

Jennifer McVige, the neurologist at Dent who has been treating many of the girls, told me she was seeing dramatic improvements in many of the girls as well, especially after news outlets took down videos showing them experiencing tics. But she also suggested that their recovery would probably come in fits and starts. ''It'll get better and then something stressful will happen -- a breakup or the loss of a family member -- and those physical sensations could start coming back,'' she said.

McVige is young and warm and won some girls' trust even before they could accept what she had to say. ''I love her,'' Lydia Parker had said to me. ''I just don't like the diagnosis.''

McVige's approach has been to offer them cognitive behavioral therapy, psychological counseling, antidepressants and exhaustive testing. ''If you come off saying, 'It's in your head, you have to deal with it,' people don't want to hear that,'' McVige said. ''The first thing you need to do is say: 'No, you're right. There is a problem. The first thing I'll do is make sure there's nothing metabolic or organic or infectious.' '' McVige checked their thyroid, their hemoglobin, their drug levels and their strep exposure, as well as other possibilities, and encouraged the girls' families to seek out other infectious-disease specialists for further confirmation.

She also found a way to talk about conversion disorder that put it on a continuum with other, less threatening forms of stress-induced illness. ''I also work with migraine patients, and I tell the girls, the first thing we talk to migraine patients about is their level of stress,'' McVige said. While the girls waited for various test results, she asked them to keep a diary and write down anything that was on their minds. ''If there's nothing there, great, no harm done -- but nobody ever got harmed by taking a good hard look at your life,'' she said. Even some of the girls who do not subscribe to the diagnosis of conversion disorder -- Katie, for example -- have been receiving therapy in addition to taking antibiotics. And slowly, McVige feels, more and more of her own patients have started to accept that their life stressors might be connected to their symptoms.

The day after Trifiletti announced his findings on television, Thera was in high spirits, feeling so strong that she went to the basketball game where her team would be cheering. Maybe she was relieved that there was some resolution to her illness, a way forward that did not entail believing that her symptoms were purely psychological or that the rest of her classmates would soon fall ill from environmental toxins. After months of missed school, she started returning for a few hours a week and even felt up to working with a friend on her ''individual,'' a performance that cheerleaders give at games, solo, in practice for possible competition.

Thera was still too weak to do the splits and jumps of her teammates, but she looked confident when she took the floor at halftime for her individual routine. A few girls chanted her name: Thera, Thera, Thera.

In the middle of the gym, with everyone's eyes on her, she didn't look vulnerable or troubled or like someone who would be the subject of intense media fascination. She looked like a lovely girl who could dance, surrounded by the community who knew her as a person before everyone else came to know her as a cheerleader with tics.

The music started. She raised her hands up in the air, then turned around and looked sweetly back at the crowd. Watching her dance, it was easy to feel optimistic about her future. Thera would get better. And surely, the other girls would follow.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Lydia Parker, foreground, at home with her sister. She got one of the bruises on her face when an uncontrollable tic caused her to hit herself with her cellphone. (MM28-MM29)

The A-student: Katie Krautwurst, a cheerleader, was one of the first girls at the high school to come down with the unusual, debilitating symptoms. (MM31)

The new girl: Chelsey Dumars and her daughter. (MM33)

Main Street: The median income in Le Roy, N.Y., has fallen relative to the rest of the country since 1980. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLIAN LAUB FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM35)

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[***Habitats/14 Gay Street; Act I, Scene 1: A Basement in the Village***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B8P-N830-01KN-241P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By PENELOPE GREEN

**Body**

IS anyone here from Ohio?" From the first week he moved into the basement apartment at 14 Gay Street 30-odd years ago, those were the words that woke David Ryan many Saturday mornings.

Those words, followed by the singing: "Why, oh why, oh why-oh -- Why did I ever leave Ohio?" And then, inevitably, a handful of Midwestern tourists would peer through the window bars to discover Mr. Ryan blinking in his bed.

Mr. Ryan has the sometimes unsettling privilege of living in a literary artifact. As he learned from those morning concerts, his mostly subterranean apartment is the onetime home of Ruth McKenney, whose short stories about a childhood in Ohio and her adventures as a young writer fresh to New York City were collected in the book "My Sister Eileen," published in 1938, after having appeared in The New Yorker. These inspired the play of the same name two years later and, finally, the Leonard Bernstein-Betty Comden and Adolph Green early-50's musical, "Wonderful Town," now in revival on Broadway.

Each incarnation sings of two plucky sisters -- one smart, one beautiful -- struggling, as countless new Manhattanites have before and after them, to make a dent in the big city. One of McKenney's stories in particular, "Mr. Spitzer and the Fungus," sets the mood. Written in the spare can-do style that defined the times, it introduces the $45 a month one-room cellar in which Ruth and her sister, Eileen, lived for about a year, as well as a blustering poet-painter-landlord and an exuberant green fungus that grew like Spanish moss from the ceiling in the bathroom.

"Every night we cut it down with Eileen's manicure scissors," Ruth McKenney wrote of their unwelcome houseplant, "and every morning it was long enough to braid. Eileen thought there was something shameful about the fungus, and she always carefully cut it down before a party."

Mr. Ryan's bathroom is fungus-free, but a mysterious leak has stained the linen-covered wall just outside it. And 176-year-old buildings can be very vocal. "We lived in a symphony of noises," McKenney wrote. One morning a few days ago, the whole apartment wheezed, popped and sang as Mr. Ryan fortified himself in his living room with a Diet Coke in a quart-size plastic take-out container and a Marlboro, whose smoke joined that from the fire in the fireplace, which provided additional acoustical accompaniment.

With him was his landlord and dear friend, Celeste Martin, whose father, Edmond Martin, a Frenchman, was the model for McKenney's Mr. Spitzer (renamed Mr. Appopolous in the musical).

Mr. Ryan, 55 and newly retired from a career in insurance, was boyish in ripped jeans and a cable-knit sweater. With her red plaid blazer, cherry red pants and pink sweater, Ms. Martin looked just as youthful. In this nest of a room, lined with velvet and damask and chintz, stray bits of statuary, Wedgwood and candelabras, squeeze bottles of lighter fluid and an Ingres print in an impressive gilded frame, they spoke of their love for the building and its six sisters along Gay and Christopher Streets, all built in the early part of the 19th century and all owned by Ms. Martin, who inherited them from her father.

They spoke of stewardship -- architectural and otherwise -- and its responsibilities, and of the idea of Greenwich Village as an independent republic of bohemian ideals, a notion that has always loomed larger than the actual acreage that physically defines the neighborhood.

By 1953, when "Wonderful Town" first opened on Broadway, the Village was already a cliche ripe for lampooning; indeed, the opening number, "Christopher Street," is a musical version of Mr. Ryan's Saturday mornings: wide-eyed Midwesterners gape and trill: "Look! Look! Poets! Actors! Dancers! Writers!" "Life is mad. Life is sweet. Interesting people on Christopher Street!"

In "Republic of Dreams; Greenwich Village: the American Bohemia, 1910-1960"(Simon & Schuster, 2002), Ross Wetzsteon, a contributing editor at The Village Voice for 32 years who died in 1998, mused on the neighborhood's distillation into "a kind of iconographic shorthand."

"A novelist only needed to write 'then she moved to the Village,' " wrote Mr. Wetzsteon, "to evoke an entire set of assumptions -- she's a bit rebellious, artistically inclined, sexually emancipated and eager to be on her own."

Mr. Wetzsteon described a bohemia long dead, pointing out that bohemia, by its very nature, is always set in the past for the simple reason that one's bohemian days are invariably the days of one's youth. Yet to spend a morning with Mr. Ryan and Ms. Martin is to engage in a little time travel: you feel the last days of Village rebelliousness, especially the early 70's, just post-Stonewall ones, and you sense the very first Village, too, the early 19th-century hamlet of cow paths and neat brick and clapboard houses, now crooked with age.

"I moved here because it was creative and alive and not Park Avenue," said Mr. Ryan, who was 27 at the time and living on 60th and Park. He had seen an ad for a garden apartment in the Village, $345 a month, and raced downtown during lunch, check in hand -- "though I was such a low-level employee I was only allowed an hour, and had to ask for extra time that day."

THE place was mobbed, though in two tiny cellar rooms -- the apartment had grown since the McKenneys' days -- just a handful of people makes a mob. Mr. Ryan took the super, Nicolas Guerin, aside and spoke quietly to him in French. "Does the fireplace work?" he wondered. "Is there heat?"

Mr. Guerin, originally from Haiti, nodded an affirmation, and Mr. Ryan wrote his check. "My friends said, 'You're going to be robbed, and that place is a dump!' " Mr. Ryan remembered. "Which it was. The former tenant seemed to be a lunatic; they had to drag her out screaming. Anyway, it took a lot of work." (Ms. Martin says she isn't sure how many tenants came between the McKenney sisters and Mr. Ryan.)

One weekend early in his tenancy, Mr. Ryan said, he left town for a few days. When he returned, tentacles from the ancient Gay and Christopher Street wisteria had come up through the sandy soil and broken through his floor. He cut them back and covered the floor with industrial carpeting and a few layers of Oriental rugs. "I hadn't quite realized that I was living in a cellar," he said.

Then he turned his attention to the real garden, a patch of green framed by the houses that line the triangle made by Waverly Place, Gay Street and Christopher Street. Now, there are roses and hydrangeas and a fountain, and when you look up, the roofs above make a crazy pattern against the sky. "It was a debris field when I came, filled with old refrigerators and tires and you don't want to know what else," Mr. Ryan said. "Now it is my oasis."

Today, his rent is about $1,200, and each winter he runs through three cords of wood, which he keeps stacked outside. Mr. Guerin is still here, too, living in a windowed attic studio that overlooks the garden and helping Ms. Martin keep her buildings upright.

Ms. Martin's properties in this triangle -- Nos. 14, 16, 17 and 18 Gay Street (where, in another literary aside, Mary McCarthy lived in 1936) as well as 16, 18 and 20 Christopher Street -- were all built before Gay Street was officially opened in 1833. A slim arc connecting Christopher Street to Waverly Place, Gay Street is the least linear of avenues, its very shape a gesture of defiance against the norm. (The first of many rebellious acts staged by Villagers was to reject the streetscape grid devised by Manhattan city planners in 1811.)

According to the Landmarks Preservation Commission's designation report for the Village's landmarked districts, said Andrew Berman, executive director of the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation, No. 14 was built in 1827; its sisters a year or two later. They represented the first urban development of the Village, he said, as the merchant class fled the cholera and yellow fever that had taken over what was then the city of New York, down in the Wall Street area, and built single-family town houses, like Ms. Martin's.

By the end of the century, as the neighborhood lost its luster, they were carved up into boarding houses for the new immigrant populations of ***working-class*** Irish and Italians.

"My father bought the buildings in the 20's," Ms. Martin said. "His father, Louis Martin, owned the largest sail loft on the Eastern Seaboard, and he wanted his son to join him in the business, but my father wanted to go his own way. He borrowed the money from my grandfather and paid it all back in time."

It was Edmond's idea to make self-contained studio apartments, complete with little kitchenettes. Now, there are more than 30 apartments in the seven buildings. Despite Ruth McKenney's Gothic descriptions, these were furnished and lovingly decorated by Ramee, who was Ms.Martin's mother, replete with curtains and slipcovers and outfitted down to the dishes and silverware. Anna Knobel, Ms. Martin's nanny, did all the sewing.

Mrs. Martin died in 1977; Mr. Martin, in 1985. Ms. Martin, who is an actress, grew up, variously, in each of the buildings, as well as a pink stucco double town house around the corner on Waverly Place, where she lives today.

The Thursday before last, Mr. Ryan squired Ms. Martin to a performance of "Wonderful Town." They roared with laughter at Ruth and Eileen's grungy bed-sitter and the machinations of Mr. Appopolous, even though the similarities between the character and the flesh and blood man were not always parallel. "Though I will say my father was very determined to collect the rent," Ms. Martin said. Certainly, in both his stage and real-life incarnations, Ms. Martin's father was a rare creature: an artist with cash.

A plot device is the explosions that make a percussive leitmotif throughout the play, an allusion to the blasting being done for a new subway line. (In McKenney's version, it is the trains themselves that, as she wrote, "blotted out all conversation every three or four minutes.")

The musical's concussions sent a chill down Mr. Ryan's spine, reminding him of a day two years ago when the Port Authority did some exploratory blasting for a plan to provide another egress from its Ninth Street PATH train station on Avenue of the Americas. Today, the Port Authority, citing concerns about safety and overcrowding at that station, is again floating a proposal to open a new entrance/exit on Waverly Place.

Residents, neighbors, historical societies and the area's elected officials are extremely concerned that the plans -- now in the investigative stage only, said Steve Coleman, a spokesman for the Port Authority -- would damage the buildings and the fragile balance, as Mr. Berman of the Historical Society put it, between development and preservation that "has always been the key to this neighborhood's survival."

"The work would impact Gay Street especially," he said. "We are urging extreme caution."

The Port Authority promises a thorough investigation of that plan as well as other alternatives, through the Department of Transportation, said Mr. Coleman. "We heard the community's concerns and their request for an environmental impact study, and we are responding to them," he said.

Deborah Glick, the New York State Assemblywoman responsible for the area, took issue with that statement. "Actually, the community didn't ask for a study," she said. "The community asked for them to cease and desist. We suggest they pursue other options in less sensitive districts."

AND so, despite Mr. Coleman's comments, Mr. Ryan and Ms. Martin are anxious. Cristabel Gough, a member of the Society for the Architecture of the City, and a resident of Christopher Street, cited a history of faulty communication between the Port Authority and the neighborhood. And then she invoked the fragility of the buildings, and the unique ecosystem they have formed, the lives of the tenants -- many of whom, like Mr. Ryan, have lived in their tiny studios for more than three decades -- braided into the bricks and timbers like the roots and arms of the irrepressible wisteria vine.

"These are some of the oldest and most delicate buildings in the Village," she said, describing their placement on sandy soil, percolated by underground streams. In fact, there are no proper basements in Ms. Martin's houses, and one furnace -- consider the intricacy of the piping -- serves all seven. There are century-old pear and sycamore trees, along with that potent wisteria; blue jays and mourning doves nest among them.

"It was funny in the play," Mr. Ryan said, "but really, just think about it. One boom and it's over. I would die if I had to leave."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Celeste Martin, the owner, and David Ryan, her tenant in the apartment in the nearest white brick building, 14 Gay Street, immortalized in "Wonderful Town," which first opened in 1953. (Photographs by Harry Zernike for The New York Times; album cover, Decca Broadway)(pg. 1); David Ryan's basement apartment is in one of seven properties in the immediate area that Celeste Martin inherited from her parents.; House at 14 Gay Street dates to the early part of the 19th century. (Photographs by Harry Zernike for The New York Times)(pg. 5) Map of Manhattan highlighting Gay Street. (pg. 5)

**Load-Date:** December 21, 2003

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[***Street Farmer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W35-JSW1-2PBB-247P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ELIZABETH ROYTE

Elizabeth Royte is the author of ''Bottlemania: Big Business, Local Springs, and the Battle over America's Drinking Water.''

**Body**

Will Allen, a farmer of Bunyonesque proportions, ascended a berm of wood chips and brewer's mash and gently probed it with a pitchfork. ''Look at this,'' he said, pleased with the treasure he unearthed. A writhing mass of red worms dangled from his tines. He bent over, raked another section with his fingers and palmed a few beauties.

It was one of those April days in Wisconsin when the weather shifts abruptly from hot to cold, and Allen, dressed in a sleeveless hoodie -- his daily uniform down to 20 degrees, below which he adds another sweatshirt -- was exactly where he wanted to be. Show Allen a pile of soil, fully composted or still slimy with banana peels, and he's compelled to scoop some into his melon-size hands. ''Creating soil from waste is what I enjoy most,'' he said. ''Anyone can grow food.''

Like others in the so-called good-food movement, Allen, who is 60, asserts that our industrial food system is depleting soil, poisoning water, gobbling fossil fuels and stuffing us with bad calories. Like others, he advocates eating locally grown food. But to Allen, local doesn't mean a rolling pasture or even a suburban garden: it means 14 greenhouses crammed onto two acres in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on Milwaukee's northwest side, less than half a mile from the city's largest public-housing project.

And this is why Allen is so fond of his worms. When you're producing a quarter of a million dollars' worth of food in such a small space, soil fertility is everything. Without microbe- and nutrient-rich worm castings (poop, that is), Allen's Growing Power farm couldn't provide healthful food to 10,000 urbanites -- through his on-farm retail store, in schools and restaurants, at farmers' markets and in low-cost market baskets delivered to neighborhood pickup points. He couldn't employ scores of people, some from the nearby housing project; continually train farmers in intensive polyculture; or convert millions of pounds of food waste into a version of black gold.

With seeds planted at quadruple density and nearly every inch of space maximized to generate exceptional bounty, Growing Power is an agricultural Mumbai, a supercity of upward-thrusting tendrils and duct-taped infrastructure. Allen pointed to five tiers of planters brimming with salad greens. ''We're growing in 25,000 pots,'' he said. Ducking his 6-foot-7 frame under one of them, he pussyfooted down a leaf-crammed aisle. ''We grow a thousand trays of sprouts a week; every square foot brings in $30.'' He headed toward the in-ground fish tanks stocked with tens of thousands of tilapia and perch. Pumps send the dirty fish water up into beds of watercress, which filter pollutants and trickle the cleaner water back down to the fish -- a symbiotic system called aquaponics. The watercress sells for $16 a pound; the fish fetch $6 apiece.

Onward through the hoop houses: rows of beets and chard. Out back: chickens, ducks, heritage turkeys, goats, beehives. While Allen narrated, I nibbled the scenery -- spinach, arugula, cilantro.

If inside the greenhouse was Eden, outdoors was, as Allen explained on a drive through the neighborhood, ''a food desert.'' Scanning the liquor stores in the strip malls, he noted: ''From the housing project, it's more than three miles to the Pick'n Save. That's a long way to go for groceries if you don't have a car or can't carry stuff. And the quality of the produce can be poor.'' Fast-food joints and convenience stores selling highly processed, high-calorie foods, on the other hand, were locally abundant. ''It's a form of redlining,'' Allen said. ''We've got to change the system so everyone has safe, equitable access to healthy food.''

Propelled by alarming rates of diabetes, heart disease and obesity, by food-safety scares and rising awareness of industrial agriculture's environmental footprint, the food movement seems finally to have met its moment. First Lady Michelle Obama and Secretary of Agriculture Tom Vilsack have planted organic vegetable gardens. Roof gardens are sprouting nationwide. Community gardens have waiting lists. Seed houses and canning suppliers are oversold.

Allen, too, has achieved a certain momentum for his efforts to bring the good-food movement to the inner city. In the last several years, he has become a darling of the foundation world. In 2005, he received a $100,000 Ford Foundation leadership grant. In 2008, the MacArthur Foundation honored Allen with a $500,000 ''genius'' award. And in May, the Kellogg Foundation gave Allen $400,000 to create jobs in urban agriculture.

Today Allen is the go-to expert on urban farming, and there is a hunger for his knowledge. When I visited Growing Power, Allen was conducting a two-day workshop for 40 people: each paid $325 to learn worm composting, aquaponics construction and other farm skills. ''We need 50 million more people growing food,'' Allen told them, ''on porches, in pots, in side yards.'' The reasons are simple: as oil prices rise, cities expand and housing developments replace farmland, the ability to grow more food in less space becomes ever more important. As Allen can't help reminding us, with a mischievous smile, ''Chicago has 77,000 vacant lots.''

Allen led the composting group to a pair of wooden bins and instructed his students to load them with hay. ''O.K., you've got your carbon,'' he said. ''Where are you going to get your nitrogen?''

''Food waste,'' a young man offered, wiping his brow. Allen pointed him toward a mound of expired asparagus collected from a wholesaler. As the participants layered the materials in a bin, Allen drilled them: ''How much of that food is solid versus water weight?'' ''Why do we water the compost?'' The farmers in training hung on every word.

If Allen at times seems a bit weary -- he recites his talking points countless times a day -- he comes alive when he's digging, seeding and watering. His body straightens, and his face brightens. ''Sitting in my office isn't a very comfortable thing for me,'' he told me later, seated in his office. ''I want to be out there doing physical stuff.''

Which includes basic research. Warned by experts that his red wrigglers would freeze during Milwaukee's long winter, Allen studied the worms for five years, learning their food and shelter preferences. ''I'd run my experiments over and over and over -- just like an athlete operates.'' Then he worked out systems for procuring wood chips from the city and food scraps from markets and wholesalers. Last year, he took in six million pounds of spoiled food, which would otherwise rot in landfills and generate methane, a potent greenhouse gas. Every four months, he creates another 100,000 pounds of compost, of which he uses a quarter and sells the rest.

Uncannily, Allen makes such efforts sound simple -- fun even. When he mentions that animal waste attracts soldier flies, whose larvae make terrific fish and chicken feed, a dozen people start imagining that growing grubs in buckets of manure might be a good project for them too. ''Will has a way of persuading people to do things,'' Robert Pierce, a farmer in Madison, Wis., told me. ''There's a spirit in how he says things; you want to be part of his community.''

Allen owes part of his Pied Piper success to his striking physicality and part to his athlete's confidence -- he's easeful in his skin and, when not barking about nitrogen ratios, incongruously gentle. He told me about his life one afternoon as we drove in his truck, which was sticky with soda and dusted with doughnut powder, to Merton, a suburb of Milwaukee where Growing Power leases a 30-acre plot. ''My father was a sharecropper in South Carolina,'' Allen said. ''He was the eldest boy of 13 children, and he never learned to read.'' In the 1930s, he moved near Bethesda, Md. ''My mother did domestic work, and my father worked as a construction laborer. But he rented a small plot to farm.''

A talented athlete, Allen wasn't allowed to practice sports until he finished his farm chores. ''I had to be in bed early, and I thought, There's got to be something better than this.'' For a while, there was. Allen accepted a basketball scholarship from the University of Miami. There, he married his college sweetheart, Cyndy Bussler. After graduating, he played professionally, briefly in the American Basketball Association in Florida and then for a few seasons in Belgium. In his free time, Allen would drive around the countryside, where he couldn't help noticing the compost piles.

''I started hanging out with Belgian farmers,'' Allen said. ''I saw how they did natural farming,'' much as his father had. Something clicked in his mind. He asked his team's management, which provided housing for players, if he could have a place with a garden. Soon he had 25 chickens and was growing the familiar foods of his youth -- peas, beans, peanuts -- outside Antwerp. ''I just had to do it,'' he said. ''It made me happy to touch the soil.'' On holidays, he cooked feasts for his teammates. He gave away a lot of eggs.

After retiring from basketball in 1977, when he was 28, Allen settled with his wife and three children in Oak Creek, just south of Milwaukee, where Cyndy's family owned some farmland. ''No one was using that land, but I had the bug to grow food,'' Allen said. As his father did, Allen insisted that his children contribute to the household income. ''We went right to the field at the end of the school day and during summer breaks,'' recalled his daughter, Erika Allen, who now runs Growing Power's satellite office in Chicago. ''And let's be clear: This was farm labor, not chores.''

Allen grew food for his family and sold the excess at Milwaukee's farmers' markets and in stores. Meanwhile, he worked as a district manager for Kentucky Fried Chicken, where he won sales awards. ''It was just a job,'' he said. ''I was aware it wasn't the greatest food, but I also knew that people didn't have a lot of choice about where to eat: there were no sit-down restaurants in that part of the city.''

In 1987, Allen took a job with Procter & Gamble, where he won a marketing award for selling paper goods to supermarkets. ''The job was so easy I could do it in half a day,'' he says now. That left more time to grow food. By now, Allen was sharing his land with Hmong farmers, with whom he felt some kinship after concluding that white shoppers were spurning their produce at the farmers' market. Allen was also donating food to a local food pantry. ''I didn't like the idea of people eating all that canned food, that salty stuff.'' When he brought in his greens, he said, ''it was the No. 1 item selected off that carousel -- it was like you couldn't keep them in.''

After a restructuring in 1993, P&G shifted Allen to analyzing which products sold best in supermarkets. He was good at that too: ''I won sales awards six times in one year.''

Driving across his Merton field, Allen smiled. Suddenly, I got it: Allen was a genius at selling -- fried chicken, Pampers, arugula, red wrigglers, you name it. He could push his greens into corporate cafeterias, persuade the governor to help finance the construction of an anaerobic digester, wheedle new composting sites from urban landlords, persuade Milwaukee's school board to buy his produce for its public schools and charm the blind into growing sprouts. (''I was cutting sprouts in the dark one night,'' Allen said, ''and I realized you don't need sight to do this.'')

After parking his truck at the field's edge, Allen made an arthritic beeline for a mound of compost. ''Oh, this is good,'' he said, digging in with his hands. ''Unbelievable.'' He saluted a few volunteers, whom he had appointed to pluck shreds of plastic from the compost under the hot noonday sun. He turned to scan the field, dotted with large farm-unfriendly rocks.

The rocks gave me pause: didn't millions of Americans leave farms for good reason? The work is hard, nature can be cruel and the pay is low; most small farmers work off-farm to make ends meet. The appeal of such labor to people already working low-wage, long-hour jobs -- the urban dwellers Allen most wants to reach -- is not immediately apparent. And there is something almost fanciful in exhorting a person to grow food when he lives in an apartment or doesn't have a landlord's permission to garden on the roof or in an empty lot.

''Not everyone can grow food,'' Allen acknowledged. But he offers other ways of engaging with the soil: ''You bring 30 people out here, bring the kids and give them good food,'' he said, ''and picking up those rocks is a community event.''

Of course, if rock picking or worm tending -- either here or in a community garden -- doesn't attract his Milwaukee neighbors, it's easy enough for them to order a market basket or shop at his retail store, which happens to sell fried pork skin as well as collard greens. ''Culturally appropriate foods,'' Allen calls them. And the doughnuts in his truck? ''I'm no purist about food, and I don't ask anyone else to be,'' he said, laughing. ''I work 17 hours a day; sometimes I need some sugar!''

This nondogmatic approach may be one of Allen's most appealing qualities. His essential view is that people do the best they can: if they don't have any better food choices than KFC, well, O.K. But let's work on changing that. If they don't know what to do with okra, Growing Power stands ready to help. And if their great-grandparents were sharecroppers and they have some bad feelings about the farming life, then Allen has something to offer there too: his personal example and workshops geared toward empowering minorities. ''African-Americans need more help, and they're often harder to work with because they've been abused and so forth,'' Allen said. ''But I can break through a lot of that very quickly because a lot of people of color are so proud, so happy to see me leading this kind of movement.''

If there's no place in the food movement for low- and middle-income people of all races, says Tom Philpott, food editor of Grist.org and co-founder of the North Carolina-based Maverick Farms, ''we've got big problems, because the critics will be proven right -- that this is a consumption club for people who've traveled to Europe and tasted fine food.''

In 1993, Allen, looking to grow indoors during the winter and to sell food closer to the city, bought the Growing Power property, a derelict plant nursery that was in foreclosure. He had no master plan. ''I told the city I'd hire kids and teach them about food systems,'' he said. Before long, community and school groups were asking for his help starting gardens. He rarely said no. But after years of laboring on his own and beginning to feel burned out, he agreed to partner with Heifer International, the sustainable-agriculture charity. ''They were looking for youth to do urban ag. When they learned I had kids and that I had land, their eyes lit up.'' Heifer taught Allen fish and worms, and together they expanded their training programs.

Employing locals to grow food for the hungry on neglected land has an irresistible appeal, but it's not clear yet whether Growing Power's model can work elsewhere. ''I know how to make money growing food,'' Allen asserts. But he's also got between 30 and 50 employees to pay, which makes those foundation grants -- and a grant-writer -- essential. Growing Power also relies on large numbers of volunteers. All of which perhaps explains why other urban farmers have not yet replicated Growing Power's scale or its unique social achievements.

So no, Growing Power isn't self-sufficient. But neither is industrial agriculture, which relies on price supports and government subsidies. Moreover, industrial farming incurs costs that are paid by society as a whole: the health costs of eating highly processed foods, for example, or water pollution. Nor can Growing Power be compared to other small farms, because it provides so many intangible social benefits to those it reaches. ''It's not operated as a farm,'' said Ian Marvy, executive director of Brooklyn's Added Value farm, which shares many of Growing Power's core values but produces less food. ''It has a social, ecological and economic bottom line.'' That said, Marvy says that anyone can replicate Allen's technical systems -- the worm composting and aquaponics -- for relatively little money.

Finished with his business in Merton, Allen sang out his truck window to his plastic-picking volunteers, ''Don't y'all work too hard now.'' The future farmers laughed. Allen predicts that because of high unemployment and the recent food scares, 10 million people will plant gardens for the first time this year. But two million of them will eventually drop out, he said, when the potato bugs arrive or the rain doesn't cooperate. Still, he was sanguine. ''The experience will introduce those folks to what a tomato really tastes like, so next time they'll buy one at their greenmarket. And when we talk about farm-worker rights, we'll have more advocates for them.''

At a red light on Silver Spring Drive, Allen stopped and eyed the construction equipment beached in front of a dealership. ''Look at that front-end loader,'' he said admiringly. ''That thing isn't going to sell.'' He shook his head and added: ''Maybe we can work something out with them. We could make some nice compost with that.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY)(pg. MM23)

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**End of Document**



[***The Town That Loved Its Bank***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7YRT-CG91-2PBB-2180-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2948 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW MARTIN

**Body**

MAYWOOD, Ill.

LIKE many ***working-class*** towns in the Midwest, this Chicago suburb has been on the cusp of better times for decades.

Separated by a river and woods from its wealthier neighbors, Oak Park and River Forest, it shares some of their charms: imposing, century-old homes and stately elms and maples draping the streets. But Maywood is decidedly more blue-collar than its neighbors, and its residents are predominantly African-American. Most of its homes are modest bungalows and frame houses that were built for factory workers whose jobs disappeared long ago. Many storefronts are vacant, and there appear to be more churches than viable businesses.

For more than a decade, a silver-haired banker from River Forest named Michael E. Kelly -- owner of Park National Bank in the Chicago area and eight others around the country -- took an unusual interest in Maywood. He did things most bankers don't do.

In 2003, he opened a branch in Maywood, just west of the city, despite the modest incomes of most of its residents. His bank bought an entire redevelopment bond issue from the village and refinanced it at a lower rate to save Maywood money. And in an effort to prop up property values, he came up with the idea of buying homes out of foreclosure, renovating them and selling them at cost.

''He's from River Forest, O.K.?'' says Lennel Grace, a fourth-generation Maywood resident. ''If you talk to people in River Forest or Oak Park, they say, 'Oh, poor Maywood.' They kind of look down their nose. He's not that kind of a person.''

''He has a true connection and compassion for the community,'' adds Mr. Grace, who is 60. ''He understood that all these communities are linked in one way or another.''

Last fall, Mr. Kelly's private banking empire collapsed, and his profitable, time-tested playbook as a banker and philanthropist failed amid his own misjudgments and the brutal headwinds of the financial crisis. At the direction of federal regulators, his nine banks were acquired by U.S. Bank, the nation's fifth-largest bank, based in Minneapolis.

His banks are among more than 200 that federal regulators have seized in the last three years, many of them small, community institutions. Other banks have acquired most of their assets and deposits, and quietly reopened branches with new signs and little fuss.

Across the country, many have bemoaned the loss of locally owned banks, worrying that a faceless national bank will have little interest in a community -- aside from making profits. Perhaps nowhere has that issue played out more publicly than in the Chicago area, where Mr. Kelly's Park National Bank was as well known for its philanthropy as for its financial products.

Eight months after Park National's closing, anger continues to boil, in part because of the unusual circumstances surrounding its demise. And residents rankle because the federal government decided to bail out megabanks like Citigroup, deemed ''too big to fail,'' while letting a beloved community bank go under. In that context, outrage -- and hyperbole -- reign.

''Basically, it amounts to the largest bank robbery in the history of the United States,'' says David Pope, the Oak Park Village president. As the new owner of Mr. Kelly's banks, U.S. Bank has become the unwitting lightning rod for local politicians and activists. They demand that the bank, whose parent, U.S. Bancorp, had profits of $2.2 billion on revenue of $16.7 billion last year, curb foreclosures and replicate Mr. Kelly's philanthropy (which involved giving nearly 20 percent of annual profit to causes like education and affordable housing).

Indignation erupted on a recent evening at a community meeting on Chicago's West Side, organized by the Coalition to Save Community Banking, a group of activists and ministers.

It was clear from the start that the meeting, at Hope Community Advent Christian Church, wouldn't go well for the two attending U.S. Bank executives, Robert V. McGhee and William Fanter, who sat squirming in dark suits at a table set above the crowd on the dais.

One speaker, the Rev. Randall Harris, led the audience in a rowdy chant. ''U.S. Bank!'' he shouted. ''Step up!'' Others vowed more vigorous protests unless U.S. Bank complied with community demands, which include establishing a $25 million fund to help stave off foreclosures. ''We are ready to sit down inside your bank until you take action,'' said the Rev. Michael Stinson. ''It's going to get real ugly before it gets pretty.''

When Mr. McGhee, a vice president of U.S. Bank, stood to address the crowd, he was interrupted with angry questions and chants. ''We are very much aware of the impact Park had on this community,'' he said. ''That is not lost on us. We've taken copious notes.''

U.S. Bank officials, clearly vexed by a groundswell, say they intend to honor all of Park National's outstanding commitments. But they also say the level of charitable giving will probably decline to match donations in other areas where U.S. Bank has branches. Because of the complexities of the modern mortgage business, the bank also says it has little legal ability to modify local mortgage loans that it did not originate but for which it acts as trustee.

''This has involved more public-relations issues than we ever had before,'' says Richard C. Hartnack, the bank's vice chairman for consumer banking. ''We bought 400 branches in California, and it's a much bigger place. That's gone absolutely smoothly.''

But as he notes, there's a big difference between California and Maywood. In California, he says, ''we didn't have the ghost of Mike Kelly to deal with.''

DESCRIBING Mr. Kelly as a ghost isn't entirely inaccurate. This 65-year-old banker, who is alive and presumably well, is as intensely private as he is generous. In keeping with his past aversion to the news media, he declined to be interviewed for this article.

According to Congressional testimony and former colleagues, Mr. Kelly took over the First Bank of Oak Park in 1981, and built it into an enterprise with about $19 billion in assets, largely by buying failed or underperforming banks.

He ended up owning nine banks in Texas, California, Arizona and Illinois, all under the umbrella of his bank holding company, the FBOP Corporation. It was the largest privately held bank-holding company in the United States and, before 2008, recorded 25 consecutive years of profits, according to Mr. Kelly's testimony before Congress in January, in a hearing prompted by the closing of his banks.

Mr. Kelly's banks were also known for generous charitable donations and a commitment to low-income areas, particularly in the Chicago area. For instance, Park National pledged a $27 million, interest-free construction loan to build a Jesuit preparatory school in Austin, a predominantly African-American neighborhood that abuts Oak Park.

Park National also helped to create a community savings center on the West Side of Chicago that provided low-cost banking services and financial counseling to people who normally don't use banks. And it set aside $20 million to help homeowners facing foreclosure.

In total, Mr. Kelly's banks donated a total of $36.7 million to charitable causes in 2007 and 2008. FBOP, the holding company, chipped in a further $17 million in those two years, according to his Congressional testimony.

FBOP banks also provided $583 million in that two-year span for community development loans, including such things as affordable housing and inner-city redevelopment, he told Congress.

''This was the finest community bank in America,'' says the Rev. Marshall Hatch, a leader in the community banking coalition. ''The loss of the bank is incalculable for our side of town.''

But, of course, Park National is now out of business. So are Mr. Kelly's other eight banks, which were also acquired by U.S. Bank last October. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation said the cost of the failures to its insurance fund was $2.5 billion.

LEFT in the rubble of that takeover are questions about the viability of Mr. Kelly's altruistic business model and the fairness of the federal government's system for closing down -- or saving -- ailing banks.

Whereas some of the nation's biggest banks nearly collapsed under the weight of risky loans and dubious underwriting, FBOP's big problem, according to Mr. Kelly and his regulators, was that it invested nearly $900 million in what appeared to be sure-thing, blue-chip investments -- preferred stock in Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, the government-sponsored mortgage giants. Those investments were considered so safe, in fact, that government regulators encouraged banks to invest in them.

But as the mortgage industry melted down, so did Fannie and Freddie; the government took them over two years ago. Holders of Fannie's and Freddie's preferred securities were out of luck, and the loss left gaping holes in the capital cushion at some of Mr. Kelly's banks.

He had other problems, too. For years, he had prospered by scooping up other banks in times of trouble or lending when others pulled back. He followed the same instincts as the mortgage crisis began to go into overdrive, allowing FBOP's banks to expand their loan portfolio by 35 percent between 2007 and 2008.

When the credit and real estate markets subsequently fell apart, the deterioration of FBOP's loan portfolio, particularly in commercial real estate, accelerated, federal regulators testified at the January hearing.

At the hearing, Mr. Kelly testified that he believed his problems with securing new funding during the mortgage crisis were solved when the government announced the Troubled Asset Relief Program, or TARP, in October 2008.

Mr. Kelly said regulators urged him to apply immediately for TARP funds and gave him verbal assurances that his application would be approved. But the first round of TARP money was directed at publicly traded banks, not private entities like FBOP, and Mr. Kelly didn't receive any aid. He testified that a second application for TARP funds stalled as regulators kept changing the criteria.

In a story that has gained much notoriety in Chicago, the Treasury secretary, Timothy F. Geithner, awarded a Park National subsidiary $50 million in tax credits on the morning of Oct. 30, 2008, to help the bank finance schools, retail development and a community center on the city's South Side.

Later that day, federal regulators closed Mr. Kelly's banks.

F.D.I.C. officials said they simply pursued the least costly option for resolving the failed banks, as required by law.

''FBOP's business strategy -- which had previously been successful -- left the bank vulnerable to the perfect storm of events that the FBOP banks could not survive, including unforeseen and devastating G.S.E. losses,'' testified Jennifer C. Kelly, senior deputy comptroller for the Office of the Comptroller of the Currency, the primary regulator for many of Mr. Kelly's banks. Fannie and Freddie are known as G.S.E.'s, or government-sponsored enterprises.

''The determinations to place the FBOP banks into receivership were consistent with, or required by, the statutory scheme Congress put in place,'' she said.

MR. HARTNACK, the U.S. Bank executive, says that his bank has won over customers in the many markets it has entered over the years, and that it eventually will do so here. But he said big banks will never be mistaken for the old corner bank.

''It is virtually impossible for a very large company to attain that same level of affection that a community bank has,'' he says, suggesting that the local banking model has become somewhat antiquated as more consumers bank online. ''It's a charming part of our financial history.''

Mr. Hartnack also points out that FBOP concentrated its donations in the Chicago area. U.S. Bank, he said, tries to spread donations fairly among its more than 3,000 bank offices across the country. As a big publicly traded institution, U.S. Bank also has to consider shareholders who would undoubtedly frown if 20 percent of its profits went to charity.

''It's probably reasonable to expect some diminishment in total giving but not reneging on commitments,'' Mr. Hartnack says of his bank's takeover of FBOP. ''We'll gradually not make as many new ones until we get the numbers in balance.''

U.S. Bank's evolving policy in the Chicago area has created a fair amount of angst, in part because the bank donates 1 to 2 percent of its profits. Besides its donations, the bank provides billions in community lending and investments.

Jackie Leavy, a founder of the Coalition to Save Community Banking, said the bank hadn't been transparent in its intentions. For instance, she says, U.S. Bank has taken over and renamed Park National's nonprofit arm, which rehabbed homes and redeveloped blighted areas, but has declined to say how much money it is putting into it.

''It's the bob-and-dodge act,'' Ms. Leavy says.

U.S. Bank officials say they are still working out the numbers and don't feel compelled to share news of every donation with community activists.

Members of the coalition have also criticized U.S. Bank for what they say is its hands-off policy on housing foreclosures. But the bank is in a difficult situation in that regard, given the structure of the mortgage market. Individual mortgage loans were long ago pooled into bonds and then sold to investors as a means of -- in theory -- reducing investors' exposure to mortgage losses and therefore allowing banks to underwrite many more mortgages.

Neither U.S. Bank nor Park National was a major originator of mortgages in Maywood or the Chicago area. But U.S. Bank is a custodian of bonds containing those mortgages.

Bank officials say that as trustee, they have no authority to try to restructure mortgages. But that reasoning has done little to appease critics, who say banks are just passing the buck.

Protesters recently rallied against U.S. Bank at a vacant apartment building in Austin, the neighborhood near Oak Park; the bank is trustee for the bonds backed by the property. The back door was ajar, and a pipe in the basement spewed water. The apartments were littered with dog feces and the detritus of past lives: birthday streamers over a doorway, a girl's pink coat on a hook, computer monitors and dishes.

''The door is open; sometimes I can hear dogs barking,'' says Delia Ewing, 84, who lives next door. ''I walk in the backyard and see grass taller than I am.''

Given the circumstances, U.S. Bank officials said they contacted the originator of the mortgage, Wells Fargo, and urged it to board up the building.

But U.S. Bank officials say they are dumbfounded that they are being singled out. ''We agree that foreclosures are a huge problem,'' says Steve SaLoutos, executive vice president of U.S. Bank's Midwest division. ''It's not a Park National problem, or a U.S. Bank problem, but a national problem.''

He says it's a frustrating situation for the bank to manage, because it is essentially in the position of cleaning up other people's mistakes. ''Do you isolate the bank that is the last one to put a sign on the building?'' he asks.

U.S. Bank, though, has made some friends in Chicago.

At Christ the King Jesuit College Preparatory, the school to which Park National pledged a no-interest loan, the bank is seen as a hero. The school caters to motivated low-income students who agree to work one day a week to cover most of their tuition costs.

As the first new Catholic high school on the West Side in 85 years, it owes its existence to Michael Kelly, but when Park National folded last fall, Christ the King's future suddenly looked bleak.

''There was so much uncertainty,'' says the Rev. Christopher J. Devron, the school's president, adding that he ''prayed a lot, lost a lot of sleep.''

He said he eventually approached U.S. Bank to see if it would take over Park National's commitments. U.S. Bank sent a team to the school to meet students, and it eventually decided to substantially match Park National's commitments -- not only money but also jobs for students. ''You couldn't argue with the value of what the school was doing,'' says Mr. Hartnack.

ON a tour of Maywood, Lennel Grace works through a list of foreclosed homes for which U.S. Bank is either originator, trustee or servicer. At some of the stops, members of the Coalition to Save Community Banking have put signs on the door that read, ''Another U.S. Bank foreclosure.''

Mr. Grace, economic development director at Rock of Ages Baptist Church, says foreclosures have devastated the village, creating dangerous eyesores that have decimated property values. Of the town's roughly 6,800 households, there were 449 new foreclosure filings in Maywood from the beginning of 2009 through the first quarter of 2010, according to the Woodstock Institute, a community development think tank.

''This is not a bad neighborhood,'' he says, pulling onto South 17th Street. ''But they are buying these houses for nothing.''

Mr. Grace and others say they are well aware that U.S. Bank isn't responsible for all the foreclosures. But they also said that by acquiring Park National Bank, U.S. Bank accepted the community's expectations set by Mr. Kelly.

At the meeting at Hope church, Mr. Hatch applauded U.S. Bank for making some steps, like investing in schools. But like many others that night, he dispatched with niceties, and threatened to send busloads of protesters to U.S. Bank's headquarters in Minnesota unless it started acting more like Park National.

''We have made tremendous progress,'' he said, turning to the audience. ''Because on the West Side we fight back.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Virgil Crawford addressing a community meeting in Maywood, Ill., where residents are angry that regulators didn't rescue a local bank, Park National.

Lennel Grace, economic development director at Rock of Ages Baptist Church, says Park National's owner had ''compassion for the community.'' (BU1)

Eddie Henderson keeps his yard neat, while the house next door, like many others in Maywood, is in foreclosure.

William Fanter, left, and Robert McGhee, both of U.S. Bank, listened to the complaints of politicians and residents. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SALLY RYAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (BU7)

**Load-Date:** June 20, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Fervid Debate on Gambling: Disease or Moral Weakness? - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7280-000P-21C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By MICHEL MARRIOTT,

By MICHEL MARRIOTT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** EDISON, N.J.

**Body**

As Joe S. strained through a lifting fog of anesthesia, his first thought was the realization that he had survived 10 hours of heart surgery. His second thought was to summon a relative to his bedside to ask him about a promised $10,000 he needed to settle a gambling debt.

"I got a tube down my throat and can't talk," said Mr. S., a 45-year-old convicted embezzler who spoke on the condition that his full name not be published. "I asked for his hand and with my finger I traced a question mark in his palm and then I made a dollar sign."

Even as he began recovering from his heart disease, the illness that was still destroying his life, Mr. S. recalled recently, was something else entirely: pathological gambling.

Research Money at Stake

Although Mr. S. and treatment experts describe his addiction as a progressive and debilitating illness, the question of whether pathological gambling should be considered a disease or simply a moral weakness is a matter of much debate in academic and addiction treatment circles these days.

And the answer will likely have major implications for research money into compulsive gambling and for employers and insurers that have resisted paying for intensive inpatient treatment.

Organizations like the American Psychiatric Association, Gamblers Anonymous and the National Council on Problem Gambling have adopted a medical explanation of problem gambling, some describing a physical high and withdrawal that for some bettors is similar to that experienced by drug addicts.

They say it is important that compulsive gambling be recognized as a legitimate disease, arguing that it will spur greater research into the addiction, improve care and treatment and improve the public's perceptions of compulsive gamblers, making it easier for many of them to seek help.

"Because we are the new kids on the block, as yet we do not have that social acceptance," said Mary Ubinas, director of the Gamblers Assistance Program for the State of Iowa. She said that because gamblers often appear to be healthy and functioning, many people feel little sympathy for their plight.

"A big part of job is education," she said.

Yet other researchers remain skeptical and argue that labeling problem gambling as an illness tends to excuse people who gamble excessively from being responsible for their behavior.

"I don't think it is a disease," said Vicki Abt, a professor of sociology at Pennsylvania State University and an expert on gambling. "I think it is a terrible problem, and it is getting to be more of a problem because we don't know how to help."

Despite the years of research on gambling, she said no one truly knows why some gamblers can't control themselves while the vast majority are able to. She and other experts say that 80 percent of the people who gamble wager less than $400 a year.

"Declaring it a disease is a way of getting money to help these people," Dr. Abt said. She added that treating pathological gamblers could grow into a highly profitable industry if problem gambling was more generally recognized as a true addiction, particularly by health insurance companies that have been reluctant to pay for expensive inpatient care for gambling.

Similarly, Mitchell S. Rosenthal, president of Phoenix House, a national drug-treatment program, said there was a disturbing tendency today for people to excuse troublesome behaviors as a disease.

'Impulse Control Disorder'

"It has to do with the whole question of responsibility," he said.

Such questions are unsettling to many advocates for compulsive gamblers. Officials of Gambling Anonymous and the National Council on Problem Gambling note that since 1980 the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, the field's widely accepted guide to mental disorders, has listed pathological gambling as an "impulse control disorder."

The manual, which is published by the American Psychiatric Association, states that pathological gambling is characterized as a "chronic and progressive failure to resist impluses to gamble, a gambling behavior that compromises, disrupts, or damages personal, family, or vocational pursuits."

The manual further describes pathological gambling in terms of its associated features like being overconfident or easily bored and notes that people often develop problems with drug abuse, suicide attempts and nonviolent crimes.

"If this isn't a sickness, it sure mimics all the problems sicknesses have," said Henry R. Lesieur, an expert on compulsive gambling and chairman of the department of criminal justice for Illinois State University.

He said research has shown that pathological gamblers are more likely to go into trance states while gambling, and they are more prone to withdraw when they try to suddenly end their gambling.

Many researchers, Dr. Lesieur said, have found that some compulsive gamblers have abnormally high levels of endorphins in the blood when they gamble, creating a sort of euphoria like that of a runner's. And studies are being conducted to learn whether there is a genetic precondition to problem gambling, much like it is generally believed to exist for alcoholism.

He acknowledged that many people view problem gambling as a bad habit, but said, "You can start out gambling as a bad habit, but there can come a point where the disease process sets in."

Further complicating the picture for problem gamblers is the response they often get from health insurance companies when they submit claims for their treatment.

Donald R. Thoms, director of the Gamblers' Treatment Center of St. Vincent's North Richmond Community Mental Health Center on Staten Island said: "We are probably where alcoholism was in its development 15 to 20 years ago when treatment was struggling with insurance reimbursement.

"We get our fair share of rejections, but I think insurance companies in New York have begun to recognize pathological gambling."

Of his center's weekly caseload of 65 to 70 patients, about half have insurance that covers the cost of counseling, said Mr. Thoms. His center charges $30 to $35 a session.

Empire Blue Cross and Blue Shield, a major health insurance carrier, does not specifically cover complusive gambling, a company spokesman said.

"If there are other mental health problems associated with complusive gambling, for example, severe depression, we would address that," said John Kelly, a spokesman for Empire Blue Cross and Blue Shield.

Other officials noted that while some insurers offer coverage for gambling treatment, many corporations that provide coverage for their employees do not extend the coverage, in an effort to control costs.

Richard Kunnes, chief operating officer of Aetna Life and Casualty, said that some insurers that do cover gambling treatment, including his, favor treatment on an outpatient basis, such as weekly sessions with gambling counselors.

Some treatment centers have resorted to identifying their patients' gambling problems by their related ailments that insurers are more likely to recognize as diseases, said Betty George, executive director of the Minneapolis Council on Compulsive Gambling.

"Many professionals are coding compulsive gambling as depression," Ms. George said. "In fact, many are depressed. The reason this is being done is so they will get paid for treating their clients."

Experts say that from 1 to 3 percent of all adult Americans have gambling problems. And they say the numbers are increasing as more and more cities and states turn to legalized gaming, like lotteries and casinos, to fill yawning budget gaps.

People who describe themselves as problem gamblers say they find it hard to resist the allure of the action, of risking a bet and breathlessly hoping against the odds to win and then bet again and again. They often talk about losing homes, dashing careers and even becoming suicidal while chasing the gambler's high.

For Joe S., the son of an illegal bookmaker who died of a heart attack at 47, he said he had no doubt that gambling for him has been a disease. As proof, he turned to his tortured memories of late 1988.

That was the time he began his final plunge into what he now calls the "desperate stage" of his 30 years of gambling. Convinced that he was dying despite his successful heart bypass operation, Mr. S. went on the worst gambling binge of his life.

In 15 months, more than a million dollars passed through his stubby, ***working-class*** hands and into the clutches of illegal bookmakers, through the parimutuel windows of off-track betting parlors and horse racing tracks and into the bottomless coffers of Atlantic City and Las Vegas casinos. All the while, Mr. S. said he could not manage his family's most basic expenses.

In many cases, the impulse to wager becomes overwhelming and uncontrollable. And, he said, he would do almost anything, including embezzling from the payroll of the company in which he worked, to get the money to make the next bet.

"But I was a big loser," he recalled. In less than two years, Mr. S. was arrested, convicted and sentenced to a New Jersey prison for theft by deception. After serving nine months of his sentence, he was released under a special program that requires him to remain under care for his pathological gambling, he said.

Eileen A. Epstein is part of that care.

"One of the dynamics that all the compulsive gamblers I work with have in common is that there is very early deprivation for these people," said Dr. Epstein, a gambling counselor at the John F. Kennedy Medical Center in Edison, the only gambling treatment center in New Jersey. "There are emotional losses, these voids that go way, way back for them, never really feeling they are as special as they like to show people that they are."

"They want to be big shots," she said.

**Correction**

An article on Saturday about compulsive gambling misidentified the company for which Richard Kunnes, a doctor and insurance executive, works. He is the chief operating officer for Prudential Psychiatric Management.

**Correction-Date:** November 24, 1992, Tuesday

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**End of Document**



[***THEATER: ROBERTY LINDSAY IN 'ME AND MY GIRL'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9J70-0007-H43Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

THERE is nothing more primal in the lexicon of musical comedy than the number in which the young hero declares his undying love for the woman of his dreams. About a half-hour into ''Me and My Girl,'' the restored 1937 English musical now on Broadway, that number is to be found in its most cliched form: every word, note and gesture collides with a civilization's collective memory of vintage stage and movie musicals.

Yet, astoundingly enough, one finds oneself wishing that the title song of ''Me and My Girl'' would never end. When the leading man, Robert Lindsay, croons and twirls his way through his romantic declaration, the audience is as enraptured as Maryann Plunkett, the fresh-faced heroine who eventually joins him for a delirious tap pas de deux on top of a banquet table. ''Me and My Girl'' - both the number and the show - has uncorked the innocence of the old-fashioned musical comedy so ingenuously that for once a theatergoer is actually sucked directly into that sunny past rather than merely suckered into nostalgia for it.

The sheer happiness at hand is less a tribute to the quality of the material - which is variously charming and inane between-the-wars fluff - than to the winning way in which it is unfurled. Better musicals than ''Me and My Girl'' have been revived in New York and London in recent years, but few have been as free of contemporary cynicism or camp in their staging. And few musicals of any kind on either side of the Atlantic have had a star to match Robert Lindsay. Known primarily as a serious actor before opening in the West End ''Me and My Girl'' revival 18 months ago - he was Edmund in the televised Olivier ''Lear'' - this slightly built performer at times recalls Kelly and Cagney. But there's nothing imitative in his virtuoso performance. Mr. Lindsay doesn't re-create the great song-and-dance clowns of this musical's era - he's the genuine item in his own right, miraculously discovered among the mere mortals of today.

His role is that of Bill Snibson, a Cockney cutup from Lambeth who is belatedly identified as the long-lost Earl of Hareford (family motto: ''Noblesse oblige'') and who must learn posh manners if he is to inherit his title and estate. Much of ''Me and My Girl'' is low-burlesque ''Pygmalion'': the vulgar, insolent Bill is forever affronting the snobbish swells who congregate at the Hampshire mansion that is his new-found family's country seat. Wearing a busker's checked suit, a brown bowler and a cigarette or two stashed behind his ears, Mr. Lindsay enters Hareford Hall swaggering, leering and sneering: he's willing to grab any gold pocket watch or large female breast left untended by its owner. When he isn't scandalizing the stiff butlers and triple-chinned dowagers, Bill likes to mock the household's deaf octogenarian in an obscene, improvised sign-language that, like Mr. Lindsay's entire performance, adds just the proper dash of vinegar to what might have been a vat of unadulterated mush.

Some actors keep audiences hanging on every word. The extraordinary Mr. Lindsay, who makes a nonstop charade of intricate vocal and physical details look relaxed, compels us to cherish his every syllable, wink and step. His subversive timing snares the laugh on each hoary pun, double entendre and malapropism. (Asked if he likes Kipling, Bill typically replies, ''I don't know - I've never kippled.'') The slapstick sequences - which require the star to play leapfrog with a seductress on a couch and to wrestle a royal robe and tiger rug to the floor -are full of surprising, daredevil pratfalls. As a singer, Mr. Lindsay captures the reedy vocal style of the 30's without falling into stylized parody; as a dancer, he's just as graceful gliding about a lamppost in debonair evening clothes as he is tapping up a vaudeville storm. Nor can one overlook this one-time Hamlet's acting: while his performance boasts more funny walks and quicksilver flashes of mimicry than some whole farces, it's never marred by star mannerisms or showiness and is always informed by an astringent wit.

In the West End, Mr. Lindsay seemed the only reason for visiting ''Me and My Girl'' - or such was the case at the performance I attended well into the run. That's not true of the New York staging, which inaugurates the new and, for a modern musical house, surprisingly snug Marquis Theater. The Broadway ''Me and My Girl,'' while roughly a duplicate of the continuing West End production, has exchanged a mechanical English supporting cast for a freshly minted American one, jettisoned a deadly number and added a jazzy Act I Charleston. Mike Ockrent's lovingly archaic direction, as well as Stanley Lebowsky's pit band, have been drilled to Broadway's higher standard, even as Martin Johns's Edwardian sets and Ann Curtis's bright ''Tennis anyone?'' costumes remain amusing reminders of the latter-day West End's tatty notions of lavish production values. Gillian Gregory's expanded pastiche choreography, which exuberantly reprises the loony 30's dance craze ''The Lambeth Walk'' and alludes to at least two numbers from the film ''Singin' in the Rain,'' benefits enormously from American performance expertise. The production's only ill-advised revision for New York is a brief and patronizing nod to Hasidic Jews.

The musical's larger faults, however well masked, have hardly disappeared. For all the pruning and polishing done to the original L. Arthur Rose-Douglas Furber book and lyrics, every scene still seems five minutes too long (especially in the far windier Act II); the unfunny corny punch lines still outnumber the funny ones (also corny). Noel Gay's tuneful score, abetted by interpolated songs from his other shows and by Chris Walker's quintessentially Mayfair dance-band orchestrations, has its dreary interludes - particularly when chained to the more prosaic plot-advancing lyrics. One must also note that the musical's unreconstructed caricatures of social classes remain rooted in 1937, even as the original period is disregarded for anachronistic allusions to ''My Fair Lady'' and Richard Nixon.

With the exceptions of Timothy Jerome's excessively cute Gilbert-and-Sullivan model of a comic solicitor and Jane Summerhays's overdone vamp, the large company brings welcome precision to the preposterous goings-on, down to the bit roles filled by the spirited likes of Thomas Toner and Elizabeth Larner. George S. Irving and Jane Connell are the ideal pros to play the farcical elders in charge of the hero's tutelage in the Hareford manner. Nick Ullett finds new comic life in the stock aristocratic twit who regards the prospect of a job as ''disgusting'' and who is always finding new ways to wear argyle.

By far the most beguiling - and crucial - member of the supporting cast, however, is Miss Plunkett, as the spunky Cockney girlfriend whom the Hareford set would have Bill dump on his way up the economic ladder. Adorable but not glamorous, this American actress, last seen as Bernadette Peters's successor in ''Sunday in the Park With George,'' is convincing as a ***working-class*** Englishwoman, convincing as she belts out syrupy lyrics like ''You've got to follow your heart'' and convincing as a strong partner for a star whose magnetic grip on the audience is never relinquished. From their duet on the title song through their fog-swept dream reunion, Miss Plunkett and Mr. Lindsay persuade us that they're intimately connected by a generous, unsentimental affection - both as characters and as performers sharing a stage. Strange as it may sound in this modern musical era, ''Me and My Girl'' enchants by making us believe once again that there's no more wonderful reason to sing and dance than the love between a guy and his girl. Call It Old-Fashioned ME AND MY GIRL, book and lyrics by L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber; music by Noel Gay; book revised by Stephen Fry; choreography by Gillian Gregory; directed by Mike Ockrent; contributions to revisions by Mr. Ockrent; set design by Martin Johns; costume design by Ann Curtis; lighting design by Chris Ellis and Roger Morgan; musical direction by Stanley Lebowsky; sound design by Tom Morse; orchestrations and dance arrangements by Chris Walker; dance assistant, Karin Baker; production stage manager, Steven Zweigbaum. Presented by Richard Armitage, Terry Allen Kramer, James M. Nederlander, Stage Promotions Limited & Company. At the Marquis Theater, Broadway and 46th Street.

Bill Snibson...Robert Lindsay; Sally Smith...Maryann Plunkett; Lady Jaqueline Carstone...Jane Summerhays; The Hon. Gerald Bolingbroke...Nick Ullett; Lord Battersby...Eric Hutson; Lady Battersby...Justine Johnston; Herbert Parchester...Timothy Jerome; Sir Jasper Tring...Leo Leyden; Maria...Jane Connell; Sir John Tremayne...George S. Irving; Charles Heathersett...Thomas Toner; Pub Pianist...John Spalla; Mrs. Worthington-Worthington...Gloria Hodes; Lady Diss...Elizabeth Larner; Lady Brighten...Susan Cella; Bob Barking...Kenneth H. Waller; Telegraph Boy...Bill Brassea; Mrs. Brown...Elizabeth Larner; Constable...Eric Johnson.

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[***In Curriculum Fight, an Unlikely Catalyst***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6HK0-000P-209B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** Mary A. Cummins

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

Her supporters describe her as deeply committed and devoutly religious, a dynamic woman who has taken a stand against New York City's Board of Education and what she calls "Sodom on the Hudson" to protect wholesome, traditional values for the schoolchildren of Queens.

Her critics call her deluded and homophobic, an intransigent conservative demagogue who has foisted her religious views on others, fomented hostility and disrupted the educational process at a time when it already faces enormous burdens.

In the seven months since District 24 in Queens rejected the Board of Education's curriculum guide "Children of the Rainbow" because it teaches first graders to accept gay people, the district's president, Mary A. Cummins, has turned the ordinarily workaday matter of school curriculums into a bitter, divisive confrontation over what children should learn and when.

As the leader of a campaign to challenge the 443-page guide, she has thrust herself into the center of the debate, becoming a thorn in the side of Schools Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez and a symbol of a staunchly conservative group of New Yorkers increasingly alienated by many of the city's policies.

'She's Going to Fight'

She has written angry letters, made scathing denunciations, and organized large protests at the Board of Education's headquarters in Brooklyn. And even as most of the city's 32 local school districts have accepted the curriculum guide in some form, she has steadfastly refused to relent.

She has done so in spite of an ultimatum by Mr. Fernandez to create an acceptable alternative or face the consequences. When Mr. Fernandez ordered her and the district's eight other board members this week to attend a conciliation meeting on Monday -- the first legal step toward superseding or suspending the board -- she curtly responded that she would not attend.

"She doesn't care what kind of forces are arrayed against her, whether it's Chancellor Fernandez with his huge bureaucracy or Mayor Dinkins with his huge bureaucracy," said John Hartigan, the district's lawyer, who maintains that Mrs. Cummins's views represent those of a silent majority in the city. "She's going to fight."

Throughout the controversy and her 15 years on District 24's board, Mrs. Cummins has remained, despite her outspokenness, an intensely private person. And she refused to be interviewed about her life for this article.

"I am not the question," she said. "The curriculum is the question." When pressed, she became angry and threatened to sue. "You're trying to invade my privacy," she said.

Even those who have worked with her for years in the church and civic and political organizations of Middle Village, Maspeth, Ridgewood and Glendale say they know little about her, even her age, beyond presuming that she is in her 60's or 70's.

But in a series of interviews with them and other people who have supported or opposed her, a portrait emerges of a committed, often strident woman who has emerged late in life as an unlikely figure in the debate over how far multicultural education should go.

Relentless Adversary

While hundreds of local politicians on school and community boards work in relative obscurity, Mrs. Cummins has found with this issue a high-profile cause that appeals mostly to working- and middle-class whites who believe the city has gone too far on this and other issues, including condoms in schools, AIDS education and the city's hiring practices, which they say amount to quotas for minority groups.

"You may not agree with her," said Robert F. Holding, the president of the Juniper Park Civic Association in Middle Village, "but she's stood up where nobody else stood up, and she's relentless."

Mrs. Cummins, who grew up in Manhattan, has lived in the district, a large ***working-class*** part of western Queens, for five decades -- most recently in a neighborhood of attached brick houses that residents prefer to call Middle Village, though it is in Elmhurst.

Mrs. Cummins, a Roman Catholic, worked for years as a secretary and became active in local community organizations. She was the president of the Juniper Park Civic Association and served on Community Board 5 in the 1970's. Her husband, Mark, died last year. She has a daughter and a grandson.

She first ran for the school board in District 24 in 1977 on a slate called the Parents' Coalition, and she has been re-elected to four more three-year terms. She has served as the board's president for eight years, including the last two.

Diligent Worker

Supporters and critics agree to some extent that for much of her time on the board she has worked diligently for the district's schoolchildren.

"The children are her first priority," said Kathy Masi, the president of the Parents' Association at Public School 113 in Glendale, who pointed out that Mrs. Cummins has fought equally hard on other issues, like school construction and asbestos cleanup. And though she believes the curriculum controversy has gotten out of hand, she said, "If I had a problem, I'd want her on my side."

Others questioned her priorities.

"Over the years I have found her to be a confrontational personality who has not always acted with the best interests of children in the district," said Walter L. McCaffrey, a Democratic Councilman from Woodside.

In 1987, he said, when he fought for a $150,000 grant to create a magnet school at Public School 153 in Maspeth, Mrs. Cummins publicly opposed the idea so strongly that she derailed the grant, saying he was "interfering with the prerogative of the board."

The controversy over "Children of the Rainbow" erupted last April when District 24 became the first of five local school boards to reject the curriculum guide because, in its two most controversial pages, it urges teachers to accentuate the positive aspects of gay relationships.

In a biting letter on Nov. 12, she once again denounced the curriculum and Mr. Fernandez, flaunting his ultimatum. "We are not going to teach our children to treat all types of human behavior as equally safe, wholesome or acceptable," she wrote.

Catalyst on the Issue

She went on to say that the curriculum "is shot through with dangerously misleading homosexual/lesbian propaganda" and accused Mr. Fernandez of creating "as big a lie as any ever concocted by Hitler or Stalin" -- an analogy she has frequently drawn.

While the district's board voted unanimously to reject the curriculum, most agreed that Mrs. Cummins has been the force behind the continuing challenge, as well as other controversial issues in District 24, including the distribution of condoms and the curriculum on AIDS.

"She is the leader of the board, no question," said State Senator Serphin R. Maltese, a Republican from Middle Village, who has supported her.

While some of her critics said they could respect her willingness to fight for her beliefs, they accused her of displaying a disregard for the truth. They said she confused separate curriculums and misinformed parents by, for example, repeatedly insisting that "Children of the Rainbow" discusses sodomy when in fact no references to sex appear.

"Our concern is that there has been a deliberate attempt on her part to distort the facts regarding the multicultural curriculum," said James S. Vlasto, a spokesman for the Chancellor. "Distorting the facts is counterproductive, and rhetoric that stirs animosity and hate is not good for the city."

Lack of Input

Parents in the district also said Mrs. Cummins rejected the curriculum without the normal public debate and parental input, squashing subsequent objections with an autocratic style they say she often displays. The district's curriculum committee -- made up of parents and teachers and headed by a board member, Edward J. Bagley 3d -- has not once met to review "Children of the Rainbow" since the controversy began.

Linda Bohn, who heads the Presidents' Council, which represents the parents' associations from each of the district's 25 schools, criticized Mrs. Cummins for excluding parents from the debate over "Children of the Rainbow," even though the debate most affects their children.

At a raucous meeting of the district's board at Public School 229 in Woodside on Nov. 19, which Mrs. Cummins did not attend, Ms. Bohn said, "We sincerely think it's time to get to the end of the rainbow and move on to address the other problems facing the district." Her remarks received a hearty ovation from the audience.

Mrs. Cummins has contended that her views must represent those of the district since voters have elected her five times. In the last election, in 1989, Mrs. Cummins placed sixth in a field of 21 candidates. Under the school boards' convoluted election process, in which voters rank candidates, Mrs. Cummins received 346 first-choice votes out of 6,636 cast. While the Board of Elections does not keep a record of turnout for each district, the citywide average was 7.5 percent.

Mr. Hartigan, the board's lawyer, said Mrs. Cummins would never surrender because Mr. Fernandez had overstepped the provisions of the Board of Education's original resolution in 1989 to create a multicultural curriculum.

"If you're old fashioned," he said, "you might be surprised that the person showing this political backbone is a grandmother and not some young man who is a political tiger."

**Graphic**

Photo: Mary A. Cummins, the president of School District 24 in Queens. (Steve Berman for The New York Times)

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[***PETTY-BOURGEOIS CASANOVA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9M80-0007-H296-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section 7; Page 12, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1452 words

**Byline:** By SARAH HANLEY; Sarah Hanley, the author of ''The Lit de Justice of the Kings of France,'' is writing a book on contested marriages, impostors and sexual adventurers in early modern France.

**Body**

JOURNAL OF MY LIFE By Jacques-Louis Menetra. Edited, and with an introduction, by Daniel Roche. Translated by Arthur Goldhammer. Foreword by Robert Darnton. Maps. 368 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $30.

IN the 18th century the most dazzling jewel in the crown of France was the city of Paris, the scene of rapid social mobility and fusion, where the nobility and the bourgeoisie shared the same turf with merchants and shopkeepers, artisans and laborers. Paris spawned a heterogeneous society that was permeated by the written word. Parisians of all stripes, educated or not, burned with the fever to write on many topics, including themselves. ''Infected by the craze for life in the great city,'' one aspirant wrote, ''the disease overcame me, and I became an author too.'' People distributed broadsheets, posters, pamphlets and treatises throughout the city. Literate Parisians (around 66 percent of men, 62 percent of women) transmitted news to less literate cohorts, bridging the gap between elite and popular culture. In this heady milieu, a glazier, Jacques-Louis Menetra, wrote and rewrote ''Journal of My Life'' between 1764 and 1802. Despite his disclaimer (''Journal of my life written for me''), Menetra too courted the amorphous public.

This rare 18th-century journal, discovered recently in the archives of the Bibliotheque Historique of the city of Paris, is now available in an excellent English translation by Arthur Goldhammer, accompanied by a foreword written by Robert Darnton, a professor of history at Princeton University, and an introduction, footnotes and commentary by Daniel Roche, a professor of history at the University of Paris. Mr. Darnton achieves a critical and sensitive reading of the original text by highlighting equally the humanity and inhumanity of Menetra's major exploits - sexual, familial, fraternal, political - and by pointing out the strange mixture of bravado and anxiety that lurks behind the words. As Mr. Darnton says, the journal is ''the best account ever written of ***working-class*** life in prerevolutionary Paris.'' Mr. Roche relates Menetra's life story to French society and culture at large. ''Journal of My Life,'' as Mr. Roche suggests, is ''the monument he built in his own honor, to proclaim that a man of his station . . . could in his own way emulate his betters.'' The interpretive comments of Mr. Roche and Mr. Darnton whet the appetite, but it is the gripping words of Menetra himself that lure the reader into the 18th century.

Menetra, born in 1738, was a patriotic Parisian, nicknamed Parisien le Bienvenue (as he spelled it); to the end of his life only Paris, monarchic or revolutionary, retained his unadulterated fidelity. The son of a glazier, he learned the trade by the banks of the Seine and then traveled as a journeyman through the provinces from 1757 to 1764. He returned to Paris and set up shop in 1765, with the aid of the dowry provided by his new wife, Marie-Elisabeth Henin; he helped raise the two of their four children who survived infancy, and he was a section militant in the French Revolution of 1789. In his extraordinary journal, which conflates fact and fantasy, Menetra reveals an indomitable zest for a life that was constantly at risk. It is a passionate tale that is both humorous and terrifying.

Menetra views life as a deadly, competitive game. In his mind, he is the master trickster who outwits other males - the drunken father who would break the son's spirit as he does his teeth and bones, the shop masters who would exploit his labor, the priests who would corrupt his mind with religious fanaticism, the robbers who would take his money and his life, the members of rival workers' associations who would challenge his own union, the intendants and police who would punish his pranks, the militiamen who would conscript him and the revolutionary terrorists who might have had his head. Menetra does not trust public authority to tame this world of treachery and violence; he settles scores directly. When challenged or insulted, he advises his companions, mete out summary justice to the culprit rather than ''turn him over to the police . . . and waste their whole day.'' He speaks about ''the bad faith of those who governed peoples to keep them in harness''; he considers the exhortations of officials who urge men ''to fight for God for our King'' as ''pathetic speeches''; and he regards the revolutionaries who replaced the King as ''monsters'' who ''breathed blood'' during ''those days of mourning, which true Frenchmen will always look back upon with horror.'' IF public authority elicits little trust, religious authority receives even shorter shrift. A religious skeptic and anticlerical to the core, Menetra considers the mysteries and sacraments of Roman Catholicism outright lies, inventions to dupe the poor. He calls priests hypocrites who subjugate the ignorant. He keeps them out of family business, such as marriage contracts, and makes eloquent pleas for religious tolerance. Menetra plays the Renaissance protagonist who is the maker and molder of himself. He has one overriding concern, to construct a reputation for himself. ''Courage was the one thing I wasn't lacking,'' he says, and in the cabarets, among artisans of every trade, ''I was quite well known . . . and greatly applauded.'' To be sure, this human concern for honor and reputation touches the heart. But there is another side to the story.

Menetra also fancies himself the master seducer, the conqueror of females - widows who own shops and who would bribe him to settle down; wives of employers, especially if the latter fear being cuckolded; a girl disguised as a boy who would protect herself; young women with and without dowries who search for partners; his fiancee, who becomes his wife; nuns who seek forbidden pleasures; and prostitutes who charge for them. (According to Mr. Roche's count, Menetra had 52 premarital liaisons, 13 postmarital, excluding prostitutes.) Above all other traits, Menetra values sexual prowess and virility. Fiercely male but pathetically ensnared by the role, he thinks of himself as a ''Hercules of love,'' yet he muses morosely that he has never known ''what it is to love'' and has experienced the passion ''only as [sensual] pleasure and not as perfect friendship.''

The passages on sex convey a dreadful message. In Menetra's rhetoric, it is akin to deadly gambits of war or hunting. Women are the ''game'' subdued by his ''weapon'' and brought to his ''chamber of conquests.'' These are not idle words. In perfect fraternity, Menetra and his companions exchange women at will for a bottle of wine and a salad, and they force women to submit to men, as in two brutal rapes that cement a pact of brotherhood. The problem of interpreting such behavior is large, but here Mr. Roche's commentary falls short. It is not possible to equate the ''sharing of women'' (which includes force and gang rape) with the ''courting in foursomes and drinking in cabarets'' that strengthened ties of solidarity among male companions, as Mr. Roche does. Mr. Darnton's perception is more to the point: Menetra ''expressed the brotherhood of man through the spoliation of women.''

On the whole, Mr. Roche's commentary fails to tease out of this journal a wealth of information on women. In the Menetra family, Marie-Elisabeth Henin is the real Hercules. In the face of Menetra's acknowledged ''lack of interest in business,'' she supplies the initial capital and makes the shrewd investments that bring prosperity, she painstakingly accumulates the dowry for their daughter (12 sols a day from her birth) and she finally leaves Menetra (who suffers from bouts of venereal disease) for a time.

Henin's cunning manipulations keep the family on the safe side of killing poverty. ''Getting ahead was her main passion,'' Menetra says; ''mine was to enjoy myself.'' It is difficult, therefore, to accept Mr. Roche's evaluation of Menetra as a ''hesitant capitalist,'' a person of imagination and vision, and Henin as a ''good manager,'' a person of mere rentier mentality. The bold social and sexual behavior of Henin and other women in this tale leads one to question the ''dividing line'' Mr. Roche posits between the male world, which emphasizes ''strength and courage,'' and the female world, which values ''circumspection and timorous modesty.''

Jacques-Louis Menetra's autobiography will be read on many levels and will inspire conflicting interpretations, precisely because the tale is so fantastic -so far away yet so close. Daniel Roche deserves tribute for bringing this 18th-century text to the public, because it does read, as Robert Darnton notes, ''like a historian's dream come true.''

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[***MUSIC; The Country Music Country Radio Ignores - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45DW-51G0-01CN-H4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By NEIL STRAUSS

**Body**

WHEN a dark horse, the roots-music soundtrack to the film "O Brother, Where Art Thou?," won the top honor at the Grammy Awards last month, there was a clamor in the press room. Country music might never be the same again, the critics and journalists said. After all, besides albums by Glen Campbell and Bonnie Raitt, no recording that had anything to do with country had ever won the top Grammy -- Album of the Year. And the competition, especially U2 and Bob Dylan, had been fierce. So as the performers who appear on the soundtrack -- a rag-tag winner's circle if ever there was one -- streamed backstage into the press area, they were all asked the same question: Will country radio start playing traditional country music now?

There have been reasons to think so. The Grammy success of "O Brother" (a total of five awards), the album's subsequent No. 1 ranking on the Billboard chart (above Brandy and Alanis Morissette) and its impressive sales of 4.4 million copies have all seemed to send a message to the country music industry.

Well, the album did send a message, and that message has been received and marked: Return to Sender.

"We operate in country within a box," said Luke Wood, the president of Lost Highway Records, which released the soundtrack. "And you can run up in the corners of the box, but if you get outside of it, the gatekeepers don't like it. A few radio programmers said to the record labels after the Grammys: 'Don't get any ideas: we're not going to start playing Alison Krauss and Nickel Creek because of this.' "

For several years there have been growing tensions surrounding country radio, now the top format on the air. Roughly 19 percent of the stations in the United States play country -- 2,100 broadcasters out of 11,000. That's nearly double the number dedicated to the second-most-popular format, talk radio. Yet most of country's classic artists and styles have been getting short shrift on the air and, consequently, from the Nashville music industry. As a result, Johnny Cash records for a rock label, Dolly Parton is recording bluegrass for an independent label and many other pioneers and talented newcomers can't get a decent record contract.

As it stands now, the success of "O Brother" may be the worst thing possible for the future of country music radio, and thus country music. Because despite the album's successes commercially and critically, many people in the industry say that its impact will be slight. And if "O Brother" won't change it, nothing will; if nothing will, then mainstream country radio is truly doomed.

"Sadly, radio did not embrace any of these people before the Grammys, and they're not embracing them now," said Eddie Stubbs, the announcer for the Grand Ole Opry and a D.J. on Nashville's WSM-AM, one of the few commercial stations playing a wide range of country. "It's a disgrace. The industry is deciding that it doesn't want to give the music a chance."

If there's one culprit in the current state of country music, it may be Crest Whitestrips. Yes, Crest Whitestrips, the new dental whitening system. Because when you point a finger at Crest Whitestrips, you're pointing at Procter & Gamble, the product's maker and one of the largest purchasers of radio advertising time. And the major advertisers are the people who really control what you hear on the radio, especially country radio.

"Contemporary country radio is targeting young adult females," said Paul Allen, the executive director of the Country Radio Broadcasters, a trade association. "Now, why would you want to target them? Because that's what advertisers want. The young female adult is oftentimes a mom. She influences 90 percent of all the buying decisions in the household; she's a generation X or Y consumer, and not brand loyal. That's a very influenceable and key demographic to go after."

Thus, because of Crest Whitestrips and the machine behind them, not just country radio has changed; country music has changed, too. More than any other genre, country is a fine-tuned jingle. Most songs are written by a cadre of writers -- some geniuses, most hacks -- many of whom excel at finding universal emotions and translating them into greeting-card poesy. When it comes time for most stars to record a new album, they go shopping with their managers and record-label executives for hits. Thus, such artists are better able to roll with changes in taste, style and national mood. Ten years ago, Travis Tritt's biggest hit was "Here's a Quarter (Call Someone Who Cares)." More recently, his comeback hit was "It's a Great Day to Be Alive." Only those who don't listen to country radio still think the music is about beer and heartbreak. Today, the men are singing love songs and apologies to women while sassy women are singing about dissing the men.

"They've relegated the country station to super-serving that one demographic," said Mr. Wood of Lost Highway, who describes that audience as women 35 and over. "It's exclusionary in a sense. It forces us in Nashville on the creative side to be conscious of how narrow that audience is, so it makes it tough to make a record that will appeal to men and not women."

His point is not that country should be a man's world, but that it should be for everybody. Most other styles of music -- pop, urban, rock, easy listening -- have split into multiple formats, each serving a different sliver of the musical pie. But this is not necessarily a good thing: listeners have much broader taste than radio programmers, advertisers and record-label executives tend to believe, or else there's no way to explain the success of "O Brother." But fragmenting the country format is better than leaving it as it is. As country itself has shifted from rural ***working-class*** music to a pop soundtrack for the suburbs ("town and country," as the former Capitol Records president Pat Quigley called it), a large audience is finding itself largely ignored by radio. Some hope that traditional country artists as well as songwriters like Ryan Adams, Lucinda Williams, Rodney Crowell and just about everybody on the "O Brother" soundtrack will find a place on air if a format called Americana takes off.

"If rock can have classic rock and hard rock and soft rock and alternative rock, why can't we have country and Americana?" said Steve Gardner, promotions manager at Sugar Hill Records, home to Dolly Parton, Nickel Creek and much bluegrass. "Surely there's room for that. I mean look at the Grammys, you have Lucinda Williams winning best rock song, Ryan Adams nominated all over the place, Dolly winning another Grammy. It's happening out there."

But others are skeptical. Mr. Allen of the Country Radio Broadcasters said it's unlikely that an alternative country radio format will be successful anytime soon. "The only hope I see for an additional country format developing is if advertisers can find that the demographic it would deliver would be attractive," he said.

The odd thing about country radio is that it is not even doing that well under its existing rules. At its peak in the mid-90's, according to Mr. Allen's estimates, 12 percent to 13 percent of the radio audience listened to country; now it's around 7 percent, despite being the dominant format in terms of the number of stations. And, detrimental as the process of consolidation has been to the quality of radio programming, it's actually been the corporate bosses who have been telling the programmers and consultants to loosen up. At a recent seminar on country radio in Nashville, Larry Wilson, the president of the radio conglomerate Citadel Communications, told broadcasters to take more chances with the music and pay more attention to the needs of the local audience. And a top executive at the radio monolith Clear Channel Communications recently told programmers to re-examine "Man of Constant Sorrow," a song from "O Brother," to see if there is some way to take advantage of its popularity.

TWO weeks ago, Lost Highway re-released "Man of Constant Sorrow" as a single. The response from radio, said Michael Powers, the vice president of promotions at the label, has been encouraging. Seventy-four stations are now playing it, though some as infrequently as once a day. But, it appears to be an exception, a fluke, to many in the country music business.

Arbitron, not long ago, issued a report on what women want from country radio. And, according to the ratings service, most women do not what to hear radio programming that is not family-friendly. In addition, it continues, "even though women are heavily pressured for time and responsibility, they remain optimists. So, don't play to the negatives." Compare those findings with the most popular songs from "O Brother" -- "Man of Constant Sorrow" and "O Death" -- and ask, Who is country radio going to listen to: Arbitron or the Grammys?

"The recording academy recognizes the work of its artists and their music, from the standpoint of art, which is considerably different from what country radio is about," said Mr. Allen of the Country Radio Broadcasters Association. "Country radio is purely about mass appeal music, and it has some very defined limits because there are some very defined demographics that the owners are tying to find through that music. Where the Grammys are about art, country radio is about the Benjamins."

In this sense, country radio is a microcosm of the entertainment industry, in which art is controlled by commerce and corporate committee. But if "O Brother," which far outsold Garth Brooks's latest, doesn't bring in enough $100 bills to nudge the business to expand its scope or take chances (besides, say, putting the occasional old-timey music break in a country pop song), it seems that nothing will. Several years ago, Larry Cordle, a bluegrass musician, released a song called "Murder on Music Row," criticizing just this. "The almighty dollar/ And the lust for worldwide fame/ Slowly killed tradition/ And for that, someone should hang," he sings. In a reference to Hank Williams, he continues, "Ol' Hank wouldn't have a chance/ on today's radio/ since they committed murder down on Music Row." George Strait and Alan Jackson agreed with him enough to record the song, which, like "O Brother," was applauded but ultimately changed little in the industry. "My worst fear is that this 'O Brother' thing is going to turn into just a fad," Mr. Cordle said. "Without the support of mainstream radio at some point, I just don't know where we're at."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the reluctance of country music radio stations to play traditional performances like the ones on the highly successful soundtrack of "O Brother, Where Art Thou?" misstated the surname of the president of Lost Highway Records, which released the soundtrack. He is Luke Lewis, not Wood.

**Correction-Date:** March 31, 2002

**Graphic**

Photos: DIFFERENT WAVELENGTHS -- Eddie Stubbs, left, a Nashville D.J. and the Grand Ole Opry's announcer. He calls it "a disgrace" that traditional country artists struggle to have songs played when the country format dominates the industry. Above, Hank Williams at the Opry in the 1950's. (Christopher Berkey for The New York Times; Grand Ole Opry Archives Williams )(pg. 1); Country classics: Dolly Parton with the fiddler Alison Krauss at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville. (Associated Press)(pg. 31)

**Load-Date:** March 24, 2002

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[***REFLECTIONS ON A BOAT REVIVING THE HUDSON***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B0D0-0007-H33W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 22, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Length:** 1399 words

**Byline:** By PETE SEEGER; Pete Seeger, the musician, is one of the founding members of the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater.

**Body**

IN June 1966 a small committee raised $167.50 and started planning to build a 100-ton wooden sailboat, a full-size replica of the 19th-century cargo sloops that had dotted the Hudson River. This year the 8,000-member Clearwater organization has a $750,000 budget.

An unusual sailboat is passing a milestone, and it is a good time to reflect on what has been accomplished over the two decades.

Public beaches on the Hudson closed more than 50 years ago because of increasing pollution. Today, county health departments say it is safe to swim in the 70-mile stretch between Tarrytown and Kingston, N.Y. In another five years waters around New York City may be safe to swim. What has made the difference?

Starting in the 1960's, new citizens organizations demanded that Federal and state governments finance the construction of expensive sewage-treatment plants and regulate industrial wastes more closely. Along the Hudson, such groups as the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, the Hudson River Fishermen's Association and the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater came into existence.

Their work has included lawsuits, lobbying, fund-raising and petition campaigns. By trial and error, Clearwater also worked out some new techniques.

For example, hundreds of school systems along the river and Long Island Sound have paid the Clearwater to spend a week with them. For five days the large sloop takes out 50 students at a time.

The tall director of education, Steven Stanne, welcomes them: ''Kids, I suppose you thought you were getting out of school today.'' Smirks. Yeah! ''Well, you're mistaken.'' Now, worried looks.

''Usually you're asked some questions and you have to give the right answers. This time I'll give you two answers; you tell me what the questions are: 6-6 and 12 o'clock.''

Brief silence. A hand shoots up. ''How tall are you?'' Steve smiles and nods. ''. . . When do we eat?'' Nods again. Cheers.

A husky mate, Travis Jeffreys, steps forward. ''Kids, we're putting this big net in the water to see if we can catch some fish.'' At this point, another member of the crew - who has rehearsed the following exchange - interrupts.

''Hey, there's no fish in the river. It's too dirty.'' ''Will you please be quiet; I'm trying to explain something to the kids. Here. You hold one end of the net; I have to see if there are any holes.''

''What do you mean? The net's nothin' but holes!''

''I mean holes the fish can escape from! Here, hold this.'' It ends with the stooge imprisoned in the small end of the net, as a fish would be. (''Hey! Lemme out!'') Children are shouting with laughter.

For the next four hours they're not bored once. Divided into small groups, some examine fish in a tank, some look through a microscope, others are down below examining charts of the riverbed. They help raise sails, help steer the boat. At the end of every voyage a period of silence lets them hear the slap of the waves and feel close to the richest natural resource in our region.

The children sail for free. How does the school board pay for it? In the evenings the sloop takes parents out and this time it is $15 a ticket. Parent-Teacher Association leaders have been on the phone: ''If we sell these 250 tickets we can pay the Clearwater, and she'll come visit us again next year.''

This year 30 school systems had to be turned down - no more time -and Clearwater is seriously thinking of building a second sloop of identical size and shape.

The power of beauty! On the waterfront of a small conservative upstate town, a local citizen took me aside.

''Seeger, I don't want you to think I agree with you. Not one-tenth of one percent. But that sure is a beautiful boat.'' He couldn't stop talking about it. (Unfortunately, too many people think it is ''Seeger's boat.'' My wife, Toshi, and I set foot upon it about once a year to say hello to the captain and crew. The rest of the time we're content to be two of the active volunteers.) Clearwater also sponsors many small festivals (and one big one) along the shore between Sandy Hook and Albany. This has encouraged other organizations and towns to run their own riverfront festivals. Festivals need media coverage and this keeps the river in the public eye. The price of liberty is eternal publicity.

Success creates new problems. Now real-estate agencies advertise river views. Waterfront land prices skyrocket. ***Working-class*** communities are gentrified as people with money for a second home push out people who can barely afford one home.

Given the tendency of organizations, like individuals, to specialize in what they do best, it is possible that new organizations will arise to try and solve these new problems. But because poets and artists have for 20 years been an important part of Clearwater's fund-raising, it's possible that the organization will confront the challenges it has helped create. After all, a basic axiom of ecology is ''everything is connected.'' And organizations, like individuals, improve when they feel responsible for more than their specialty.

In any case, Clearwater's emphasis has always been on action and participation. More than 1,000 volunteers are helping put on Clearwater's annual Hudson River Revival this weekend at Croton Point Park. Local sloop groups teach sailing, build boats, lobby for public access to the river and new riverfront parks.

On July 12 the Beacon Sloop Club, an active support group, will provide a pancake breakfast and a pot-luck lunch for participants in the Annual Weedwallow. Several hundred normally sane people in bathing suits, with sneakers on their feet, wade out, up to their armpits, pulling weeds that choke the little harbor. (Weeds like a clean river, too.) There could be worse ways to spend a hot July morning.

Membership in Clearwater is $20 a year and makes one legally a part owner of the unique sloop, entitled not only to sail on it occasionally, but also to apply to be on its volunteer crew for one week (there's a long waiting list). Through its publication, The Navigator, Clearwater members learn of hundreds of activities along the river: hiking, sailing, swimming, singing, boat maintenance, model building, cooking, picking up litter, reading, writing, photographing and, of course, committee meetings.

Members also vote yearly on replacements for the 19-member board of directors, which sets policy and appoints the executive director - who hires the captain, who chooses the relief captain and crew.

The 100-ton sloop Clearwater, with its old-fashioned gaff rig, is surely one of the most remarkable and beautiful boats. In 1860 there were 400 such boats licensed for trade on the river, hauling hay for New York's horses and brick, lumber and brownstone for the growth-manic city that doubled in size every 20 years from 1776 to 1930.

The Clearwater, researched and designed by Cyrus Hamlin and built by the Harvey Gamage shipyard in Maine, first entered New York harbor in August 1969. Many cynics, seeing its enthusiastic crew of bearded folk singers, predicted it would be sunk or sold within a year, but the organization learned from its own mistakes and slowly grew.

Mistakes? In the beginning, the deck was washed constantly with fresh river water. In 1975 inspectors told us we had to replace $80,000 worth of rotted planks and beams. Salt is our religion now. Fresh water rots wood; salt pickles it. A brine barrel on deck is used for daily deckwash.

Clearwater has had relatively few black or Hispanic members. Now the East Harlem River Revival, sparked by Clearwater's visiting an old pier at East 107th Street, plans to make that refurbished pier a center for community activities and river education.

Here's to working and arguing about what the important jobs, priorities, agendas and struggles are ahead: toxic wastes, nuclear dangers, exploding populations, budget priorities (jobs, housing, education) and lots more. It's possible that Clearwater will go the way of other successful organizations, and become set in its ways. But with the power of beauty to help us and volunteers acting as a balance to skilled professionals, Clearwater may still surprise the cynics - though as a sailboat tacks into the wind, our course will often zig-zag.

On the 32-foot sloop ''Woody Guthrie,'' one of Clearwater's several children, a small sign says: ''The river belongs to us all. Everyone is welcome on this boat. (You may argue with the captain - most of the time.'')

**Graphic**

Photo of a youngster at Kingsland Point Park in Tarrytown (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo)

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Political Pulse -- Illinois;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7850-000P-244B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Bush's Chances Appear Less Than Slim in Illinois***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7850-000P-244B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.,

By R. W. APPLE Jr.,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Oct. 24

**Body**

Illinois usually stays up late on Presidential election nights.

The count was close in this bellwether state in 1948, when it went for Harry S. Truman in the wee hours, and in 1960, when it gave John F. Kennedy the barest of majorities. It was close in three of the last four Presidential races. But not this year. Not unless a sudden shift from Gov. Bill Clinton toward Ross Perot, reported late this week by senior officials of both major parties, becomes a stampede.

"Clinton started strong and has stayed strong for a long time here," said Bill Daley, a Chicago banker who heads the Illinois Clinton-Gore campaign and who is the brother of Mayor Richard M. Daley. "City, small towns, suburbs, upstate, downstate, right across the board. But we're all a bit nervous about Perot these last few days, I'll tell you."

Bush Disappoints Republicans

Republicans have been crushingly disappointed by President Bush's failure to take take strong measures to arrest his slide.

Representative Henry J. Hyde, a conservative from the Chicago suburbs with a flair for the dramatic, suggested to President Bush's counsel, C. Boyden Gray, that Mr. Bush carry a pocket calculator onto the set at one of the television debates, tally the cost of Mr. Clinton's proposed new programs and hand it to the Democratic nominee with the comment, "You're the Rhodes scholar, you make the numbers add up."

That suggestion went aglimmering, as did the clamor by other important Illinois Republicans for personnel changes -- replacing Vice President Dan Quayle with Gen. Colin L. Powell, for instance, or naming Jeanne J. Kirkpatrick to succeed James A. Baker 3d at the State Department -- to symbolize a fresh start by the Administration.

Newton N. Minow, the onetime chairman of the Federal Communications Commission who now teaches at Northwestern University and who heads the Annenberg Washington project on the news media, said that jamming all the debates into a short period "made it into a mini-series, attracted more attention and heightened the impact."

"I think there's a lot more interest in Perot than before, a lot less dismissing of him for having pulled out," Mr. Minow said. "The question is whether people will actually go for him in the booth, or whether they'll ultimately decide that's a wasted vote."

Big Gap in Poll

In The Chicago Tribune's latest poll, published today but completed last Monday afternoon, before the final debate began, Mr. Clinton led President Bush by almost a 2-to-1 ratio, 47 percent to 25 percent, with Mr. Perot at 10 percent and 18 percent undecided. More than 1,000 voters were interviewed for the survey, and it had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus about three percentage points.

Republicans like Mike Lawrence, Gov. Jim Edgar's press secretary, readily acknowledge that Mr. Bush is well behind. The Governor, a moderate Republican, has campaigned staunchly for the President, and he "still thinks the state could be turned around," Mr. Lawrence said. Asked how good the chances of that happening were, Mr. Lawrence replied that he would rather not put words in the mouth of the Governor, who is resting briefly in Arizona from minor surgery.

Another top Republican, retreating behind the cloak of anonymity, said there was "no way in the world" for Mr. Bush to win here. He predicted the President would lose the state by at least 500,000 votes.

How did such a situation come to pass in a state like this? How has the campaign looked through experienced political eyes here?

Well, for one thing, Illinois has been trending Democratic lately, as first the downstate farmers and then the small-city manufacturers, like Caterpillar in Peoria, have faced hard times. Mr. Bush beat Michael S. Dukakis by only 95,000 votes in 1988, and since then things have got worse for the President.

A Stronger Democrat

The Democratic nominee is stronger this time. Senator Paul Simon, who sought the Democratic Presidential nomination himself four years ago, paused at a farmhouse near Champaign yesterday to make that point. In 1988, he said, "we had an able guy who didn't like campaigning, but Bill Clinton enjoys mixing with people, and that comes across on television."

"The image is one of warmth," the Senator added. "Here's a man who really identifies with the ordinary guy who's in trouble."

There are lots of those now, even in Chicago, whose glistening Michigan Avenue skyscrapers bear witness to the city's status as one of the nation's big urban success stories of the last quarter-century. The city's employment rolls have grown, but the manufacturing sector, with its high-priced jobs, accounts for only 20 percent of the total, down from 30 percent a few years ago. New service jobs pay much less.

Mr. Bush has found it almost impossible to relate to voters who are apprehensive about their economic future, in the judgment of Chicagoans favorably disposed to the President and to his re-election.

'Going to Lose Badly'

Jack Fuller, the editor of the Tribune, whose editorial page has endorsed Mr. Bush, said he was "convinced that history is going to judge the Bush Administration a success, on balance." But the President, Mr. Fuller asserted, "hasn't got the slightest talent for talking to ordinary people about their anxieties, and as a result his reputation has collapsed here, people are angry, and he's going to lose badly."

Illinois has not been as hard-hit as many other states by the recession of 1992. Mr. Lawrence, Governor Edgar's aide, says that "it's not a statistical issue this time, but an anecdotal issue."

"Among white-collar workers, whatever the numbers show," he said, "everyone knows someone who's been laid off or is on the verge of it. People in their 50's like me thought that with a college degree you had no worries. That was wrong, and these white-collar workers, mostly Republicans, tend to scream when they're hurt."

Beginning with his speech at the Republican convention in Houston, Mr. Edgar has tried to address the apprehensions of such people. With the end of the cold war, he said there, striving to link Mr. Bush's foreign-policy triumphs with the domestic agenda, "we have the chance to open a new era of economic growth, an age of expansion for our thousands upon thousands of manufacturing firms."

But others at that convention spoke with what Mr. Fuller, the editor, called "a snarling meanness that turned off lots of people." Carter Hendren, a top Republican legislative aide and electoral strategist, said the convention's concentration on so-called family values had produced "massive slippage among voters under 35."

"The young people are worried about jobs, and about health care, and about how they're going to send their kids to college," Mr. Hendren said. "They're not going to spend very much time worrying about what their neighbor around the corner does in his bedroom."

Alienating Some

Representative Hyde, one of his party's most eloquent voices on Capitol Hill, said that Mr. Bush had disappointed his "anti-tax base" in the state by raising taxes, and had failed to exploit the abortion issue successfully despite his strong anti-abortion stance.

Because "his persona is so bland" and his economic program so weak, Mr. Hyde declared, the President has not scored on abortion as he should have with the Reagan Democrats, the largely Catholic, ***working-class*** voters who left their party to back the Californian.

At the same time, traditionally Republican middle-class suburbanites have rebelled against Mr. Bush's position on abortion, with the result that he has severe problems in both the blue-collar and the white-collar suburbs around Chicago, the so-called "collar counties" which any Republican nominee must carry handily to win.

Many older blue-collar voters, switched off by the President but not turned on by Mr. Clinton, seem to be toying with a vote for Mr. Perot, the in-out-in independent candidate. Polls here and elsewhere suggest that he benefited greatly from the TV debates.

Mr. Clinton will certainly benefit from a couple of local political developments. The Democratic party in Chicago is unified for the first time in two decades, with lake front reformers and old-school machine pols, blacks and whites, working together for the ticket, and the campaign of Carol Moseley Braun, bidding to become the first black woman ever to sit in the Senate, could well generate a big black turnout comparable to those for Harold Washington, the mayor who died in 1987.

**Graphic**

Map of Illinois.

Graphs: "An Upstart Stumbles"

Carol Moseley Braun vaulted to national celebrity with her upset victory over Senator Alan J. Dixon in the Democratic primary, but her quest to become the nation's first black female Senator no longer looks invulnerable. Illinois lost two House seats to redistricting but is expected to re-elect powerful Congressmen like Dan Rostenkowski, the Democrat, and the Republicans Robert H. Michel and Henry J. Hyde.

Graphs show breakdown of Illinois population by ethnic group, for 1980 and 1990 (Source: Census Bureau); how Illinois voted in Presidential elections, 1976-1988 (Source: Illinois State Board of Elections); per capita income, 1988 and 1991, and unemployment rate, Sept. 1988 and Sept. 1992, for U.S. and Illinois. (Sources: Dept. of Commerce; Bureau of Labor Statistics)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1992

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[***GERMANY BACKING EFFORT BY FRANCE TO SUPPORT FRANC***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7GR0-000P-22M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By ROGER COHEN,

By ROGER COHEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, Sept. 23

**Body**

France and Germany fought desperately today to prop up the value of the French franc and so preserve the battered European monetary system on which plans for the Continent's integration are based.

The two nations at the core of Europe's postwar quest for unity acted on both the political and financial fronts today. They issued a rare joint statement vowing a cast-iron defense of the French currency and they also bought francs heavily in a temporarily successful bid to drive up the franc's value against the German mark. The Bank of France also raised a key interest rate, making the franc more attractive to investors.

As a result, the franc held its ground. But, as extreme nervousness persisted in European markets, it was unclear whether the French currency had gained a temporary respite or something more.

A Tumultuous Period

The two countries' joint rear-guard action came in the face of heavy speculation against the franc similar to that which forced the British pound and Italian lira out of the monetary system last week. With analysts predicting that any devaluation of the franc would amount to the end of Europe's integrated currency system, the French-German defense took on a strident tone.

"I will fight, we will fight, France and Germany will fight this speculation, which is based on no economic fundamentals," Michel Sapin, the French Finance Minister, said. "During the French Revolution such speculators were known as 'agioteurs' and they were beheaded."

The leaders of France and Germany, President Francois Mitterrand and Chancellor Helmut Kohl, met Tuesday as their countries were in effect fighting to keep the notion of increased European integration alive. A push toward a single European currency lies at the heart of the Continent's plan for unity as outlined in the Maastricht treaty signed last year.

Fears for the System

Created in 1979 to provide a zone of currency stability that would ease the creation of a single market in the 12-member European Community, the European monetary system has taken an unprecedented battering in the last 10 days. Few experts believe it can survive a further blow.

Under the system, countries must maintain broadly stable exchange rates among their currencies, which are allowed to fluctuate only within a narrow band.

"If the French give in and devalue, the credibility of the European monetary system would be utterly destroyed," said William Ledward of the Nomura Research Institute in London. "It would, in effect, be the end of the system."

Having taken billions of dollars in profits on the devaluation of the pound and the lira, speculators and other traders were effectively betting that they could cash in again because the political will would be lacking in France to embark on a costly defense of the franc.

But they met a wall of resistance. The Bundesbank, Germany's central bank, departing from the policy of neglect it pursued when the British pound came under pressure last week, intervened heavily today to support the franc.

This decision apparently reflected both the special nature of the French-German relationship and the fact that the French economy, unlike the British or Italian, is fundamentally sound.

In an unusual move, the head of the Bundesbank, Helmut Schlesinger, put his name to a French-German statement declaring that the central banks of the two countries had "concluded that the current central rates between currencies correctly reflect the real situation of their economies and that no change in the central rates is justified."

Testing a Limit

In hectic trading today in Europe, the franc fluctuated between a low of 29.18 marks per 100 francs and a high of 29.46. Late in the trading day the franc was trading at 29.31. Under the conditions of the European monetary system, the franc's lowest permitted level is 29.15 marks per hundred and its highest is 30.495.

To support the franc, the Bank of France raised an important short-term interest rate to 13 percent from 10.5 percent. As a result, money market rates -- the rates at which money is lent overnight -- doubled to more than 20 percent.

It was unclear how much the Bank of France spent on buttressing the franc today, but analysts believe it has spent at least 50 billion francs ($9.8 billion) in the last few days. At the end of August, the bank's foreign currency reserves totaled 97.78 billion francs ($19.19 billion).

In essence, currency traders are betting that -- as in the case of the lira and the pound -- the vast resources they can mobilize will defeat the combined intervention of the central banks.

Questions of Political Will

They are also making the political calculation that the French Government will be unwilling to persist indefinitely with high interest rates that are already extremely unpopular.

In the French referendum Sunday on the European unity treaty, a narrow majority of 51.05 percent voted in favor. Those opposed came mainly from the ***working class***, farmers and others who have increasingly come to see European integration as synonymous with tough economic times. Throughout Europe, Germany's stubborn pursuit of a tough monetarist fight against the inflation caused by the nation's reunification has led to high interest rates and lingering recession.

"The markets feel there may not be enough political backing in France for policies already explicitly opposed by 49 percent of the population," said J. Paul Horne, the chief international economist for Smith Barney, Harris Upham. "They feel there must be a question about the country's long-term commitment to its tough anti-inflationary policies."

As for other possible courses of action, few people believe that the French would resort to outright capital controls or penalties for foreigners trading in francs. Such actions were taken today by the Bank of Spain, which moved to relieve pressure on the peseta by imposing sharp penalties on new peseta deposits by nonresidents.

Hedging Their Bets

Those engaged in open speculation on a devaluation of the franc were clearly joined today by currency traders and fund managers anxious to hedge their investments after a spell of extraordinary turbulence.

Before the upheaval of the last 10 days, the European monetary system had long been stable, and international investors had turned with increasing confidence to currencies like the French franc and the pound.

That confidence has now been destroyed, and investors are apparently engaged in a herdlike return to such traditional stalwarts as the Deutsche mark and the Dutch guilder.

It remained far from certain, however, that the franc would give way. Indeed, it is widely believed that the French currency might resist the current onslaught. "The franc can and should survive the attack now unleashed on it," said Stefan Collignon, the research director for the Paris-based Association for the Monetary Union of Europe.

Analysts cited several reasons for believing the franc could stay within the required range against the mark. In the first place, the currency clearly has the Bundesbank firmly behind it. This is crucial because it means that the resources available to France are enormous.

Second, while French public opinion is restive, interest rates are not as acutely sensitive a matter here as they are in Britain, so the Government should have greater leeway in persisting with high rates. Interest rates in Britain are a subject of intense concern because personal debt is at extremely high levels after a spending splurge during the 1980's and most British mortgages have adjustable rates; French mortgages carry fixed rates.

Moreover, while Britain remains mired in recession, the French economy has continued to show steady if slow growth with low inflation. Gross domestic product is expected to grow by 2 percent this year and 2.5 percent in 1993, and inflation is running at just 3.2 percent. Indeed, France is one of only two countries that already meet the tough criteria set in the Maastricht Treaty for establishing a single currency. The other such country is Denmark, where voters narrowly rejected the treaty in a vote during the summer.

France's recent economic success, after many years of instability, has been based on a commitment to what was long considered a German recipe of balanced budgets and a relentless attack on inflation. Indeed now, with Germany shaken by the costs of reunification, the French economy is widely regarded as sounder than the German.

Putting his personal imprimatur on this view, the German Finance Minister, Theo Weigel, said this week that French economic data put the franc "ahead of the Deutsche mark."

But France does have an Achilles heel -- high unemployment. More than three million people, 10.3 percent of the work force as of July, are without jobs. Those who think the franc can be forced into a devaluation are convinced that the Government cannot long persist in an economic policy that offers little hope to these people.

**Graphic**

Photo: Exchange rates were recorded yesterday at the money market in Dusseldorf, Germany. France and Germany are defending the franc. (Associated Press) (pg. D8)

Graph: "Two Powerhouses, at a Glance"

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|  |  |  |
|  | France | Germany |
|  |  |  |
| Economic Growth |  |  |
| (Change in G.D.P., |  |  |
| first quarter 1992) | 0.8% | 1.8% |
|  |  |  |
| Inflation |  |  |
| (Change in consumer |  |  |
| prices. 1992) | 1.6% | 2.5% |
|  | (Through July) | (Through August) |
|  |  |  |
| Unemployment rates |  |  |
| (July 1992) | 10.3% | 4.6% |
|  |  |  |
| Deficits |  |  |
| (As a percent of |  |  |
| G.D.P. 1991) | 2.0% | 5.4% |

(Sources: Datastream, European Commission) (pg. D8)

Graph: "It's the Franc's Turn" tracks marks per 100 francs during August and September. (Source: Datastream) (pg. D8)

**Load-Date:** September 24, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The Patroness***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S44-GR90-TW8F-G12G-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine; Pg. 38; MOVERS & SHAKERS

**Length:** 2672 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

On a gray afternoon in Milan, while models, electricians and seamstresses scrambled with last-minute preparations for that evening's Prada show, several dozen elderly women attended Mass across town at Santa Maria Annunziata in Chiesa Rossa. A ***working-class*** parish church, behind a glum brick facade, Chiesa Rossa was designed in 1932 by Giovanni Muzio, a noted Novecento architect, and it's an airy barn inside, whitewashed and classically detailed. A decade ago, fluorescent tubes in different colors were discreetly installed, blue along the apse, red across the transept and yellow making a kind of halo out of the high altar.

A warm glow bathed the murmuring women scattered through the pews. The brainchild of Dan Flavin, the American Minimalist sculptor and light artist, the tubes were a gift to the church and neighborhood by the Prada Foundation. Begun in 1993 as PradaMilanoarte, the foundation is, like Prada's clothes, something of a fixation in the art world, with a high-end reputation for perspicacity and openhandedness.

Over the years the foundation has presented shows of Walter de Maria and Louise Bourgeois, Anish Kapoor, David Smith, Michael Heizer, Sam Taylor-Wood, Steve McQueen and more than a dozen others, accompanied by lavish catalogs. It has delved, with notably less success, into symposia on philosophy and festivals of obscure Italian films or of Chinese and Russian cinema. As money has flooded the art scene, would-be Medicis have emerged everywhere -- from Eli Broad, who used his collection as a draw to build a home for it at the Los Angeles County Museum then announced he wouldn't donate the collection, to Patrizia Sandretto Re Rebaudengo in Turin, who built a kind of Kunsthalle, where she sometimes shows her collection and brings traveling exhibitions. But the Prada Foundation shares with American institutions like Dia in New York and the Menil in Houston the aura of being at once chic and slightly arcane, notwithstanding that the artists it has embraced clearly come from -- or, with Prada's beneficence, have since moved into -- the higher echelons of the contemporary art scene.

The foundation commissions, on average, two artists a year to do large-scale or otherwise ambitious works, the kinds of things they dreamed of doing but had neither the resources nor the opportunity to do. Save for installations like Flavin's, the results have for some years been mostly presented in the industrial space on the Via Fogazzaro, where Prada also holds its fashion shows half a dozen times a year.

Now a future home has just been acquired, a concrete-and-glass complex, like a campus, of austere turn-of-the-century warehouses in a fairly obscure corner in the south of Milan; new exhibition spaces are to be designed by Rem Koolhaas. When it's completed, some three or four years hence, the site should transform the Prada Foundation into a full-fledged museum and cultural center, with room for its collection, or part of it, to stay on view. For a while at least, that may placate Miuccia Prada, who says she started commissioning art as ''a learning process'' and never really considered herself to be amassing a collection, ''although now we have one.''

When I went to see her last month at company headquarters, she was sitting behind a long, pristine table in her top-floor workroom. A broad wall of windows opened onto a leafy balcony. The room was characterless save for a curious metal chute in the middle of the floor -- a slide that spiraled three stories down to the courtyard. It's a playful, quasi-architectural work by Carsten Holler, one of the artists the foundation has sponsored.

In a white-collared shirt, buttoned to the neck, black skirt and heavy-heeled shoes, Prada looked a little like a cross between a matron and a naughty schoolgirl. A notorious workaholic, she is courtly, almost flirtatious, likable, at least when she chooses to be, and serious. ''Anything you learn makes you more open,'' she said, by way of recounting how the foundation evolved. ''Art is more or less my second career. You meet people by chance. Mariko Mori, for example, in New York. She had a dream. I was pushing artists toward big projects. That was then. For two years we did movies. We tried a convention with artists and philosophers. That didn't work. You know when you're doing something relevant or just doing something.''

Patronage is generally an act of public service or private obsession, but it would be naive to call it selfless. Until lately, Prada insisted art and fashion were distinct enterprises. She kept the openings of the art and the fashion shows separate and kept art out of her stores and out of advertisements -- and out of the clothing. Prada rolls her eyes at the mention of Saint Laurent's Mondrian dress or Louis Vuitton's Richard Prince handbags. She also used to like to say that fashion is fun but frivolous, and fundamentally commercial, while contemporary art is serious and intellectual. It's the mind-set of the 1968 generation: well-to-do, educated Europeans proving their modernity by prizing innovative art but disdaining fashion, notwithstanding that they were, and still are, as clothes-obsessed as anyone.

You might argue that Prada has the current art-fashion equation exactly the wrong way around. In any case, her stance (and who can say just how uncalculating it is?) has reinforced her status as a highbrow designer and a fashionable patron, playing to fashion's endemic insecurity and to the art world's eternal yearning for fashionability. As the New Yorker writer Michael Specter once phrased it, the clothes, shoes and handbags promise people ''a better, hipper version of themselves,'' which, for many of today's Prada-clad art collectors, is the promise of acceptance in the art world, where Prada and her husband, Patrizio Bertelli, are like royalty.

At the show that February evening, models in peekaboo lace dresses and archaic bloomers negotiated a sloped runway in ornate high-heeled shoes that made them seem as if they were walking in flowerpots. From the first few rows, artists gazed: Holler, Mori, Francesco Vezzoli, Thomas Demand, all of whom, not incidentally, have done some of their best work for the foundation. Alongside was the architect Jacques Herzog. Not an Armani crowd.

''How she thinks is very close to art,'' Nathalie Djurberg said. Blond and round-faced, Djurberg, who is 30, has developed a reputation for her Claymation videos of murder and mayhem. She is slated to do the next show at the Prada Foundation. In lieu of the figurines she ordinarily animates, she'll be making large sculptures for the first time.

''I came up with the concept a little too fast and then got scared,'' Djurberg recounted. ''So I made changes, which we discussed, and either you understand the process or have to have everything explained to you, and Mrs. Prada calmed me down. I felt I was talking to another artist.'' When quizzed about this, Prada shrugged, saying that if you ask artists to stretch, you have to accept uncertainty, even failure. That's the creative part.

Thomas Demand, meanwhile, chatted with Holler about the evening's outfits, summing up its theme as ''Spanish widows in their underwear.'' The conversation, turning to the creepy-funny, vaguely S & M vibe of the clothing, focused on whether the shoes brought to mind the work of the artist Matthew Barney. Demand shook his head. ''You can say that, but with Miuccia the transfer from art is never straight. She's never trying to play the artist.''

Holler interjected, waving a hand toward the runway. ''We're not so naive as to think that we don't contribute to this business.'' He clearly didn't want to seem like a pushover. ''But it's beyond money. Above all, I think, it's about the fact that she's afraid of being vulgar.''

The director of the foundation, who curates all the exhibitions, is the barrel-chested, white-haired Germano Celant. He was in a pair of black leather jackets. The power behind much of what has happened here in art for 40 years, Celant was enlisted by Prada and Bertelli with some reluctance. ''They were suspicious of me, and I was suspicious of fashion,'' he said about the prospective clash of egos. ''I wanted to make clear that if they were really serious and wanted to create a unique collection, they should think large-scale and do one-of-a-kind projects, which can't be repeated, and so we went to see huge works out West in America by Michael Heizer and Walter de Maria.

''I told them, 'There, that's what it means to be ambitious.' So from the beginning the idea was to produce art and to collaborate with artists on new ideas, big ideas, not just to buy or show things.''

Prada said, ''I was scared Germano would impose his vision, but he insisted on a level of quality.'' Now they're all friends.

Celant added that the new home for the foundation ''means we can borrow a Kandinsky or show a Canova along with our collection, provide a context for what's new. A lot of people now can do what we have been doing, commissioning art, because money is not an issue anymore. So what distinguishes us will be new ideas.'' A museum isn't exactly a new idea, but fashion has its ways of repackaging old ones.

''Let's say we were stuck,'' Prada said. ''We tried philosophy and movies. Now we're working with Francesco on another film. For me, they're all about ways to escape routine.''

Huge packing crates filled the factory building at the new site. On a visit one morning, I saw that they were scrawled with names like Koons and Tom Sachs and Marc Quinn. Even on a cloudy day, light poured through clerestory windows.

''In the last few years I have come to understand the value of fashion,'' Prada reflected, when asked about how she sees the foundation, and herself, today. ''I always felt guilty about being interested in it, but now I can say that it's creative work and it relates to the world, and people buy it because it means something to them beyond the logo, I'm sure. I appreciate that the business part of it is an honest transaction. I wouldn't have said this 20 years ago, but to be an entrepreneur is to be creative. Why be a fake moralist and say you don't care about money -- although to say I do it for money is crazy.''

She went on: ''I say all this because it was a little ridiculous how I wanted to keep entirely separate the art and fashion. In the end, I'm the same person. At the moment I'm very happy to be a designer because some women like to put my dresses on, while many people in art are frustrated with all the money and they are asking what does it mean.''

What does it mean? I asked.

Prada hesitated before venturing to answer. For a second, she looked uncharacteristically uneasy. ''I'm searching.''

JOHN BALDESSARI: ''For Miuccia Prada.'' The Los Angeles-based artist has been a friend of Germano Celant, the curator of the Prada Foundation, since the early '70s. ''I was showing a lot in Europe, and he would stay with me out in Santa Monica,'' Baldessari recalls. ''He was a well-known critic even then.'' And having recently visited the Prada space in Milan, he is now working on a potential project for the foundation. ''I'm interested in the gradual fusion of high and low culture, and fashion and art,'' Baldessari says. ''The project I have in mind will address that.''

CARSTEN HOLLER: ''One Night in Paris'' was part of the research done in preparation for ''Prada Congo Club,'' an installation by Holler, a Stockholm-based artist, scheduled to open in fall 2008 in London. Photographs by Bellou Luvuadio Bengo, Carsten Holler, Josue, Miriam Backstrom, Edouard Merino and Patrik Stromdahl. ''We agreed to meet Saturday in Paris to see the two biggest Congolese bands playing, Koffi Olomide and Werrason. Koffi and Werra (photographed here at their homes in Kinshasa) are fierce competitors, and there was a good chance one of them would not show up, just to ridicule the other. Bellou was sending me constant updates from the concert venue, L'Elysee Montmartre. Everything seemed fine. I put on my best sape clothes and went to Paris.'' ''Long faces when I met up with the others at Chateau Rouge. Werra and his band didn't show up, and the concerts were canceled. Now I looked ridiculous in my flamboyant clothes. Miuccia joined us a bit later at Bolon, the Congolese restaurant, where we ate larvae, ndunda bitekuteku (vegetables) and mbisi ya kotumba (fish). Koffi was shown on TV. We decided to make it into a Congolese night anyhow, as we were already halfway there.'' ''Bellou took us to La Terrasse, which turned out to be a huge empty parking lot somewhere far out north of Paris. There were plastic chairs and tables, and there were beer, brochettes and several speaker towers playing different kinds of Congolese music. As far as I could tell, there were only Congolese around. Some were dressed in sapeur-style, and one woman had a monkey on her shoulder. It got very late. Edouard took a souvenir photo.''

FRANCESCO VEZZOLI: ''The Kinsey International,'' a conceptual remake of the Kinsey Reports on human sexual behavior, produced by the Prada Foundation. The prototype for a cabinet designed for this project by Ettore Sottsass is installed in the Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan, a museum in Northern Italy recognized for its collection of Italian paintings. According to Vezzoli's plan, additional cabinets will be installed in similar museums around the world, and visitors will be invited to enter and take a sex test. Vezzoli has been granted a residency at the Hammer Museum in Los Angeles to further research this aspect of the project at U.C.L.A. ''My hope,'' says the artist, who is known throughout the art world for the stellar casting of his video performances, ''is to get Gloria Steinem on board.''

NATHALIE DJURBERG: Still image with crayon from ''Johnny'' (2008), a claymation film for the Prada Foundation

QUENTIN TARANTINO: In 2004, with the sponsorship of the Prada Foundation, the Venice Film Festival set up a retrospective of Italian genre films of the '60s and '70s that the director Quentin Tarantino was asked to help curate. ''It was called 'The Italian King of the B's,' '' Tarantino says. ''It gave respect and long-overdue recognition to many Italian genre film maestros -- Sergio Martino, Umberto Lenzi and Ruggero Deodato among them. However, if the retrospective had one goal above all others, it was to give the writer and director Fernando Di Leo his proper place as the king of Italian crime films. In this regard, the festival was a huge success. The Prada Foundation followed this up with the beautiful DVD releases of his pictures. But I wasn't aware just how successful Prada, Marco Mueller, the Venice Film Festival and I had been in promoting Maestro Di Leo's career until last year, when on a trip to Japan I found this gorgeous Japanese DVD box set of Fernando Di Leo's films. It made my heart swell with pride.''

THOMAS DEMAND: ''Redo'' of the backstage scene at a Prada fashion show. In 2007, the Prada Foundation presented two Demand installations, ''Yellowcake'' and ''Processo Grottesco,'' on the Isola S.G. Maggiore during the Venice Biennale; Previous spread, from left: The artists John Baldessari, Carsten Holler, Nathalie Djurberg and Thomas Demand; Prada's Patrizio Bertelli and Miuccia Prada; the curator Germano Celant; the artist Francesco Vezzoli

REM KOOLHAAS: Concept for Prada Epicenter Shanghai Store. Rather than designing a new building, or moving into a fashionable east-side colonial, the idea is to invade a found space, in this case a parking structure and pedestrian boardwalk near the Huang Pu River. Shallow miniboutiques, connected by a back corridor, will be embedded within the existing strip of shops, not only providing the brand with ample display frontage but also creating what the architect calls a ''populist'' Prada model, where even those who are not inside the store are invited to participate in its retail and cultural programming.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JENS MORTENSEN

ALL ARTWORK COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS

MATTHIAS VRIENS)

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[***IF YOU'RE THINKING OF LIVING IN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9P20-0007-H065-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HOWARD BEACH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9P20-0007-H065-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 8; Page 9, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1471 words

**Byline:** By KURT EICHENWALD

**Body**

ON Liberty Weekend, while the eyes of the nation focused on New York Harbor, the streets of Howard Beach, about 10 miles away, teemed with its residents. Red, white and blue pennants, hung by the local development association, crisscrossed the commercial district, while American flags flew along residential streets.

A crowd packed Frank M. Charles Memorial Park for games between teams of the Queens community's 40-year-old softball league while some older residents gathered in the Dolly Bar Lounge to play pool, have a drink and talk.

''Have a little class,'' a sign over the bar gently suggests. ''Watch your language, please.''

''It's such a nice place to live,'' said Barbara Sudgen, the bartender. ''We just want people to be polite here.''

This community of 18,000, whose slow pace is reminiscent of a Norman Rockwell small town, is bounded on the south and west by Jamaica Bay, on the east by Kennedy International Airport to the east and to the north by Ozone Park just across Shore Parkway.

On its southern and western borders are the Charles and Spring Creek Parks, both part of the Gateway National Recreation Area, which provide handball and softball facilities and running tracks. Cutting through the middle of Howard Beach is the manmade Shellbank Basin, speckled with boats moored at private wharves.

While the airport brought the curse of noise, it also brought the convenience of the J.F.K. Express, which stops at Howard Beach. A book of 20 tickets costs $50, and the air-conditioned ride to the last stop in midtown Manhattan, 57th Street and the Avenue of the Americas, takes less than an hour. Commuters can also take the IND A train at the Howard Beach stop, but the ride to midtown takes at least an hour and a half.

Seclusion has given Howard Beach the charm of a quaint small town. Yet while close-knit and neighborly, it has been split into segments over the years by circumstances of growth and pride.

''Old Howard Beach is to the east of Cross Bay Boulevard, and goes over to Kennedy Airport,'' said Marilyn Pfeiffer, associate city planner with the Queens planning office. ''New Howard Beach is to the west of the boulevard, and goes to the Shore Parkway. Together, they're Greater Howard Beach.''

Some residents break Howard Beach down into several smaller communities, including Ramblersville, West Hamilton Beach and Lindenwood. THE area, first called Remsen's Landing, was named after its largest landowner, Col. Jeramus Remsen, in the mid-1700's. In 1897, William Howard, a Brooklyn resident, decided to build a resort in the area, which soon came to be called Howard Landing. He bought 37 acres of marshland and built the Howard Landing Hotel in 1904.

A few years later, he added a beachfront Casino, providing amenities for those who swam and fished in the bay. But on a windy night in 1907, Howard's resort was destroyed when the hotel burned and fell into the bay. The pillars that supported the hotel are visible at low tide, and the four-post entryway to the resort, now anonymous, still stands.

Howard later turned to developing a residential community, and by the 1920's, Howard Landing had been renamed Howard Beach.

Development continued that decade with the completion of both Cross Bay Boulevard and the Shellbank Basin, which are parallel. These separated Howard Beach from an undeveloped parcel of land that would eventually become New Howard Beach, or Rockwood Park.

Rapid development began after World War II as large numbers of veterans settled in the new section and today, said John Marus, president of the Rockwood Park Civic Association, only a few lots remain undeveloped.

The different histories of the two areas are reflected in the housing. In Old Howard Beach, one- and two-story single and two-family ***working-class*** houses built in the late 1920's stand next to bungalows built in the resort days. Rockwood Park houses, however, are almost exclusively detached, single-family structures.

The populations are somewhat similar, however. According to the 1980 census, more than 90 percent of Rockwood Park's population of almost 10,000 was white. In Old Howard Beach, out of about 8,000 residents, all but 44 were white. Italian-Americans predominate in both sections.

Real-estate brokers said prices for single-family homes climbed 25 percent from 1984 to 1985 alone, with prices ranging from $250,000 to $300,000. A house that sold recently for $280,000 paid $2,050 in taxes.

Few young people are able to afford the down payment on a first house in the area, many of which have been sold to turn a considerable profit.

''We're losing many of our blue collars,'' said Nick Lombardo, a partner in Panzarella Real Estate in Howard Beach. ''We don't have the young couples anymore, because they can't afford it. Mostly, we have small-business people moving out to Howard Beach, usually second-home buyers who use the proceeds from the other sales to afford the prices.''

In the last two decades, rental and co-op apartment buildings and condominium complexes have risen in New Howard Beach. Just 16 percent of its residents are renters, compared with 35 percent in Old Howard Beach. Single-bedroom apartments rent for an average of $525 a month.

Those buying co-ops and condominiums - ranging in size from one to three bedrooms and price from $60,000 to $120,000 - are generally not young families but ''empty nesters'' whose grown children have left home.

Fewer young families means fewer children, and school enrollment has dropped substantially in the last 20 years. At the Rockwood Park School, for example, enrollment has dropped by more than half in that time.

Howard Beach has two public and two parochial elementary schools. Public school students move on to the Robert S. Goddard Junior High School or the John Adams High School in nearby Ozone Park.

The high school features a program operated with St. John's University that offers credit at the university for courses in math, various sciences, and social studies. It also has advanced placement courses ranging from biology to American history.

For a night out, Cross Bay Boulevard offers dining, bowling and the Cross Bay Theater, the community's sole movie house. Among the boulevard's more popular restaurants are Casa Grimaldi, which serves Italian food; Chelsea House, a steak and sea food restaurant, and Lenny's Sea Food. For young children, there is the Cross Bay Kiddie Park.

Shopping malls are convenient. New Howard Beach has the Lindenwood Shopping Center, with small shops anchored by a Waldbaum's supermarket. Less than a 10-minute drive away are two large malls, King's Plaza in Mill Basin, Brooklyn, and Valley Stream (L.I.) Plaza. BUT community spirit and civic involvement, rather than shopping, dining and entertainment, are the major factors in drawing people to Howard Beach. An example of neighborhood concern is the response to a crime problem six years ago. After several burglaries and car thefts in Rockwood Park, the Rockwood Park Civic Association hired a private security service.

When Old Howard Beach experienced the same crime problems through 1984, a group called Howard Beach Concerned Citizens also hired a detective service. Both areas are now patrolled at all times. On a recent visit to Howard Beach, a stranger walking the streets at night was stopped by a security patrol car, and politely asked the nature of his business. After a satisfactory response, the car moved on, but circled back periodically, keeping a close eye on the stranger.

These days, few residents worry about walking the streets at night, and on a lovely summer night many can be seen strolling or jogging along the waterfront or just staring out to where the bay rolls into the ocean. KEEPING DOWN NOISE FROM ABOVE ''Really, the only objection anyone would have to living here is the airplanes,'' said Patrick Connolly, a Howard Beach resident since 1932. ''But they're much better than they used to be.''

Over the years, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which administers Kennedy International Airport, and the Federal Aviation Administration have made changes to lessen the airport's impact.

The first came in 1954, when the Port Authority required all aircraft that otherwise would have flown directly over Howard Beach to make a left turn on takeoff and head out over Jamaica Bay.

In 1983, a radio beacon was installed near the Marine Parkway Bridge, which connects Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn to Rockaway Park, Queens. Aircraft can pick up the beacon almost immediately on takeoff and follow it away from the Howard Beach houses about half a mile from the end of the nearest runway.

In 1985, to meet F.A.A. noise regulations, certain aircraft, such as the Boeing 707, were no longer permitted to land at Kennedy unless their engines were equipped with ''hushkits'' - equipment that decreases their noise level.

**Graphic**

Photos of Greentree condominiums and single family bungalow (NYT/Jack Manning); Map highlighting Howard Beach

**End of Document**



[***IN NEW BEDFORD, UNION EFFORTS KEEP A PLANT ALIVE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B1M0-0007-H52F-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1431 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM SERRIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW BEDFORD, Mass.

**Body**

At Morse Cutting Tools, some things have not changed much. The company still makes twist drills, reamers, end mills, taps and countersinks in its red-brick building here as it has done since the Civil War.

But some things will never be the same at the plant, known locally as ''The Drill.''

The fact that Morse is open at all is widely acknowledged to be a result of the efforts of Local 277 of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America. And if workers, union leaders and managers are correct in believing that the plant has a good chance for survival, Morse Cutting Tools may a textbook example of how unions can both combat and cooperate with management.

Once Owned by Gulf & Western

Four years ago, the union could find no common ground with the plant's owner, Gulf & Western Industries Inc., resisting concessions that Gulf & Western said were necessary to keep Morse open. Today, for a new owner, the workers have agreed to forgo a pay increase, to give up some holiday and vacation time and to limit incentive earnings. In return, they have won participation in stock and profit-sharing plans.

In the intervening years, campaigning to save The Drill, union leaders reached out to other unions, churches and community groups. They also won a pledge from the city to take over the plant through eminent domain if Gulf & Western refused to sell to a buyer that the city said was suitable.

Most important, said Ron Carver, an organizer for the electrical workers, the union changed the focus of the debate over the plant's future from labor costs to what the union said was disinvestment in the plant.

''The significance of this story is that communities need not accept plant closings as inevitable tragedies,'' said Erica Bronstein, director of the Labor Education Center at Southeastern Massachusetts University.

New Owner's Philosophy

Morse is now owned by James Lambert, an industrialist from Troy, Mich. He bought Morse in August 1984, convinced that it could be made profitable and that conglomerates often do not understand how to run smaller, specialized companies, particularly old manufacturing companies.

Even Mr. Lambert acknowledges, however, that the plant's problems may be more intractable than he first believed.

Gulf & Western has said it was burdened by antiquated operations at Morse along with fierce cost pressures in the cutting tool industry. Furthermore, it has disputed the union's charges that it was looking for an excuse to abandon the plant and the community after stripping Morse of its assets and taking the profits made in better years. Because Gulf & Western has not been involved with Morse since the sale, a management spokesman declined to discuss the plant in detail.

Long-Time Careers Saved

For now, at least, 375 jobs have been saved, 299 of them positions held by members of the electrical workers' union. Many of the employees are older workers who, government officials say, would have trouble finding other work in the New Bedford area.

And for now, at least, 43-year-old Danny Pacheco will keep running a machine that attaches staples to drills, 20,000 staples a day, 85 million staples in the 17 years he has worked at Morse. His feelings are clear: ''The U.E. is the one that kept this plant open.''

The company, the first cutting tool plant in the United States, was highly profitable for decades. It was founded in 1864 by Stephen Morse, who invented the twist drill, a tool with revolving cutting edges that made the straight drill obsolete.

Dispute Over Concessions

The Morse family sold the plant in 1946, and in 1968 it was purchased by Gulf & Western. The growth in manufacturing brought about by the Vietnam War helped the balance sheet, but by the early 1980s profits had fallen. In early 1982, Gulf & Western demanded extensive concessions: reductions in wages, benefits, shift premiums, holidays and vacations, as well as major work rule changes.

The union refused, saying management policies, not workers' wages, were at fault, and thus began the New Bedford campaign.

In May 1982 the electrical workers went on strike at Morse. The union organized soup kitchens, engaged in mass picketing, and, armed with studies by two consultants that supported its arguments, worked diligently to form alliances with other unions and nonunion groups. New Bedford shops were papered with posters by Fred Wright, a union cartoonist who has since died. The posters depicting Morse as a cow being milked by Gulf & Western.

The strike was settled in August 1982, when many of the proposed concessions were rolled back.

But the company called back only 200 of the 500 workers employed when the strike began. Customers lost during the strike did not return.

Search for a New Owner

In August 1983, Gulf & Western announced plans to divest itself of much of its manufacturing enterprises. The union again organized a strong community campaign to insure that a satisfactory buyer was found for the plant, which covers two square blocks in a ***working-class*** area not far from the historic downtown center of New Bedford.

The union says a key factor was getting a promise from Brian Lawler, who was then Mayor, that if necessary he would use the city's powers of eminent domain to save the plant.

Within two months, Gulf and Western agreed to sell to Mr. Lambert, who paid $12 million for the company in a highly leveraged purchase. Mr. Lambert has sent executives to Europe to study its cutting-tool technology and recently agreed to give union representatives participation as equals in management production meetings.

Forecast of Profitability

The company has attracted new customers. Mr. Lambert said his losses of $980,000 in 1985 were substantially lower than the $5.2 million lost in the two years before he purchased the company, adding that much of the loss was due to interest on debts incurred in burying the company. He foresees breaking even as early as 1987.

Mr. Lambert said of the his relationship with the union: ''We haven't had a nickel's worth of disagreement.''

Rod Poineau, president of Local 277 at Morse, said of Mr. Lambert: ''He's really decent. We can't even get into an argument.''

And Mr. Carver, the union organizer, said Mr. Lambert practiced ''the mysterious Oriental management methods'' in which he ''treats workers as human beings.''

This is an unusual love fest, considering that it involves leaders of a union that has a half-century history of militancy, 45 years of it at the Morse plant.

''We don't rush to give concessions the minute there's some problem,'' said James M. Kane, national president of the union.

What Union Gave and Received

Nevertheless, the Morse workers in May accepted recommendations of their union for major contract changes.

The workers agreed to forgo a wage increase of 28 cents an hour, to give up two holidays plus three weeks of vacation this year, and to limit incentive earnings. In return, Massachusetts, whose help had been requested by the union and the company, is close to a decision on providing $1.5 million in aid.

The plant's wage structure is unchanged, with workers earning $7.94 to $11 an hour in direct wages. Salaried workers must match what the union calls its ''contributions,'' and Mr. Lambert agreed to take a cut of $35,000 in his salary, which was supposed to be $150,000 a year.

''We got high hopes,'' said Fred Galarzk, 44, who works in heat treatment at the plant, an intensely hot area cooled only by a breeze through a window looking out over this whaling port.

Roger Michaud, 57, a machine operator, says, ''I'll see the day I retire from here.''

Praise From the Governor

Gov. Michael S. Dukakis says the fight at Morse, ''a Massachusetts success story,'' is important because it is necessary ''to fashion an economic policy for the state in which our older industries are accorded as much attention as our emerging, technology-based industries.''

Union leaders said the Morse fight would be useful for other unions and community groups.

One lesson, they say, is that workers must learn to see the early signs that a company is considering pulling out of a community: lack of maintenance and modernization at a plant, high management turnover, cutbacks in advertising, reduction in research and development and the opening of other plants in other states or in foreign countries at reduced wages.

''It's important unions take the offense,'' said Mr. Carver, the union organizer. ''And that's what we did in New Bedford.

He said the union knew it was winning when a company executive asked, in frustration: ''What's the matter with you guys? Can't you run a normal strike?''

**Graphic**

Photo of James F. Lambert (NYT/Jack Spratt)

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[***In Bedrock, Clean Energy and Quake Fears***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W0T-5KW0-Y8TC-S4GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2696 words

**Byline:** By JAMES GLANZ

**Dateline:** BASEL, Switzerland

**Body**

Markus O. Haring, a former oilman, was a hero in this city of medieval cathedrals and intense environmental passion three years ago, all because he had drilled a hole three miles deep near the corner of Neuhaus Street and Shafer Lane.

He was prospecting for a vast source of clean, renewable energy that seemed straight out of a Jules Verne novel: the heat simmering within the earth's bedrock.

All seemed to be going well -- until Dec. 8, 2006, when the project set off an earthquake, shaking and damaging buildings and terrifying many in a city that, as every schoolchild here learns, had been devastated exactly 650 years before by a quake that sent two steeples of the Munster Cathedral tumbling into the Rhine.

Hastily shut down, Mr. Haring's project was soon forgotten by nearly everyone outside Switzerland. As early as this week, though, an American start-up company, AltaRock Energy, will begin using nearly the same method to drill deep into ground laced with fault lines in an area two hours' drive north of San Francisco.

Residents of the region, which straddles Lake and Sonoma Counties, have already been protesting swarms of smaller earthquakes set off by a less geologically invasive set of energy projects there. AltaRock officials said that they chose the spot in part because the history of mostly small quakes reassured them that the risks were limited.

Like the effort in Basel, the new project will tap geothermal energy by fracturing hard rock more than two miles deep to extract its heat. AltaRock, founded by Susan Petty, a veteran geothermal researcher, has secured more than $36 million from the Energy Department, several large venture-capital firms, including Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers, and Google. AltaRock maintains that it will steer clear of large faults and that it can operate safely.

But in a report on seismic impact that AltaRock was required to file, the company failed to mention that the Basel program was shut down because of the earthquake it caused. AltaRock claimed it was uncertain that the project had caused the quake, even though Swiss government seismologists and officials on the Basel project agreed that it did. Nor did AltaRock mention the thousands of smaller earthquakes induced by the Basel project that continued for months after it shut down.

The California project is the first of dozens that could be operating in the United States in the next several years, driven by a push to cut emissions of heat-trapping gases and the Obama administration's support for renewable energy.

Geothermal's potential as a clean energy source has raised huge hopes, and its advocates believe it could put a significant dent in American dependence on fossil fuels -- potentially supplying roughly 15 percent of the nation's electricity by 2030, according to one estimate by Google. The earth's heat is always there waiting to be tapped, unlike wind and solar power, which are intermittent and thus more fickle. According to a 2007 geothermal report financed by the Energy Department, advanced geothermal power could in theory produce as much as 60,000 times the nation's annual energy usage. President Obama, in a news conference Tuesday, cited geothermal power as part of the ''clean energy transformation'' that a climate bill now before Congress could bring about.

Dan W. Reicher, an assistant energy secretary in the Clinton administration who is now director of climate change and energy at Google's investment and philanthropic arm, said geothermal energy had ''the potential to deliver vast amounts of power almost anywhere in the world, 24/7.''

Power companies have long produced limited amounts of geothermal energy by tapping shallow steam beds, often beneath geysers or vents called fumaroles. Even those projects can induce earthquakes, although most are small. But for geothermal energy to be used more widely, engineers need to find a way to draw on the heat at deeper levels percolating in the earth's core.

Some geothermal advocates believe the method used in Basel, and to be tried in California, could be that breakthrough. But because large earthquakes tend to originate at great depths, breaking rock that far down carries more serious risk, seismologists say. Seismologists have long known that human activities can trigger quakes, but they say the science is not developed enough to say for certain what will or will not set off a major temblor.

Even so, there is no shortage of money for testing the idea. Mr. Reicher has overseen a $6.25 million investment by Google in AltaRock, and with more than $200 million in new federal money for geothermal, the Energy Department has already approved financing for related projects in Idaho by the University of Utah; in Nevada by Ormat Technologies; and in California by Calpine, just a few miles from AltaRock's project.

Steven E. Koonin, the under secretary for science at the Energy Department, said the earthquake issue was new to him, but added, ''We're committed to doing things in a factual and rigorous way, and if there is a problem, we will attend to it.''

The tone is more urgent in Europe. ''This was my main question to the experts: Can you exclude that there is a major earthquake triggered by this man-made activity?'' said Rudolf Braun, chairman of the project team that the City of Basel created to study the risks of resuming the project.

''I was quite surprised that all of them said: 'No, we can't. We can't exclude it,' '' said Mr. Braun, whose study is due this year.

''It would be just unfortunate if, in the United States, you rush ahead and don't take into account what happened here,'' he said.

Basel's Big Shock

By the time people were getting off work amid rain squalls in Basel on Dec. 8, 2006, Mr. Haring's problems had already begun. His incision into the ground was setting off small earthquakes that people were starting to feel around the city.

Mr. Haring knew that by its very nature, the technique created earthquakes because it requires injecting water at great pressure down drilled holes to fracture the deep bedrock. The opening of each fracture is, literally, a tiny earthquake in which subterranean stresses rip apart a weak vein, crack or fault in the rock. The high-pressure water can be thought of loosely as a lubricant that makes it easier for those forces to slide the earth along the weak points, creating a web or network of fractures.

Mr. Haring planned to use that network as the ultimate teapot, circulating water through the fractures and hoping it emerged as steam. But what surprised him that afternoon was the intensity of the quakes because advocates of the method believe they can pull off a delicate balancing act, tearing the rock without creating larger earthquakes.

Alarmed, Mr. Haring and other company officials decided to release all pressure in the well to try to halt the fracturing. But as they stood a few miles from the drill site, giving the orders by speakerphone to workers atop the hole, a much bigger jolt shook the room.

''I think that was us,'' said one stunned official.

Analysis of seismic data proved him correct. The quake measured 3.4 -- modest in some parts of the world. But triggered quakes tend to be shallower than natural ones, and residents generally describe them as a single, explosive bang or jolt -- often out of proportion to the magnitude -- rather than a rumble.

Triggered quakes are also frequently accompanied by an ''air shock,'' a loud tearing or roaring noise.

The noise ''made me feel it was some sort of supersonic aircraft going overhead,'' said Heinrich Schwendener, who, as president of Geopower Basel, the consortium that includes Geothermal Explorers and the utility companies, was standing next to the borehole.

''It took me maybe half a minute to realize, hey, this is not a supersonic plane, this is my well,'' Mr. Schwendener said.

By that time, much of the city was in an uproar. In the newsroom of the city's main paper, Basler Zeitung, reporters dived under tables and desks, some refusing to move until a veteran editor barked at them to go get the story, said Philipp Loser, 28, a reporter there.

Aysel Mermer, 25, a waitress at the Restaurant Schiff near the Rhine River, said she thought a bomb had gone off.

Eveline Meyer, 44, a receptionist at a maritime exhibition, was on the phone with a friend and thought that her washing machine had, all by itself, started clattering with an unbalanced load. ''I was saying to my friend, 'Am I now completely nuts?' '' Ms. Meyer recalled. Then, she said, the line went dead.

Mr. Haring was rushed to police headquarters in a squad car so he could explain what had happened. By the time word slipped out that the project had set off the earthquake, Mr. Loser said, outrage was sweeping the city. The earthquakes, including three more above magnitude 3, rattled on for about a year -- more than 3,500 in all, according to the company's sensors.

Although no serious injuries were reported, Geothermal Explorers' insurance company ultimately paid more than $8 million in mostly minor damage claims to the owners of thousands of houses in Switzerland and in neighboring Germany and France.

Optimism and Opportunity

In the United States, where the Basel earthquakes received little news coverage, the fortunes of geothermal energy were already on a dizzying rise. The optimistic conclusions of the Energy Department's geothermal report began driving interest from investors, as word trickled out before its official release.

In fall 2006, after some of the findings were presented at a trade meeting, Trae Vassallo, a partner at the firm Kleiner Perkins, phoned Ms. Petty, the geothermal researcher who was one of 18 authors on the report, according to e-mail messages from both women. That call eventually led Ms. Petty to found AltaRock and bring in, by Ms. Petty's tally, another six of the authors as consultants to the company or in other roles.

J. David Rogers, a professor and geological engineer at the Missouri University of Science and Technology who was not involved in the report, said such overlap of research and commercial interests was common in science and engineering but added that it might be perceived as a conflict of interest. ''It's very, very satisfying to see something go from theory to application to actually making money and being accepted by society,'' Professor Rogers said. ''It's what every scientist dreams of.''

Ms. Petty said that her first ''serious discussions'' with Ms. Vassallo about forming a company did not come until the report was officially released in late January 2007. That June, Ms. Petty founded AltaRock with $4 million from Kleiner Perkins and Khosla Ventures, an investment firm based in California.

The Basel earthquake hit more than a month before the Energy Department's report came out, but no reference to it was included in the report's spare and reassuring references to earthquake risks. Ms. Petty said the document had already been at the printer by the fall, ''so there was no way we could have included the Basel event in the report.''

Officials at AltaRock, with offices in Sausalito, Calif., and Seattle, insist that the company has learned the lessons of Basel and that its own studies indicate the project can be carried out safely. James T. Turner, AltaRock's senior vice president for operations, said the company had applied for roughly 20 patents on ways to improve the method.

Mr. Turner also asserted in a visit to the project site last month that AltaRock's monitoring and fail-safe systems were superior to those used in Basel.

''We think it's going to be pretty neat,'' Mr. Turner said as he stood next to a rig where the company plans to drill a hole almost two and a half miles deep. ''And when it's successful, we'll have a good-news story that says we can extend geothermal energy.''

AltaRock, in its seismic activity report, included the Basel earthquake in a list of temblors near geothermal projects, but the company denied that it had left out crucial details of the quake in seeking approval for the project in California. So far, the company has received its permit from the federal Bureau of Land Management to drill its first hole on land leased to the Northern California Power Agency, but still awaits a second permit to fracture rock.

''We did discuss Basel, in particular, the 3.4 event, with the B.L.M. early in the project,'' Mr. Turner said in an e-mail response to questions after the visit.

But Richard Estabrook, a petroleum engineer in the Ukiah, Calif., field office of the land agency who has a lead role in granting the necessary federal permits, gave a different account when asked if he knew that the Basel project had shut down because of earthquakes or that it had induced more than 3,500 quakes.

''I'll be honest,'' he said. ''I didn't know that.''

Mr. Estabrook said he was still leaning toward giving approval if the company agreed to controls that could stop the work if it set off earthquakes above a certain intensity. But, he said, speaking of the Basel project's shutdown, ''I wish that had been disclosed.''

Bracing for Tremors

There was a time when Anderson Springs, about two miles from the project site, had few earthquakes -- no more than anywhere else in the hills of Northern California. Over cookies and tea in the cabin his family has owned since 1958, Tom Grant and his sister Cynthia Lora reminisced with their spouses over visiting the town, once famous for its mineral baths, in the 1940s and '50s. ''I never felt an earthquake up here,'' Mr. Grant said .

Then came a frenzy of drilling for underground steam just to the west at The Geysers, a roughly 30-square-mile patch of wooded hills threaded with huge, curving tubes and squat power plants. The Geysers is the nation's largest producer of traditional geothermal energy. Government seismologists confirm that earthquakes were far less frequent in the past and that the geothermal project produces as many as 1,000 small earthquakes a year as the ground expands and contracts like an enormous sponge with the extraction of steam and the injection of water to replace it.

These days, Anderson Springs is a mixed community of ***working class*** and retired residents, affluent professionals and a smattering of artists. Everyone has a story about earthquakes. There are cats that suddenly leap in terror, guests who have to be warned about tremors, thousands of dollars of repairs to walls and cabinets that just do not want to stay together.

Residents have been fighting for years with California power companies over the earthquakes, occasionally winning modest financial compensation. But the obscure nature of earthquakes always gives the companies an out, says Douglas Bartlett, who works in marketing at Bay Area Rapid Transit in San Francisco, and with his wife, Susan, owns a bungalow in town.

''If they were creating tornadoes, they would be shut down immediately,'' Mr. Bartlett said. ''But because it's under the ground, where you can't see it, and somewhat conjectural, they keep doing it.''

Now, the residents are bracing for more. As David Oppenheimer, a seismologist at the United States Geological Survey in Menlo Park, Calif., explains it, The Geysers is heated by magma welling up from deep in the earth. Above the magma is a layer of granite-like rock called felsite, which transmits heat to a thick layer of sandstone-like material called graywacke, riddled with fractures and filled with steam.

The steam is what originally drew the power companies here. But the AltaRock project will, for the first time, drill deep into the felsite. Mr. Turner said that AltaRock, which will drill on federal land leased by the Northern California Power Agency, had calculated that the number of earthquakes felt by residents in Anderson Springs and local communities would not noticeably increase.

But many residents are skeptical.

''It's terrifying,'' said Susan Bartlett, who works as a new patient coordinator at the Pacific Fertility Center in San Francisco. ''What's happening to all these rocks that they're busting into a million pieces?''

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: A huge geothermal project north of San Francisco has raised fears of earthquakes.(PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM WILSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A1)

An earthquake halted Markus O. Haring's geothermal project in Basel, Switzerland.

Seismologists say the drilling of bedrock caused the Basel earthquake in 2006. Residents in Northern California fear that a similar project by AltaRock Energy may cause larger quakes.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN FLIERI FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

James T. Turner of AltaRock said its systems were safer than those used in Basel.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM WILSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A18) CHARTS: The Danger of Digging Deeper: A new project financed by the Energy Department aims to capture geothermal energy from hot bedrock. But the rock must be broken up to extract the heat, and that process creates earthquakes.

Current Process: For decades, energy companies have been drilling into a sandstone like rock called graywacke that is heated by hot bedrock underneath.

The Next Step: The new project will drill miles deeper, into the felsite rock that intrudes into the graywacke, causing the rock to shift and break -- and generate earthquakes.

The start-up company running the project, AltaRock Energy, says that the small tremors are negligible and that large quakes can be avoided by controlling the fractures and staying away from known faults.

Felsite rock: High-pressure water will create a network of fractures through the granite-like rock, making space for water to reach the rock's heat.

On Shaky Ground: The project site is near an area laced with faults, and is shaken daily by earthquakes.

The energy companies all concede that they set off smaller earthquakes.

Larger tremors follow the same pattern, suggesting that they are also triggered, although one company denies it.(Sources: Northern California Earthquake Data Center

California Geological Survey

AltaRock)

(Sources: Northern California Earthquake Data Center

California Geological Survey

AltaRock)(CHART BY ERIN AIGNER, HANNAH FAIRFIELD, XAQUIN G.V./THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A18)

**Load-Date:** June 24, 2009

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Behind the Scenes;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7880-000P-248J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Faces Behind the Face That Clinton's Smile Masks***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7880-000P-248J-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** Bill Clinton

By MAUREEN DOWD,

By MAUREEN DOWD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LAS VEGAS, Nev., Oct. 23

**Body**

On television, Bill Clinton radiates earnestness, empathy and polite deference, coming across as an odd hybrid of television evangelist and think-tank analyst. But in person, it is possible to see more: his commanding attitude and his supple political shape-shifting, his fascination with and yearning for the adulation he is getting, and his surliness and finger-wagging upbraidings when something does not go exactly as he likes.

After a rousing, celebrity-powered rally in the once-conservative stronghold of Orange County, Calif., on Thursday night, Mr. Clinton lost his temper with a Secret Service agent when a couple of autograph seekers evaded a rope line in the parking lot of the amphitheater and got to Mr. Clinton.

"This is not going to work if these people just walk up," he snapped at the agent, his body tense and his eyes hard. But as he started moving toward the crowd again, he transformed his face back into the political mask of the easy-going country boy and resumed his loose, unhurried gait.

Oxford and Dogpatch

For all the years he has been in politics, George Bush is a transparent politician, easy to read through verbal cues and body language tics. Bill Clinton, on the other hand, is a more opaque and complicated subject, a curious and sometimes calculated blend of Oxford polish and Dogpatch raffishness, of idealism and expediency, elusiveness and ego.

At one moment, the 46-year-old Arkansas Governor will be biting his lower lip, Elvis-style, and beaming his "Aw, shucks, all this attention for me?" slack-jawed smile, assuring audiences that he does not want to be President for himself, since he has a good life in Arkansas, but only to help make America a better place for his 13-year-old daughter, Chelsea, and the sort of decent, ***working-class*** folks he knows in Arkansas.

At the next moment, he will show flashes of pride and temper natural in a man who sees, tantalizingly within reach, the prize he has been hungrily moving toward for decades. Mr. Clinton has done what it takes, from restyling his hair to confessing his sins to muting his wife, and he has the concentrated air of one who is not about to let it slip away now.

Nerves Getting Frayed

With polls showing his lead dropping, he is relentlessly crossing the country, hoarsely selling himself as the hip, fresh, Kennedyesque alternative to a tired "ol' Bush," as he calls the President. This is a campaign on a fast and scary water slide to Nov. 3: the mood is, by turns, giddy, paranoid, snappish and smug.

The campaign's nervousness was reflected in the attempts of aides to chastise and argue with reporters who wrote that Mr. Clinton still has problems on the trust issue, as reflected by polls.

Because of the static about "character" questions that has surrounded his campaign, the portrait of Mr. Clinton has been a caricature of labels like "Slick Willie," draft-dodger and ladies' man. And because the candidate has been fashioning and refashioning his political image and message for so long, there is a packaged quality to his appearances that dims spontaneity and makes it difficult to discern the real Bill Clinton. It is hard to tell if the large crowds he is attracting love him or simply the idea of change.

He pays close attention to the smallest details of his image: His aides confided that when he started jogging with Senator Al Gore, he became self-conscious about the long, baggy shorts he was wearing to exercise, reminiscent of the ones worn by overweight boys at camp, and has been trying to go shorter himself, if not yet quite as short as his fitter running mate.

Eyes of the Predator

Like Dan Quayle, Mr. Clinton comes across as one who has long been a golden boy. But unlike the Vice President, Mr. Clinton does not try to wing it and leave much of the tedious homework on issues to others.

At airports, he scans the scene with a predatory look, seeing if there are any potential voters to charm. He is so eager to work any rope line, offering a series of speech bites on education, health care and taxes, that reporters have taken to chanting, late at night in the fifth city of the day, "Get in the car, get in the car!"

Some aides suggest that the Clintons are still uncomfortable with their new level of rock-star-style celebrity, in which women scream as they once did for Frank Sinatra, hold up signs reading "Bill's a Babe" and "Blondes for Bill," and tell Mr. Clinton as they shake his hand, "You're so much more handsome in person."

But it only takes a few hours on the campaign to see that Mr. Clinton gets the same adrenaline charge from working yet another group of voters screaming "We love you Bill!" that George Bush did from traveling overseas to attend meetings of his cherished global club.

On the Charm Patrol

The Democrat jokes about this phenomenon, portraying it as the flaw of a policy dweeb. "There are some detailed policy positions I haven't gone over yet," he mischievously told exhausted reporters late one night. "Maybe we could block out an hour later."

Although Mr. Clinton has spent a lot of time avoiding reporters, when he thought they would be asking critical questions, this week he was on charm patrol.

Flying from Orange County to Las Vegas for a rally at the University of Nevada, he changed into a white sweatshirt, black slacks and black loafers and walked back to the press section with baby steps, intoning in a deep voice, "Yes, we're going to take bold steps into the future."

Asked about his mother's taste for gambling, he said: "My mother was supposed to be in Vegas but she was summoned to Moscow. She was consulting with the right-wing bunch there on how to get rid of Yeltsin."

It was the Republicans who were supposed to have a closet-full of October surprises for the Democrats, but the surprises so far have been exploding cigars for President Bush on Iran, Iraq and the feuds in his own Administration. And Mr. Clinton is quick to turn each Republican embarrassment to his political advantage.

He ignores the occasional Bush signs -- "Have some more syrup on your waffles, Comrade," read one in Billings, Mont. -- and treats hecklers with amused contempt.

"Don't boo that poor boy," he told the crowd at the Orange County rally, when a lonely Republican called out from among the 24,000 Clintonistas. "Why are you giving him any attention at all? Blow it off. We won't have to put up with it much longer."

He tries to portray himself as the heir to both John F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan. This week, he even began saluting his audiences, in the way Ronald Reagan, another President who never went to war, liked to do. He has promoted himself, as Mr. Reagan did when he vanquished Jimmy Carter and Walter F. Mondale, as the avatar of uplifting oratory and Western swagger.

He posed on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle in a biker's jacket at the Milwaukee airport; sat around in a white cowboy hat jawboning in a dusty auto parts store in Pueblo, Colo., with a bunch of Western governors in matching white hats, and strode on stage in Montana, Colorado and Wyoming to music such as "The Magnificent Seven," (also used for Marlboro commercial), "Ghost Riders in the Sky," and "How the West Was Won."

He talked tough about welfare and the death penalty and offered Reaganesque anecdotes about ordinary Americans who have told him of their problems. At a rally in Las Vegas on Friday, he even suggested that the economy could grow out of its crisis -- a favorite Reagan prescription.

Both Hip and Presidential

He presents himself as young enough to be hip, yet old enough to be Presidential, even joking sometimes that he needs reading glasses to see his notes. Clinton aides carefully choose the music for his rallies -- from the Beatles' "Twist and Shout," "Revolution" and "Here Comes the Sun" to the Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations" -- to underscore the generational message.

At a Chicago rally on Tuesday, Mr. Clinton and Tipper Gore swayed to the beat and sang along when Michael Bolton crooned one of his pop love songs. While Mrs. Gore mouthed "I love it" and Mr. Clinton looked so moved he might cry, Hillary Clinton and Al Gore stood by stiffly, like two members of the high school math club straitlaced at a mixer.

After a rally at the University of Oregon, Mr. Clinton discussed "funkodelic" music with the Crazy 8's, a band from Portland, and borrowed a saxophone to play a few bars of "Take Five," the Dave Brubeck classic written by saxophonist Paul Desmond.

At the Orange County rally, Mr. Clinton acted shy as he joined Whoopi Goldberg and the singing nuns from her movie "Sister Act," in a rendition of the rock song, "Shout." While he wants to be seen as with-it, he does not want to get too wild, so he limited his participation to clapping and occasionally calling out "Shout."

But afterward on his plane, when reporters were tweaking him about not giving a more soulful performance, he tried to make up for it by describing the last time he saw James Brown in concert.

"I saw his show a year or two ago, and he was fat but he could still do it," Mr. Clinton said. "You know, he's got a big old pot belly now, and he can do the splits and go right down to the floor and come back up. It's amazing to see."

**Load-Date:** November 8, 1992

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B6K0-0007-H204-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***PICCASO'S DOCUMENTED IMAGINATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B6K0-0007-H204-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By MICHIKO KAKUTANI

**Body**

Like any form of art, notebooks provide a way of preserving something - an idea, a dream, a phrase overheard on the street, a glimpse of a stranger or a friend. They provide a way of appropriating something from the physical world - and by saving and perhaps rearranging its elements, making it one's own. W. H. Auden used his commonplace book (published as ''A Certain World'') as a sort of manual of inspiration, hoarding quotations and observations there, as though, like Proust's famous madeleine, they might later serve to unlock all sorts of memories and sensations. E. M. Forster, on the other hand, used his notebook more as a confessional, confiding to it his own worries, crotchets and fears; while F. Scott Fitzgerald seems to have used his as a bank vault for future projects, filling its pages with outtakes from abandoned stories, ideas for possible novels.

Arguably the richest and most illuminating set of notebooks to be published in recent years belongs not to a writer, but to a painter - Pablo Picasso. From the age of 13, he kept an almost daily record of his thoughts and ideas, filling up 175 volumes by 1964, and a sumptuous new book (currently available as a limited edition from the Pace Gallery, which is sponsoring an exhibition of the notebooks, and available in October from the Atlantic Monthly Press) now offers the public a selection of those journals. ''Je Suis le Cahier - The Sketchbooks of Picasso,'' as the show and book are titled, stands, at once, as a wonderful anthology of previously unseen work, and as a spiritual autobiography of the artist.

The developments in style and technique, of course, are all minutely documented here: turning the pages of the sketchbooks, we watch the early studies of sad, sweet harlequins give way to the fierce, angular sketches that would eventually culminate in ''Les Demoiselles d'Avignon''; we watch Picasso move back and forth between Naturalism and Cubism, and we watch, too, as the horrors of World War II seep into his later work in the form of death's heads, grotesquely distorted figures and hallucinatory images of destruction.

In this sense, the sketchbooks served Picasso as a workshop - they were a place where he could play, experiment, make decisions and revisions - and as such, they provide the scholar and historian with a kind of rosetta stone, in which the sources of the masterworks can be read. For the casual reader-viewer, the sketchbooks prove no less fascinating: not only do they attest to the prodigality of Picasso's genius, but in tracing the steps whereby he gave palpable form to the imaginings of his unconscious, they also give us a rare glimpse into the processes underlying the magic of creation.

These days, Rambo, Rocky, Indiana Jones, the Care Bears and the kids from ''Police Academy'' and ''Porky's'' aren't the only characters around being cast in multiple sequels. For years now, novelists have been creating heros and heroines; and other novelists - and playwrights and screenwriters - have been bouncing them into new adventures. Last year, for instance, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous detective surfaced again as a love-smitten adolescent in the movie ''Young Sherlock Holmes.'' The characters in Dickens's last, unfinished novel all got a chance to see how their stories might have turned out in Rupert Holmes's Broadway musical ''The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'' And in Bernard Sabath's new play, ''The Boys in Autumn,'' Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn grow up into two world-weary old men, full of regrets and guilty secrets.

In many cases, the result of such character-pirating is simply a mediocre work substituting mimicry for invention, cleverness for imagination: John Gardner's ''For Special Services'' and ''License Renewed'' - in which James Bond trades in his Bentley for a Saab, his favorite Turkish cigarettes for a low-tar brand - are fairly blatant attempts to cash in on the popularity of the late Ian Fleming's creation; and even the earnest attempts to write sequels for Lewis Carroll's Alice (''Alice Through the Needle's Eye'' by Gilbert Adair) and Mark Twain's Huck (''The Further Adventures of Huckleberry Finn'' by Greg Matthews) tend to feel like pallid imitations.

In fact, the most satisfying works in this area clearly result when a writer sets out to create an original work that uses the old characters in a new way. Whether they involve complicated post-Modernist games (John Barth's ''Chimera,'' in which Bellerophon worries about his career as a hero); address the relationship between reality and fiction (Woody Allen's ''The Kugelmass Episode,'' in which Madame Bovary arrives in New York, books a room at the Plaza and has a not-so-wonderful affair with a City College professor), or attempt to score a sociological point (Marc Gregory Gallant's ''More Fun With Dick and Jane,'' in which the characters from the famous first-grade primer become obnoxious middle-aged yuppies), such fictions attest to some kind of authorial point of view, and so stand as independent works in their own right.

Though increasingly collected in book form, comics tend to be lumped in a bookstore's ''hobby'' or ''miscellaneous'' section - or with luck, in the graphic arts department. Rarely, if ever, are they found on the shelves devoted to fiction. This month, however, marks the publication of two volumes of comics that clearly deserve shelf space as literature.

The first, a collection of George Herriman's ''Krazy Kat'' comics (Harry N. Abrams Inc.), is both a welcome compendium for longtime fans and a useful introduction for readers as yet unacquainted with the author's idiosyncratic vision. Back in 1924, the art critic Gilbert Seldes heralded the comic strip (which ran from 1913 through World War II) as ''the most amusing and fantastic and satisfactory work of art produced in America today.'' He compared Herriman to Rousseau and Dickens; his creation, Krazy, to Parsifal and Don Quixote.

Such comparisons don't exactly capture the vaudeville charm possessed by this pudgy, woodpecker-nosed black cat, but they do suggest his romantic idealism, his earnest pursuit of love. In fact, out of a ludicrous triangle - a dogged dog named Offissa B. Pupp loves the cat named Krazy, who, in turn, loves Ignatz, a most unromantic and cynical mouse - Mr. Herriman succeeded in creating an oddly touching love story, as well as an enduring parable about innocence and knowledge, hope and redemption.

If ''Krazy Kat'' brings to mind characters like Chaplin's Little Tramp, the people in Harvey Pekar's ''American Splendor'' (Doubleday) more immediately recall the ***working-class*** heros of Raymond Carver's fiction. Like Mr. Carver's people, they tend to be down-and-out loners, struggling to connect, to earn a living, to cope with the overwhelming precariousness of daily life. And while it's counterpointed by an assortment of illustrations (drawn by R. Crumb and other artists), Mr. Pekar's narrative style tends to be similarly stylized and spare - in most cases, he simply lets his characters talk (in a whole range of street accents) and drift about their routines, allowing their muddled lives to come into focus somewhere offstage.

Born and raised in Cleveland, Mr. Pekar still lives there, working as a file clerk at a local hospital; and all his stories appear to be grounded in autobiographical fact. In most cases, the hero is a version of the author himself - a ''flunky clerk'' or a ''demon fiend, obsessive-compulsive jazz record collector,'' who's invariably anxious, put-upon and frustrated by the vagaries of freelancing and living in Cleveland. Most of the people this fellow encounters are neighbors or street pals - little old ladies waiting in line at the supermarket; jazz musicians working at part-time jobs, office colleagues, and assorted local hustlers and bums. And his adventures tend to be equally cosmic and filled with comic-book stop-action -sometimes Mr. Pekar's hero gets up and goes to work; sometimes he gets up and goes to the supermarket or invites friends over for a talk.

''The subject matter of these stories is so staggeringly mundane, it verges on the exotic,'' exclaims R. Crumb in the introduction. And yet, he goes on, ''Pekar has proven once and for all that even the most seemingly dreary and monotonous of lives is filled with poignancy and heroic struggle.'' In doing so, Mr. Pekar has also proven that comics can address the ambiguities of daily living, that like the finest fiction, they can hold a mirror up to life.

**Graphic**

Photo of Pablo Picasso (Camera Press)

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[***IN PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-31N0-000P-N4C6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A 'Gentle Presence' Off Court***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-31N0-000P-N4C6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** Henry Taub

By GEORGE JAMES

By GEORGE JAMES

**Dateline:** HACKENSACK

**Body**

THERE was a point last May when he Secaucus Seven the seven sometimes disagreeing owners of the New Jersey Nets -- met to discuss selling what has long been one of the losingest teams in the N.B.A.

David Stern, the National Basketball Association commissioner, had urged them to sell the franchise or change a hydra-headed ownership structure that had fostered a lethargic decision-making process. At the last moment, they chose to restructure, centralizing authority in a fellow owner who would become chairman and chief executive officer.

The man they picked, Henry Taub, owns a little more than 20 percent of the team and seems, on the surface, to be the least likely candidate to shape a more exciting identity. Quiet and unassuming, he had attended an occasional game but had shown little interest in daily operations. Unlike many owners who like to hobnob with the players, in the 18 years since he bought into the team with his younger, more gregarious brother, Joe, he had ventured into the locker room only once. That was many years ago, to congratulate the players on a victory that got them into the playoffs.

But Henry Taub, who is 69, had credentials that appeared to suit the task of setting policy and offering steadfast direction to an organization that has needed it: great success in business.

As a 21-year-old accountant, he created a company that began by preparing payrolls for dye houses out of an office above a luncheonette in his native Paterson. That company grew to become Automatic Data Processing.

Senator Frank R. Lautenberg, who joined ADP in its infancy and resigned as its chairman when he won his Senate seat in 1982, called his longtime friend a modest man with a genius for organization and a philanthropist who created organizations that financed improvements in education in Paterson and provided 1,000 jobs to its residents.

"Henry is almost the ideal product of American opportunity," Mr. Lautenberg said.

Henry Taub's father, Morris, was a junk peddler, Paterson's last.

A native of Lodz, Poland, who had been conscripted into a German labor battalion during World War I, he came to America in the early 1920's. He began his trade in the Depression to support his wife and two sons after being laid off as a weaver and soon was making $20 to $30 a week when others could not find work. Long after the economic need passed and well into the late 1960's, his weathered, horse-drawn wagon remained a familiar sight on the streets of the old industrial city, its tinkling bell announcing the arrival of an anachronism.

He continued doing what others might find demeaning, because he liked the feeling of being out of doors and roaming the city, he told a reporter for the Paterson Morning Call in 1967. It had been his life.

"I give this thing up five years ago, but I started to feel bad," he said. "I feel better when I go out. The air makes me feel good."

Like many immigrants of his era, Morris Taub sacrificed so that his children could get an education.

"That was the ladder," Henry Taub said recently. "That was the American ladder."

Mr. Taub was sitting in his spartan office in the Taub Foundation in Hackensack, a philanthropy he founded 20 years ago, recalling the education he got not only at School No. 6, where he skipped two grades, and New York University, from which he graduated in three years at age 19, but the education he received from the streets and working.

Carroll Street, where he and his brother grew up, was a melange of ***working class*** people, immigrants with widely varying political views.

"The streets were just filled with people and kids and debate and excitement," he recalled, "and from my point of view, intellectual fervor."

HE got his first job at age 12 in a downtown Paterson grocery store and in high school worked for a freight company called Associated Transport, one of a battery of typists preparing freight bills and forwarding documents, an experience that he says gave him his first taste of how work can be efficiently organized.

While at N.Y.U., studying accounting, he worked part-time for several accounting firms doing "write-ups" for companies that had no bookkeepers, preparing payrolls. In this experience, too, lay the seeds for ADP.

On graduation in 1947 he went to work full time for an accounting firm. One day, a client, a women's clothing firm in the garment district that was having labor problems, had a crisis: a salesman had a heart attack and the payroll could not be prepared on time. The employees walked out.

The experience showed what Mr. Taub calls "the critical timing in payroll" and prompted him and two friends to form ADP. But the business was slow to prosper, Mr. Taub said, and the two partners dropped out.

The company began in 1949 in a large room above Grinker's, a luncheonette on Church Street, next to The Morning Call newspaper, he said. After the partners left, the company for a time was Mr. Taub and "a bunch" of part-time employees.

"Paterson dye houses were our first major area of opportunity," he said. "And we'd get many a client by proving to them that they were calculating the payroll erroneously."

Beginning in 1950, his brother came aboard and in 1952, by the time the company had moved to the basement of the old Carroll Plaza Hotel on Market Street, an insurance salesman, Frank Lautenberg, who had been a Paterson neighbor, joined.

Senator Lautenberg recalled 12- and 15-hour days, six days a week for at least seven years, with Henry Taub in charge of organizing the work, Joe Taub in charge of production and Mr. Lautenberg in charge of sales.

"We'd finish at 9 o'clock, 10 o'clock at night and he'd say, 'Let's clean up,' " Mr. Lautenberg recalled. "And Joe and I would look at one another and look at him and say, 'What's wrong with you? We just put in a 14-hour day. What do you mean, 'We're going to clean up?' The place is clean enough.' And he'd say, 'We're not leaving this place until the place is so clean we can't make mistakes.' "

Mr. Lautenberg laughed and said: "He was an incredible, soft-spoken driving force."

By 1961, when the company went public, it had gross revenues of $600,000 and earnings of only $20,000 after taxes. The company, which is based in Roseland, now has $3.5 billion in revenues and operates worldwide.

When it started, the name was Automatic Payrolls. The word "automatic" meant something to Paterson, Mr. Taub reasoned, because of the introduction of automatic weaving machines in the city. To him it meant automation and advanced approaches to work.

"Then in 1957, we moved into the age of punch cards," Mr. Taub recalled. "They preceded computers. So we changed the company's name, because we went beyond payroll processing to data processing.

He added, "We called ourselves Automatic Data Processing, not realizing we were creating a generic term which would identify a whole industry that would emerge."

Joe Taub, who played basketball at Eastside High School and is known for his love of the game and sports in general, was instrumental in getting a group of businessmen to buy the Nets in 1978 and served as president for five years. His brother was one of them.

Retired and holding the post now of honorary chairman of ADP and chairman of the executive committee, Henry Taub has time to give to the Nets, but he still avoids the locker room.

"There were six other partners floating around the locker room and I didn't think that I had anything to add to the situation," Mr. Taub said. "I believe in putting professionals in place and letting them do the job, supporting them in the best way possible."

Michael Rowe, the former general manager of the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority, who was hired as the president of the Nets in October 1995 before the restructuring, called his boss's management style, "a gentle presence."

B UT, Mr. Rowe added, "In Henry's own way, he makes known that he's the chairman when he has to and he does it privately. He doesn't need to do it publicly. He doesn't need to have a parking spot with his name on it or 15 credentials and walk in and out of the locker room."

Mr. Taub, however, is getting to know the players and their families on an individual basis. And whenever he does talk with the new coach, John Calipari, after a slow start (5 wins, 11 losses as of Thursday), Mr. Rowe said, it's to offer support and reassurance.

Morris Taub died at the age of 91 in 1988, shortly after the death of his wife, Sylvia. Henry Taub likes to think of his father as an "entrepeneur." In describing him, he could be speaking of himself. "He enjoyed work. He enjoyed being on his own. He was very independent and very self-reliant."

Back in 1967, Morris Taub asked the reporter not to use his name in the story because he thought it might cause problems for his sons.

"They keep telling me, 'you don't have to work," ' he said. "You would know them if I told their names. They're very important businessmen."

**Graphic**

Photo: Henry Taub, the soft-spoken chairman of the Nets, and his wife, Marilyn, watching their team at the Meadowlands last week. (Bernie Nunez for The New York Times)

Chart: "Henry Taub: Chairman, New Jersey Nets"

AGE 69

BORN Paterson

EDUCATION New York University, B.S., accounting, 1947.

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS Founder, honorary chairman and chairman of the executive committee, Automatic Data Processing Inc.; Founder, Taub Foundation, a philanthropy that provides resources for charitable organizations, including the Taub Alzheimer's Disease Research Center at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center.

FAMILY Married 1958, Marilyn Adler. Three children, Judith, 36, Steven, 33, and Ira, 30. INTERESTS Established "I Have a Dream" Program at School No. 6 in Paterson, which sponsored a class of sixth graders, providing funds for tutors and summer jobs through high school; tennis, and traveling.

**Load-Date:** December 16, 1996

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[***OIL WORKERS FIND HARD TIMES CAN HIT THEM, TOO***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BCC0-0007-H4NM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By WILLIAM SERRIN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PORT ARTHUR, Tex.

**Body**

They made jokes here in the early 1980's about the plight of the North as blue-collar workers from the Middle West brought their families on Joad-like journeys to Texas, seeking work and new lives. ''Freeze a Yankee - Drive 75,'' the bumper stickers used to read.

They thought what was happening up North could not happen here.

Now the jokes have ended. In their place are levels of unemployment like those that afflicted the manufacturing communities of the North and the same fears that workers and communities may lose the upper-***working-class*** or middle-class status they worked hard to achieve.

Stop at Local 4-23 of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union on Jefferson Drive in Port Arthur, and listen to unemployed oil workers engage in what might be called micro-economics.

''There are many people unemployed who were making good money,'' said Archie Connor, a 41-year-old welder from Port Neches who worked eight years for Dresser Industries in Port Arthur, a supplier of drilling and refining equipment to energy companies.

The Economics of Unemployment

Mr. Connor himself earned $12.39 an hour until he was laid off more than two months ago. Now he draws $203 a week in unemployment benefits, the maximum under Texas law, and he cannot find work.

''You apply for a job and people say, 'I'm just fixin' to lay off,' '' said Mr. Connor. He and his wife, who does not work, have one child at home.

A few years ago, Local 4-23, Mr. Connor's local, had 7,000 members; today it has 3,000.

Jessie Fisher, a 26-year-old from Port Arthur, earned $10.53 an hour as a concrete finisher for a construction company that did oil plant work. Since he was laid off two months ago, his family has lived on what his wife earns as an X-ray technician, along with his unemployment checks, which will bring in $203 a week for 26 weeks.

Mr. Fisher said he had found nothing in the numerous places he had looked for work, and no job he explored pays more than $4.75 an hour. Like others, he said nonunion employers, whose number is rising rapidly here, were reluctant to hire a union man, believing he would be unhappy with the lower wages they offer.

No Middle Ground on Wages

Similar views come from another man who is involved in unemployment, but from a different perspective: Ryle Adamson, unemployment supervisor at the Texas State Employment Commission, on 75th Street.

''We still have an awful lot of people working and making a pretty decent wage,'' Mr. Adamson said. ''Our problem is we don't have an industry here that pays a wage in between. It's either very low or very high. We have a very high number of people in need of jobs that pay $5 to $9 an hour.''

In that respect, Texas is no different from other industrial states, said Professor Joe Feagin, a University of Texas sociologist who is an authority on the oil industry.

He says Texas ''has a long-run problem,'' and he notes that Oklahoma and Louisiana are even more dependent on oil. There is a ''lot of gloom and doom'' here, the professor said.

The Reeling Oil Industry

The depression in the oil industry results from low-priced foreign oil, worldwide overproduction and a reduction in petroleum use, combined with longer-term trends causing the industry to regroup.

There is a positive side: reduced prices for gasoline and other petroleum products.

But the negative side is what is most important here: the decline in the number of drilling rigs, reduced operations at refineries, a drop in shipping and trucking, plummeting tax revenues, banks in trouble, a falloff in general business and extensive blue-collar and white-collar layoffs. New Name, New Fortune? The area around Port Arthur, Beaumont and Orange has long been known in Texas as the Golden Triangle, but the gold has tarnished, and some folks now call the area the Triplex in an effort to give it a new image and perhaps a new start.

The service sector of the economy is still growing, particularly along expressways and major roads, with long commercial strips of convenience stores, fast-food outlets and gasoline stations.

Many of the people who have lost oil jobs have found employment there.

''The ones I know have gone into guard jobs at the jail, some into fast food, some into real estate,'' said Gene Rasheta, secretary-treasurer of the oil workers' Local 4-228 in Port Neches. ''Some have tried contracting, which is tough, but figuring if they can hit it, O.K.''

For Decades, the Money Came In

For decades the oil and petrochemical industry made this an area of relative affluence for blue-collar workers.

The famous Spindletop gusher erupted in January 1901 on the prairie south of Beaumont, and this region blew high along with it, becoming one of the biggest areas of oil refining and petrochemical production in the world.

Here the job picture was much like it was for so long in automobile cities like Detroit, steel towns along the Monongahela River in Pennsylvania, coalfields of West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Young, strong men, just out of high school, would go to work in the oilfields or the refineries or the chemical plants, knowing that they would make a high union wage. The good times lasted a long time. Workers were able to buy houses, automobiles and furniture, make trips on weekends, take vacations, perhaps send their children to college.

''We thought we were immune to it all,'' said Stephen Klineberg, a sociologist at Rice University.

Beyond the Statistics

Today, unemployment rates have risen to levels that would have been unthinkable a few years ago: 20.8 percent for Port Arthur; 12.5 percent for Beaumont; 18.8 percent for Orange. In April, when the national unemployment rate was 7 percent, the unemployment rate for Texas was 8.5 percent, according to a report released Friday by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics. The bureau said that the oil and gas industry lost 35,000 jobs in April and that the unemployment rate for oil and mining rose to 12.8 percent for April from 10.4 percent for March.

Craig Fontenot, a laid-off oil worker, runs a job retraining program at Local 4-23. Discussing the Port Arthur unemployment rate, he said, ''That's just a number until you realize that one of four workers don't have a job.''

Another realization is sinking in: that many jobs, good jobs, are not coming back. As profit margins are squeezed, companies increasingly need to reduce costs, and this means more labor-saving technologies.

''Even if the demand gets back, there would never be the need for the employment there was, because of the modernization,'' Mr. Fontenot said. ''I doubt you'll ever see it like it was -booming.''

Some Are Not Entirely Gloomy

Some experts say the oil industry is not in as bad shape as others think.

Texas was ''excessively optimistic'' in the boom years of the oil industry and is ''excessively pessimistic'' today, Professor Feagin of the University of Texas said.

''A slow, long-term decline in most oil-related jobs'' is likely, but institutions will survive, he said, noting that other elements of the state's economy remained relatively strong, including aerospace, electronics and tourism.

Meanwhile, politicians wrestle with cutbacks in municipal and school and municipal budgets. Some talk of the same solutions Northern politicans have advanced for economic problems: luring high-technology industry plus taking steps that seem to offer even quicker fixes: horse racing, casino gambling, lotteries.

A Pause to Reassess

Mr. Klineberg, the Rice University sociologist, argues that Houston, along with other communities, now has an opportunity to ''catch its breath after an extraordinary period of growth'' and turn to improving the quality of life in such problem areas as crime and transportation.

For oil workers, such talk is like an unemployment check; it helps, but not much and not for long.

''Companies know they can hire you for $4 an hour, and if you don't like it, tough,'' said Mr. Connor, the unemployed welder.

Allen Richard, 33, of Port Arthur, made $11.75 an hour before he was laid off four months ago from the Texaco refinery here. With his unemployment benefits exhausted, he and his wife and four children are living on his wife's salary as a teacher's assistant.

''I don't think things are going to get better for a long time,'' he said. ''Not for a very long time.''

**Graphic**

Photo of workers leaving refinery in Texas; Photo of Jessie Fisher and Archie Conner (NYT/Carter Smith)

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[***Turning Baby Internet Moguls Into Big Givers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XWX-8W70-00RP-K4RR-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

**Body**

LEONARD ELY, a 76-year-old real estate magnate and veteran philanthropist in Palo Alto, Calif., awaits the day in the possibly distant future when all those young whippersnappers stop obsessing about the Gaggeneau kitchen ranges, personal helipads and those charming $9-million cottages on Turkey Farm Lane in Woodside.

"They're all millionaires and billionaires by the time they're 30," grumbled Mr. Ely, one of the founders of the Community Foundation of Silicon Valley. "So they have a whole lifetime to figure out how to make a difference."

Philanthropy, Mr. Ely pointed out, is a learned behavior. And this particular learned behavior is not what initially springs to mind in that hotbed of individualism, where, until recently, simply broaching the subject with new cyber-millionaires could be dispiriting. "They'd say, 'Look, I don't have my Ferrari and my place in Tahoe, and you're telling me I should give money away?' " Mr. Ely said.

But, like the Lost Boys, even baby zillionaires have to grow up eventually. The task of shepherding them through the passage from "high net-worth individuals," as they are known, to mature adults who care about community has fallen largely to the Community Foundation, which began life in 1954 with $50,000 in leftover war bonds.

It is now, predictably, one of the fastest-growing community foundations in the country. Over the last decade, the group's war chest, with about 400 separately endowed funds, has multiplied from $7 million to $320 million in assets, with $97 million in new gifts last year alone. It has been helped by donors like the 42-year-old Infoseek founder, Steve Kirsch, who calls giving away money "a significant growth opportunity" and has a $50 million supporting organization fund with the foundation, and the 34-year-old billionaire Jeff Skoll, whose company, Ebay, donated 107,000 pre-I.P.O. shares of stock last June (value then, $1 million; value now, about $40 million).

The Valley's inward-looking culture seems to be shifting: last month, a group of about 100 young techies gathered at Mr. Kirsch's Los Altos Hills home to talk charity and eat tandoori chicken on the tennis court overlooking the waterfall cascading into the swimming pool. They were there to raise money for SV2, or Silicon Valley Social Venture fund, a three-tiered membership organization and new offshoot of the foundation whose raison d'etre is weaning a new generation of Medicis.

"Lots of people here are still in the wealth-accumulation mode," explained the SV2 mastermind Kevin Fong, a 45-year-old venture capitalist with the Mayfield Fund, who knows. "We're talking to them in terms of emotional return." The era of R.O.E.I., return on emotional investment, is dawning.

First-generation Valley pioneers like Bill Hewlett and David Packard, men of Mr. Ely's vintage, embraced philanthropy as a corporate ethic, but, with certain notable exceptions, the Internet generation has not followed suit. A foundation study published last year found that among people making $100,000 or more in the Valley, a third give away less than $1,000 annually. This has much to do with the shifting sociology of a region where entrepreneurs are still using Clearasil and, in the great California tradition, have only recently arrived.

The study, intended to answer the question "is philanthropy dead?" (the conclusion was no), found that 60 percent of the people who live in Silicon Valley, a sprawling 1,500-square-mile region that extends north to San Mateo and south to Gilroy and includes a portion of the lower East Bay, came from somewhere else, and that 20 percent had lived in the Valley less than five years. Significantly, the study also discovered that 40 percent of all giving left the Valley, in contrast to a place like Kansas City, Mo., a bastion of old money, where only 10 percent left the immediate region.

"Philanthropy, to the extent it exists here, is different than it is in Minneapolis or Cleveland," said Peter Hero, president of the foundation, an M.B.A. and former corporate marketing director. "There, your father served on the symphony and your mother on the board of the Junior League and then they put the charities in their will. It is socially done. The idea that simply because you are wealthy you have an obligation is not necessarily compelling out here."

Debra Engel, a former senior vice president of 3Com who recently retired at 47, noted the peculiarity of the moment: young people with fortunes far vaster than their parents ever dreamed of who can't look to them as philanthropic role models. Financially, she said, "the time frame's compressed," adding that her own parents were in their 70's before they felt secure enough to embark on full-throttled giving.

Ms. Engel has a donor-advised fund, in which the contributor makes recommendations about where the money will go but leaves the paperwork to the foundation. And she said that she plans to leave most of her own money to charity. (A supporting organization fund, like Steve Kirsch's, has its own independent research staff and controls its own investments.) She also described herself as an old-timer in this environment. "If you're young and have just come into money," she said, "you haven't thought about your life, let alone your giving."

MUCH of the cyber-giving has taken the form of vast sums to an alma mater (witness the Netscape founder Jim Clark's $150 million gift to Stanford). But, Mr. Hero said, "the curve is steepening," in part because Bill Gates has raised the standard. Philanthropy is emerging in the Valley with a new dynamic. In place of social or moral obligation, Mr. Hero said, the new givers are driven by personal satisfaction. "They want to invest, especially in leaders," he said. "They're not asking 'how many people are hungry?' but 'what are your ideas to address this issue?' They want to give to solutions, not problems."

The problems exist in abundance, behind the parade of billboards along Highway 101 trumpeting money and the latest dot-com. For every headline about a suburban ranch house in Palo Alto selling for $1 million, there is the flip side: a housing crisis in which jobs outpace housing five to one, and where rent for an average one-bedroom apartment has increased by a quarter over the last two years, to $1,650, according to the Housing Trust Fund of Santa Clara County, a nonprofit organization in San Jose.

The Community Foundation's biggest challenge may be instilling a sense of rootedness among freshly arrived baby moguls working 18-hour days in reflective-glass and stucco campuses, whose sense of connection to a wider community involves pilgrimages to fine restaurants in San Francisco.

"Beyond," said Naomi Lopez, a resident of Mayfair, a predominantly Latino neighborhood in east San Jose, referring to Silicon Valley to the north. "I think of lots of money, the impossible dream, unreachable for the person who is ***working class***." Mrs. Lopez, 64, is on the board of the Mayfair Neighborhood Improvement Initiative, one of the foundation's most ambitious projects. A collaboration involving the Community Foundation, the William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, local governments and nonprofit agencies, the program is giving $4.5 million over six years to finance 76 projects generated by the neighborhood.

ALTHOUGH a quarter of the residents live in poverty, with an average income of $7,403, the neighborhood has a strong tradition of community activism. (Cesar Chavez grew up here.) Instead of swooping in to bestow grand public works, the initiative is supporting incremental improvements suggested by residents: hiring crossing guards for Cesar Chavez Elementary School, for instance, or a network of promotores, community health advisers who travel from school to school and door to door.

But the slow nature of philanthropy is a psychological hurdle for many Silicon Valley donors. "It isn't quite as satisfying as start-ups, because you can't see results right now," Mr. Ely said.

It is up to the 57-year-old Mr. Hero to hold the hands of inexperienced givers and allay their anxiety. Widely credited with galvanizing the foundation since he arrived 11 years ago, he was inspired by his mentor, Ernest C. Arbuckle, the former dean of the Graduate School of Business at Stanford and chairman of Wells Fargo Bank, who died in 1986. Arbuckle put forward the theory of "repotting" oneself periodically in "a bigger world, a bigger challenge." Mr. Hero has even repotted the foundation's name, rechristening it the Community Foundation of Silicon Valley from the original Community Foundation of Santa Clara County, "a meaningless political boundary," he said, "as opposed to a region, an attitude."

Part of his strategy is using the Valley attitude, chiefly, workaholism, to enlist support, developing networks like SV2 that play upon professional contacts. Above all, observed Susan Luenberger, the foundation's vice president, 34-year-olds who have built their own financial empires "don't want to look stupid or do the wrong thing." The buzzwords of the moment are "social entrepreneurship" and "venture philanthropy," defined by Mr. Fong of SV2 as "going beyond contributing dollars to participate, using your business skills to help run things."

Mr. Fong, whose father, Arthur, grew up in the Chinatowns of Sacramento and Los Angeles and became a designer for Hewlett-Packard in 1949, notes that the Internet generation is only now entering the "life cycle" -- getting married, having children -- that will make its members care about the larger world. SV2 plans to create "strength grants" to help nonprofit groups update technologically and improve their financial strategies. "It's what this Valley is good at, collaboration," he said.

A major limitation for the foundation has been the fact that the new contributions have strings attached. Of the $320 million, less than 10 percent is unrestricted. In part this reflects the growing zeal for personal involvement and youth itself; unlike benefactors in older communities, these donors are not dead yet.

Mr. Ely, however, is confident that what he calls "the generational gap between community needs today and the interests of donors" will close over time as post-adolescent donors mature. "Sure, we want unrestricted money, but we'll take money any way we can," he said. "People get old. They make wills. The important thing is we've started communicating with some very generous people."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Peter Hero, president of the Community Foundation of Silicon Valley, which steers local fortunes into local charities, helps students with a haunted house poster to raise money for the Mexican-American Community Service Agency Youth Center in San Jose, Calif. (Peter DaSilva for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 17, 1999

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[***Goofing Off While The Muse Recharges***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XV0-JWJ0-00RP-K123-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 8, 1999, Monday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1635 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD FORD

By RICHARD FORD

**Series:** WRITERS ON WRITING -- The Ritual of Reuturning To Work after a Pause

**Body**

Sometime in the middle of June I sat down to a ritual that, as much as any other, has typified my writing life: At the end of a very lengthy period during which I did basically nothing whatsoever of any good to man nor beast, I got back to work. That is, I started writing again.

I don't mean to make this event seem momentous. There was no drum roll. The soundtrack was not the theme from "Rocky." There was no soundtrack, just the quiet, scarcely noticeable shiftings in a man's daily protocols from one set of digital, inward habits to another.

No more solitary morning TV, no more taking my breakfast out, no more reflexive telephone communiques; instead, just the usual soup of things that continually wash through my brain suddenly beginning to need sorting out for use in a story. It was a bit like Army recruits who instantly become soldiers just by standing in a line wearing their street clothes. And as with the recruits, my re-enlistment to writing was accompanied by an unwelcome feeling of purpose.

Stopping and then starting up again is of course what all writers do. It's what any of us does: Finish this, pause, turn to that. Over time this repetition is one of those markers that cause us to say we are this, not that: E.M.S. attendant, lawyer, car thief, cellist: novelist.

More than for most of my writer colleagues, this ritual -- cease in order to resume -- has always seemed to me to be an aesthetic, possibly even a moral postulate. Many of my acquaintances, however, simply can't wait to get on with writing, as if nature also abhors a motionless pencil.

One friend (until I barked at him) regularly called me at about cocktail hour simply to say, "Did you write today?" Others seem to eye the horizon line anxiously from the deep interior of whatever they're doing at the moment, trying, I suppose, to catch a flickering glimpse of what they might plunge into next. To them the stop preceding the start, the interval, is at best a needless blink in a life devoted to constant gazing. At worst, it provokes a worry, even a fear.

"I'm not writing," a close friend in Montana told me recently. "It's so depressing. I just wander around the house without knowing what to do. The world seems so drab."

I advised: "Try turning on the TV. That always works for me. I forget all about writing the second 'Sports Center' comes on."

And I mean it. In these 30 years I have made a strict point to take lavish periods away from writing, so much time that my writing life sometimes seems to involve not writing more than writing, a fact I warmly approve of.

Admittedly, over this time I've only written seven books, and about these seven there has yet arisen no unanimous critical huzzah. And undoubtedly some smarty-pants will argue that if I'd only written more, been more obsessed, driven myself harder, ground my molars lower and paused less, I'd be a better writer than I am.

But I never imagined I was in this business to break the writers' land speed record, or to put up big numbers (except, I've hoped, big numbers of readers). In any case, if I had written more and stopped less, not only would I have driven myself completely crazy, but almost certainly I would have proved even less good at writing stories than I am. Anyway, it's my business what I do. There are finally some things about ourselves that we know best.

Most writers write too much. Some writers write way too much, gauged by the quality of their accumulated oeuvre. I've never thought of myself as a man driven to write. I simply choose to do it, often when I can't be persuaded to do anything else; or when a dank feeling of uselessness comes over me, and I'm at a loss and have some time on my hands, such as when the World Series is over.

I would argue that only in this state of galvanic repose am I prepared to address the big subjects great literature requires: the affinities between bliss and bale, etc. Call it my version of inspiration, although it's entirely possible that my reliance on this protocol still causes even me to write too much. It's hard to write just enough.

Clearly, many writers write for reasons other than a desire to produce great literature for others' benefit. They write for therapy. They write (queasily) to "express" themselves. They write to give organization to, or to escape from, their long, long days. They write for money, or because they are obsessive. They write as a shout for help, or as an act of familial revenge. La, la, la. There are a lot of reasons to write a lot. Sometimes it works out O.K.

Maybe my seemingly lax attitude comes from having had ***working-class*** parents who slaved so that I could have a better life than they did -- wouldn't have to work as hard -- and my life is just a tribute to their success. But whatever the reason -- piddling around doing something else, like driving from New Jersey to Memphis and then to Maine just to buy a used car, which I did last month -- life comes well before writing to me; whereas writing, at least doing an awful lot of it, feels too much like hard work. I know my mother and father would give me their full support in this.

Not, I hasten to say, that writing is ever all that hard. Beware of writers who tell you how hard they work. (Beware of anybody who tries to tell you that.) Writing is indeed often dark and lonely, but no one really has to do it.

Yes, writing can be complicated, exhausting, isolating, abstracting, boring, dulling, briefly exhilarating; it can be made to be grueling and demoralizing. And occasionally it can produce rewards. But it's never as hard as, say, piloting an L-1011 into O'Hare on a snowy night in January, or doing brain surgery when you have to stand up for 10 hours straight, and once you start you can't just stop. If you're a writer, you can stop anywhere, any time, and no one will care or ever know. Plus, the results might be better if you do.

For me the benefits of taking time off between big writing projects -- novels, let's say -- seem both manifest and manifold. For one thing, you get to put lived life first. V. S. Pritchett once wrote that a writer is a person observing life from across a frontier. Art after all (even writing) is always subordinate to life, always following it along. And life -- that multifarious, multidimensional, collisional freight train of thoughts and sensations you experience away from your desk, when you walk down 56th Street or drive to Memphis -- can be quite bracing (if you can just stand it) as well as useful for filling up the "well of unconscious cerebration" that Henry James thought contributed to the writer's ability actually to connect bliss and bale.

Time frittered away can also just seem like a nice reward for the grueling work you finished. Sometimes it's the only reward you get.

Most writers' work habits date from the days when they were beginners, and at some base level one's habits always involve a system of naive appraisal. You proceed in ways that let you figure out if what you're doing is acceptable to yourself.

Stopping and starting during any one day's writing invites you to judge what you just wrote. And enjoying a long interval between weighty endeavors invites such useful reassessments as: Do I have anything important left to add to the store of available reality? (Kurt Vonnegut decided he didn't.) Do I still wish to do this kind of work? Was the last thing I wrote really worth a hill of beans? Is there not something better I could be doing to make a significant mark on civilization's slate? Does anybody read what I write?

I mean, aren't such inquiries always interesting as well as being merely fearsome? Isn't there a measure of coldly cleansing exhilaration involved in appraising one's personal imperatives as though they were moral matters? Isn't that, as much as anything, why we became writers in the first place?

My view of the writers I admire is not that they are sturdy professionals equipped with a specific set of skills and how-tos, clear steps for career advancement and a saving ethical code; but rather that they are gamblers who practice a sort of fervidly demanding amateurism, whereby one completed, headlong endeavor doesn't teach the next one very much. And in the case of writing novels, one endeavor consumes almost entirely its own resources and generally leaves its author emptied, dazed and bewildered with a ringing in his ears.

Therefore a good spendthrift interval lasting a couple of seasons if not more, or at least until you can no longer stand to read the headlines of the newspaper, much less the articles that follow, can help to freshen the self, to reconfigure the new, while decommissioning worn-out preoccupations, habits, old stylistic tics -- in essence help to "forget" everything in order that you "invent" something better. And by doing all this, we pay reverence to art's sacred incentive -- that the whole self, the complete will, be engaged.

Finally, what seems hard about writing may not be what you think. For me what are testing are the requirements of writing that make a sustained and repeated acquaintance with the world an absolute necessity; that is, that I be convinced that nothing in the world outside the book is as interesting as what I'm doing inside the book that day. What's most demanding is to believe in my own contrivances and to think that unknown others with time on their hands will also be persuaded. To do that, it helps a lot to know what bright allures lie just outside your room and beyond the pale of your illusion.

Writers on Writing

This article is part of a series in which writers explore literary themes. Previous contributions, including essays by John Updike, E. L. Doctorow, Ed McBain, Annie Proulx, Jamaica Kincaid, Saul Bellow and others, can be found with this article at The New York Times on the Web:

[*www.nytimes.com/arts*](http://www.nytimes.com/arts)

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard Ford, author of "The Sportswriter" and "Independence Day." (Associated Press)(pg. E2)

**Load-Date:** November 8, 1999

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[***When a Newsmaker Buys the Newspaper - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K2H-2340-TW8F-G0HC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 29, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2070 words

**Byline:** By KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, May 25

**Body**

Brian Tierney, the incoming chief executive of The Philadelphia Inquirer and The Philadelphia Daily News, had just hopped in a cab to his next appointment when his cellphone rang, again.

The caller, he told his fellow passenger, was the general manager of a local radio station who wanted to cross-promote the newspapers with radio.

''He was saying that in the past, he had wanted to do these things and no one has seemed like they wanted to grab the opportunity,'' Mr. Tierney said. ''This is exactly what I want to do, put our talented reporters on the air, on the radio, on other platforms and have our advertising department working for these win-win kinds of things.''

Mr. Tierney, 49, adman, corporate pitchman, part P. T. Barnum, part Little Engine That Could, is grabbing any and all such opportunities these days as he charts the revival of the area's two major dailies and their shared Web site, www.philly.com.

His team, including Bruce E. Toll, the home builder; Michael J. Hagan, the chief executive of NutriSystem; and William A. Graham, who owns an insurance firm, emerged Tuesday as the unexpected winner in the bidding for the troubled Philadelphia newspapers. By the end of the week, Mr. Tierney was still on a victory lap, hailed by friends and strangers as a deus ex machina who had dropped from the sky to resolve a messy plot unfolding on the ground. The papers had been headed into the arms of several distant corporate owners, at least one of whom wanted to cut the newsroom staffs by half.

''What I see at The Inquirer, The Daily News and Philly.com is really incredibly powerful brands in this marketplace that have perhaps been a little beaten up, ignored, not nurtured and underleveraged, and there's an opportunity for growth,'' he said over red meat and potatoes at The Palm, a favorite spot for the city's movers and shakers.

''I'm interested in this not because I want to control the press,'' he added, ''but because as a business, boy, this is an incredibly important mass media tool and it's way underutilized.''

But Mr. Tierney and his team of local investors, none with any newspaper experience, bring their own set of problems. Many are business owners who surely care how they are covered and whose financial interests could pose conflicts for the papers.

Mr. Tierney's own aggressive advocacy has in the past included trying to manage the papers' coverage of his clients, often bullying reporters, accusing them of unethical behavior and trying to suppress stories. At least once, when he represented the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, he waged a campaign against an Inquirer reporter and sought to have stories killed.

Other clients have included Sunoco and Verizon; he has handled public relations for noncorporate clients, including Nancy Schultz, whose husband, David, a wrestler, was shot and killed in 1996 by John E. du Pont, heir to the chemical fortune.

Mr. Tierney has worked actively with the Republican Party and, according to The Inquirer, has donated more than $200,000 to state and national campaigns in the last decade.

But when Mr. Tierney faced Inquirer and Daily News employees on Tuesday, he said that those days were over and that he would use his formidable advocacy skills on behalf of the newspapers.

Considering the alternative -- and their limited options -- many have decided to give the team a chance.

''We're not naive, and we're not stupid,'' said Amanda Bennett, editor of The Inquirer. ''But don't tell me it will be a miserable failure because of X, Y and Z. We're not ready for that. We want to make it work. The Philadelphia Inquirer is worth the effort.''

Both the new owners and the newspapers are gearing up to try to avoid problems.

Mr. Tierney made all of his partners sign a pledge that they would not try to influence or interfere with news-gathering or the editorial pages. He said over and over that any meddling with the integrity of the papers would be the quickest way to kill them. He said that the protocol for friends and associates who felt aggrieved by the papers would be for them to contact the publisher or editors on their own, not through him or other investors.

Of course there is skepticism -- about Mr. Tierney's motives and whether his team will truly keep its hands off the news coverage.

''I feel like a senator trying to figure out whether a Supreme Court nominee is just trying to win confirmation or is renouncing the devil for real,'' said Rick Nichols, The Inquirer's food columnist.

Nor is it clear if the incoming owners, who paid $562 million for the papers, have the willingness, or the cash, to invest enough to make Mr. Tierney's talk a reality.

Henry Holcomb, a business reporter and president of the local chapter of the Newspaper Guild, said the real test would come this summer, when the contracts with about a dozen unions at the papers expire. The new owners are expected to take over in July, which will give them little time to prepare for negotiations. The labor agreements are among the most expensive costs at the papers and are full of clauses that hamper efficiency, like one that bars the two newspapers from being carried on the same trucks.

''They don't have experience dealing with mature industries with multiple, complicated union contracts,'' Mr. Holcomb said. ''But Brian has said with conviction that in five years, he wants these to be the best newspapers in America. And after working with corporate owners who didn't have that drive, I'm looking forward to working with an entrepreneur.''

At the same time, The Inquirer is trying to put some safeguards in place. For one thing, Ms. Bennett said she was presenting Mr. Tierney and others with a copy of Wednesday's front page announcing the news that he bought the papers -- a front page that features his pledge against interference.

''If they start to mess with us, we'll be the first ones out the door, and Brian Tierney will be proved right -- that there's no better way to destroy a great institution than to compromise its integrity,'' Ms. Bennett said.

The paper is also forming an internal committee to air issues involving the new owners. For example, there are discussions of how to refer to the new owners when they are mentioned in future articles. The Inquirer is also considering hiring an ombudsman who would keep an eye on internal operations at the paper and explain them to readers.

But the journalists seem ready to give Mr. Tierney a chance.

''Are there legitimate reasons to have concerns?'' asked Chris Hepp, the city editor of The Inquirer. ''Absolutely. The fact that they signed an agreement was an acknowledgment that they know this model holds out the possibility for some pitfalls. But it's only fair for us to be aware of the potential for a negative, but not to presume a negative. I'm willing to believe the best.''

The changing of the guard has already provided an opening for The Inquirer to try to reinvigorate the staff and renew its sense of purpose.

''There's a relentless drumbeat of mourning for the past,'' Ms. Bennett said. ''We keep looking back and wringing our hands. But I see this as a moment for us to say, 'No, we're done with the past, we're looking to the future.' ''

The future is an experiment in local business ownership of major newspapers, almost unheard-of in this day and age when most big-city dailies are owned by families or chains. The private owners will not have to answer to Wall Street, as the papers did under their previous owner, Knight Ridder. And they have all pledged not to bail out of this new investment for at least five years.

Mr. Tierney said hisapproach would be somewhat similar to the approach he took at NutriSystem, the online diet company whose turnaround he helped engineer with a big marketing budget.

''I think the publishing world could use an infusion of some new thinking of people from different disciplines, just as we did for NutriSystem,'' he said. ''It was new thinking for an old brand.''

Mr. Tierney said his first step would be the same as it would be for any valued client: he plans to spend three to six months analyzing the product, the market and what consumers want. He wants to update press equipment so the papers can make better use of color, market the papers aggressively and invest heavily in the Web site.

''Philly.com has been starved,'' he said. ''There are 18 people out of 2,700 who are working for Philly.com. That's ridiculous.''

He wants more local news, more entertainment coverage and is looking at the possibility of creating specialty publications, something like an ''Inquirer business online weekly'' or a ''Daily News sports weekly.''

Not too long ago, many journalists would have found it inconceivable to welcome an adman who calls the newspaper a ''product'' and talks of ''branding.''

This approach did not work out well in 1995, when Times Mirror hired Mark H. Willes, who had marketed breakfast foods for General Mills, as its chief executive to improve the bottom line. Called ''the cereal killer,'' he squeezed budgets, laid off hundreds of employees and shut down the New York edition of Newsday. His tenure culminated with a major breach of ethics when The Los Angeles Times magazine published a special section on the Staples Center -- and, unbeknownst to readers, shared the advertising revenue from the section with the Staples Center.

Few newspapers, if any, have tried to replicate that model. But many have seen such turbulence -- budget cuts, job cuts, circulation losses, stagnant advertising and challenges from the Internet, with Wall Street tapping its foot impatiently as stock prices plunged -- that journalists no longer wince when the papers are called a ''product.''

''People think journalists are cynics, but we have a buried romanticism about the business,'' said Dick Polman, the national political writer for The Inquirer. ''We're trying something new, and there will be a lot of attention paid to it. It brings its own challenges, but the idea of taking a risk in some ways brings us some excitement.''

Meanwhile, Mr. Tierney is preparing to move into the newspapers' 12th-floor suite once occupied by Walter Annenberg, whose wealthy family owned the paper for three decades, starting in the 1940's, and who used it to promote their own political and business interests and crush their enemies.

While there is some fear of what one reporter calls ''creeping Annenbergism,'' Mr. Tierney is looking for his own role models, studying everything from whether he should still contribute to the Republican Party (no, he has concluded, having examined the Grahams of The Washington Post) to whether to wear a tie. (''Is there a uniform for people in this business?'' he asked.)

Some aspects of the culture are still unfamiliar. He was describing himself as a ''zealous advocate'' and added, ''I hope our reporters will be zealous advocates for what they're trying to do as well.'' When it was pointed out that reporters are not supposed to be advocates for anything, he amended his comment.

''Zealous advocates for finding the truth,'' he said. ''They shouldn't just be willing -- if they believe in something, they should fight for it.''

In High School, Early to the Party

Brian Tierney, who led the team that bought The Philadelphia Inquirer and The Daily News, became a Republican by happenstance.

When he was a senior in high school in 1975, the Democrats were desperate for candidates to run in a primary for township commissioner in his lopsidedly Republican hometown, Upper Darby, a ***working-class*** suburb of Philadelphia.

Mr. Tierney thought it would be a kick, so he took the challenge -- and lost miserably.

But he was shocked to discover during the campaign that supporters of his Democratic primary opponent were ripping down his posters and stealing his campaign paraphernalia.

''The Republicans said they'd watch my stuff for me,'' he said.

''Afterward they said, 'We really like your moxie, kid, why don't you come to one of our events?' They were nice to me, so I converted on the spot.''

He said that he remained a Republican because he liked the party's sense of optimism. But now that he is about to own the newspapers, he declined to say whether he supported President Bush and the war in Iraq.

''I'd rather not get into it,'' he said. ''That's the opposite of what I want to be talking about.'' KATHARINE Q. SEELYE

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article in Business Day on May 24 about the sale of Philadelphia's newspapers, The Inquirer and The Daily News, to a group of local investors misstated the date that The Inquirer was purchased by the Annenberg family. (The error was repeated on Monday in an article about Brian Tierney, one of the new owners.) It was 1936, not the 1940's.

**Correction-Date:** June 3, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: Brian Tierney, leader of a team of businessmen who bought Philadelphia's main newspapers, has vowed not to compromise their editorial integrity. But he faces some skepticism from those who recall his aggressive tactics as an adman. (Illustration by The New York Times

photograph by Mike Mergen for The New York Times)(pg. C1)

Most urban dailies belong to families or large chains

Philadelphia's will be owned by business leaders.

Amanda Bennett, editor of The Philadelphia Inquirer, said of the new ownership, ''We want to make it work.'' (Photo by Mike Mergen for The New York Times)(pg. C3)

**Load-Date:** May 29, 2006

**End of Document**



[***WEEKENDER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B9B0-0007-H13P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 16, 1986, Friday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 4; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1431 words

**Body**

Friday FESTIVALS ON FILM When the freelance photographer Roberta Grobel Intrater realized that most of New York City's ethnic festivals had not been thoroughly documented, she set out on an eight-year project. The results can be seen at the New-York Historical Society, which is staging an exhibition of her work in honor of the Statue of Liberty's centennial year. Nine festivals are documented in 65 color photographs, from the St. Patrick's Day Parade to Brooklyn's Cherry Blossom Festival, the West Indian American Day Parade and the East Indian Festival. ''Liberty's Legacy: Photographs of New York's Ethnic Festivals'' is at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, through Sept. 28. The museum is open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M. Admission is $2 ($1.50 for the elderly and $1 for children under 12). Information: 873-3400.

'THE DIVINE ORLANDO'

Legend would have it that as a youth, the Franco-Flemish composer Orlando di Lasso was kidnapped three times by fans who wanted to own the beauty of his voice. He eventually matured to become one of the most prolific composer of the 16th century, and developed a long-lasting friendship with the Duke of Bavaria, who provided him with a permanent orchestra and choir to perform his works. Di Lasso's music and his many letters to the Duke form the basis of a new music-theater work, ''The Divine Orlando,'' written by the playwright William Luce and performed by the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, an a cappella group now in its 17th season. The Western Wind is known for its expressive renditions of Renaissance lieders, madrigals and motets. Its collaboration with Mr. Luce, who won critical acclaim for two previous plays based on the letters of historical figures, marks the GOG JUMP first time he has incorporated musical compositions in his work. Primary speaking roles will be played by Steven Crossley, Sherry Flett and James Harper. Performances this weekend are at 8 tonight and tomorrow and at 7 P.M. Sunday at the CSC Repertory Theater at 136 East 13th Street. General admission tickets are $18 tonight and Sunday; there is a benefit performance tomorrow night (tickets, $40). Information: 677-4210.

BROOKLYN WOMEN

Women of Brooklyn are the thread connecting two new documentary films making their premieres at the Film Forum 2 today (see review page C12). Christine Noschese's ''Metropolitan Avenue,'' the longer film, is a 60-minute portrait of several women living in the Greenpoint and Williamsburg sections of Brooklyn. Miss Noschese focuses on ***working-class*** women involved in community activism, who confront City Hall when cutbacks in services threaten their communities. The film, which took five years to complete, won the John Grierson Award for best social documentary film by a new film maker at the 1985 American Film Festival. ''I Remember Barbra'' is a 25-minute film by Kevin J. Burns that documents the varying recollections of Barbra Streisand that linger in the community where she grew up. Mr. Burns sought out her former neighbors, the policeman who caught her playing hooky and even Norm Shimmel, a high school boyfriend. Film Forum 2 is at 57 Watts Street. For information on times and admission, the number is 691-8064. Saturday CENTRAL PARK CLEANUP Connoisseurs of the surreal will mingle with the merely civic minded at the Central Park Conservancy's fourth annual ''You Gotta Have Park'' cleanup in Central Park this weekend. Apart from 2,100 volunteers from 34 civic organizations, the event will feature, among other things, a garden of weeding nuns from the Off Broadway production of ''Nunsense,'' a crew of lamppost cleaners from the cast of ''Singin' in the Rain,'' and softball games between rival soap operas (''As the World Turns'' vs. ''Another World,'' 1 P.M. Sunday at Heckscher Field). Several comic-strip characters are expected (Jughead and Veronica, of ''Archie'' fame). Perimeter benches will receive a new coat of paint as broken glass is swept up from the playgrounds, according to a member of the conservancy. The Central Park Conservancy uses public and private funds to help insure the upkeep of the park. Booths will be set up to solicit donations for the group. The two-day event is Saturday and Sunday from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Mayor Koch will appear at the official starting ceremony 11 A.M. Saturday, at the northeast corner of 72d Street and Central Park West. Information: 628-1037.

FRENCH COMPOSERS

A tribute to French composers in honor of the Statue of Liberty centennial will bring the violinist Thruston Johnson, the pianist David Garvey and the oboe soloist Whitney Tustin to Carnegie Recital Hall Saturday for a concert featuring music by Francois Couperin, Olivier Messiaen, Cesar Franck and Gabriel Faure. The concert is being presented by the International Festivals Series, which is in its 21st year of organizing musical events honoring composers of different nations. The concert begins at 8:30 P.M. Tickets are $15. Information: 749-7839. Sunday PARK SLOPE TOUR Many of the smaller 19th-century Victorian houses that virtually define First Street in Brooklyn's Park Slope were once middle-class homes. But they were built with the same mannered attention to detail that characterize the grand houses, and the Park Slope Civic Council's 27th annual walking tour Sunday will focus on the ornate scrollwork and stained-glass detail that adorns these old structures, some of which date from the early 1880's. The self-guided tour will concentrate on the restored houses of First Street, which is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year. A map and booklet outlining the history of individual buildings will be provided from a booth at First Street and Seventh Avenue. Tickets will be stamped along the way. Proceeds go to the Park Slope Civic Council's neighborhood grant program, which provides funds for local youth programs and arts groups. The tour will run from noon to 5 P.M. Tickets are $6 ($4 for the elderly). Refreshments will be provided. Information: (718) 499-5770.

QUEENS RITES OF SPRING

For 200 years, farming has been continuous at the 47-acre farm now maintained by the Queens County Farm Museum. This year marks the museum's first ''Rites of Spring Festival,'' which will offer Maypole dancing, live music, workshops on tree pruning and garden maintenance, sheepshearing demonstrations and a 10-foot-high inflatable mobile planetarium trucked in by the New York Hall of Science for a lecture on ''farmers' celestial signals.'' The museum, which maintains a restored 18th-century farmhouse, is dedicated to preserving New York City's agricultural history. Festivities run from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sunday at the museum, 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park, Queens. Tickets are $3 ($1.50 for children). Information: (718) 468-4355.

JAVANESE DANCE

The ancient Hindu epic ''The Ramayana'' has been compared in the West to ''The Iliad.'' The difference is that the Greek epic lives now only on the page. In Bali and Java, gamelan orchestras and groups of dancers still bring to life chapters of Sanskrit legend in the same way they were originally passed down. Traditional Javanese dancing blends hypnotic, rhythmic gamelan music -played by 40- or 50-man orchestras on xylophones and tiered gongs - with the sinuous hand and arm movements of richly costumed dancers. Three Javanese dancers will enact traditional stories from ''The Ramayana'' Sunday at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Sal Murgiyanto and Endang Nrangwestri, a husband-and-wife team well known in Indonesia, will be joined by Urip Sri Maeny, a teacher of Javanese dance at Wesleyan University, and the Wesleyan University Gamelan Orchestra under the direction of Sumarsam and I. Harjito. Gamelan works, sung poetry and three dances will be featured in the program. The performance starts at 2:30 P.M. at the museum's Uris Auditorium. Tickets are $8 (the elderly and students, $6). Information: 362-3366.

BROOKLYN BOATS

In summer, water bugs reappear to skate across country ponds; on Sunday, a fleet of bright yellow paddle boats will fan out across the surface of the 60-acre lake in Prospect Park, the largest body of fresh water in Brooklyn. The boats, which can accommodate two adults and a small child comfortably, can be rented for $5 an hour, plus returnable $5 deposit, seven days a week from 11 A.M. until one hour before sunset. They can be rented from a dock next to the Wollman Rink (closest entrance, Parkside and Ocean Avenues). In inclement weather, you can call the information number: (718) 287-9824.

**Graphic**

Photo of Orlando di Lasso (The Bettmann Archive)

**End of Document**



[***Echoes of Amado in the Dark and the Light***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RX5-G3R0-TW8F-G0GK-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

LARRY ROHTER, The Times's bureau chief in Rio de Janeiro from 1999 until August 2007, is on leave, writing a book about Brazil.

**Body**

IN Portuguese, ''amado'' means ''beloved,'' and in more than a score of novels, the Brazilian writer Jorge Amado made clear his eternal passion for Salvador da Bahia, the city that took him in as a teenage boarding student and became his home. Salvador, in turn, loved him back, and even now, more than six years after his death, Amado's exuberant spirit, aesthetic and characters seem to permeate the streets of the place he described both as ''the most mysterious and beautiful of the world's cities'' and ''the most languid of women.''

For visitors keen to experience those tropical mysteries, Amado went so far as to suggest an itinerary in his novel, ''Tereza Batista: Home From the Wars.'' He wanted tourists to see not just ''our beaches, our churches embroidered with gold, the blue Portuguese ceramic tiles, the Baroque, the picturesque popular festivals and the fetishist ceremonies,'' but also ''the putridity of the slum houses on stilts and the whorehouses.''

That kind of dichotomy was typical of Amado, who, especially in his early years, tended to see everything as pairs of opposites: good and evil, black and white, sacred and profane, rich and poor. He even managed to impose that Manichean vision on the geography of Salvador, scorning Rua Chile, then the main commercial street of the upper city, and its well-to-do clientele in favor of the lower city and the port, where sailors, longshoremen, beggars, prostitutes and grifters saturated him in ''the greasy black mystery of the city of Salvador da Bahia.''

Nowadays, the heart of the lower city has been restored and gentrified. The beach where the homeless street urchins of his 1937 novel, ''Captains of the Sands,'' struggled to survive has disappeared, replaced by a yacht club and a small mall that includes art galleries and a restaurant, Trapiche de Adelaide, that not only may be Salvador's finest but also offers a magnificent view of the bay.

But at the noisy, stifling Mercado Municipal just down the road, the flavor of the old days lingers. Inside, stalls sell not just T-shirts but also herbs, magic potions, aphrodisiacs and amulets. On the plaza out front, con artists perform card tricks, folk poets known as repentistas and cordelistas recite or sing their verses, and practitioners of capoeira perform their graceful mixture of dance and martial arts to the twang of the single metal string of the gourd-like berimbau.

The link between the scruffy lower city and the imposing ''black mass on the green mountain above the sea,'' as Amado referred to the upper city in ''Pastors of the Night,'' is the 191-foot Lacerda Elevator, which was itself featured in ''Sea of Death,'' published in 1936. At its upper terminus, the elevator opens onto a square that provides a sweeping view of the city and the bay.

But at its lower terminus, the elevator is surrounded by funky bars that play axe, pagode and other styles of music favored by the Brazilian ***working class***. Every time I exit, I think of ''The Two Deaths of Quincas Wateryell'' and its description of a bar ''full of glum clusters of young guys, joyful sailors, women down on their luck and truck drivers with long hauls scheduled.''

As much as its people, Salvador's streets and landmarks are characters in Amado's novels. Salvador overwhelmed the author with its sights, sounds and smells. ''In Bahia, popular culture enters through the eyes, the ears, the mouth (so rich, colorful and tasty the culinary arts) and penetrates all the senses,'' he wrote in ''Bay of All Saints,'' a guidebook first published in 1945 that is unfortunately out of print.

Amado's own presence is perhaps most palpably felt at the museum on Pelourinho Square that bears his name. Inside are numerous photographs of the novelist, at work and with his family, at home in Salvador and abroad, where he lived in reluctant exile for some years. The permanent exhibition also displays first-edition covers, in Portuguese and in translation into more than 40 languages, of each of his novels.

As you sit on the museum steps, the most famous scene from Amado's best-known novel, ''Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands,'' also made into a movie in the 1970s, comes readily to mind. Even with the cobblestoned plaza cluttered by touts trying to sell trinkets to sunburned tourists in Bermuda shorts, the image of Flor walking with Teodoro on one side and the naked ghost of Vadinho on the other seems an indelible part of the landscape.

Just across the square, at Largo do Pelourinho 68, is the boardinghouse where Amado lived when he first came to Salvador from the provincial town of Ilheus in 1928 at the age of 16 to study. Not coincidentally, an early novel written in Socialist Realist style, ''Sweat,'' is set in the building, which today is painted pastel green and has a small plaque that acknowledges its importance in Amado's intellectual formation.

Legend says that Salvador has 365 churches, one for each day of the year, and each meant to be more spectacular than the last. The most dazzling of the lot is probably Sao Francisco, a frothy Baroque confection a couple of blocks from Pelourinho that is awash in gold arabesques and is connected to a monastery whose walls are decorated with gorgeous 18th-century Portuguese tiles.

But Amado always felt a special affection for the more austere Igreja de Nossa Senhora do Rosario dos Pretos because of its links to the historic suffering of the blacks who make up the majority of the city's population. The church is at the foot of Pelourinho Square, where in colonial days slaves were flogged, and Amado, sometimes unjustly accused by his critics of favoring exoticism and sentimentality over substance, never forgot that.

''The church was all blue in the late afternoon, the church of the slaves in the square where the whipping post and pillories had been erected,'' he wrote in ''Tent of Miracles,'' published in 1969. ''Is that the reflection of the sun or a smear of blood on the cobblestones? So much blood has run over these stones, so many cries of pain rose to heaven, so many supplications and curses resonated on the walls of that blue church.''

Food was also essential to Amado's world, as the title of ''Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon'' clearly conveys. Amado's humble heroines are frequently of the belief that the surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and more often than not they are proven right. ''If after confronting all the dangers and obstacles that life offers, you don't eat well, then what's the point?'' one character observes in ''The Violent Land.''

Walking down the slanted sidewalk of Pelourinho Square last year, I caught the unmistakable fragrance of dende, or palm oil, and peanut sauce wafting from a doorway. It turned out to be the entrance to the Museu da Gastronomia Bahiana, which opened in 2006 and offers a solid introduction to the culinary delights of Amado's novels. Just downstairs from a restaurant operated by Senac, a government training school for hotel workers, waiters and chefs, the museum is divided into three sections. The first displays the ingredients of typical Bahian dishes, along with the utensils required to make them and photographs of the final results, while the second is a store that sells cookbooks, sweets and compotes.

The third, of course, is the restaurant itself, which is not just a tribute to the cuisine that inspired Amado but also an invitation to gluttony. For 28 reals ($15.56 at 1.8 reals to the dollar), visitors can eat as much as they want of the 40 or so dishes displayed on long serving tables. The choices range from vatapa, a savory paste made from shrimp, coconut milk, palm oil and nuts, to quindim, an intensely yellow custard that combines egg yolks, sugar and ground coconut. Drinks are served by women wearing the turbans and flouncy dresses of Candomble priestesses.

Like Pedro Archanjo, the hero of his novel ''Tent of Miracles,'' Amado was a lapsed Communist and atheist who eventually became so involved in Candomble, the African-derived religion that is Brazil's equivalent to voodoo, that he became an oba, or honorary high priest in the cult of Xango, the deity of lightning and justice. Candomble beliefs and practices pervade Amado's novels and motivate many of his characters, especially in ''The War of the Saints,'' the last of his great novels, published in 1988.

''In this land of Bahia, saints and enchanted beings perform miracles and sorcery,'' Amado wrote, ''and not even Marxist ethnologists are surprised to see a carving from a Catholic altar turn into a bewitching mulatto woman at the hour of dusk.''

The terreiros, or open-air Candomble sanctuaries, which Amado frequented back when they were illegal and subject to police raids, now flourish and are open to visitors. Some hotels organize trips to what they advertise as Candomble ceremonies. But these tend either to be bogus or at the very least watered down.

A better option is to make arrangements with one of the established terreiros to attend a worship service and, since most of the tabernacles are in poor, outlying neighborhoods, hire a taxi. Amado was fond of both the Casa Branca group in the Vasco da Gama neighborhood and Ile Axe Opo Afonja, in the Cabula area, which the Brazilian government designated a national treasure in 2001.

Both are good choices for visitors. Ile Axe Opo Afonja was ''my house,'' Amado wrote, where ''I have my chair at the side of the high priestess and at times am her spokesman.'' He also urged visitors to be sure to ask their own orixa, or divinity, for protection just as soon as they arrived in Salvador.

''The pathways of Salvador are guarded by Exu, one of the most important orixas in the liturgy of Candomble,'' he wrote in ''Bay of All Saints.'' But Exu is often confused with the devil, so ''woe be unto those who disembark with malevolent intentions, with a heart of hatred or envy, or stop here tinged by violence or acrimony.''

For most of the last decades of his life, Amado lived at Rua Alagoinhas 33, in the Rio Vermelho neighborhood, far from both the lower and upper city. At one point in ''Dona Flor,'' a character complains that ''the worst address can only be Rio Vermelho, with its isolation and impostors, an end-of-the-world, almost suburban kind of place, and so ordinary.''

But in fact the area is charming, and the street on which Amado lived is quiet and palm shaded. The house itself is decorated with blue and white tiles with images of birds and fruit, and has a white tower with a statue and Candomble emblem honoring Xango. After Amado's death on Aug. 6, 2001, his ashes were scattered in the house's garden.

''The years of freedom I spent on the streets of Salvador da Bahia, mixing with the people of the docks, of the markets and fairs'' and other somewhat disreputable and picaresque locations were ''my best university,'' Amado said when he was inducted into the Brazilian Academy of Letters in 1961. Or as one of the characters in ''Captains of the Sands'' muses, ''there is nothing better in the world than to walk like this, at random, through the streets of Bahia.''

VISITOR INFORMATION

HOW TO GET THERE

Once a week, TAM Airlines, the Brazilian carrier, operates a direct flight between Miami and Salvador da Bahia. The plane leaves on Sunday morning and arrives 7 hours and 45 minutes later; a round-trip ticket costs about $1,300. During the rest of the week, though, visitors must fly overnight to Rio de Janeiro or Sao Paulo and make connections there, adding both time and cost to the trip.

WHERE TO STAY

The Hotel Tropical (Avenida 7 de Setembro 1537; 55-71-2105-2000; www.tropicalhotel.com.br) is conveniently located near both the downtown area in the upper city and the main in-town beaches, and is decorated with murals by Carybe, who illustrated many of Jorge Amado's novels. There are 253 rooms, and a double, with breakfast and taxes included, is 239 reals ($132.78 at 1.8 reals to the dollar).

Of the many hotels on the beachfront, the Othon Palace (at Avenida Oceanica 2294 in Ondina; 55-71-2103-7100; www.othon.com.br) is a personal favorite. It's within walking distance of several landmarks and fine restaurants, is only a short cab ride away from the lower city, and has 278 rooms with rustic-style furniture and verandahs, most offering spectacular views of the sea and a nearby lighthouse. Double rooms start at about 200 reals.

If you're willing to splurge, the Convento do Carmo (Rua do Carmo 1; 55-71-3327-8400; www.pousadas.pt) is definitely the place to go. The main building, recently and luxuriously restored, dates from 1586 and is walking distance from Pelourinho. There is a splendid restaurant and a museum, large courtyard and gardens, and the rooms are decorated in an elegant colonial style. But expect to pay a high price: double rooms start at 680 reals.

WHERE TO EAT

In what was once a dockside warehouse, Trapiche de Adelaide (Avenida do Contorno 2 in the lower city; 55-71-3326-2211) offers a beautiful view of the bay and has food to match. The menu emphasizes local ingredients prepared with French delicacy: a typical meal might start with a soup of cassava and lobster, progress to a main course of shrimp in mustard sauce garnished with almonds, pineapple and apricots and conclude with tropical fruits or ice cream made from the same. Lunch or dinner for two, with a caipirinha, a cocktail made from sugar cane liquor, is about 200 reals.

At the Mercado Modelo, two restaurants outdoors on the second-story verandah are good places to have lunch while enjoying the view. Camafeu de Oxossi (55-71-3242-9751) and Maria de Sao Pedro (55-71-3242-5262) are bitter rivals, but have essentially the same menu and prices, featuring regional dishes such as xin xin, a chicken and shrimp stew, and bobo de camarao , a shrimp dish. Lunch for two with a caipirinha, is about 60 reals.

Varal da Dada (Rua Teixeira Mendes 55, Alto das Pombas in Federacao; 55-71-3332-1777) is exactly the kind of informal neighborhood place that Jorge Amado frequented, with the added lure of spectacular regional cuisine. Dada is the nickname of a local cook famous for her moquecas, or fish stews, bobo de camarao and sweet desserts, and the restaurant that bears her name operates in the backyard of her home, Tuesday through Sunday. Lunch or dinner for two with beer or a caipirinha runs about 75 reals.

MUSIC

Many of Brazil's biggest pop stars, including Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, Maria Bethania, Gal Costa and Carlinhos Brown, are from Salvador, and even when it's not Carnival time, Salvador seems to be a festival of musical styles ranging from axe and tropicalista pop to samba-reggae and funk. The Olodum drum choir, which has worked with Paul Simon and Michael Jackson, rehearses most Tuesday nights at Pelourinho Square. Admission is 60 reals; call (55-71) 3321-5010 to confirm that practice is on.

Capoeira is a mixture of martial arts and dance developed by slaves brought from Africa, and is extremely musical. There are academies that teach the art form and put on shows for the public, such as the Fundacao Mestre Bimba (Rua Gregorio de Mattos 51 in Pelourinho; 55-71-3322-5082), and on Friday nights capoeira is also performed at the Terreiro de Jesus, near Pelourinho.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: TOP: The Lacerda Elevator looms over Salvador's lower city. ABOVE: Casa Branca, a Candomble terreiro, or sanctuary. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LALO DE ALMEIDA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.TR7)

Pelourinho Square in Salvador. The church at the foot of the square is Nossa Senhora do Rosario dos Pretos.

LEFT: A woman in traditional Bahian dress in Pelourinho. RIGHT The Sao Francisco monastery, which is connected to a Baroque church. The monastery's walls are decorated with 18th-century Portuguese tiles. (pg.TR10) PHOTOGRAPHS BY LALO DE ALMEIDA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) MAP: Salvador de Bahia, Brazil

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[***To Fill a Shortage of Doctors, Town Nurtures 2 of Its Own***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7JR0-000P-2064-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By DIRK JOHNSON,

By DIRK JOHNSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BURLINGTON, Colo.

**Body**

When the Pilmentel and Perez families moved here from Mexico in the 1970's, there was a shortage of manual laborers for the kind of dirty, back-breaking, low-paying field work that seemed reserved for those who spoke Spanish.

Like many rural towns, Burlington today faces a worker shortage at the opposite end of the economic and social spectrum: physicians. In the past four years, Burlington has spent $50,000 on a campaign to recruit a doctor or two, but none would settle in this 3,000-person town, which is a flat spot near the Kansas border and not much else.

The town ultimately found a solution in its own backyard: It persuaded a wealthy resident to finance the medical school costs of two Burlington High School graduates in exchange for their promise to return home.

Burlington now looks forward to the day when "Dr. Sacramento Pilmentel" and "Dr. James Perez," the sons of field workers and dishwashers, come home to hang out their shingles. The two young men have just begun their first year at the University of Colorado Medical School.

"My son will help the town," a beaming Israel Pilmentel, a 46-year-old farm hand, said through an interpreter. His 14-year-old son Jerardo added his own comment: "Man, I am so proud."

The town's newspaper will run a regular feature that keeps up with the progress of the medical students. "This town is real proud of these kids," said John Hudler, the news editor at The Burlington Record.

From Field to Field

"We want people to know how things are going for them and their families," he said. "That way, when they come home for Christmas, people can ask them about classes and life at school. And by the time they've finished up, people here will still have a connection to them. They won't be strangers."

Born in Mexico to migrant workers, the young men spent their early years traveling to fruit and vegetable fields in California, Florida and Colorado with their families. They usually stayed in beaten-up trailers, although Sacramento Pilmentel recalls a stint of staying in an old Buick.

Their fathers worked in the sugar beet fields here and eventually found permanent jobs as farm hands. Their mothers work as dishwashers in local restaurants. Neither of the young men spoke English when they came to Burlington. As a child, Mr. Perez said he knew, "My father -- the Mexicans -- did work no one else was willing to do."

A Spanish teacher at the high school would come to the elementary school to help sometimes, but mostly they learned the language on their own.

"We watched a lot of 'Sesame Street,' " said Mr. Perez.

For a time, the two young men doubted they would even go to college, much less medical school. In the summer after graduation from Burlington High School in 1988, Mr. Perez was working on a farm, and Mr. Pilmentel had gone to the oil fields of Wyoming in search of work. They told their parents they would probably not be going to college. They could not afford it.

2-Person Support Group

But Colorado State awarded them scholarships, and the young men nervously went off to campus. "Most kids had parents who had gone to college, or older siblings, and they knew what to expect," said Mr. Perez. "If we hadn't had each other, we probably would have put our backpacks in the car and gone home."

The year the boys went to college the town began searching for a doctor because two of the town's physicians retired. Burlington could have applied for a Federal program that assigns doctors to rural regions, in exchange for forgiveness of loans. But the town was skeptical. Those doctors often leave as soon as their obligations are fulfilled.

The town was unaware that James Perez, who is married and the father of a three-month-old boy, had been accepted to medical school. But news spread quickly when he came to the Bank of Burlington last winter in search of a hefty loan.

Despite the common view that scholarship money is always available for bright minority students, officials at the Colorado Medical School said the pool of financial aid had been inadequate for several years.

Not a Marcus Welby

The Burlington loan officer, Charles Baker, called Mr. Hudler at the newspaper and asked, "Do you suppose there is anything we can do for him?"

Mr. Hudler met with Mr. Perez. "If we paid for your schooling," he asked, "would you come back here?"

At first, Mr. Perez was skeptical that an offer would be made. Hispanic people account for less than 10 percent of the town's population. He wondered whether they might have been looking for a doctor that looked more like Marcus Welby. "I didn't think Burlington would want me, you know, being a minority," he said.

One local resident assured Mr. Perez: "Look, if you have a good bedside manner, it won't matter if you're 10 different colors and striped to boot."

Vayo Rodriguez, a 31-year-old who works for the city's electric department and is a friend of the Pilmentel family, said the majority of the townspeople were fair-minded. And the others? "Well, they're learning something, aren't they," he said, and smiled broadly. "They're about to turn around and see that one of those people -- the ones who are below them -- has gotten as high in this town as you can get."

'Mr. Potter' Steps In

As products of the ***working class***, the young men said, they will be able to relate to patients in a way that other doctors might not. "Most doctors are from pretty educated, well-to-do backgrounds, and the patients know it," Mr. Pilmentel said. "But if a concrete worker or a welder or a farm worker comes into the office, I'll be able to say, 'Hey, I can relate to what you're doing.' And it will give the patients some connection."

As a gruff old man with plenty of power and money in a small town, Harold McArthur is a kind of warm-hearted version of Mr. Potter in "It's a Wonderful Life."

"I've been lucky," said Mr. McArthur, 82, as he sat near a sign on the wall about shooting salesmen and spat tobacco juice. "I've made potfuls of money, and I'm going to spend it."

He has a long list of beneficence and is also executor of a charitable trust. He was approached about the idea of using trust money for the young men.

"I like this idea so much I'll pay for it myself," he said.

He has earmarked about $30,000 a year for the two students. But if that isn't enough, townspeople say they will get the money somehow.

"It's going to be like some corny Norman Rockwell painting," said Mr. Hudler, the newspaper editor. "This whole town is going to pull together."

Before the agreement was made, Mr. McArthur wanted to meet the boys at his farm implements dealership. A sometimes cantankerous man, Mr. McArthur has been known to have physically removed a salesman or two in his time. As he sat in work trousers behind a cluttered desk, he asked the young men some hard questions.

Sealed by a Handshake

"What really turned me on about these boys," said Mr. McArthur, who came from an impoverished family of 12 children, "was the way they want to learn, really learn."

Mr. Hudler had gone along to the meeting with a contract that would legally bind the young men to return to Burlington.

"Nope, I don't do business that way," said Mr. McArthur, who simply wanted to shake hands on the deal.

"Pretty cool," said Mr. Pilmentel. And they shook.

To hear the townspeople, the arrangement is the most creative idea in Burlington since the 1950's, when a local farmer decided to arrange and attend his own funeral. He thought it was a shame for eulogies to be wasted on the dead. So the farmer, who was in his 70's, sat in his casket and listened to people mourn and talk about what a splendid fellow he was. Life magazine even sent a photographer.

"This whole darned thing is just wonderful," said Barry Hinkhouse, a farmer who employs James Perez's father. "They'll be such great role models -- for everyone."

Two years ago, Mr. Pilmentel and his brother David spent the summer at a meat packing plant in Dodge City, Kan., to raising money to send David to mechanic's school in Denver.

"He's about to get a job," said Mr. Pilmentel, "and then he's going to help me out."

**Graphic**

Photo: Burlington, Colo., is solving its doctor shortage by financing the medical school costs of two local high school graduates in exchange for a promise to return home. James Perez, left, and Sacramento Pilmentel have just begun at the University of Colorado Medical School. (Ellen Jaskol Kelsey for The New York Times) (pg. B7)

Map of Colorado showing the location of Burlington. (pg. B7)

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[***On TV Soon, Look for Latinos;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XSG-F740-00RP-K3G1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Nickelodeon Discovers a Large New World to Portray***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XSG-F740-00RP-K3G1-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Body**

In a ***working-class*** New York City neighborhood, a 14-year-old girl faces a dilemma. As a student at a performing arts school, she has just won an audition to join a singing group, but this means going on tour, away from family and friends.

"So what are you gonna do?" her best girlfriend asks.

"I don't know yet," she says. "My mother wants me to really think about it, so I'm trying to take my time."

Girlfriend: "It wouldn't take me long to make up my mind."

Another friend, a boy: "Well, you're not the brightest crayon in the box, now are you?"

Girlfriend, glaring at him: "I'm trying to imagine you with a personality."

Girl: "I'm trying to imagine myself without you guys."

This scene is from the script of the pilot episode of "Taina," a prime-time television series that Nickelodeon plans to try out with its children's audience by next year.

The cable network expects the show's universal themes, musical numbers and focus on a teenager and her multigenerational family to appeal not only to children but also to their parents. But "Taina," whose pilot episode was shot in New York last week, would also be an anomaly.

Set in Queens, its lead character is Puerto Rican -- the name Taina refers to the Taino, the indigenous people of the island -- and most of the major roles are also played by Latino actors. So rare is an all-Latino principal cast on television today that a coalition of Hispanic groups staged a two-week boycott of the major networks in September to protest the absence of Latinos in prime time.

While the "brownout" of ABC, CBS, NBC and Fox, and the threat of similar protests by black and Asian-American organizations, prompted executives and producers to hastily add minority characters to their fall lineups, a show like "Taina" could not do without a Latino cast.

Its producer and creator, Maria Perez-Brown, 37, said she wanted to portray the existence of a teenage girl navigating two cultures -- those of her traditional, three-generation Latino household and of school and the city outside. The girl retains values from one as she is immersed in the other.

The concept is based on Ms. Perez-Brown's own experiences growing up in Puerto Rico, in Brooklyn and in Hartford, and, she said, on "my fantasy experiences -- the kind of childhood I would have liked to have had." The show has been in development for two years.

"It's about taking the genre, like a comedy, to capture the Latino world," Ms. Perez-Brown said. "It's not just putting Latino faces on television."

Nickelodeon has previously presented multicultural shows and some with predominantly black and Asian casts. But "Taina" is the first among half a dozen projects with Latino themes that the cable network is nurturing through varying stages of development. Another is "The Brothers Garcia," a Mexican-American family drama-comedy reminiscent of "The Wonder Years" created by Jeff Valdez, a Los Angeles producer of Latino English-language and bilingual programs.

Nickelodeon executives said the productions respond to the demographic growth of Latinos in the United States -- to 31 million people, or 11 percent of the country's population -- and the network's commitment to reflect the world children live in accurately. Nickelodeon creates shows for all children 2 to 11.

Albie Hecht, Nickelodeon's president for film and television entertainment, said the shows were a step in a new direction for the network in both theme and appeal -- the aim is to attract not just children but also their families. Feedback by network viewers indicates they want more emphasis on relationships between children and parents.

In the adult world, the Latino experience has been central to few shows -- "Que Pasa, U.S.A.?," "Chico and the Man." Now, under criticism, some networks have announced new development deals, including a CBS series about several generations of a Mexican-American family by the filmmaker Gregory Nava, who directed the film "Selena."

Network executives and minority actors and writers say the low profile of minorities in television is more a function of indifference than racism, but Mr. Valdez said that in the case of Latinos there was also the misconception that the audience was already taken care of by Spanish-language television.

"There's a myth that we only speak Spanish," said the producer, who is negotiating with investors to start a cable channel concentrating on English-speaking Latinos next year. "We're hellbent on changing that."

The characters in "Taina" and "The Brothers Garcia" are intended to defy stereotypes often seen on television. Thus they speak with no accent except when warranted, as in the case of Taina's grandfather, the only one in the family born in Puerto Rico. In "The Brothers Garcia" the father is present and responsible; the mother in "Taina" is smart, liberal and friends with her daughter.

Ms. Perez-Brown, a New York City entertainment lawyer and television producer who runs her own production company, Dorado Entertainment Inc., already has a successful track record with Nickelodeon. She was executive producer and a creator of "Gullah Gullah Island," a popular Nickelodeon live-action series for preschoolers that has run since 1994 and features a multi-ethnic cast.

Ms. Perez-Brown said she originally wanted that series to be set in Puerto Rico, but it soon became obvious that it could not be done in English without hurting its authenticity. The show and one of its main characters, a large yellow talking frog, was relocated to coastal South Carolina, where the West African culture and language, both called "gullah," have survived for centuries.

In "Taina," the action revolves around Taina Morales, who attends "the Manhattan School of the Arts." She "wants to be Selena -- a singer, a dancer, a performer" -- and she's relentless, the producer said. She lives with her father, a police investigator who runs a car service on the side; her mother, a teacher; her 7-year-old sister, and a recently widowed grandfather. Taina's aunt, seems to be always hanging around.

Taina inhabits a hip, contemporary urban world that comes with eclectic music -- salsa, R&B, hip-hop -- and she has three best friends, two black and one white. Her nemesis at school is Maritza Diaz, born to a Puerto Rican father and an African-American mother and "a character kids love to hate," Ms. Perez-Brown said. The producer modeled it after the girl who stole her boyfriend when the was 14.

In selling "Taina," Ms. Perez-Brown said, she tailored the story to cater to the network's taste -- realistic characters, with a child's point of view, who delve into issues that appeal to a general audience of children. She said she pitched the show armed with well-developed characters, 13 story lines (enough for a season), research from focus groups of Latino and black teenagers (their favorite show: "Seinfeld") and a business proposition.

"I said, here's an opportunity for you to make a bunch of money," she said. "In a way, it's giving them a model for how to sell the series, how to promote it. How to use the music to make records and music videos, how to take advantage of subsidiary uses for this property. You can't assume they see the vision you have for the show."

While excited about the project, executives of Nickelodeon, which has invested about $600,000 on development, also want it to maintain a broad appeal. Ms. Perez-Brown and the executives said a large part of the give-and-take in the development process was how to balance accurate portrayals with the need to keep both Hispanic and non-Hispanic viewers interested. What is the right mix of references to the Latino family? How much Spanish to include? Would everyone get the jokes?

"How do we keep the authenticity while keeping everybody else involved?" Mr. Hecht said. "There is a sweet spot."

That balancing effort was in evidence at a script reading by cast members for the pilot episode last month. A common teenager-parent issue -- when are children old enough to make their own decisions? -- was given a Hispanic spin (applicable to other ethnic groups as well) when the extended family butts in after Taina has announced that she wants to join the touring band.

"Listen, your Dad and I had a family meeting with Abuelo and Titi Rosa," her mother tells her.

"And I wasn't included?" Taina asks incredulously.

Ms. Perez-Brown pokes fun at Hispanic culture by challenging the sexist lyrics of Spanish ballads. "Write your name across my forehead, papi chulo, so everyone will know," Taina's mother and aunt sing at one point as they cook. "I want the world to know. So everyone will know I'm your girl."

"Isn't that a little demeaning?" Taina asks. "Wanting a guy to write his name on your forehead?"

Kayla, her 7-year-old sister, pipes in, "I don't want nobody writing on my head."

The situations would be instantly recognizable to many Hispanic families, including Ms. Perez-Brown's own. She drew on her childhood with a single mother and four siblings, growing up poor in Puerto Rico, moving to East New York in Brooklyn and to a house in Hartford shared with aunts and cousins, then going off to Yale University and New York University Law School and a successful career.

Ms. Perez-Brown, who is married to a journalist and writer, said she wrote "Taina" mindful of studies that show the influence of television in shaping the attitudes and self-esteem of children.

"This girl is going to be true to herself," she said of Taina. "She's going to know who she is and not feel inferior. Nothing is going to stop this girl from pursuing success in her own terms."

The cast includes Manolo Villaverde, 63, a Cuban-American actor who worked in "Que Pasa, U.S.A.?," the PBS series about an immigrant Cuban family. So much time has elapsed between that all-Latino series and his next one that Mr. Villaverde, who played the father in "Que Pasa, U.S.A.?, plays the grandfather in "Taina."

Diane Lozada, 17, who plays Taina, said after the reading, "I know it's going to blow up."

"I think it's a big deal that it's in New York, that it's a teen sitcom," she said. "We've got a lot of music and now, with Ricky Martin and Jennifer Lopez, with everything that's going on, people are more into it. We have a good combination of things that haven't been done yet."

Ms. Lozada, who is of Puerto Rican descent, has worked in commercials, theater and "snippets" on television from the age of 8. "This is my first time in a starring role and that I get to show all my abilities at once," she said. "I get to act, sing and dance." And, she added, "I get to be the Puerto Rican that I am."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Diane Lozada, 17, plays the title role in "Taina." Top: a dream sequence. Maria Perez-Brown, the show's creator, above, with the director, Chuck Vinson. (Photographs by Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)

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[***THE POLITICS OF VIRILITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BJ40-0007-H2HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:** By Joan W. Scott; Joan W. Scott is a professor in the school of social science at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J.

**Body**

FRENCH FASCISM The First Wave, 1924-1933. By Robert Soucy. Illustrated. 276 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $25. IN his new book on French fascism, Robert Soucy reminds us that, between the world wars, powerful conservative figures in France were not averse to supporting or associating with fascist movements in their efforts to defeat the left. Perhaps it is the memory of such associations that has led contemporary political analysts to watch with growing concern the emergence of Jean-Marie Le Pen's National Front, which won about 10 percent of the vote in last month's legislative elections, and to attend closely to Mr. Le Pen's flirtations with conservatives - the obvious candidates for political alliances with his ultranationalist organization.

Fascist movements in France posed a challenge when they emerged in the 1920's, not only to established parliamentary practices, but to the image historians and politicians had created of France as the most liberal nation in Europe. Of course, no fascist party ever captured the reins of government, as happened in Italy and Germany, but definably fascist organizations enlisted hundreds of thousands of followers and exercised significant influence at key moments during the interwar period. How did this happen?

For those committed to the story of a liberal France, the answer was that fascism came from outside, imported by romantic zealots who were impressed by Mussolini's system and were drawn by their own personalities to violence; these men had no roots in French politics or its history. After World War II, the historian Rene Remond, for example, carefully distinguished French conservatism from fascism, insisting on the conservatives' devotion to order and stability, to existing forms of capitalism and parliamentary politics. Others have maintained that early 20th-century nationalist movements such as the Action Francaise, despite a penchant for extralegal activism, had more in common ideologically with conservatism than with fascism; or, taking this argument a step further, that if an indigenous political tradition did spawn French fascism, it was not conservatism, but revolutionary socialism. The extremes of the political spectrum were linked in this view by their opposition to bourgeois materialism and parliamentarism, their cultivation of a mass following and significant crossovers from left to right of individual leaders such as Georges Valois and Jacques Doriot.

In ''French Fascism: The First Wave, 1924-1933,'' Robert Soucy challenges the attempt to dissociate conservatism from fascism, maintaining instead that the two movements were closely allied. Mr. Soucy, a professor of history at Oberlin College, has written before on this subject, and he is not the only historian to point out that fascism was a product of the French right. In this book, however, he offers a wealth of new documentation for his argument, much of it drawn from recently opened police archives.

According to the author, French fascism was a middle-class and lower-middle-class backlash against Marxism and the liberal policies of the Third Republic. It emerged in 1924 in opposition to the Cartel des Gauches, the union of center-left groups that brought the centrist Radical Party to power. Its stated purpose was to defend hierarchy, private property and individualism against the threat of Communist collectivism. Fascist leaders such as Pierre de Taittinger, founder of the Jeunesses Patriotes, admired Mussolini's dictatorship, but they also drew inspiration from French writers such as Edouard Drumont, Georges Sorel, Charles Maurras and Maurice Barres. And they recruited into their ranks the same kinds of fervent nationalists who had earlier joined the Action Francaise.

Although Mr. Soucy does not have statistical evidence to support his claim that fascism was a middle-class movement, he does establish the lower-middle- and middle-class origins of many French fascist leaders and (in some cases) their previous connection to right-wing organizations. He shows, as well, that financial support came from bankers and industrialists who saw brigades of French ''blue-shirts'' as the best answer to the Bolshevik menace. Indeed, the evidence for the ''flexibility'' of conservatives is striking. It seems quite clear that many were willing to fund a variety of approaches - legal and terrorist - to defeat the liberals and the left.

In Mr. Soucy's view, tactics and style may sometimes have separated conservatives from fascists, but their fundamental goals and beliefs were the same. They were willing to support the former socialist Georges Valois's Faisceau movement until he tried to win ***working-class*** converts to the cause. Even then, Valois's socialist rhetoric was ''fraudulent,'' says Mr. Soucy, because it never included an attack on capitalism. From the point of view of economic doctrine, at least, fascism ''represented a logical defense of class interest against the socialist threat.''

For all the conclusiveness of that statement, it leaves unanswered Mr. Soucy's central concern -''why fascism had a significant following in France.'' The book succeeds in establishing that fascism was tied to the right, that it had a significant middle-class following, that it drew on earlier Roman Catholic, nationalist and monarchist movements, but it does not explain why.

For one, class interest is not sufficient explanation because many middle-class people did not support fascism; indeed, much of the constituency, the financial support and the leadership of the Radical Party was also middle-and lower-middle-class. Differences in political alignment seem to have indicated differences in ideology more than in self-evident class interest; in fact, it might be said that ideology gave meaning and definition to what that interest was.

Mr. Soucy argues convincingly that fascism shared with conservatism an endorsement of capitalism - but what was the particular power of the fascist ideological appeal? SOME of the answer has to address, it seems to me, the endorsement of both authoritarianism and individual heroic action that resonated so strongly for so many men. I use the term ''men'' deliberately because the masculine appeal of these movements is striking. Mr. Soucy's sources talk repeatedly about ''virility'' as exemplified in direct physical action. The shock troops refer to themselves as bands of patriotic knights, soldiers and warriors, willing to kill, if not die, for their version of the nation. Georges Valois wrote that ''the Best, the Strongest, are first of all men capable of violent struggle. The strongest individual is the warrior capable of establishing peace so that work can be carried out.''

Enemies were depicted in highly sexualized language as effeminate, hedonistic and impotent. Valois thought that Jews were ''demoralized by their women,'' and he looked to a future when the power of the fathers would be restored. Some French fascist groups attempted to mobilize women's support for their movement, but always assigned them a secondary role. Indeed, the questions that need to be addressed are: How did this rhetoric work? To whom did it appeal?

Mr. Soucy's attempt to explain these masculine conceptions in Valois's case falls back on a reductive psychology, attributing Valois's respect for authority, his moralism and his fervent nationalism to the influence of his stern grandmother. Yet this kind of individual diagnosis can hardly account for the thousands (many of them war veterans) who responded to Valois's call to arms; it doesn't even provide a satisfactory account of Valois's own preoccupation with violence as the ultimate expression and bond of manhood. Yet these were among the qualities that distinguished fascist from conservative ideology despite shared economic goals, and are some of the issues that need attention if the attraction of fascist movements is to be explained.

TARTARS AND BOLSHEVIKS

In his memoirs, Valois [Georges Valois, head of the Faisceau movement] simply states that he was no longer an anarchist when he returned to France in 1903. His nationalism had been intensified by a year as an outsider in a foreign culture (''I had become French again''), and his negative feelings about democracy, liberalism, and socialism had been fortified by life in a Tsarist family. At the time of the Russian Revolution, his hatred for Bolshevism became personal when he learned that members of that family had been ''martyred'' by the new regime. . . . The son whom he had tutored had died a ''hero's death'' as a soldier in 1916 and thus escaped the ''shame'' of seeing ''Holy Russia ravaged by Asiatic hordes commanded by Jews.'' Valois hoped that just as the Russian people had finally thrown off the yoke of Asia and defeated the Tartars, they would eventually rise up against Marxist thought and oust the Bolsheviks.

Valois also explained his shift rightward after 1903 as a result of his marriage and the birth of his first child. He portrayed himself as a family man with two people to support and no longer able to indulge the wanderlust and narcissism of youth. . . . Valois's view of the family was highly traditionalist and would become one of the pillars of his fascist ideology. - From ''French Fascism.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Robert Soucy

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[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49Y9-VWD0-01KN-22BY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2241 words

**Body**

A selective listing by Times critics of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

"BEYOND BORDERS," starring Angelina Jolie and Clive Owen. Directed by Martin Campbell (R, 127 minutes). Sitting through the romantic action-melodrama "Beyond Borders," which follows a glamorous movie star couple as they tend to the needy in trouble spots like Ethiopia, Cambodia and Chechnya, is like watching someone trying to dry his hands with sandpaper. No amount of misguided effort is going to help. Ms. Jolie plays a shallow young woman, Sarah Jordan, who's shaken out of her insular existence by the dashing Dr. Nick Callahan (Mr. Owen). "Borders" wants to dramatize the chasm between Sarah and Nick, whose impatient compassion endangers as many refugees as it saves. That metaphorical land mass is supposed to be her middle-class naivete and his no-nonsense altruism. But they're much closer than they think -- a pair of noble idiots (Elvis Mitchell).

"BROTHER BEAR," with the voices of Joaquin Phoenix, Jeremy Suarez, Rick Moranis and D. B. Sweeney. Directed by Aaron Blaise and Robert Walker (G, 85 minutes). The fine line separating good-hearted family movies from inspirational films that drum in moral values is breached in "Brother Bear," a plush Disney animated film that would like to think of itself as "The Lion King Plus." Set in the Pacific Northwest at the end of the Ice Age, it traffics in the same sort of cosmic mumbo-jumbo as its forerunner. Cobbling together ancient cross-cultural myths of initiation and human beings who turn into animals, it tells the story of Kenai (Mr. Phoenix), a hot-headed Indian boy on the verge of manhood who is transformed into a bear so he can learn compassion for all creatures great and small. The self-serious movie is beautiful to look at but light on humor (Stephen Holden).

\* "BUS 174," directed by Jose Padilha (not rated, 122 minutes; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). This Brazilian documentary is so wrenching and absorbing that you can easily lose sight of the sophistication of its techniques. Using a combination of video taken for Brazilian television and ex post facto talking-head interviews, the filmmakers have made a deceptively straightforward documentary that has the force of tragedy and the depth of first-rate investigative journalism. Their work explores a bus hijacking that took place in Rio de Janeiro in 2000 and paints a heartbreaking, shocking portrait of the perpetrator, a child of the slums who had survived a notorious police massacre of homeless children in 1992, and a society riven by poverty and violence (A. O. Scott).

"THE HUMAN STAIN," starring Anthony Hopkins and Nicole Kidman. Directed by Robert Benton (R, 106 minutes). An honorable B+ term paper of a movie: sober, scrupulous and earnestly respectful of its literary source. The problem is that the source, Philip Roth's 2000 novel, is not especially sober or scrupulous: it is an angry, ungainly squall of a book, a clamorous defense of sexual vitality in an age of Puritan censoriousness and a lyrical inquiry into the mysteries of race, old age and recent American history. As Coleman Silk, a classics professor chased from his job after being absurdly accused of racism, Mr. Hopkins has a loose, mellow exuberance that almost persuades you to overlook a basic, insurmountable improbability, namely that his character is a black man who has spent most of his adulthood passing for white. Ms. Kidman, playing Coleman's abused, impoverished and much younger lover, is almost as hard to believe, but her performance is nonetheless serious and unaffected. Some of the best work comes in smaller parts: Wentworth Miller as young Coleman; Anna Deavere Smith as his mother; and especially Jacinda Barrett as the great love of his youth. The movie has many memorable, moving scenes -- as well as a few awkward and embarrassing ones -- but it never coheres either dramatically or intellectually, largely because it lacks a way to approximate the novel's unifying force, which is Mr. Roth s unruly, passionate and brilliant voice (Scott).

"IN THE CUT," starring Meg Ryan and Mark Ruffalo. Directed by Jane Campion (R, 118 minutes). Ms. Campion ("The Piano," "Holy Smoke," "The Portrait of a Lady") is an inveterate navigator in the murkier zones of female sexuality, and this film, adapted from Susanna Moore's novel, plots a hazardous nexus of dread, danger and desire. The camera, as it surveys the grimy streets and cramped apartments of Lower Manhattan, trembles as if it were running a fever, and Dion Beebe's cinematography is jumpy and bleary-eyed. Ms. Ryan, who has darkened her hair and suppressed all of her characteristic perkiness, plays Frannie, a writing teacher whose feverish love affair with a homicide detective (Mr. Ruffalo) involves her in the search for a serial killer. The movie's association of female sexuality with mortal risk is potentially interesting, but the cooked-up, conventional serial-killer plot smothers its suggestive nuances and makes the psychology of the two main characters, which might have been provocatively mysterious, seem as deliberately smudged as the film's visual style (Scott).

"KILL BILL: VOL. 1," starring Uma Thurman, David Carradine and Lucy Liu. Written and directed by Quentin Tarantino (R, 95 minutes). Mr. Tarantino's fourth movie, his first in six years, is astonishingly violent, intermittently fascinating and sometimes tedious. This may be the picture's most serious flaw, since it comes from a man whose worship of action movies from all over the world (but especially Asia) is evident in every frame. Also evident is his obsession with Ms. Thurman: by far the most emotionally charged relationship in the movie is the one between the director and his star, who functions as his muse, idol, alter ego and fetish object. Her character, the Bride, is a former assassin whose former lover (that would be Bill) tried to kill her on her wedding day. In this film, the first installment in a two-part revenge epic, the Bride wakes up from a four-year coma and goes after the hired swords and guns who attacked her. Most of the exposition has been left for Vol. 2; this one is an anthology of increasingly violent sequences, some sickening, some rather thrilling, that culminates in a Tokyo nightclub blood bath during which Ms. Liu, playing a petite yakuza boss, shows off her Japanese, and also (quite literally) her brains (Scott).

"THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS," starring Keanu Reeves and Carrie-AnneMoss. Written and directed by the Wachowski Brothers (R, 129 minutes). "Everything that has a beginning has an end." Yes, thank God -- or Neo, or the One, or the Source, or the Oracle, or the Architect, or whoever it was who set this metaphysical action trilogy in motion. Last summer's "Reloaded," the second installment, was overstuffed and ungainly; this concluding chapter feels padded, with a long, grinding battle sequence in the middle and a whole lot of mumbo-jumbo at the end. Mr. Reeves, perhaps worried that he was showing too much range, has purged himself of all expression apart from a worried frown and a sorrowful grimace, which is mirrored in the face of Ms. Moss, who returns as Trinity. The salient distinction of the human remnants in Zion, apart from their earth-toned natural-fiber fashions, has been the capacity for love, a word much spoken in this movie. But their ranks, in spite of the presence of fine actors like Laurence Fishburne and Harold Perrineau, become more robotic with every passing scene. The sole exception is Jada Pinkett Smith as the daredevil pilot Niobe, who brings a touch of bad-girl B-movie attitude into the humorless subterranean gloom. It is not altogether worthless: the Wachowskis still know how to stage an action sequence, and there are some scenes that have a quiet, mysterious beauty. If they would only let go of their grandiose theological pretensions, they might once again be interesting filmmakers (Scott).

\* "MYSTIC RIVER," starring Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Marcia Gay Harden and Laura Linney. Directed by Clint Eastwood (R, 137 minutes). Mr. Eastwood's film, scrupulously faithful to the letter and spirit of Dennis Lehane's novel, has the gritty efficiency of superior crime fiction and the somber weight of tragedy. Set in ***working-class*** Irish Catholic Boston, this film revisits the themes of violence, honor and guilt that have haunted many of Mr. Eastwood's movies; it is among the most humane of his films, but also the most rigorously pessimistic. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Penn play Dave, Sean and Jimmy, boyhood friends who must revisit the traumas of their youth when Jimmy's daughter is murdered. Sean and his partner (Mr. Fishburne) must investigate the killing, which it appears Dave may have committed. The performances are first rate. Ms. Harden, as Dave's wife, Celeste, and Ms. Linney, as her cousin Annabeth, who is married to Jimmy, expand the film's emotional compass, allowing us to see how grief ripples through families and communities. Mr. Penn's volcanic, furiously disciplined performance is surely one of the best pieces of screen acting you'll see this year; it may even be one of the finest ever (Scott).

"SCARY MOVIE 3," starring Anna Faris, Leslie Nielsen, Camryn Manheim, Simon Rex, Queen Latifah, Regina Hall and Charlie Sheen. Directed by David Zucker (PG-13, 90 minutes). The third installment of the comedy franchise whose jokes derive largely from references to recent hit films has been given a shot of adrenaline by Mr. Zucker, who pioneered the genre with "Airplane," and who has taken over the creative reins from the Wayans Brothers. Most of the spoofing is at the expense of movies like "Signs," "The Ring" and the first two "Matrix" movies. The funniest sequence in a comedy that revels in knockabout farce and has the attention span of a hyperactive child is a strenuous group effort to revive a corpse, first through some alarmingly aggressive artificial respiration, then through slapping and slamming the body until it breaks apart. Think of"Scary Movie 3" as an accelerated junk-culture vaudeville with a Mad magazine sensibility (Holden).

\* "SCHOOL OF ROCK," starring Jack Black, Joan Cusack and Mike White. Directed by Richard Linklater (PG-13, 110 minutes). Mr. Black gives a roaring, star-making performance as Dewey Finn, an out-of-work heavy-metal rocker who impersonates a substitute teacher and turns a class of nerdy fifth graders into a rock band. Mr. Black's incandescent comic energy should establish him as the screen's most popular rock-fueled wild man since John Belushi. Under the nose of the prim school principal (Ms. Cusack), Dewey, who knows nothing of academics, preaches the gospel of rock 'n' roll and secretly converts the class from loving Christine Aguilera and the musical "Annie" to cheering Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. This family-friendly movie, which has a big, rousing "Rocky"-style finale and isn't believable for a second, is a hilarious cotton-candy fantasy with a beat (Holden).

\* "SHATTERED GLASS," starring Hayden Christensen and Peter Sarsgaard. Written and directed by Billy Ray (PG-13, 90 minutes). The story of Stephen Glass, a brilliant young journalist at The New Republic who turned out to be a profligate fabricator, might have inspired a dishy, cynical expose of the insular, cut-throat world of magazine journalism. Instead, Mr. Ray relates Glass's downfall with minimal embellishment and turns a tawdry anecdote into a sober, curiously thrilling examination of moral recklessness and office intrigue. What starts out as a sharp workplace comedy gradually darkens into a kind of managerial film noir as Glass (played with a perfect mixture of creepiness and charm by Mr. Christensen) is pursued by Charles Lane (Mr. Sarsgaard), the magazine's editor and, in this version at least, the savior of its honor. With considerable ingenuity and wit, the movie's center of gravity shifts from Glass to Lane, and its ideas -- about workplace loyalty, journalistic ethics and the line between ambition and pathology -- are all the more forceful for being delivered in a whisper (Scott).

\*"SYLVIA," starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Daniel Craig. Directed by Christine Jeffs (R, 110 minutes). Since her suicide in 1963 at 30, Sylvia Plath's life, her work and her marriage to Ted Hughes have been the subject of endless argument, and Plath herself has become a quasi-allegorical figure -- a feminist martyr and an icon of poetic misery. Ms. Jeffs's film is relatively even-handed in its treatment of Hughes (Mr. Craig) and turns its subject from a case study in literary pathology into the heroine of a modern literary opera. The film, shot in dark, oversaturated colors by John Toon, is itself oversaturated with feeling. Rather than try to explain Plath's death, or probe the roots of her poetry, Ms. Jeffs and Ms. Paltrow burrow deep into her personality, leaving its essential, unsettling mysteries intact. Ms. Paltrow is a vivid, passionate presence throughout the film -- she is rarely off the screen -- and she charts the jagged course of Plath's abbreviated adulthood with ardor and intelligence. The movie turns biography into melodrama, but it does so out of a fierce, fascinated loyalty to Plath, who after all did much the same thing in her best poems (Scott).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Nicole Kidman and Anthony Hopkins in "The Human Stain," adapted from Philip Roth's novel. (Photo by Takashi Seida)

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**End of Document**



[***Daring to Think Differently About Schizophrenia***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RX5-G3R0-TW8F-G0GN-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ALEX BERENSON

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**Body**

SCIENTISTS who develop drugs are familiar with disappointment -- brilliant theories that don't pan out or promising compounds derailed by unexpected side effects. They are accustomed to small steps and wrong turns, to failure after failure -- until, in a moment, with hard work, brainpower and a lot of luck, all those little failures turn into one big success.

For Darryle D. Schoepp, that moment came one evening in October 2006, while he was seated at his desk in Indianapolis.

At the time, he was overseeing early-stage neuroscience research at Eli Lilly & Company and colleagues had just given him the results from a human trial of a new schizophrenia drug that worked differently than all other treatments. From the start, their work had been a long shot. Schizophrenia is notoriously difficult to treat, and Lilly's drug -- known only as LY2140023 -- relied on a promising but unproved theory about how to combat the disorder.

When Dr. Schoepp saw the results, he leapt up in excitement. The drug had reduced schizophrenic symptoms, validating the efforts of hundreds of scientists, inside and outside of Lilly, who had labored together for almost two decades trying to unravel the disorder's biological underpinnings.

The trial results were a major breakthrough in neuroscience, says Dr. Thomas R. Insel, director of the National Institute of Mental Health. For 50 years, all medicines for the disease had worked the same way -- until Dr. Schoepp and other scientists took a different path.

''This drug really looks like it's quite a different animal,'' Dr. Insel says. ''This is actually pretty innovative.''

Dr. Schoepp and other scientists had focused their attention on the way that glutamate, a powerful neurotransmitter, tied together the brain's most complex circuits. Every other schizophrenia drug now on the market aims at a different neurotransmitter, dopamine.

The Lilly results have fueled a wave of pharmaceutical industry research into glutamate. Companies are searching for new treatments, not just for schizophrenia, but also for depression and Alzheimer's disease and other unseen demons of the brain that torment tens of millions of people worldwide.

Driving the industry's interest is the huge market for drugs for brain and psychiatric diseases. Worldwide sales total almost $50 billion annually, even though existing medicines have moderate efficacy and have side effects that range from reduced libido to diabetes.

The glutamate researchers warn that their quest for new treatments for schizophrenia is far from complete. The results of the Lilly trial covered only 196 patients and must be validated by much larger trials, the last of which may not be finished until at least 2011. Other glutamate drugs are even further away from approval. And even if the drugs win that approval, they may be viewed skeptically by doctors who have been disappointed by side effects in other drugs that were once been hailed as breakthroughs.

Still, for Dr. Schoepp, the drug's progress so far is cause for celebration -- and relief.

''I don't think people appreciate how much money, time and good technical research goes into what we do,'' he says. ''Sometimes, people think the idea is the thing. I think the idea can be the easy part.''

LILLY continues to develop LY2140023 and has begun a trial of 870 patients that is scheduled to be completed in January 2009. But Dr. Schoepp is no longer involved in its development. He left Lilly in April to become senior vice president and head of neuroscience research at Merck, where he oversees a division of 300 researchers and support staff members.

Dr. Schoepp's new base is a modest office on the top floor of a four-story Merck building here in North Wales, north of Philadelphia. He has a view of the building's big front lawn and a busy two-lane road called the Sumneytown Pike. The huge Merck research complex called West Point, where 4,000 scientists and support staff members work, is less than a mile to the north.

For Dr. Schoepp, 52, the Merck job is the latest stop in a research career that began at Osco Drug's store No. 807 in downtown Bismarck, N.D. He grew up in Bismarck in a ***working-class*** family; at 16, he started working at the Osco, which has since closed. He quickly decided to become a scientist.

''I just found it fascinating,'' he says. ''I was hungry for science.'' While reading a magazine for pharmacists, he noticed an ad for a free pamphlet published by Merck called ''Pharmacists in Industry.'' He wrote away for the pamphlet, which convinced him that he could have a career developing medicines.

He applied to North Dakota State University, where he focused on psychopharmacology, a discipline that studies the way chemicals affect the brain. ''I was really interested in psychiatric disorders,'' he says. ''I fell in love with dopamine.''

His love affair was so consuming that his wife joked that ''dopamine'' would be his daughter's first word.

Although scientists sometimes decide to study a disease because of problems it has caused among family members, Dr. Schoepp says his fascination with mental illness has been purely academic. ''My family has more heart disease than anything else,'' he says.

After graduating from North Dakota State, he received a scholarship to a doctoral program in pharmacology and toxicology at West Virginia University. He graduated in 1982. Nearly five years later, he joined Lilly, which was about to introduce Prozac, the first modern antidepressant -- a drug that changed both psychiatry and the public perception of depression and mental illness.

Prozac became a blockbuster almost instantly after Lilly introduced it in 1987, making the company one of the most visible players in Big Pharma and giving it room to invest in long-shot scientific research. Ray Fuller, a Lilly scientist who was a co-discoverer of Prozac, encouraged Dr. Schoepp to focus his attention on glutamate.

Glutamate is a pivotal transmitter in the brain, the crucial link in circuits involved in memory, learning and perception. Too much glutamate leads to seizures and the death of brain cells. Excessive glutamate release is also one of the main reasons that people have brain damage after strokes. Too little glutamate can cause psychosis, coma and death.

''The main thoroughfare of communication in the brain is glutamate,'' says Dr. John Krystal, a psychiatry professor at Yale and a research scientist with the VA Connecticut Health Care System.

Along with Bita Moghaddam, a neuroscientist who was at Yale and is now at the University of Pittsburgh, Dr. Krystal has been responsible for some of the fundamental research into how glutamate works in the brain and how it may be implicated in schizophrenia.

Schizophrenia affects about 2.5 million Americans, about 1 percent of the adult population, and it usually develops in the late teens or early to mid-20s. It is believed to result from a mix of causes, including genetic and environmental triggers that cause the brain to develop abnormally.

The first schizophrenia medicines were developed accidentally about a half-century ago, when Henri Laborit, a French military surgeon, noticed that an antinausea drug called chlorpromazine helped to control hallucinations in psychotic patients. Chlorpromazine, sold under the brand name Thorazine, blocks the brain's dopamine receptors. That led the way in the 1960s for drug companies to introduce other medicines that worked the same way.

The medicines, called antipsychotics, gave many patients relief from the worst of their hallucinations and delusions. But they also can cause shaking, stiffness and facial tics, and did not help the cognitive problems or the so-called negative symptoms like social withdrawal associated with schizophrenia.

In the 1980s, drug companies looked for new ways to treat the disease with fewer side effects. By the mid-1990s, they had introduced several new schizophrenia medicines, including Zyprexa, from Lilly, and Risperdal, from Johnson & Johnson. At the time, the new medicines were hailed as a major advance -- and the companies marketed them that way to doctors and patients.

In fact, the new medicines, called second-generation antipsychotics, had much in common with the older drugs. Both worked mainly by blocking dopamine and had little effect on negative or cognitive symptoms. The newer medicines caused fewer movement disorders, but had side effects of their own, including huge weight gain for many patients. Many doctors now complain that the companies oversold the second-generation compounds and that new treatments are badly needed.

''People say that there are drugs to treat schizophrenia,'' says Dr. Carol A. Tamminga, professor of psychiatry at the University of Texas Southwestern, in Dallas. ''In fact, the treatment for schizophrenia is at best partial and inadequate. You have a cadre of cognitively impaired people who can't fit in.''

WHILE most of the industry focused on second-generation medicines during the 1980s and 1990s, a handful of academic and industry researchers found intriguing hints that glutamate might provide an alternative treatment pathway.

Psychiatrists and neuroscientists have wondered about a possible connection between glutamate and schizophrenia since the early '80s, when they first learned that phencyclidine, the street drug commonly called PCP, blocks the release of glutamate.

People who use PCP often have the hallucinations, delusions, cognitive problems and emotional flatness that are characteristic of schizophrenia. Psychiatrists noted PCP's side effects as early as the late 1950s. But they lacked the tools to determine how PCP affected the brain until 1979, when they found that it blocked a glutamate receptor, called the NMDA receptor, that is at the center of the transmission of nerve impulses in the brain.

The PCP finding led a few scientists to begin researching glutamate's role in psychosis and other brain disorders. By the early 1990s, they discovered that besides triggering the primary glutamate receptors -- NMDA and AMPA -- glutamate also triggered several other receptors.

They called these newly found receptors ''metabotropic,'' because the receptors modified the amount of glutamate that cells released rather than simply turning circuits on or off. Because glutamate is so central to the brain's activity, directly blocking or triggering the NMDA and AMPA receptors can be very dangerous. The metabotropic receptors appeared to be better targets for drug treatment.

''Rather than acting as an all-or-nothing signal, they fine-tune that signal and modulate that signal,'' said P. Jeffrey Conn, director of a Vanderbilt University drug research program. ''It's really an attempt to be very subtle in the way that you regulate the system.''

During the 1990s, molecular biologists discovered genes for eight metabotropic glutamate receptors, which were located at different places inside nerve cells and had different structures. The finding allowed for the possibility that drug companies could create chemicals to turn them on and off selectively, rather than hitting all of them at once.

For Dr. Schoepp and others, finding the receptors was only the first part of the struggle. They also had to find chemicals that would either block or trigger the receptors selectively. At the same time, the chemicals had to be relatively easy to formulate and capable of crossing the blood-brain barrier, which protects the brain from being easily penetrated by outside agents.

The work was arduous, but the Lilly scientists made slow progress. In 1999, Dr. Schoepp and two other scientists published a 46-page research paper that detailed scores of different chemicals that produced reactions at the glutamate sites.

At about the same time, scientists at Yale, led by Dr. Moghaddam, were demonstrating that activating metabotropic glutamate receptors in rats could reverse the effects of PCP -- a seminal finding, providing the first proof that altering the path of glutamate transmission in the brain might help relieve the symptoms of psychosis.

Although the finding in rats was promising, developing animal models for schizophrenia and other brain diseases is extremely difficult, said Paul Greengard, professor of molecular and cellular neuroscience at Rockefeller University.

Even when compared with diseases like cancer, brain disorders are notoriously complex. Scientists have only a limited understanding of the chemistry of consciousness, or of how problems in the brain's electrical circuitry affect the ability to form memories, learn or think.

''We do not know with any of these neuropsychiatric disorders what the ultimate basis is,'' Dr. Greengard says. ''Let's say you could find that too much of protein X was involved in schizophrenia. Would you then know what schizophrenia is? You would not.''

Nonetheless, the findings in rats were promising. Those studies, as well as Dr. Krystal's tests in 2001 of volunteers given ketamine, a drug that has effects similar to PCP, hinted that the glutamate drugs might help to treat the cognitive and negative symptoms of schizophrenia. Drugs currently on the market do little to treat those symptoms.

Even before the findings at Yale, Lilly had put its first metabotropic glutamate receptor compound into human testing. Researchers initially tested the drug on patients with panic disorder, and it showed some positive results. But Lilly stopped human testing of the drug in 2001 when long-term testing in animals showed that it caused seizures.

Even so, Lilly decided that it had enough evidence to justify tests of another chemical compound, LY404039, that affected the same receptors.

''They had to take a risk on letting these drugs be tested on models or for disorders that were justified purely on pretty basic science,'' Dr. Krystal says. ''There is nothing with these drugs that is straightforward or makes developing them a basic path.''

When it tried to test LY404039 in humans, the company ran into yet another hurdle. The human body didn't easily absorb it. So Lilly created a drug that the body could absorb, LY2140023, which is metabolized into LY404039 in the body.

Bingo. LY2140023 was the drug that got Dr. Schoepp jumping out of his office chair in 2006, nearly three years after the first trials in humans began. In the Lilly test, the drug was slightly less effective over all than Zyprexa, which is considered the most effective among the widely used schizophrenia treatments.

But LY2140023 also appeared to have fewer side effects than Zyprexa, which can cause severe weight gain and diabetes. The new drug also appeared to improve cognition, something that existing treatments don't do, said Dr. Insel of the National Institute of Mental Health.

IF Lilly's new round of tests confirms the drug's efficacy by early next year, the company is likely to move ahead to an even larger clinical trial, involving thousands of patients, that could lead to federal approval for the compound. Still, approval is at least three to four years away, and other big drug makers are already scrambling to compete with Lilly.

In January, Pfizer agreed to pay Taisho Pharmaceutical, a Japanese company, $22 million for the rights to develop Taisho's glutamate drug for schizophrenia. Taisho will receive more payments if the drug moves forward in development.

Since it hired Dr. Schoepp, Merck has also been moving aggressively. It has struck two deals since December to work with Addex Pharmaceuticals, a Swiss company, to develop glutamate drugs for schizophrenia, Parkinson's andother diseases. Merck has paid Addex $25 million so far, with more payments to come if the drugs move forward.

Another glutamate drug, meanwhile, has been shown in preclinical studies to reverse mental retardation in adult rats, a finding that previously appeared impossible, Dr. Insel said.

Dr. Steven M. Paul, the president of Lilly Research Laboratories, says Lilly expects competition in glutamate research to intensify. ''We'd like to believe we have a head start here, and hopefully a good head start,'' he says. ''But this area will heat up here; this will be an area where there will be a lot of investment.''

For Dr. Schoepp, the sudden interest in glutamate is exciting, and he acknowledges that he eagerly awaits the results of the large Lilly trial early next year. And what if the drug fails in that trial, after all the work that he and scientists around the world have put in?

''I would probably go out and have a beer,'' he says. ''You have to define failure. If you collect information and it tells you what you need to know, you're not a failure.''

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**Graphic**

PHOTO: Darryle D. Schoepp has helped develop new drugs for treating schizophrenia, relying on a novel approach for combating some symptoms of the disorder.(PHOTOGRAPH BY AARON HOUSTON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. BU2) CHARTS: RISING DEMAND: Overall sales of drugs treating schizophrenia have doubled in the past five years.(Source: Wolters Kluwer Health) Chart details U.S. monthly sales.(pg. BU1)

Chemical Boom: Sales of medications for these brain disorders have boomed as researchers have discovered, and companies have marketed, new treatments.(Source: Wolters Kluwer Health)(pg. BU10) Chart details US monthly sales from 2003-2008 in a bar graph.

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[***Is the Upper East Side Moving North? - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5C90-0014-54HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Section:** Section 8; Page 1, Column 2; Real Estate Desk

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**Byline:** By ANTHONY DePALMA

**Body**

ON the east side of Manhattan, from 96th Street north, empty lots still outnumber condominiums, boarded-up windows are more common than ''For Sale'' signs and trash far exceeds brass. Nonetheless, people who live there are worried that the neighborhood is getting trendy.

Given the grisly condition of the area - known as East Harlem or El Barrio - and the neighborhood's bleak statistics on poverty, drug abuse and crime, such fears might seem premature. And though community leaders have been alarmed by property speculation and private development in the neighborhood, especially in the blocks just above 96th Street, they agree that there is no ''land rush'' surging through East Harlem.

Still, the ''discovery'' of East Harlem, just across 96th Street from the northern limits of the glitzy Upper East Side, seems inevitable. What community leaders aim to do by acting early is to control the redevelopment they are certain is on its way so that it comes as a benefit to current residents, not at their expense, as has been the case in other parts of New York.

City officials and urban planners think that a number of unusual conditions set East Harlem apart and make it possible to achieve there what has so far proved elusive in New York: a balanced regeneration that provides economic opportunity and housing improvements both for newcomers and for residents who have managed to survive the bad times.

''It's an area where the opportunities are greatest'' for that kind of a mixed community, said Peter Marcuse, a professor of urban planning at Columbia University. Mr. Marcuse said the most confounding problem is achieving a balance between not enough private investment and too much.

''What you want is investment that benefits current residents,'' he said.

East Harlem's strengths are obvious. It has a setting of great beauty, bounded on the north and east by the East and Harlem Rivers and on the west, in part, by Central Park. Institutions such as Mount Sinai Medical Center exert a stabilizing influence on the neighborhood. On the south is 96th Street, with its sparkling new condominium towers on the edge of the Upper East Side.

But East Harlem's limitations are equally obvious. Its housing stock is among the oldest and most rundown in Manhattan; one out of every three buildings is a turn-of-the-century tenement and there are few elegant brownstones. Publicly assisted housing projects loom over the neighborhood from almost every angle, and act as breakwaters against surges of redevelopment.

Thirty-eight percent of the population receives public assistance, and the median family income at the time of the last census was $9,102. Rents are too low in many occupied buildings to support much in the way of remodeling and upkeep. The city owns most of the vacant buildings and nearly a quarter of all the land is empty.

''This is going to be a tough area to gentrify,'' said Eugene Sklar, director of the East Harlem Settlement House, a nonprofit organization that has served the community since 1895. ''But it's an area where we have a great opportunity to create a mixed community. It has the potential of becoming an interesting place, rather than being ripped to shreds by redevelopment.''

THE potential may be present, but achieving any sort of equitable mix will require strong political, economic and social will. So far, even the community itself cannot agree on just what kind of a mix it wants to see. Some argue that all the city-owned property should be used for low-income families. Others claim there is room enough for some moderate-income units, including opportunities for ***working-class*** families to own their own homes.

The city so far has supported both approaches, but it has also come to rely heavily on East Harlem as the receiver for some 1,700 units of housing for the homeless, with still more to come.

The current flashpoint over redevelopment of East Harlem is the area just north of the 96th Street dividing line, where developers have renovated old tenements, many of them vacant, into market-rate condominiums. East Harlem community leaders expect this type of development to continue, creeping up slowly from the south. But they think it will be contained by the substantial wall of housing authority projects and other subsidized housing complexes that begins at 97th Street and Second Avenue and spreads unevenly throughout the area.

The private developers who have so far undertaken the scattering of redevelopments believe East Harlem is making a strong comeback, but their enthusiasm, which burned brightly a year or two ago, has cooled over the last few months.

''East Harlem is a good area to work in,'' said Victor Politis, a developer who sold 34 apartments at East 102d Street last year. Even so, Mr. Politis said he does not have any current projects in the neighborhood and probably will not begin any for another year or two. ''With all the development on the Upper East Side and the changes we've seen in the market lately, I personally think it's going to take a little longer than anticipated for East Harlem to come back.'

Mr. Politis said that after the stock market came unglued last Oct. 19 he began sensing ''a bit of hesitation on the part of first time homebuyers in certain areas.'' He also noted that so many new apartments have come on the market in the more-established area between 86th and 96th Streets that units in East Harlem are hard-pressed to compete.

Before Oct. 19, he said, he had considered converting the old Public School 168 on 104th and 105th Streets, between First and Second Avenues into 108 condominium units. However, he said, the current owner had increased the price beyond what he was willing to pay ''especially in a risky neighborhood.''

The old school building is a good example of what the anticipated rebirth of East Harlem has done to property values in some areas, even before the streetscape changed in any way. Triple Action Realty of Carmel, N.Y., purchased the school building in 1981 at a city auction for $121,500 and sat on it for five years before selling it to Harry Skydell for $2.5 million. Mr. Skydell, who was involved in some of the earliest renovations in the East Village, another up-and-coming neighborhood, has done no work on the elaborately detailed building. Last year, when he planned to enter a partnership with Mr. Politis, its value had risen to $5 million.

Mr. Skydell said he now is negotiating with other potential partners on the school project and is trying to arrange financing for several other redevelopments in East Harlem.

''The school is a big, very visible development like the Christadora in the East Village that will have a positive impact on the overall development and perception of the area,'' Mr. Skydell said.

Mr. Skydell and his partners converted the Christadora, a vacant 16-story building across from Tompkins Square Park in the East Village, after it too had been bought and sold several times at progressively higher prices. The project helped set the tone for East Village redevelopment four years ago.

IN spite of the condition of P.S. 168, some projects have moved forward nearby. Across East 105th Street from the old school, David Scharf, who has done rehabilitations in the East Village and the Upper West Side, recently renovated two tenements into 36 one- and two-bedroom condominiums selling for $135,000 to $144,000. The project, at 319 East 105th Street, between First and Second Avenues, optimistically called Renaissance East, has been on the market since last fall; four units have been sold.

''It's a little slower than it was two years ago,'' Mr. Scharf said. ''Unfortunately, we opened in a very slow sales period but over the last two weeks things have picked up quite a bit.''

John G. Tiralosi, a midtown Manhattan accountant, is buying a two-bedroom unit at Renaissance East. Mr. Tiralosi said he and his wife have rented an apartment on East 106th since June and both feel safe in the neighborhood where his mother-in-law has owned a tenement building for 11 years.

''I had more problems with my car when I lived in Park Slope than I do in this neighborhood,'' said Mr. Tiralosi. He added that he can get taxi drivers to take him to 106th Street, and that ''as far as safety goes, we haven't felt unsafe yet.''

Two years ago, Mr. Scharf completed another conversion at 307-309 East 105th Street, but most of the purchasers were from outside the neighborhood and many who bought apartments do not live there. Diana Finch, an attorney, purchased a 1,000-square-foot duplex there in December 1986 for $85,000 and she rents it out for about $1,000 a month.

Ms. Finch, who works for the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation in Brooklyn, said she had some difficulty at first renting the apartment because ''people were skeptical of safety in the neighborhood.'' But she said her tenants seemed to have ''adapted easily,'' and though their apartment has been broken into, they have not been physically harmed.

She said she considers East Harlem still to be a good investment and she is looking at other projects in the area. ''Although the physical condition of the neighborhood is daunting at first,'' she said, ''anyone who gives it a chance will be impressed.''

The low prices attracted most of the buyers. A spot check of other real estate offerings shows that prices are now beginning to come closer to the rest of Manhattan, though they remain far below the choicest areas. A four-story brownstone at 344 East 120th Street, on a block with a junior high school and several vacant city-owned buildings still boarded-up with the bizarre painted curtain panels put up a few years ago, is on the market now for $269,000 though the agent at Rivera Realty said the price was ''negotiable.'' A brick tenement on Lexington Avenue and 104th Street that a local community group purchased in 1979 for less than $10,000 was sold in 1984 for $160,000.

George E. Calvert, executive director of Hope Community Inc., the community-based organization that sold the Lexington Avenue tenement, said he believes that ''speculators have hit their peak'' in East Harlem. He said that investors came in buying buildings for around $100,000 anticipating that prices would escalate the way they did on the Upper West Side. ''But they found they had eight-unit buildings that needed $400,000 in work that they couldn't sell or rent.''

Mr. Calvert said his group is working on or planning to undertake the construction or rehabilitation of some 600 apartments throughout East Harlem. At least 400 of the apartments, he said, will go to low-income families in the neighborhood, but others would be offered for rent or sale at levels that middle-income and ***working-class*** families could afford.

For instance, Hope is rebuilding 12 apartments on 104th street that will range in price from $41,500 to $87,500, including reductions of $13,500 per unit through state subsidies. Monthly maintenance and debt service on the condominiums would be roughly $450 to $900, depending on the size of the apartment.

Hope also is involved in renovating city-owned buildings using city and Federal funds. In these buildings, 75 percent of the units will be reserved for low-income families, with the rest renting at market rates of about $560 a month for one-bedrooms and $790 for two-bedrooms.

Mr. Calvert maintains that mixing the income levels targeted for the new apartments is not a problem ''except for the political bosses who are terrified to pieces.'' He said East Harlem ''has always been diverse,'' and that many neighborhood residents over the last few years have raised their incomes, which has improved their economic standing and made them ready for home ownership.

OTHER community leaders are more cautious. John Vaughn, director of East Harlem Interfaith, a coalition of religious groups, said he agreed that a mixed-income community was potentially a valid goal for East Harlem, but ''we don't want to get caught in all the things that happened on the Upper East Side; there used to be diversity there, too.''

He considers the spillover of more affluent people at 96th Street and the potential for redevelopment along the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue to be warning signs that East Harlem has caught the development community's eye. He said people in the neighborhood are scared to death they will be thrown out of their apartments, and are ''reacting to that happened in other parts of the city where officials said redevelopment would be mixed but it didn't turn out that way.''

In a community where the city owns or controls so much of the land and building stock, uncertainty over the city's intentions is a constant source of fear and anxiety.

''The city's housing policies in East Harlem have been idiotic,'' said Carolyn B. Maloney, the councilwoman representing the area. Ms. Maloney said the city owns 60 percent of the property in East Harlem, and the housing problems in the area are ''tremendous.'' Henry Calderon, an East Harlem realtor who is president of the local Chamber of Commerce, said: ''The city has in its hands the fate of East Harlem.''

In such an atmosphere, limited city actions such as the proposed rezoning of Upper Fifth Avenue are seen as just the opening gambit in a broad attack on the neighborhood, in spite of city protestations to the contrary.

The proposed rezoning would end the special park improvement district that covered Fifth Avenue from 59th Street to 110th Street since 1974. In the district, developers were allowed to build bigger buildings if they contributed to a special improvement fund for Central Park.

The city removed that bonus in 1982. Now the City Planning Commission has approved a plan to make that stretch of Fifth Avenue a contextual zone in which new buildings mimic the exterior characteristics of existing buildings, at least to a certain height. The new zone will permit bigger residential buildings than the previous zone, and it will also give developers the chance to build even higher if they agree to construct or rehabilitate apartments within the community for needy families.

Mr. Vaughn fears that when developers construct expensive apartment buildings facing the park, rents and prices in adjoining areas will rise and cause the displacement of current residents. Daniel Perez, the housing specialist at Community Board 11, which covers East Harlem, said he opposes the zoning change because no one in the community could afford to live there. ''We don't want high-rises,'' said Mr. Perez.

TRACY GREER, an associate with General Atlantic Realty, a developer that converted a former nursing home on Fifth Avenue and 107th Street into market-rate apartments and owns an adjoining lot, said her company was committed to making East Harlem ''a real, true mixed-income community.''

Using the new zoning bonus, General Atlantic could build a 26-story luxury apartment building containing 180 units. In exchange for the 20 percent increase in space, the developer will renovate 21 apartments on Madison Avenue in East Harlem that would rent for less than $300 a month.

Officials at the Department of City Planning deny the community's assertions that they are encouraging gentrification and displacement. ''This not only assures the continuation of a certain number of affordable units,'' said Robert E. Flahive, director of the planning department's Manhattan office, ''but it means there will be a mix of incomes, too.''

The rezoning was voted down by the local community board, but approved by the Planning Commission. It now awaits action by the Board of Estimate. A spokesman for David N. Dinkins, the Manhattan Borough President, said Mr. Dinkins has not yet reached a conclusion on the issue.

Meanwhile, as the community awaits the Board of Estimate vote, it also has submitted a second application to the state for designation of Park Avenue, from 111th to 125th Streets, as an Economic Development Zone in which light industry and small manufacturing operations in the shadow of the elevated railroad trestle gain tax advantages.

When the state turned down the initial request last year, some people in East Harlem concluded that there had to be some comprehensive long-range planning about the community's future so that other opportunities would not be wasted. That led local political and religous leaders to the door of East Harlem's biggest land holder: the city of New York.

Robert Esnard, Deputy Mayor for Policy and Physical Development, said that several city agencies, along with planning consultants, are now going through all the city's holdings in East Harlem in order to develop an overall land-use plan for the neighborhood's future.

''The objective will be to get as much housing as we can possibly get,'' Mr. Esnard said. He added that because there is so much land, there should also be room for industry and business programs.

Although he is aware of the split in the community over which economic group should have priority over any new housing, Mr. Esnard said the city will have to make the private sector play a role in East Harlem's reconstruction.

''I don't think gentrification is a bad thing,'' he said. ''It adds other people to the community and its adds a richness, not in the sense of money but diversity.''

Mr. Esnard said that to the extent the private sector gets involved, the government can use its limited resources elsewhere. ''We could never rebuild the whole city by ourselves,'' he said. ''Eighty to 90 percent of the current housing stock was built by the private sector. To assume we can rebuild it all is a mistake.''

**Correction**

An article and a caption on Jan. 31 misidentified a community group in East Harlem. It is the Union Settlement Association, not the East Harlem Settlement House.  
**Correction-Date:** February 7, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photos of the Renaissance East condominiums; P.S. 168 on E. 104 St. (NYT/Edward Hausner) (pg.1); John Vaughn, of East Harlem Interfaith, and Eugene Sklar of East Harlem Settlement House, at renovated building on at 104th St. and Second Ave.; George E. Calvert; Hope Community project on E. 104th St. (NYt/Edward Hausner) (pg. 13)

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[***A TAB OF TWO CITIES: ATLANTA, OLD AND NEW - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49X8-MHX0-01KN-20FV-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:**  By DAVID KIRBY; DAVID KIRBY writes frequently for The Times.

**Body**

BRIGHT, shiny Atlanta with its gleaming skyscrapers, roaring expressways and world-class shopping centers has become the unrivaled capital of the New South, a booming island of modernity anchored in a sea of Southern tradition. And though the New South has much to admire, on a weekend getaway on a $1,000 budget, I found old Atlanta, with its gracious, leafy neighborhoods, its smoky honky-tonk rib joints and an entire district devoted to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., more intriguing.

I set out on a Saturday on one of the nonstop flights that connect Atlanta to New York with ferrylike frequency. A few hours later I was in my rental car, driving north on a surprisingly unclogged freeway (traffic jams are a legacy of the city's explosive growth and less than rigorous planning).

A big priority on this trip, frankly, was food. I was eager to sample both the fried chicken and ribs of old Atlanta as well as some of the top-flight restaurants that have put new Atlanta on the culinary map. So with a few hours to kill before hotel check-in time, I headed for Fat Matt's Rib Shack, an unassuming and rather ramshackle, well, shack on Piedmont Avenue, just north of the sprawling Midtown district.

The tangy smell of wood-fired pork filled the car a full block from the restaurant, and when I walked in and ordered lunch from the beamingly friendly woman behind the counter, she called me "baby." Nobody in New York ever calls me "baby."

The walls of the shack sported photos of local blues singers (there is live blues at night), and people were feasting on heaping slabs of juicy, red-glazed ribs that practically fell from the bone.

I also tried Brunswick stew, a Georgia specialty with chicken, veal, corn and spices steeped for hours into a brown porridge. (The ribs were better.) Lunch, with two golden lagers from the local Dogwood microbrewery, came to about $15.

I made my way south through the gracious old neighborhoods around Piedmont Park, where turn-of-the-century mansions peek behind lush blankets of willows and magnolias, and stopped in Virginia Highland, a small, charming shopping and dining area at the crossroads of Virginia and Highland Avenues, set in a shady neighborhood of Victorian cottages and Craftsman bungalows. It was a lively Saturday afternoon, with families lunching late and young people drinking beer in the several taverns.

Nearby, the new and inviting Noche caught my eye, with its warm, pumpkin-colored walls, post-industrial looking kitchen, polished wood tables, Mexican tile floors and bright oil paintings.

Noche has tasty Spanish and Southwestern tapas at wonderfully low prices; each dish is $3 to $5. True, I had just finished lunch, but remember, food was a top priority, so I tried crab and chorizo "paella balls," which were O.K. but overwhelmed by a spicy tomato sauce. The chicken empanada was flaky and delicious. The bill, with margarita, tax and tip was just $18.50.

I drove up Peachtree Street, Atlanta's clogged main artery that winds north through Buckhead, an affluent neighborhood of big houses, high-rise hotels, gargantuan malls and some of the South's hottest night life.

My first brush with hospitality in the New South was a disappointment after the priming I'd had at Fat Matt's. I had booked a room at Swissotel in Buckhead, Atlanta's liveliest district, through Orbitz, grabbing a special "fall saver" rate of $149 for a corner room. But when I called ahead to confirm, and ask for a high floor, they said no corner rooms were available.

The lone clerk wasn't about to accommodate me, and I was dispatched to a standard room on the ninth of the hotel's 22 floors. (Later, after I inquired, the hotel offered to refund one night's rate.)

The 365-room hotel, which opened in 1991, is quite attractive: all in white with ultramodern Euro-design elements that hint at Bauhaus, a large, multistory curving glass atrium and art that included works by Warhol, Chagall and Rauschenberg.

My room was nice, with Biedermeier -style maple furnishing and black lacquer accents. The modest-size lap pool and health club on the sixth floor were equipped with saunas and up-to-date exercise equipment.

Saturday was the night for my big splurge. I invited a friend, Lyn Redwood, the only person I know in Atlanta, for a five-course dinner at a restaurant called Seeger's, purported to be among Atlanta's best.

Seeger's is in a fine 1920's bungalow, but much of the facade is covered in slabs of sleek, white marble -- new Atlanta imposing itself, literally, on the old.

The interior was beautiful, with soft lighting, white walls, dark wood floors and soaring cathedral ceilings.

The bartender took our drink orders in the plush, cozy bar, and soon the hostess announced that our table was ready. It was not five feet from the front door, back in the bar area and completely removed from the main dining room. We sat, crestfallen. I noticed that some tables in the main room were clearing out, and others, upstairs in a lovely loft, were also empty.

When our drinks finally arrived, I asked the bartender if we could move upstairs. He said yes, but before we got up, a small group of staff members huddled.

The hostess curtly announced there were no other tables. We would have to eat our $69 fixed-price dinners in Siberia. When the chef and owner, Guenter Seeger, came out later to greet guests, he didn't even see us around the corner.

And so the mood was set for a less than thrilling dining experience, which played out with disappointingly hit-or-miss food. Course 2, for example -- grilled rouget with a red pepper sauce for me, and a bland parsley risotto with grilled shrimp and shaved bonito for Lyn -- was forgettable. But then the tenderloin of beef, poached in red wine, was top-notch, as was Lyn's braised John Dory. An outstanding Oregon pinot noir at $60, was one of the cheapest wines on the list. The total bill was $319.

We had planned to visit Halo, a hip new night spot, but dinner wore us out, and I returned to the hotel.

Sunday began with another dining experience: the opulent brunch at the Ritz-Carlton Buckhead, served in a gorgeous antique-strewn, dark paneled cafe.

Several stations beckoned from around the room, including one for caviar, blini and chilled creamy soups. Others had smoked fish, fresh seafood, Asian pot stickers, Italian cured meats, cheeses, salads, pastas, mountains of fresh pastries and a carving station with lamb shank, salmon en croute and Cuban flank steak. There were also sushi, omelet and crepe bars. Perhaps unsurprisingly, all this bounty cost me to $72, with tax and tip. I was well on my way to blowing my budget.

That afternoon I visited the High Museum, in Midtown (admission $8), Richard Meier's gleaming white temple of New South haute culture. There was a small Hopper exhibit, a show of Ansel Adams photographs, and a wonderful exhibit of local black women in fancy hats they famously wear to church, photographed by Michael Cunningham and Craig Marberry.

It was a good prelude to my return, that afternoon, to old Atlanta, for a visit to Sweet Auburn, on Atlanta's east side, where the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was born and raised. The Martin Luther King Jr. National Historic Site, operated by the National Parks Service, is in a ***working-class*** black community where neighbors smiled and waved at visitors.

The site includes the handsome two-story home where Dr. King was born in 1929 and continues down historic Auburn Avenue, past 100-year-old wooden "shotgun" row houses, to Ebenezer Baptist Church, where he delivered some of his most impassioned and eloquent calls for equality from the pulpit.

Dr. King's grave lies between the house where he was born and the church where he preached. The simple, somber tomb stands at the end of a long reflecting pool. Families were arriving after church to leave flowers, say prayers or take pictures in front of the white marble monument.

The tomb is part of the Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Nonviolent Social Change, which also has a small museum (free) with galleries dedicated to Dr. and Mrs. King, Rosa Parks and Gandhi. In the King gallery are glass displays with mementos from Dr. King's life and the civil rights struggle. One chilling relic is the room key to the Memphis motel where Dr. King was assassinated.

I spent the rest of the afternoon in the funky Little Five Points section, filled with rockers and bikers and students out for a good time. Incense wafted in the air and honest-to-goodness hippies sold "smoking accessories" on the sidewalk.

The district has bars and restaurants, places with live music and some great little shops, including the Junkman's Daughter, a veritable punk emporium, and Boomerang, where I bought a groovy carved wooden head on a small pole ($15).

That night, with my budget dwindling, and only about $100 left, I had a delicious grilled Cuban sandwich of pork, ham and Swiss ($7.25) and a $3.75 margarita at nearby La Fonda Latina, on an attractive deck. The place was refreshingly low-key, friendly and popular with college students. Cumbia music rumbled from the speakers.

I tried again to visit Halo, the trendy and, judging by its Web site, beautifully designed Midtown nightclub. But it was just after midnight on Sunday, a time, I discovered, when the clubs closed.

On Monday, I decided to combine a bit of new Atlanta with a taste of the old. First I drove downtown to see World of Coca-Cola, modestly priced at $7, an entertaining monument to corporate self-congratulation. Housed in a giant white cube of a building, its three floors guide visitors through the history of Coke, the world's best-selling soft drink.

The highlight is the tasting room, where streams of carbonated water fly from tanks, 15 feet through the air seemingly into a dispenser (actually the dispenser contains its own water), from which various Coca-Cola products can be sampled. There is also a section with 22 Coke products from around the world. My favorites were Smart, a watermelon-flavored soda from China, and Krest, a spicy ginger ale from Mozambique.

Before my flight home, I decided to pay a final visit to old Atlanta and have a soul food lunch at legendary Thelma's Kitchen, on the northern edge of Downtown. The place is nothing to look at, with plastic-covered tables, plastic flowers and garlands on the wall, and a dingy steam table.

But it was the best fried chicken I ever had, crispy, juicy and loaded with savory herb flavors. Lunch, with sodas, collard greens and rice and gravy, was $10, bringing my final weekend tab to $1,035. As I paid my bill, I asked about the portrait on the wall of Thelma Grundy, the restaurant's founder. "That's my mother," said a beaming David Grundy. "Did you like Thelma's?" he asked. "You know, this is old Atlanta."

I told him that, yes, I liked Thelma's, and old Atlanta, very, very much.

"$1,000"

Lodging: $375.19

Food and drinks: 458.00

Transit: 172.65

Entertainment: 29.95

Total: $1,035.79

If you go

Hotel

Swissotel, 3391 Peachtree Road NE; (404) 365-0065, fax (404) 365 8787; [*www.swissotel.com*](http://www.swissotel.com). Orbitz recently offered weekend fall rates of $149 a night for a corner room. Doubles regularly start at $189.

Restaurants

Fat Matt's Rib Shack, 1811 Piedmont Road NE; (404) 607-1622. Meals from $10.

Noche, 1000 Virginia Avenue NE; (404) 815-9155. Open from 5:30 p.m. weekdays; from 1 p.m. weekends. Tapas $3 to $5 each.

Seeger's, 111 West Paces Ferry Road; (404) 846-9779. Closed Sunday. Five-course fixed-price dinner (ordered a la carte) $69; eight-course set menu $85.

The Ritz-Carlton Buckhead, 3434 Peachtree Road NE; (404) 237-2700. Sunday brunch is $58, including nonalcoholic beverages.

La Fonda Latina, 923 Ponce de Leon Avenue; (404) 607-0665. Main dishes, $6.50 to $11.

Thelma's Kitchen, 768 Marietta Street NW; (404) 688-5855. Breakfast and lunch; closed Sunday. Lunch from $4.95 for a vegetable platter. The least expensive meat platter, dark-meat chicken, is $6.95.

Attractions

High Museum of Art, 1280 Peachtree Street NE; (404) 733-4444; [*www.high.org*](http://www.high.org). Closed Monday. Admission $8.

Martin Luther King Jr. Center for Nonviolent Social Change, 449 Auburn Avenue; (404) 524-1956; [*www.thekingcenter.com*](http://www.thekingcenter.com). Free admission.

Martin Luther King Jr. National Historic Site, 450 Auburn Avenue; (404) 331-6922; [*www.nps.gov/malu*](http://www.nps.gov/malu). Free admission.

World of Coca-Cola, 55 Martin Luther King Jr. Drive; (404) 676-5151; [*www.woccatlanta.com*](http://www.woccatlanta.com). Admission $7, those 60 and older, $5; ages 6 to 11, $4.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A front-page caption in this section on Nov. 2 with a picture grouping about travel on a budget in three American cities misstated the name of a neighborhood in Atlanta noted for shopping and restaurants. It is Virginia Highland, not Highlands.

**Correction-Date:** November 16, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: At Fat Matt's, ribs all day and blues at night. Tour group visits the house where Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was born. (Photographs by Ann States for The New York Times)(pg. 10); The lobby of the Swissotel, where the author stayed. (Photograph by Ann States for The New York Times)(pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2003

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[***IN CHICAGO, LUXE BY THE LAKE - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49X8-MHX0-01KN-20G3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 3; Travel Desk; Pg. 10

**Length:** 1982 words

**Byline:**  By RICHARD B. WOODWARD; RICHARD B. WOODWARD is an arts critic in New York.

**Body**

THERE are two conflicting ways to visit a big city on a budget. You can splurge on the grand hotel, tuck in your belt at mealtime and see the show from the third tier; or you can sleep cheaply, order the expensive wine and commandeer the best seats in the house.

I have always preferred the second extreme. As a 19-year-old wanderluster on a cross-country hitchhiking trip, I jumped freight trains and rolled out my sleeping bag under freeway overpasses. In Europe after college I sampled youth hostels from Krakow to Heraklion. To save money in Paris for jazz clubs and museums, I once spent two nights sleeping under bushes in the Luxembourg Gardens.

My wife, Susan, is persnickety and law-abiding, though, and over the years has instilled in me an appreciation of fresh linens and king-size beds. So when the offer arrived to go to Chicago for three days and two nights on a generous $1,500 budget, courtesy of this newspaper, I seized the chance to indulge her with top-notch accommodations.

Chicago has no shortage of plush hotels. Along the Magnificent Mile on upper Michigan Avenue, we could have chosen the Ritz-Carlton or the Four Seasons, the new Sofitel or the stolid, old-fashioned Drake. We were tempted by the InterContinental Chicago, with its 1929 indoor swimming pool made famous by Johnny Weissmuller, and a special room rate of $219 a night.

But neither of us had ever stayed at a Peninsula Hotel. The chain has only three branches in the United States (the others are in New York and Beverly Hills). The question was: Did they have vacancies? Or, put another way, were we suitable Peninsula material?

Initial efforts were not encouraging. Each of us called the hotel's toll-free number and were informed that no rooms were available. Then Susan phoned American Express Platinum Travel, gave them her card number, and miraculously we were booked, for $380 a night. What's more, the card brought an automatic upgrade to a grand deluxe room and a daily breakfast stipend of $35 a person.

Although the main lobby seems drawn on the scale of Versailles (is that the concierge off in the distance?), the staff is trained to aid rather than intimidate. We had arrived early and were taken to our room at 11 o'clock, rather than being made to wait, as at so many hotels, until the official check-in time of 3 p.m.

The room itself was a model of intelligent planning and luxury. The muted gold color scheme, like the Sean Scully prints in the ground-floor lobby, were signs of good taste. A console on one night table allows you to change air temperature and open and close two sets of window curtains. A discreet row of tiny lights around the base of the bed and night tables prevents stubbed toes when negotiating an alien floor plan at night. Beds in many hotels have been getting better lately, and this one was no exception, outfitted in cream with plenty of giant fluffy pillows. Messages arrive by fax inside a desk drawer so that names, addresses and phone numbers are recorded in print.

Decadent touches include a television and speaker phone by the bathtub (long and deep enough for my six-foot frame) and bottled water placed in the cup holders when you retrieve your car from valet parking. The gym and 25-meter, three-lane lap pool have floor-to-ceiling windows that look across to Lake Michigan. Those so inclined can spend the day cocooning at the lavish 14,000-square-foot spa.

But we weren't going to squander any of our budget on body exfoliations or deep tissue massages. We set out to see as much of the big-shouldered city as we could, including a couple of theater productions. We perused the possibilities, but on this visit at least, Chicago stages, famous for the raw acting talent and daring of their productions, were a few months behind New York. Steppenwolf was mounting Suzan-Lori Parks's "Topdog/Underdog," which we had seen. The Goodman Theatre was staging an Edward Albee festival, so we bought tickets ahead for "The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?," which we had missed on Broadway.

Chicago perhaps has the handsomest downtown in the United States. None other attends to its public and commercial spaces with such civic pride. Everywhere you turn, a landmark building's facade is being steam-cleaned, its terra-cotta bricks recemented. Plaques along the street give detailed histories of immediate surroundings.

It can also be a wonderful smelling city in spring and autumn when a breeze carries the scent of chocolate from a candy factory along the Chicago River. For a few giddy weeks pedestrians walk around under the influence of a sugar high.

Chicago tastes better than most cities, too. I have a New York friend who goes there once a year just to eat. We decided to skip Charlie Trotter's, commonly cited as one of the two or three best restaurants in the country. Too expensive ($125 a person for the grand tasting menu) for our budget. We also ruled out Arun's, the estimable Thai restaurant, because we didn't want to be locked into 12 courses. (Diners have no other options there.) Instead, we steered a middle route, seeking out less complicated food not easily found at home.

Tops on this list was the esteemed Frontera Grill, where we ate our first lunch. We ordered the specials -- a crunchy shredded pork, and chicken with roasted vegetables and ancho chilies -- and were thoroughly happy. Most of all, the elegant treatment of the basics -- black beans like a fragrant paste, not a soup; the wood-grilled meats for tacos; and margaritas with mezcal (we shared three) -- made us resolve to return whenever possible. The bill was $80 for two with drinks, including tip.

We found that eating early in Chicago is advisable. Our only mediocre meals were "late": at the bistro Zest after the theater; and at the new Pili Pili, a French Mediterranean restaurant where the spices were abundant but confused. When Susan complained that the arugula salad at Pili Pili was lacking in arugula, the solicitous waiter apologized by informing us that the chef had already left for the night. It was 9 o'clock.

The city excels at breakfast. Lou Mitchell's restaurant, an 80-year-old institution, is a prime example. The locals know to arrive on weekends before 9 a.m. when a line begins to form outside. (The staff tries to satisfy the crowd's hunger by distributing free doughnut holes and Milk Duds.) The omelets are enormous -- luckily, we split one -- as are the stacks of pancakes. With coffee and fresh juices, we got away for $23.

We also used our daily $70 allowance from American Express to have breakfast at Pierrot Gourmet, a bright Provencal-style bakery and wine bar on the ground floor of the hotel. The excellent coffee is served in bowls, and the selection of breads and eggs is more than generous.

Between meals, we headed down Michigan Avenue where many museums can be visited in a coordinated path on foot. Starting at the Museum of Contemporary Art, we saw "Strange Days," gleanings from the museum's outstanding permanent collection. The curators have grouped objects around the anxieties of 21st-century life, from sex to the Internet, and were clever enough to hang a Balthus painting next to a portrait by the acclaimed young Dutch photographer Rineke Dijkstra. Both depict young girls in scanty clothing, and yet paired, the former seemed more chaste and the latter much sexier than they would alone.

The Art Institute of Chicago's collection includes two of my all-time favorite paintings: Gustave Caillebotte's "Paris Street; Rainy Day," and Georges Seurat's "Sunday on the Grande Jatte." Both pictures date from late 19th-century Paris -- one showing the new haute bourgeoisie, the other the new ***working class*** who manned their factories -- and look great in Chicago, a city with a booming, commercial, industrial-age heart.

Continuing with this theme, we stopped at the Museum of Contemporary Photography to see Paul Shambroom's monumental images of American small-town meetings, and then had lunch at Printer's Row, in a historic district that was once the hub of Chicago publishing. A mural of Dearborn Station covers one corner of the dining room, and the tall red brick thing itself -- the city's main train station in 1900 -- stands at the end of the block. The restaurant had a subdued, businesslike air at lunch, and the seafood dishes had flair (crab cakes with hummus and tomatillo sauce). The total, with a glass of wine, a beer and tip was $41.

Afterward, we walked around the corner and took the El ($1.50) to the Illinois Institute of Technology, where a new campus center on South State Street by Rem Koolhaas is a cultural lodestar. Chicagoans care deeply about architecture and some in the local press have not heartily embraced Mr. Koolhaas, who was asked to compete with the sleek structures built by Mies van der Rohe at the institute in the 40's and 50's. Mr. Koolhaas in turn dared anyone to claim that his work was not in keeping with the master's original scheme.

The campus center had not yet opened, but I slipped by the main desk to have a quick walk around the jazzy first floor, as vibrantly deconstructed in its layout as a Mies building is supremely calm and rectilinear.

Back at the hotel, with some cushion still left in our budget, the concierge secured us tickets ($30 each) to the premiere of "The Secret in the Wings," a new production at the Lookingglass Theater, scheduled to run until Nov. 23. The company, under the director Mary Zimmerman, is based in the renovated Water Tower Water Works, one of the few 19th-century structures in the area to survive the 1871 Chicago fire.

Lookingglass is renowned for its inventive, often fey, stagings of unconventional dramatic material: Ovid's "Metamorphoses" or Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks. "The Secret in the Wings," a retelling of Grimm's fairy tales, left me with the feeling of having had a dream that you would like to recall but can't.

This is probably unfair to the play. As I was watching, I kept imagining myself under the duvet in the king-size bed only a block away. No more sleeping in public parks for me.

$1,500

Lodging: $873.24

Food and drinks: 310.00

Transit: 98.00

Entertainment: 150.00

Total: $1,431.24

Seurat, Albee, dazzling buildings and TV by the tub

Where to Stay

The Peninsula Chicago, 108 East Superior Street; (312) 337-2888, (866) 288-8889, fax (312) 751-2888; [*www.peninsula.com*](http://www.peninsula.com). Doubles from $295.

Where to Eat

Frontera Grill, 445 North Clark Street; (312) 661-1434. Lunch and dinner Tuesday to Saturday (open until 11 p.m. Friday and Saturday). Lunch for two, with drinks and tip, $80.

Lou Mitchell's, 565 West Jackson Boulevard; (312) 939-3111. Open Monday to Saturday from 5:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Sunday from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. No reservations are taken on weekends. Breakfast for two, with tip, $23.

Printer's Row, 550 South Dearborn Street; (312) 461-0780. Open Monday to Friday 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 to 10 p.m.; Saturday 5 to 10 p.m.; closed Sunday. Lunch for two, with drinks and tip, $41.

Culture

The Goodman Theatre, 170 North Dearborn Street, (312) 443-3800; [*www.goodmantheatre.org*](http://www.goodmantheatre.org).

Lookingglass Theatre, 821 North Michigan Avenue; box office: (312) 337-0665; [*www.lookingglasstheatre.org*](http://www.lookingglasstheatre.org).

The Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, 220 East Chicago Avenue; (312) 280-2660; [*www.mcachicago.org*](http://www.mcachicago.org). Open Wednesday to Sunday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tuesday 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. General admission, $10 (free from 5 to 8 p.m. on Tuesday).

The Art Institute of Chicago, 111 South Michigan Avenue; (312) 443-3600; [*www.artic.edu/aic*](http://www.artic.edu/aic). Open weekdays from 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (Tuesday to 8 p.m.); weekends 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Suggested general admission, $10 (free on Tuesday).

The Museum of Contemporary Photography, Columbia College Chicago, 600 South Michigan Avenue; (312) 344-7104; [*www.mocp.org*](http://www.mocp.org). Open Monday to Friday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Thursday until 8 p.m.), Saturday noon to 5 p.m. Admission is free.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 2 about a weekend in Chicago on a $1,500 budget referred incorrectly to "Secret in the Wings," a play at the Lookingglass Theater. It is a remounting of the production originally staged by the theater in 1991; it is not new. The article also misstated the title of Mary Zimmerman; she is the director of the play, not artistic director of the company.

In addition, the article misstated an example of the theater's use of unconventional dramatic material. Leonardo da Vinci's notebooks were not used as a source for a production.

**Correction-Date:** November 16, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: Sound-damping tube around the elevated tracks above Rem Koolhaas's campus center, Illinois Institute of Technology. Left Museum of Contemporary Art. Grand deluxe room at the Peninsula Hotel. (Photographs by Cynthia Howe for The New York Times room, museum and Richard Barnes/Illinois Institute of Technology skyline )(pg. 10); Lookingglass Theatre in the Water Tower Water Works building. Bathroom, complete with speaker phone and TV, at the Peninsula. (Photographs by Cynthia Howe for The New York Times)(pg. 12)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2003

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[***Image Spinner at the Center of a Web;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XHN-DVN0-00RP-K0FS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Rubenstein, 'Dean of Damage Control' for New York's Powerful***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XHN-DVN0-00RP-K0FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 30, 1999, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2; ; Biography

**Length:** 1582 words

**Byline:** Howard J. Rubenstein

By BLAINE HARDEN

By BLAINE HARDEN

**Body**

Before Howard J. Rubenstein's party was over, the Mayor proclaimed him the world's "dean of damage control." Leona M. Helmsley kissed him wetly. The Governor said New York was blessed to have him. The Duchess of York credited him with having given new meaning to her entire life. Manhattan real estate figures whispered about his Solomonic wisdom.

At the touch of Mr. Rubenstein's hand, George M. Steinbrenner 3d, Rupert Murdoch and Donald J. Trump exploded into their I-control-the-universe smiles. And Dr. Ruth Westheimer, the sex psychologist, told the 3,000 people who packed his party at the Tavern on the Green in Central Park on Monday night that "whoever is celebrating with Howard today is going to have good sex for the rest of their lives."

An hour or so before this avalanche of acclaim began to break, New York's No. 1 public relations man was sitting in a limousine, stuck in traffic between his midtown office and the bash he was giving to celebrate 45 lucrative years in the art of manipulating images. Mr. Rubenstein, 67, small, thin from daily four-mile runs and slightly stooped, has a problem keeping his suits from looking wrinkled. His wife, Amy, had told him to put on a fresh one, a $1,500 dark blue number. But already, in the back seat on the way to the party, it looked rumpled, and he said he knew it.

While stuck, the dean of damage control talked about damage he had quietly and strategically chosen not to control. It turns out that Mr. Rubenstein took on the Brooklyn Museum of Art as a client about a month before his good friend Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani made national news by condemning an exhibition about to open there. The Mayor called some of the artworks "sick stuff" and vowed to cut millions in city financing for the museum.

Museum officials rushed to Mr. Rubenstein and asked him, in effect, to do the voodoo that he does so well. Build a fire wall for bad publicity, seize control of the news cycle, plant juicy tidbits with favored editors and reporters. Mr. Rubenstein said he thought about it for an hour. Then he told the museum to find somebody else. The museum declined comment on its relationship with Mr. Rubenstein.

"I didn't know how to present a case that would not offend half the world," Mr. Rubenstein said, noting that one of his long-time clients is John Cardinal O'Connor. "It is not a good idea to be on the wrong side of Giuliani. You are better off negotiating a solution than being a warrior."

When warriors go to war, they can anger other clients, fall out of favor with prickly mayors and lose billings. That is not the P.R. way, at least as practiced by Mr. Rubenstein, who insiders guess makes $4 million to $7 million a year. He prefers the nonmartial arts of conciliation and retreat, and the strategic abandonment of the occasional client for the long-term preservation of his political contacts, his most important clients and his profitability.

As much player as publicity agent in New York, Mr. Rubenstein is an impresario whose vast web of contacts in business, politics and the news media has given him his own power base. New York mayors come and go, but Mr. Rubenstein stays. He has developed close friendships with every mayor since Abraham D. Beame. Mayor Edward I. Koch said that Mr. Rubenstein "always supports whoever is the mayor."

"It doesn't matter who it is," Mr. Koch said. "It could be Caligula."

"I am the incumbent," Mr. Rubenstein said, by way of explaining his seamless transitions between Democrats and Republicans.

But with 160 employees to pay, more than 500 clients to serve and $30 million in annual billings, Mr. Rubenstein preaches that power is best used in carefully calibrated doses.

"Don't mistake retreat with surrender," he said.

It is a philosophy that some of his critics find lacking in principle. But it sure seems to work. Fraser Seitel, author of the largest-selling college textbook on public relations, said Mr. Rubenstein created and sustains "one of the most successful P.R. agencies of all time."

His wife says Mr. Rubenstein remembers everything ever written about him. The late Murray Kempton, a columnist at Newsday, wrote one that particularly sticks in his craw. It described Mr. Rubenstein as the "barker for all that moves and shakes in the coalition of the benign and malign whose tent houses New York's commercial circus."

The circus was in town Monday night.

Human gridlock was achieved in the main dining room of Tavern on the Green at 6:45 P.M. Mr. Rubenstein's white shirt was soaked with sweat. His back and feet hurt. But he moved lightly between the famous faces, introducing Michael Bolton to Diane Sawyer, embracing the frail Mr. Beame, and kissing Sarah Ferguson, the Duchess of York, who he linked up five years ago with another client, Weight Watchers International, to the mutual profit of both.

"Because of Howard, I feel better about me, Sarah, which means that I can go forward with a better life," the Duchess said gushingly. "With Howard walking by my side, I am very lucky."

Mr. Rubenstein then greeted Mr. Murdoch, a client, like a long-lost friend, even though he has talked to him on the phone nearly every day for the last 20 years.

Wedged into the crowd stood a former client of Mr. Rubenstein's who did not attract the attention of photographers. Stanley M. Friedman, the former Bronx Democratic leader, became a former client in 1986 after he was publicly linked to racketeering charges. He later served nearly four years in Federal prison for illegally using his influence to sell portable computers to the city.

Mr. Friedman and Mr. Rubenstein have remained friends. In prison, Mr. Friedman frequently telephoned Mr. Rubenstein, mostly to grumble about how rotten life was inside.

Bernard H. Mendik, a real estate developer in Manhattan, attempted to explain exactly what Mr. Rubenstein does that could justify such a huge gathering of influential people.

"The man is capable of being conflict free, even though he has competing clients," said Mr. Mendik, chairman of the Real Estate Board of New York. "Practically everybody in the real estate business uses Howard."

Mr. Rubenstein is particularly good at stroking the feathers of powerful people when their names are in the newspapers and they don't like what's been written and they want to get even, Mr. Mendik said.

"When Howard is giving you advice," he said, "you always feel completely at ease. In a previous life he must have been Sigmund Freud."

Before he was the King of P.R., he was a guilt-wracked 22-year-old in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. He had disappointed his parents by dropping out of Harvard Law School. He also had refused an invitation from his father, a police reporter at The New York Herald Tribune, to be a copy boy.

With his father's help, he landed a job writing press releases on the family's kitchen table for the Menorah Home and Hospital for the Aged and Infirm in Brooklyn. Howard moved out of his parent's house when his mother refused to answer the phone "Rubenstein Associates." He later returned to law school at St. John's (graduating first in his night-school class).

The rest, as they do not say in the P.R. business, is hagiography. At the party, the Rubenstein legend was burnished in two speeches he made about his own career and in a videotaped address by Gov. George E. Pataki. Both invoked the ***working-class*** glory of that kitchen table in Brooklyn.

"Howard's best client is himself," said two public relations competitors, while demanding anonymity.

Mr. Rubenstein is a hard worker who loves to talk about how early he gets up. He says he is usually up by 4 A.M. and does two hours of paperwork before running in Central Park (he lives on Fifth Avenue across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art). The morning of the party, he was "sort of keyed up," so he got up at 3:30 to watch the Weather Channel and reassure himself that it would not rain. It did not.

"Howard, Leona is here," said one of Mr. Rubenstein's party managers.

It was late in the party. The Mayor had come and gone. Mr. Rubenstein had already shaken the hands and bussed the cheeks of well over 2,000 people. But he turned up the wattage for Leona Helmsley.

"One of my favorites," he said, smiling broadly and embracing the hotel and real estate executive.

After her trial on tax evasion charges, Mr. Rubenstein visited her in prison and spoke frequently with her on the telephone.

"He is wonderful," said Mrs. Helmsley, 79, who was drinking red wine and wearing a pearl ring roughly the size of a golf ball. "He tells me things I don't want to hear. It doesn't mean I will practice them."

Mr. Rubenstein later said that he never considered dropping Mrs. Helmsley as a client, no matter her image or legal problems.

"Her husband, Harry Helmsley, helped build my business," Mr. Rubenstein said, referring to the real-estate owner whose fortune Mrs. Helmsley helped run and later inherited. "Harry stuck by me for 33 years, and I owe her to this moment an intense loyalty."

By 9:30, Mr. Rubenstein's back and feet were hurting so much he had to sit down. The party was over. When the last guests left, he went home with Amy, who fixed him tuna fish and spaghetti for dinner. They stayed up late, until midnight, rehashing the party.

"I was souped up," he said.

They talked, too, about the next big do, the 50th anniversary celebration in 2004, which Mr. Rubenstein promises will be bigger and better than Monday's party.

The morning after, Mr. Rubenstein said he got out of bed at 4 A.M. and polished off some paperwork.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Howard J. Rubenstein, New York's No. 1 public relations man, in his office. He gave a party to celebrate 45 years in the art of manipulating the public perceptions of clients. (Librado Romero/The New York Times)(pg. B1); In 1977, Edward I. Koch was the mayor who came to Howard J. Rubenstein's anniversary party, which Mr. Rubenstein's father, Sam, center, attended. Mayors are always among Mr. Rubenstein's contacts. (pg. B10)

Chart/Photos: "Rubenstein and Friends"

Many famous faces were at Tavern on the Green Monday to dlebrate the 45-year career of New York City's best-known publicity agent. Here are a few of them: Howard and Rudy, Howard and Fergie, Howard and Leona, Howard and the Boss. (Photographs by G. Paul Burnett/The New York Times (Rudy and the Boss); Joe Vericker/Photo Bureau (Fergie and Leona))(pg. B1)

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[***TELEVISION/RADIO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XKT-VGB0-00RP-K4C5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Clothes and Hairstyles Do Not a Decade Make***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XKT-VGB0-00RP-K4C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Andy Meisler's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about Robert Zemeckis's Showtime film "The Pursuit of Happiness."

By ANDY MEISLER;  Andy Meisler's most recent article for Arts & Leisure was about Robert Zemeckis's Showtime film "The Pursuit of Happiness."

**Dateline:** STUDIO CITY, Calif.

**Body**

THINK smiley faces, perky rust-and-umber polyester sweater vests, Gerald Ford, John Travolta, Carl Bernstein, Chevy Chase, Werner Erhard. When the topic of the 1970's comes up, as it seems to so often these days, thoughts may drift to those obvious icons of the Me Decade. That's one reason that Mark Brazill, a 37-year-old former stand-up comedian turned sitcom writer, is an executive producer and co-creator of the hit Fox series "That 70's Show."

And you're not.

When Mr. Brazill is asked about the 1970's, as he was one recent afternoon during an interview in his office, he reaches for his 1977 Fredonia High School yearbook.

Fredonia, N.Y., where Mr. Brazill grew up, is a ***working-class*** town about an hour's drive from Buffalo. Inside the yearbook is a freshman photograph of him: a freckle-faced 14-year-old wearing long hair parted in the middle, a shirt with a collar the size of elephant ears, a bone necklace and a slightly stunned expression.

After a knee-jerk chuckle from his visitor, Mr. Brazill puts down the book. He picks up the senior yearbook from nearby Dunkirk High School (where he was sent after being expelled from Fredonia for "just never going to class"), opens it, leans back and narrates.

"This guy," he says, pointing to a photograph, "was a good friend of mine. We used to drive around in his '68 Dodge Dart and listen to Cheap Trick. Remember how you used to have just one tape and it'd stay in the car? And every song on it was good and you'd just listened to it?"

Mr. Brazill turns the page. Here's the boy, he says, with whom he had a falling out after a heated discussion over the disappearance of his marijuana stash. Here's the girl whose father owned a Buick dealership and had a big house on the lake. Here's the classmate who was stabbed 17 times during a fight over borrowed record albums. Here's the fellow whom he met while working as a cook at the local Holiday Inn and who announced his homosexuality by kissing a male friend on the lips.

"Here's this girl I worked with at the restaurant. I spent the night at her house and nothing happened. She gave me a kiss the next morning and later went on to marry my best friend."

Here, in fact, are prototypes for the lower-middle-class teen-agers -- cleaned up a bit and handed more than their real-world share of zingers and setup lines -- who form the core of Mr. Brazill's current consuming passion. "That 70's Show," first broadcast in the summer of 1998, is the Fox network's first real live-action comedy success since "Married . . . With Children." Rated only 54th among prime-time series overall last season, it was 6th among teen-agers and 12th among adults 18 to 34.

"It's doing surprisingly well demographically," says Bill Croasdale, executive vice president of Western International Media, a Los Angeles media management company. Teen-agers and young adults are, of course, advertisers' favorite viewers.

The series began its second full season two weeks ago, handily winning its new time slot (Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M.). Best described as a cross between "Happy Days" and "The Ice Storm" (the arid 1997 film about Nixon-era families starring Kevin Kline and Christina Ricci), the series depicts decidedly non-Gap-ad-quality individuals only sporadically in touch with events going on in the outside world.

"It's not just about clothes and hair," says Terry Turner, who with his wife and writing partner, Bonnie Turner, and Mr. Brazill form the ruling troika at "That 70's Show." The Turners did the screenplays for the films "Wayne's World" and "The Brady Bunch Movie" and supervise "Third Rock From the Sun" for NBC.

"It's personal," says Mr. Brazill. "We sometimes use conceits and do things that are outside the realm of real life, but it's reality-based, definitely." It's also frequently very funny.

THE action of "That 70's Show" began in 1976 -- this season it's 1977 -- and is set in the fictional suburb of Point Place, Wis. It is focused (as much as any sitcom with the alarmingly large number of 11 regular characters can be) on 17-year old Eric Foreman (played by Topher Grace, 21), a solid B-minus student with a flip attitude that doesn't quite mask his hormone-driven desperation.

"Eric is basically me," says Mr. Brazill, who adds that his alter ego's hangout -- the junk-furniture-filled basement of his house -- is essentially the attic of his boyhood home in Fredonia. The light of Eric's life is Donna Pinciotti (Laura Prepon), an intelligent, attractive redhead who alternates maddeningly between treating him like a friend and like a boyfriend. During their more intense conversations they talk a lot about having sex, but so far that magic moment has eluded the simultaneously frustrated and terrified Eric.

Surrounding Eric and Donna is a tight circle of friends: the handsome, empty-headed Michael ("I could so be a model") played by Ashton Kutcher; Michael's pushy, status-seeking girlfriend, Jackie ("You're going on the pill? You're going to be so popular!"), played by Mila Kunis; the studiedly disaffected "rebel" Kelso ("There is no gas shortage, man! It's all a fake!"), played by Danny Masterson, and Fez, a lascivious, politically incorrect exchange student ("These after-school specials are thrilling. Imagine! One glass of beer can turn a cheerleader into a whore!"), played by Wilmer Valderrama, who was born in Venezuela.

Unlike many modern television teen-agers, Eric actually has visible parents -- the uptight frequent-layoff victim Red (Kurtwood Smith) and the patiently and painfully understanding Kitty (Debra Jo Rupp) -- whom he both fears and respects. Rounding out the cast are Donna's parents, the proto-New Agers Bob and Midge (Don Stark and the ex-"Charlie's Angel" Tanya Roberts), and Eric's older sister, the evil Farrah Fawcett-haired Laurie (Lisa Robin Kelly).

The show's plot lines mix a certain sweetness and naivete with considerations of larger personal issues reminiscent of the Norman Lear sitcoms of the actual 1970's. In one episode, for example, the gang decides to paint a cannabis leaf on the town's water tower and realizes that what they've inadvertently produced is a huge green hand with middle finger extended. In another, Jackie reports to Donna that she thinks she's pregnant. The new rich kid in town, who drives a red Trans Am so loaded that it has electric windows, discloses that he's gay to his new best friend, Eric. Kelso reluctantly tells Eric that he has been abandoned without a cent by his single mother, who has run off with yet another passing truck driver. Red gets a part-time sales job at Bob's appliance store, and sternly lectures prospective refrigerator buyers not to come back until they've figured out exactly what they're looking for. Fez propositions his high school English teacher. Eric reserves a post-prom motel room with Donna but changes his mind, deciding the surroundings are too tawdry.

Apparently these slices of sitcom life -- from a supposedly kinder and gentler era that teen-age viewers have never actually experienced -- are what attracts the bulk of the show's young audience. "What you've got to understand," Topher Grace says earnestly, "is that most people our age don't look like the ones on the WB shows or wherever. And the stuff on our show didn't just happen to teen-agers in the 1970's. The issues are really, really timeless."

Viewers seem to agree. "I love the relationship between Eric and his dad," says Mariel Foster, a 19-year-old Gainesville, Fla., fan who has started her own "That 70's Show" Web site. "All the other sitcoms have smart-alecky kids always talking back to their parents." Her on-line friend Heather Logan, a 21-year-old student at Youngstown State University in Ohio, says: "The 1970's appeal to me because they were very free. They had free love and fewer STD's, and you could do pretty much whatever you wanted."

WHATEVER the charms of that era, it seems that the audience doesn't much care what's going on outside Point Place. "We don't do Gerald Ford jokes. We don't do Nixon jokes. We don't do Watergate jokes," says Bonnie Turner. "We tried a couple of times, and it just didn't work. It seems to us that history and politics sucks the fun out of everything, unless it's recent politics and history, unless you're in the middle of it."

In this respect "That 70's Show" seems to have avoided the black hole that swallowed up several well-reviewed but unprofitable projects. The recent movie "Dick," also set in the 1970's, springs to mind. In many other respects, the series has been shaped and buffeted by forces that are very much of the late 1990's.

"That 70's Show" was created by the Carsey-Werner Company ("Roseanne," "Cybill," "The Cosby Show"), the last independent sitcom producer in Hollywood. Its principals, Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner, having noted the proliferation of movie projects like "The Ice Storm" and "Boogie Nights" set in the 70's, asked the Turners if anything of that ilk was in their own pipeline. The Turners set about developing the show with Mr. Brazill, who had worked for them on the writing staff of "Third Rock From the Sun." The new show was purchased and championed by Peter Roth, then Fox Entertainment's president.

"That 70's Show's" pilot episode contained a pivotal, and arguably hilarious, marijuana smoking scene that set off a frenzy of shocked protests after it was previewed to television critics in the summer of 1998. The Turners, declaring themselves severely chastened, promised not to push that particular envelope again. The controversy all but forgotten, the series now faces the potentially knottier problem of competing against "Buffy the Vampire Slayer," the teen-age dynamo from WB.

Mr. Brazill, however, shrugs when asked about his show's prospects. All he knows, he says, is that if the show survives, it will advance one year for each season and that the prospect of reaching the 1980's does not daunt him. The 80's, after all, gave us shoulder pads and the Cadillac Cimarron.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: The young cast of the Fox hit "That 70's Show," from left: Laura Prepon, Ashton Kutcher, Topher Grace, Danny Masterson, Mila Kunis and Wilmer Valderrama. (Carsey-Warner/Fox)

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[***Zut! British Infiltrate French Fashion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3BN0-0005-G09X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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By AMY M. SPINDLER

**Dateline:** PARIS, Oct. 14

**Body**

In what some here are bemoaning as a blow to French cultural pride, it was announced today that creative control of two of Paris's venerable couture houses, Christian Dior and Givenchy, will now be in the hands of British designers.

And not just any British designers. Alexander McQueen, 27, stepping in at Givenchy, and John Galliano, 36, moving from a short stint at Givenchy to Dior, are famously ***working class***, wild and drawn to such provocative impulses as buttocks-baring trousers and spray-painted leather suits.

The change is one more risky maneuver by Bernard Arnault, 46, chairman of LVMH Moet Hennessy-Louis Vuitton, the biggest luxury-goods house in the world, which owns Givenchy and Dior and which had sales last year of $5.9 billion. At stake, far more than the fashion itself, is the image of the products that carry the Dior and Givenchy labels -- perfumes, sunglasses, wallets, neckties, hosiery.

Since taking over Christian Dior in 1984, Mr. Arnault has assembled a group of famous if sometimes dusty names under LVMH. Thousands of American closets and dressers contain at least one product connected to Mr. Arnault's empire, mostly because of licensing, the practice of charging manufacturers a fee for use of a brand name.

Mr. Arnault's strategy is geared toward licensing a house profitably in the age of publicity: garnering attention by pairing the most subversive designers he could find with two of the stodgiest labels in fashion.

If there was an extraordinary amount of hype surrounding the search for designers at Christian Dior and Givenchy, much of it was generated by the fact that notoriously chatty members of the fashion press were consulted. Mr. Arnault used the same tactic when deciding to back the designer Christian Lacroix in 1987.

"The man is most concerned about the media attention," Andre Leon Talley, an editor at Vanity Fair, said of Mr. Arnault. Mr. Talley is a close friend of and adviser to Mr. Galliano. "It's the perfume bottle and the handbag, and how to keep the attention there," he continued. "It's about a marketing strategy, making young people who are so radical the couture choices. It's all about the media hype. He could have taken the Princess of Wales as the designer, and he would have been very happy."

Mr. Galliano and Mr. McQueen do the Princess of Wales one better with their rags-to-riches-in-the-rag-trade stories. Mr. Galliano is the son of a plumber, known in equal parts for his fluid romantic clothes, for his club crawling, for tangled dreadlocks and for standing up Queen Elizabeth II and President Jacques Chirac of France at a recent dinner at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. McQueen, the son of a taxi driver, is known for the mean, linear cut of his tailoring, for decorating with fake blood and for dedicating collections to Jack the Ripper and Alfred Hitchcock's lethal birds.

While it is not unprecedented that a British designer run a French couture house (the first couture house in Paris was founded by an Englishman, Charles Fredrick Worth, in 1857), there is no doubt that this change comes at a time of crisis for French designers and French houses. As styles have changed, the frilly French fashion esthetic has been outdated by designer brands like Gucci and Prada, which make streamlined clothes for affluent women who work.

Joyce Ma, the leading fashion retailer in Hong Kong, was recently asked by the French Consulate there to hold a special show of the French designers she carries. There was one small problem.

"I would love to, but I don't have French designers now," she said. "In Paris, I buy Belgians, Japanese and the British. All the interesting ones are not French."

Which explains why, when Mr. Arnault was looking for a replacement for Hubert de Givenchy, who retired in 1995, he hired Mr. Galliano. And when Mr. Arnault decided in July to replace the Italian designer Gianfranco Ferre at Dior, Mr. Galliano, over a casual dinner, said that it had always been his dream to design for the house.

"To my surprise, in a flash Bernard Arnault replied, 'Yes, why not do it?' " Mr. Galliano recalled in an interview.

The lavish and painstakingly handmade creations of haute couture have been transformed from a client-driven business to an engine for sales of worldwide licenses like the 30 Dior now has. Now, it seems, high-priced French ready-to-wear, or factory-made, fashions, are heading in the same direction, with Mr. Arnault's leading houses employing designers known more for brash shows than for selling clothes.

"Somehow, I have the feeling the French houses have lost all hope of selling garments," said Ralph Toledano, the president of Guy Laroche, which recently appointed Alber Elbaz, an Israeli-born American, as its designer. "It's like in the 70's, when couture sold the licenses. New York and Milan care about the salability of the garments. Here, it's about the show."

Insult to injury comes from the fact that Mr. Dior and Mr. Givenchy are touchstones for French style. Under the new British designers, French style may become an extinct concept.

At the time these two houses were founded, making waves in fashion had little to do with fake blood and dreadlocks. Christian Dior, a buttoned-down man, provoked a fashion revolution in 1947 with the New Look, which had lower hems, cinched waists and extravagant use of fabric. In 1952, the stately Hubert de Givenchy opened his house and soon shook the fashion world with the idea of designing separates for a couture line. He later became famous for creating Audrey Hepburn's gamine style.

So the finely arched, tweezed eyebrows of an entire generation of Christian Dior and Givenchy clients are doubtless raised, especially since the searches for successors were carried under the unseemly spotlight of the media. But the demands on a modern-day couturier go far beyond pleasing the ladies in the front row.

Mr. Galliano arrives at Dior in time to throw lighter fluid on the publicity the house will get for the 50th anniversary of the New Look, which will coincide with his first couture collection for Dior next spring. The Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is planning a Dior exhibition for its annual fund-raising gala on Dec. 9.

The new Givenchy appointment is equally well timed, perversely, because in his year there, Mr. Galliano failed to generate significant couture sales or retail support.

Only a month ago, Saks Fifth Avenue held a series of events in Mr. Galliano's honor as designer of Givenchy. Rosemarie Bravo, the store's president, is not amused by the changes. "It's a major challenge for us in America in terms of communicating this change," she said. "Moneys were spent to promote one change after 40 years, and to make another change after such a short time is very disruptive."

The decision to put Mr. McQueen at Givenchy was chaotic because Mr. McQueen was unsure whether taking the job would be good for his own fashion house.

One designer who was offered the Givenchy job and turned it down, Jean-Paul Gaultier, said: "What I realized was that houses like Dior and Givenchy have no customers for ready-to-wear. They were thinking of taking the customers of the designer they chose."

The idea of bringing a designer with his own established business into an old couture business began in 1983 with the immediate success of Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel. Typically, a designer stayed at a couture house until he was ready to strike out on his own, as Christian Lacroix did in 1987, when Mr. Arnault hired him away from Patou, starting his house with $8 million. The house of Lacroix has yet to turn a profit.

As recently as 1984, Mr. Arnault, who is from Lille, France, was working in the American branch of his family's real estate business in New Rochelle, N.Y. He came back to France looking for a challenge and found it when he took over Boussac, the bankrupt textile and retail company that owned Christian Dior.

He turned the company around, cutting 9,000 jobs, and when it was in the black two years later he began looking for a young designer to back. Christian Dior had sold off its perfume licenses to another company, and as Mr. Arnault saw those profits siphoned away he decided that he had to control the rights to designer names right down to the last license.

Mr. Galliano's own fashion house is now owned mostly by Mr. Arnault, with some shares still held by its last owner, John Bult, and by Mr. Galliano. The president of Christian Dior, Francois Baufume, is now also the president of John Galliano.

Mr. McQueen says there have been discussions about the possibility of Mr. Arnault's investing in Mr. McQueen's house, which is now backed by Gibo, the Italian subsidiary of the Japanese production company Onward Kashiyama. Mr. McQueen's first haute couture collections for Givenchy will be shown in January.

"He's a very sweet, angelic, serene-type man," Mr. McQueen said of his first meeting with Mr. Arnault. "I expected to find a big fat man with a cigar. It made me feel like I'd just come out of an asylum, he was so serene and quiet. He said I was his horse, like when you back a horse in a race."

**Graphic**

Photos: Bernard Arnault, chairman of Moet Hennessy-Louis Vuitton, in Paris. (Jean-Luce Hure for The New York Times); New Guard -- Alexander McQueen, Givenchy's new designer, above. A pink and blue brocade suit with tails, left, from his London show. Old Guard -- Hubert de Givenchy, above, retired last year. At left, a dress he designed for Audrey Hepburn in "Breakfast at Tiffany's." (Jonathan Player for The New York Times (bottom left); Jean-Luce Hure for The New York Times (top left); Bill Cunningham/The New York Times (top right).)(pg. B8); New Look Of 1947 -- Christian Dior, above, designed this white silk jacket with a nipped waistline and a long black silk skirt. (The New York Times (top and left)); Newer Look, 1996 -- John Galliano, Dior's new designer, above, and his black satin suit with butterfly belt, left. (Corina Lecca for The New York Times (left); Gareth Watkins (top))(pg. A1)

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[***STAGE VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CDX0-0007-H080-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SOME PLAYS FARE BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CDX0-0007-H080-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

Though it occasionally presents new plays, the Second Stage is committed to an artistic policy of reviving works from the recent past. According to the company's co-directors, Carole Rothman and Robyn Goodman, these are plays they think ''deserve to be seen again - in a new and surprisingly different light.'' Often that ''light'' is not so much a radically altered production as simply a change in venue and in time. These are not necessarily rediscoveries but, rather, plays that might have been overlooked and should be performed again. A decade, or even a few years, can make all the difference in the public perception. At a certain point, a theme can seem overly familiar; a surfeit of family plays, for example, can cause a drama, perhaps even a serious one, to be slighted. A play can be victimized by coincidence. A world event can make a subject seem trivial in comparison, or a certain style of writing can become unfashionable, at least for a time. Attitudes can change toward playwrights. Audiences can be more willing to encounter work on its own terms or in the context of a career.

The most recent playwright to benefit from the Second Stage approach is Lanford Wilson. In 1970, his play, ''Lemon Sky,'' did not find an audience on Broadway. Looking back, one could offer a variety of explanations, beginning with the play's placement in a less desirable theater. The fault was not with the author or with the original production, which conveyed the same basic values as in Mary B. Robinson's current revival.

It would appear that the theater has caught up with Mr. Wilson. In the past two seasons, beginning with the Second Stage production of ''Serenading Louie'' and John Malkovich's staging of ''Balm in Gilead,'' at Mr. Wilson's home theater, the Circle Repertory Company, there has been a sweep of interest in the playwright's earlier work. Because of these two excellent revivals, both plays achieved greater stature. Earlier this season, Mr. Wilson was represented at the Circle with a revised version of a play now called ''Talley & Son,'' and arriving soon at the Circle is a new production of ''The Mound Builders,'' his 1975 play about archeology and ecology. Surely, some theater will follow with a revival of Mr. Wilson's ''Gingham Dog.'' This 1969 Broadway failure, a study of an unhappy interracial marriage, was, definably, a play before its time. When one considers the diversity of socially relevant areas the playwright has ventured into, it is clear that he is far more than his accepted image as an astute observer of the Middle-American family.

Mr. Wilson has become one of the most produced playwrights in America (in regional theater as well as in New York), a role that he shares with, among other contemporary writers, Athol Fugard and Sam Shepard, each of whom might have once been thought to have a limited public. The recent string of awards and accolades to all three certainly has something to do with the change in receptivity. Having seen Mr. Wilson's ''Talley's Folly,'' Mr. Fugard's '' 'Master Harold'. . .and the Boys'' and Mr. Shepard's ''Buried Child,'' audiences are more interested in seeing works from the playwrights' past. Each continues to make artistic strides, but their remarkable gifts were evidenced in early ventures; repeatedly, the plays have demonstrated that they can stand the scrutiny of revival.

''Lemon Sky'' is one of Mr. Wilson's most personal plays, dealing with eternal questions of fatherhood as a son tries to come to terms with a prodigal parent. The play's protagonist, separated from his father after his parents' divorce, visits him and his new family in California. A private war erupts. Neither father nor son can possibly live up to the other's image. The father would like his son to be a member of the manly ***working class***. The sensitive son seeks understanding from a man who is trapped by his own failures. The son can only begin to express himself by severing his ties, a hurtful but liberating process. ''Lemon Sky'' represents both a homecoming and a leave-taking.

It is a young man's play written from the perspective of adulthood. The story is told by the protagonist as author, releasing his narrative by leaping into the middle. With a Salingeresque spontaneity and self-mockery, he comments on the storytelling process, lapsing into the present and into an illusory world in which he tries to reconceive the story as it should have happened. ''Lemon Sky,'' never too far removed from play-acting, demands an intuitive style of performance so that it can flow like memory itself, spasmodically but with a sense that the truth is inescapable.

At the Second Stage (a small theater on Broadway and 75th Street), Miss Robinson's production strikes the right balance between narration and narrative. Smoothly shifting screens provide transition and act as the scenic equivalent of Mr. Wilson's overlapping dialogue as the author leads us back through a tide of reminiscence that is not once marked by nostalgia. Jeff Daniels and Wayne Tippitt are the embodiment of their roles as son and father just as Christopher Walken and Charles Durning were in the Broadway original. Revisiting ''Lemon Sky,'' one is aware of all the lyrical plays by Mr. Wilson that have come after, deeply felt dramatic tales about questing souls destined to be outsiders.

In the case of ''Blood Knot,'' revived on Broadway, it is a return to the source of Mr. Fugard. This was the play that established his calling as a playwright and that also changed the course of theater in South Africa. Originally presented for one performance at a private theater club in Johannesburg, in a production starring the author and Zakes Mokae, a jazz saxophonist turned actor, the play became an international triumph. Approaching the 25th anniversary of the landmark premiere, the author and Mr. Mokae have commemorated the event by returning to their roles.

''Blood Knot,'' like ''Lemon Sky,'' is a young man's play. It was written to be played by men in their 20's, and there is something strange about seeing a middle-aged Mr. Mokae dream about a romance with a teen-age girl. But to linger on the age disparity is to miss the play's continuing validity as a social document and as a visceral work of theater. One can see in ''Blood Knot'' the disturbing themes that have dominated Fugard plays that followed - the obsession with guilt, responsibility and renunciation, and the double-edged quality inherent in the master-servant relationship.

We are seeing Mr. Fugard and Mr. Mokae play their roles for the first time - after seeing J. D. Cannon and James Earl Jones, who created the characters in America, and other actors who have followed them in revivals of the play. It is almost as if we are being led back to the reality that provided the raw material for the work. We cannot watch them act together, in an eloquent double performance, without being conscious of the traumatic national history they share. Arriving on Broadway at a time of turmoil in South Africa, ''Blood Knot'' acquires a particular urgency.

For Mr. Fugard, the successive Broadway productions of ''A Lesson from Aloes'' and '' 'Master Harold' . . . and the Boys'' in the early 1980's gave him artistic certification. Now his plays are done with regularity at theaters around America. In fact, according to American Theater, the magazine of the Theater Communications Group, 15 productions of his plays are scheduled this season, a fact that puts him third in productivity, following Dickens's ''Christmas Carol'' and plays by Shakespeare. Theaters are staging '' 'Master Harold' '' and also such earlier plays as ''Boesman and Lena,'' most recently at Baltimore's Center Stage in a production directed by Mr. Mokae. When regional theaters plan a season, the master list includes Mr. Fugard, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Shepard, along with Shakespeare and Shaw.

Looking for Sam Shepard plays to revive, theaters have some 40 to choose from. Several such as ''The Tooth of Crime'' (coming up at the Hartford Stage Company) and ''Fool for Love'' are standards in the American repertory. ''Curse of the Starving Class,'' in a continuing Off Broadway revival, is one of two exceptional plays by Mr. Shepard currently running in New York. The other, of course, is ''A Lie of the Mind.'' There is something heartening about going to the Promenade Theater on upper Broadway where both ''A Lie of the Mind'' and Mr. Wilson's ''Lemon Sky'' (upstairs at Second Stage) are playing to capacity audiences. One can sense the anticipation as theatergoers crowd the lobby - the kind of feeling one might normally expect to find at a hit Broadway musical. Mr. Shepard and Mr. Wilson, of course, share more than a theater building. Both writers, major American playwrights, began their careers at the same time, in the same place, far away from the mainstream - 20 years ago at the very beginning of the Off Off Broadway movement.

**End of Document**



[***Massive Attack***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:528H-F2C1-JBG3-60B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By GABY WOOD

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**Body**

In a Paris suburb in October 2005, two teenagers of African descent were running away from the police and tried to hide inside a power substation. They were electrocuted instantly. The violence that broke out in protest of police harassment soon spread to neighboring communities and eventually to housing projects across the whole of France. When the media came to document the events in Clichy-sous-Bois, they were met with an additional, unexpected kind of confrontation: behind one of the countless cars in flames was a black-and-white photograph that was pasted onto the side of an apartment building some time before and took up its entire width. From its center, surrounded by a group of boys striking aggressive poses, a black man several times larger than life stared out, pointing with what appeared at first to be a shotgun. On closer inspection, it was a video camera. Get out, he seemed to be saying, we're recording this too, and we'll tell the story the way we see it.

In the bottom right-hand corner of the poster was a label, too sophisticated to be a graffiti artist's tag but something along those lines: a Japanese-like calligraphic symbol concocted from the letters ''J'' and ''R'' above a Web address. Suddenly, amid all the fear and long-bred loathing, questions were being asked about this strange work of art. How did it come to be there? Who was, as one newspaper asked, ''this kamikaze image-maker,'' JR?

More than five years have passed; he has pasted similar portraits all over the world, and the public still doesn't know the artist's full name. He insists on JR -- his real initials. He used to refer to himself as a photograffeur, which puts him somewhere between a photographer and a graffiti artist. His M.O. is to show up in a shantytown in Kenya or a favela in Brazil, a place where some event has been noted in the media and captured his attention, and turn it inside out, photographing the residents, then wrapping their buildings with the results, on a scale so vast that you can see their eyes from the sky. Often he has worked at night, and as soon as he's done, he disappears; so when the installation becomes front-page news, there is no one left to explain it but the people whose voices had not been previously heard. As a woman from Kibera, a neighborhood in Nairobi, puts it in ''Women Are Heroes,'' a documentary recently released in France that JR made about his work: ''Photos can't change the environment. But if people see me there, they'll ask me: 'Who are you? Where do you come from?' And then I'm proud.''

I rst met JR one afternoon late last November in his studio in Paris. The nearest Metro station is named after Alexandre Dumas, and there's something ''Three Musketeers''-ish about the team inside too: JR; one right-hand man, Emile Abinal; and the other, their ''philosopher and guru,'' Marco Berrebi, were winding down from a poster-pasting trip to Shanghai and preparing for a press conference about the positive aftereffects of their portraits in the Middle East. They never really had people in the studio before, and there was some cleaning up to do -- for one thing, a yellow Kawasaki motorcycle was parked right in the middle of it. Hanging on a far wall, hidden between large-scale photographs of JR's installations, was a small trophy cabinet containing two battered broom brushes, a squeegee and a box of powdered glue. ''We kneel down and pray in front of that every day,'' JR said.

We sat in a corner to talk about the TED Prize, which he won a month earlier. Every year since 2005, the New York-based TED organization has awarded $100,000 to prominent figures like Bono and Bill Clinton and Jamie Oliver who are expected to use the money to fulfill ''one wish to change the world.'' Now 28 years old, JR is the prize's youngest winner.

''I don't even know how they knew my work,'' he said, still flush from the news. ''What I love about the TED is that it's not, Hey, take this check and enjoy. It's, Do something with this, and we'll help you. I think that's the most beautiful prize I've ever heard of.'' Until JR announces his plans this week at the TED conference, the contours of his next project are secret, but it's likely to resemble his earlier actions, as he calls them; only this time, he says, it will be bigger.

The specifics of his actions are as various as the settings in which they take place. When JR and his team show up, they ''don't know if it will happen -- you have to go there and write the story as you go,'' he says. In Brazil, he had pictures up in less than a month; in Kenya, he had to take the photos, return to Paris to have them printed, then return to Kenya to paste them up. Pasting can take between 8 and 12 days and involve a crew of as many as 10 friends who have worked with JR for years.

Sometimes he has permission; sometimes he doesn't. In 2009 the mayor of the fourth Arrondissement in Paris authorized JR to take over the Ile Saint-Louis -- something that hadn't been done since Christo wrapped the Pont-Neuf 25 years earlier -- but permission was all he had. He financed the action himself. A hundred or so volunteers, drawn to the site by word of mouth or friendship or happenstance as they walked by, helped by passing strips of paper from scaffolding ledge to ledge, cutting out and pasting 2,500 feet of posters on the walls leading down to the Seine.

The Middle East was the site of his biggest illegal exhibition in 2007. At four Israeli and four Palestinian sites, JR pasted pairs of portraits, of Israelis and Palestinians who held the same jobs. The locals held impromptu discussions about why their presumed enemies were decorating their walls; a bespoke-travel agent was inspired by JR to create tours that took in both sides. ''Part of the work is the conversation that follows,'' JR told me.

A sort of conversation was prompted by his work in Kenya, too, where people take their roof portraits with them when they move. ''In Kenya, when we finished doing the first roofs,'' JR told me, ''a neighbor said: 'Why stop there? Why are you doing that roof and not mine?' '' He smiled as he considered the fine-art answer. ''You can't say, 'That's what the graphic work dictates.' You have to say, 'I'll come back.' And so there's a social continuation of the artistic project.''

If you saw JR's portraits of ghetto kids from Clichy pasted onto walls in the posher neighborhoods of Paris in the mid-2000s, you would have been forgiven for thinking they were somehow connected to Nike. (Indeed, the scale and the idiom of his images still share so much with the world of publicity that they prompt the question: What's being advertised?) So it is perhaps inevitable that he should have been approached by some major brands. He has turned them down every time, whether the offer was to finance his work or to donate money to his subjects or to collaborate on a pair of sneakers.

''It's something to think about,'' he said when we spoke at the studio. ''I'm not averse to working with brands, but it has to make as much sense for the people as it does for me as an artist and for the brand, and I haven't found that equation yet. So I prefer to take small steps.

''I'll give you an example,'' he went on. A sporting-goods company inquired about building a soccer field in the Providencia, the oldest favela in Brazil. ''And they were going to do a whole big thing, bringing in the national team to play with the kids and staging tournaments there. I thought: O.K., they already have a soccer pitch. It's not the most beautiful soccer pitch in the world, but they have one. And the idea of bringing in the big sports stars /-- even journalists have to come in to the favela in armored cars; they could walk up there, but their jobs dictate that they need an armored car -- so imagine the athletes' arriving accompanied by a whole army of security, while three poor kids in T-shirts are trying to play soccer on their pretty new pitch. . . . I just thought, Instead of doing some good, we're going to create a monster. So in the end I said, 'Actually, no.' ''

His resistance to such things has presented the people at TED with ''a challenge we're trying to work through together,'' in the words of Amy Novogratz, the prize director.

The TED community comprises some of the wealthiest names in Silicon Valley and Hollywood and elsewhere, and its renowned conferences are sponsored by the likes of Coca-Cola, Goldman Sachs, Levi's and Rolex. But because JR has insisted that there be no corporate backing, Novogratz is planning to ask people to ''step up anonymously or as individuals.'' She adds, ''It's exciting but frustrating.'' They are working on what Novogratz calls ''the preproduction of his wish.'' She also predicts that it will go on for some time, noting, ''It takes a lot longer than a year to change the world.''

JR's style is a little bit Belmondo, a little bit Buddy Holly -- the glasses are Perspex -- and he speaks in the enthusiastic slang of a hip, young Parisian. ''C'etait ouf!'' is how he often describes some exciting or exceptional event -- the punched-in-the-gut exhalation of that last word standing in for anything more precise. ''Nickel,'' short for ''nickel-chrome,'' is applied liberally to mean ''great.''

''I grew up in the suburbs,'' JR says, ''a calm suburb, without tension, with ***working-class*** and middle-class people mixed together.'' He won't say where or say anything about his parents. His request for anonymity is quite specific: he explains that when posing for photographs, he wears shades; though many people know his real name, including those he has photographed (and the police in countries where he has been arrested), they tend to refrain from divulging it because he wouldn't be able to work as freely as he does if it were made public. When it is suggested that keeping his full name secret might be just a way to enhance his mystique, he says, ''I've never considered anonymity to be an effect or a question of style.'' Initially it was just a way of avoiding the fines he incurred as a graffiti artist. Now, he claims, a personality cult would go against what he is trying to do, to reveal to the world the faces of the unfamous. In other words, as he puts it, ''Look at what I'm showing you and not at who I am.''

Nevertheless, some biographical information will still trickle out. He was never very focused at school, he says, and after being expelled at 16, he moved to Paris to live with his cousins. ''I was,'' he says, ''a turbulent child.''

If you ask him why he does what he does, he'll tell you that he has never really asked himself that question. ''I think it comes from several things,'' he says. ''Firstly a real curiosity about the world. When I was little, I didn't really travel -- from the suburbs to Paris was already a journey. I had a foreigner's eye on the city, and I still enjoy that point of view. Then there's the fact that one of the things that touches me most is injustice. I'm of mixed origins -- North Africa, Eastern Europe, Spain -- and this generation today, we're all a little bit from everywhere. My parents were born abroad. I was born in France, but I feel comfortable everywhere -- I don't see the borders.''

Soon after he moved to Paris, he found a camera on the metro. It had a strong flash. He used it to document graffiti artists in the subway; then he would print those images, copy them and return to the site where they were taken in order to paste the picture. He would spray a red frame around it and write ''expo2rue'' (''street exhibition''). Emile Abinal, then an art student at the Louvre, discovered him this way; he was enthralled by the mise-en-abime of the graffiti work. JR went back to school, studied economics, took a photography class and earned a diploma. ''The paradox is that I got my baccalaureate for the very things that got me into trouble with the law,'' he says with a smile. ''And even now, what gets you arrested in some countries gets you an exhibition in others.''

Street art has a fairly long history of being gobbled up by the establishment. If Basquiat begat Banksy, the invisible British graffiti artist, then it's fair to ask what comes next. Anyone who saw Banksy's documentary, ''Exit Through the Gift Shop,'' which received an Academy Award nomination this year, will automatically think there's a potential ''Emperor's New Clothes'' aspect to this art. And it's possible that no one worries about suspicions of charlatanism more than JR.

In January, I met him one night as he got off a train from the South of France, where ''Women Are Heroes'' had just been shown to an entire village. He moved down the platform as if on little springs and barely broke stride when I joined him at the end. As we walked from the Gare de Lyon to his apartment, he expressed anxiety about the prices of his work. Through Steve Lazarides, Banksy's former gallerist in London, JR sells individual works -- large images pasted onto wood or corrugated metal panels -- for around $50,000 to $70,000. This is how he finances his actions, and he was planning to make a few new pieces to sell to those who would like to contribute to his TED project, because he wanted people to get something for their money as opposed to giving to charity. ''I'm not a humanitarian,'' he said.

A week earlier, however, a work of his sold at an auction of street art at Bonhams in London for four times what the collector paid for it 18 months before. This is something JR strives to avoid. ''I want to sell to people who buy the work because they want to be part of the broader project,'' he claimed, ''and not because they want to sell the work on.'' He considers Banksy's precipitous rise to be a cautionary tale. He worries about an attendant fall and just wants the prices of his work to be steady. ''I watch the market quite closely, because I don't want to gamble with it,'' he said. ''I'm happy to take other risks -- to put up posters where it's illegal, to scale very tall buildings, but. . . .'' When I asked what he thought might be so risky about making a lot of money, he replied: ''I don't know. It's just a gut feeling.''

Steve Lazarides told me: ''JR doesn't want his work to be about the money. He works on a different set of morals. But once it's in the public arena, there's very little you can do.'' Lazarides refused to be drawn into comparisons between JR and Banksy (''There are not a great deal of similarities,'' he said), but he said, ''The world would be a better place if it had more people like JR in it.''

Such high-mindedness does not resolve one tricky question, however. The more valuable his work becomes, the more stark the contrast between the world in which it's made and the world in which it's sold. How long can he go on without paying his subjects?

''I think paying people takes away its entire meaning,'' JR replied when I put the matter to him. ''It would take away the soul of the project. People wouldn't do it for the same reasons.''

But if he were rich, wouldn't he feel more guilt?

He laughed. ''Just by virtue of being white in these places, you're rich!'' he said. ''Whether your father is the director-general of Renault or runs a corner shop in the sticks, to them it's all the same: you're foreign, so you're rich. They're not going to pore over your bank statements.

''What they hope for, much more than cash, is culture. They appreciate the idea of conveying a different image of themselves to the world.''

When we returned to the subject of the TED wish, he said he had to put a great deal of thought into it, because it came to him at a very young age. ''One wish,'' he said, ''if you could sum things up in one wish, what would it be? Something that symbolizes a single desire today. What is it I want to defend?''

''And?'' I asked. ''What is it?''

He took the question rhetorically. ''Well, exactly,'' he replied.

One evening, as I was running along behind JR, wondering how his little side-to-side bounce could take him so far, so fast, he offered a mental tour of clandestine Paris, from his days as a guerrilla ''graffeur.'' The reminiscence gave a sense of the way in which he can slip in anywhere, as well as a glimpse of the kind of panoramic gaze he takes for granted. ''To change the way you see things,'' he told me, ''is already to change things themselves.''

Once he had two special keys. One led underground, to hidden tunnels and abandoned metro stations. He doesn't remember exactly how to get to them now, and even when he had the key, he had to try every locked door, Wonderland-like, until he found one that opened, but he remembers the marvel of that world and its beauty. He has thrown away that key -- it was too dangerous a thing to have on your person, especially if you had a tendency to get arrested.

But he still has a second key, what he calls ''the key of the mailbox man,'' which opens up a way to the roofs. ''I love the rooftops of Paris,'' he said, still advancing at great speed with his slight jog, ''and I've been on most of them.'' He looked up -- we were on a large boulevard in the 11th Arrondissement -- and explained that he used to leave his tag on the apartment buildings he climbed. Then he showed me how to open the door to one.

''Shall we go up?'' I asked.

He shrugged. ''Sure.''

He took the wooden stairs two at a time, knocked on the door at the top to make sure no one was in, scaled the door frame in his squeaky sneakers and pulled at a panel in the ceiling. It came down, padlock and all, scattering plaster all over the floor. JR shook his head: ''Usually there's a ladder.'' We stared at the unreachable attic space for a while then tidied the plaster into polite little piles and went back down to the street. ''This line of work gets trickier every day,'' he said.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN DE VILLIERS) (MM25)

SHANGHAI: In ''The Wrinkles of the City,'' photos of elders were used to represent the past. (MM26)

NEW DELHI: For the ''Women Are Heroes'' project, images were revealed when dust accumulated on stickers.

RIO DE JANEIRO: The ''Women Are Heroes'' project in the Providencia, the oldest favela in Brazil. (MM27)

PHOTO (MM28-MM29)

BRUSSELS: An image covers an entire building in the ''Women Are Heroes'' project.

PHNOM PENH, CAMBODIA: A woman's closed eyes, pasted to a garbage truck. (MM30)

PARIS: Images in the project came from Brazil, Kenya, Liberia, Cambodia and India. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JR/AGENCE VU) (MM31)

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[***Senior Classes Seeking Jobs, Not Themselves***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-87G0-000P-203P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By EVELYN NIEVES,

By EVELYN NIEVES,  Special to The New York Times

**Series:** Into Uncertainty: The Class of '92 -- First of three articles

**Dateline:** LINDEN, N.J., June 15

**Body**

At 18, Eva Pitera has her future all figured out.

After she graduates from Linden High School on Friday, she starts a job as a nurse's assistant at a nearby hospital. . In the fall, she begins a nursing program at Bloomfield College. She expects that to enable her to become a registered nurse at the same hospital.

Thomas A. Donoghue, a varsity football player, dreams of becoming a Navy Seal. But first he'll complete an apprenticeship as a steelworker "as a back-up."

Tamara Waye, accepted to both Howard University and Spelman College, waits to see which one offers her the most financial aid.

So it goes at Linden High. The Class of 1992 has plans. And for most of its 275 members, the plans are as carefully drawn as the rows of rhododendrons that line the city's compact front lawns. There just aren't many June graduates thinking of spending the summer criss-crossing the country or backpacking through Europe, finding themselves. They want jobs. Or as Faisal Khan, an honors student who opted for Rutgers University over an out-of-state college "for practical, financial reasons," puts it: "We know what we want -- and what we can do."

At a time when "lingering recession" is the national mantra and last year's college graduates are still waiting on tables, the sense of caution here seems only natural. Students here live in a state that has lost 300,000 jobs since they entered high school. Its unemployment rate is at its highest level in a decade. That mood of uncertainty, mixed in varying parts with the unextinguishable optimism characteristic of those poised between childhood and adulthood, is echoed in members of the Class of 1992 in other high schools around the region.

At Horace Greeley High School in the affluent Westchester County suburb of Chappaqua, lavish graduation parties are accompanied by an insistent discomfort that this year's graduates may never match their parents' wealth. Seniors at Boys and Girls High School in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, face more immediate concerns: drug dealers on the corner, gunfire outside housing projects and a 33 percent unemployment rate for 16-to-19-year-olds in the neighborhood.

Linden High School's principal, Alvin Coplan, says he believes his level-headed senior class is actually less a reflection of the times than of its place. "Our students have always been sensible," he said. "I think it's the economics of Linden. It's a very stable community of people from hard-working backgrounds who care about their neighborhoods. The students mirror that."

A little more than half of Linden High's graduating seniors, 40 to 50 of whom are enrolled in advanced-placement classes, will go on to two-year and four-year colleges. The rest will sign up for military service -- the R.O.T.C. chapter has about 100 members -- try to find work or ply a trade. More than 300 students are enrolled in vocational and technical programs, taught across the street from the main campus in a modern building with a pond and tennis courts out back. School administrators say programs in subjects from auto mechanics to nursing keep expanding to meet demand.

"Many of our students are anxious to get out into the world, be able to buy a house and settle down," Mr. Coplan said.

Linden, with 37,000 residents, has long been defined by its ***working class***. Immigrants came for the jobs. And even with the recession, the plants of American Cyanamid, Exxon and General Motors, belching smoke across the Arthur Kill, remain its largest employers.

Unions and Homeowners

When shifts change, the streets swell. Blue collars dominate the morning rush-hour crowds dropping by diners for coffee to go. People here belong to unions and vote, usually for Democrats. Almost everyone owns a house, and children grow up knowing what it takes to keep one.

Trishette Hall, an honors student who joined the school's Reserve Officer Training Corps because it was an alternative to gym class, said she and her friends had heard stories about harsh times from their parents and grandparents. "My family on my mother's side is from Alabama," she said. "Their stockings at Christmas, when they could afford it, were nylons. They were filled with apples and oranges -- food. That was considered a treat."

Like the city itself, Linden's only high school is a modest place, best known in the state for its solid varsity teams and award-winning choir, the Madrigals.

Its 1,300 students are a cheerfully diverse mix rarely seen except on television shows. The city is about 80 percent white, but just over 50 percent of the students are white -- most from Polish, German, Italian, Slovak and Irish backgrounds -- and about 35 percent are black, including new Haitian immigrants. The rest are Hispanic, East Asian or Asian, said Jane Goode, a vice-principal.

'A Family Feeling Here'

Students say there are some divisions between groups, but no real trouble. "We're all from Linden, which isn't big," said Tamara Waye, a peer leader who counsels freshman students. "The school isn't that big. So there is kind of a family feeling here."

When students are late or truant, their parents are promptly called. "Every kid who is late has to ring the front bell and pass my office," said Mrs. Goode, after making a call to the mother of a girl who had showed up at 10:45.

"The mother is Polish, and she doesn't speak much English," Mrs. Goode added. "But she understands the language a lot better after a year of these conversations."

Many teachers taught or went to school with the parents of the teen-agers who sit in their classes today. Wayne Mehalick, who teaches biology and coaches girls' track, is a member of the Linden High School class of '66. He returned as a faculty member in '72. "You know, the kids don't change," he said. "They talk about boys, they talk about girls. When I was in high school, the school had dress codes. But it hasn't changed very much."

Rules Annoying, but Accepted

Several seniors pointed to the rules of conduct for an all-night party planned for after their graduation on Friday as proof that the school did not take them as seriously as they would be taken in the working world. No one will be allowed to drive to the party, which is sponsored by the Mayor's office with broad community support. Students must ride school buses, and no one will be allowed to leave unless signed out in person by a parent. Needless to say, no alcohol will be served.

"On the one hand, they say we're adults," said Timothy Lynch. "We're 18, we vote, we drive. On the other hand, they imposed all these rules that treat us as children." (Nevertheless, almost the entire senior class had signed up by today, said Mrs. Goode.)

Compared with the schools of the inner city, Linden High is practically carefree. Conflicts are still fought with words or the occasional push-and-shove match. Students were disturbed by the verdict in the Rodney G. King beating case, but they backed away from a planned walkout.

Still, Linden is an urban school with urban problems. The students are not naive; they have seen classmates grow pregnant, use drugs and drop out. In all, about 30 students will drop out this year. But that figure includes transfers who are awaiting the necessary paperwork before beginning classes elsewhere and several students who have been referred to a remedial learning center, Mrs. Goode said.

But ask Linden's students to describe their city, and they will say merely that it is bor-ring. Not dangerous or troubled. Not even polluted, a charge that motorists on the New Jersey Turnpike are likely to make when passing Linden's oil refineries while rolling up their windows.

The students, most of whom seem to join at least one club, say the only thing to do in Linden is drive around. But an anti-cruising ordinance passed this year by the City Council imposes fines for driving back and forth, and several students say it has changed their habits. Now they drive to nearby towns or over the Goethals Bridge to Staten Island.

The seniors of Linden High may have clear, common-sense views of their futures, but that, they insist, doesn't mean that they are conformist. They say they are more directed and individualistic than their impressionable 1960's counterparts, more community-minded than the materialistic young people who defined the 80's.

"We have our goals and dreams," said Faisal. But in Linden, he said, where everyone knows that money is tight and worries about the fate of General Motors, economics is a big consideration.

"One of my best friends' father just got laid off from G.M.," Faisal said. His own father, who supports four children, works as a baggage department supervisor at Kennedy International Airport. "Choices come down to a lot of factors," he said.

"Yeah," said Courtney D. Swinger, who plans to attend the Philadelphia Art Insitute and study interior design. "It's, like, what's most practical?"

**Graphic**

Photo: Thomas A. Donoghue, right, a football player at Linden High School in New Jersey, wants to be a Navy Seal. But first he'll finish a steelworker apprenticeship. With him was a classmate, Courtney D. Swinger. (Frank C. Dougherty for The New York Times)

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[***The Man Who Would Be Redstone***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56MX-JMH1-JBG3-62NM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

FROM up in the carob trees come the strains of great movie themes: the sad hum of ''Love Story,'' the creepy lull of ''Rosemary's Baby,'' the jazzy screech of ''Chinatown.'' Below, just outside the grand entrance of the building where Adolph Zukor and Cecil B. DeMille once did business, Sumner M. Redstone's retinue sips Champagne in the hot afternoon sun.

Roughly 100 have gathered on this June day on the Hollywood lot of Paramount Pictures to celebrate the studio's centennial. And what a century it's been -- a run stretching from silent greats like ''Wings'' and Billy Wilder noirs like ''Sunset Boulevard'' all the way to ''Forrest Gump'' and ''Braveheart.''

Employees, friends, movie-industry luminaries: all have come to pay homage. Mr. Redstone's daughter, Shari, is here, too. At times, her public feuds with her father, one of the most powerful media moguls of the age, seemed straight out of a movie -- one titled, say, ''Daddy Dearest.'' Absent is Mr. Redstone's son, Brent, who fell out with his father several years ago, contending that he was being cut out of the family business.

Mr. Redstone, lord of the Viacom empire, enters slowly. He is 89, and on this day so heavy with Hollywood history, it is remarkable to think that when he was born Sumner Rothstein to a modest family in Boston, the first feature talkie, ''The Jazz Singer,'' hadn't been made. He wears a dark suit and flashy tie and looks frail but bursting with accomplishment.

At his side is Philippe P. Dauman, 58, his figurative heir and the dauphin of Viacom -- ''the son Sumner wishes he had,'' as one executive close to the company puts it. This is the man who would be Redstone.

It is an emotional moment for two men not known for displays of emotion, at least not the warm, teary kind. Two decades ago, in an epic struggle for control of Paramount, Mr. Redstone and Mr. Dauman beat back A-listers like Barry Diller and John C. Malone and walked away with their prize.

Mr. Dauman tells the crowd that Mr. Redstone ''transformed my life.'' He goes on: ''We shed a lot of blood, sweat and tears in a very long process.''

Then, he echoes a toast Mr. Redstone gave when the $9.75 billion takeover of Paramount was sealed: ''Here's to us who won.''

By all accounts, Mr. Dauman has won. A polished and slender man who wears Hermès cuff links and looks formal even at his most casual, he has never attracted the adulation or the attention given to some of the company's past creative minds, people like Tom Freston and Judy McGrath, both formerly of MTV. And Mr. Dauman has often been obscured by Mr. Redstone's long shadow. Yet Mr. Dauman's rewards have been extraordinary. In 2010, he was paid $84.5 million in cash and stock, making him the nation's highest-paid corporate executive. Last year, he received $43 million.

Today, working from a 52nd-floor corner office high above Times Square, he sits at the center of one of the world's most powerful media companies, with holdings like the cable channels MTV, Nickelodeon, Comedy Central and VH1.

Yet some industry executives call Mr. Dauman ''the last man standing'' -- the one who managed to stay in his master's good graces even as Mr. Redstone drove out executive after executive. Mr. Redstone is famous for his outbursts involving top executives and stars -- including a public falling-out with Tom Cruise in 2006. Through it all, Mr. Dauman has not only survived but prospered -- and, as C.E.O., has improved Mr. Redstone's beloved company.

Viacom's earnings per share have more than doubled since Mr. Dauman became chief in 2006. But now Mr. Dauman, a lawyer and deal maker not known for his creative acumen, faces his biggest test. He must steer a slimmer, reorganized Viacom, which has been depleted of some of the creative talent of its early days and, according to some analysts, has been too reliant on the same old hits.

Ratings and revenue have lagged at Nickelodeon, Viacom's most lucrative cable channel. That led to a 7 percent drop in domestic advertising revenue and a 14 percent decline in overall revenue at the company, to $3.2 billion in the quarter ended June 30. It falls on Mr. Dauman to oversee Viacom as it tries to bring viewers back to Nickelodeon and to find new shows to replace aging franchises like ''Dora the Explorer'' and ''SpongeBob SquarePants'' on Nickelodeon and ''South Park'' on Comedy Central. Last month, MTV said the coming sixth season of ''Jersey Shore'' would be its last.

Of even greater interest is his relationship with Mr. Redstone. Indeed, the question of who will inherit the House of Redstone is foremost on many insiders' minds. Mr. Dauman is an executor of his will and, while it's not often discussed, he is named in that will as Mr. Redstone's successor. Unless Mr. Redstone changes his mind, that means Mr. Dauman could one day oversee an empire that includes Viacom, the CBS Corporation and National Amusements, the movie theater operator and holding company for the Redstone family's shares in Viacom and CBS.

''I can't say what will happen after I'm gone -- which will be never,'' Mr. Redstone said in a phone interview. ''But everyone understands, I think, that Philippe will be my successor.''

Carl Folta, a longtime Redstone family spokesman, later said that ''whoever becomes chairman of both public companies would ultimately, as Mr. Redstone has said many times, be decided by the boards of those companies.''On this sunny June day at Paramount, the Redstone family is all smiles. Then, as Mr. Dauman helps his mentor into a leather chair in the shade, the music from the speakers in the carob trees changes again, raising some eyebrows.

It is the theme from ''The Godfather.''

SHORTLY after Mr. Dauman became C.E.O., he declared that one of the core values of Viacom was ''civility.'' That proclamation didn't sit well with some at the company, which had brought to the world, among other treasures, ''Beavis and Butthead.''

While Viacom has always been seen as Mr. Redstone's, it was built in part on the creative risks of homegrown programmers like Mr. Freston and Ms. McGrath at MTV and Brown Johnson at Nickelodeon. In a creative environment, ''you need a little bit of anarchy flying around,'' one former Viacom executive says. (Like many executives interviewed for this article, this person requested anonymity because of the company's strict nondisclosure agreements.) A Viacom spokesman says Mr. Dauman was referring to a civil work environment, and not the creative process.

The creative brass had to deal with a chief executive who, like Mr. Redstone, Viacom's executive chairman, had a legal background, rather than an executive like Mr. Freston, who rose through the programming ranks.

Cyma Zarghami, president of the Nickelodeon Group, says Mr. Dauman is ''not interested in hearing pitches'' and does not see ideas for shows until they're greenlighted.

But the adjustment has been bumpy at times. In an early meeting with Comedy Central, Mr. Dauman asked why the channel needed both ''The Daily Show With Jon Stewart'' and ''The Colbert Report,'' according to a person briefed on the meeting.

Mr. Dauman declines to comment on specifics but says he generally likes to play devil's advocate. ''I like to have fulsome discussions on every topic,'' he says. ''What happens if you lose this show? What would you do? We have to look at every hypothesis.''

Doug Herzog, president of the Viacom Entertainment Group, which oversees Comedy Central, Spike TV and TV Land, says they've spoken only hypothetically about what would happen if Mr. Colbert or Mr. Stewart decided to depart. ''The truth is we want them both, always.'' Mr. Herzog says. ''Outside Philippe, they're two of the most important guys in the building.''

Whatever the case, creative types haven't always accepted Mr. Dauman as one of their own. In 2007, he said at an investor conference that a distribution deal between Paramount and Steven Spielberg's DreamWorks studio was ''completely immaterial'' to Viacom's financial success. The comment prompted furor in the industry and drew terse rebukes from Mr. Spielberg's partners, Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen, who interpreted it as Mr. Dauman saying Mr. Spielberg was immaterial. Paramount's distribution deal with DreamWorks Animation expires later this year. (''I like Jeffrey, but we can do it on our own,'' Mr. Redstone says.)

Still, such gaffes are rare for Mr. Dauman, who is so articulate and cautious that even off-the-cuff conversations seem to flow in the fully formed lingua franca of corporate America. While other chief executives at major media companies demand quotation approval when skittishly speaking to journalists, Mr. Dauman can talk for hours, never missing a beat or losing his cool.

Mr. Redstone has always focused on Viacom's share price, and even creative types in the company say Mr. Dauman should, too. Viacom's stock regularly outperforms that of peers like the News Corporation and Time Warner.

''It's not Philippe's job to have great talent relationships,'' said Brad Grey, the chairman and chief executive of Paramount Pictures and a former talent agent. ''His job is to build the business, and he has. Just look at the stock price.''

That price has risen about 60 percent since September 2006, driven by stock buybacks and Mr. Dauman's push into new areas like digital syndication deals with streaming services like Netflix and his aggressive plan to spread Viacom's offerings globally. ''Geordie Shore,'' the ''Jersey Shore'' of Britain, is a top-rated cable series there. Colors, a Hindi-language entertainment channel, is one of India's top-rated pay-TV channels.

PHILIPPE DAUMAN first encountered Mr. Redstone in 1986, as a young lawyer at Shearman & Sterling in New York. Mr. Redstone was a Boston-based investor in Viacom -- then pronounced VEE-ah-com -- and needed legal help with securities filings. Mr. Dauman ran contracts to his Carlyle Hotel suite. Before long, Mr. Redstone said he wanted to work only with him.

What Mr. Redstone recognized was perhaps a younger version of himself -- a brilliant lawyer who appeared to want to win at all costs. Mr. Redstone took to calling him every morning at 5.

People love to tell the story about how, in his less powerful years, Philippe Dauman (pronounced du-MAWN) went by Phil Dauman (pronounced DOW-man). Critics chuckle that he is faux French.

In reality, his French background is as bona fide as Mr. Redstone's ***working-class*** roots. That is, it is both authentic and fundamental to who he is. His first language was French, and he is on the board of Lafarge, the French construction materials giant.

Born to immigrant parents in New York, Philippe Pierre Dauman attended Lycée Français, an academy on the Upper East Side. His father, Henri, was a Life magazine photographer who took photos of Marilyn Monroe, Jacqueline Kennedy and Brigitte Bardot.

Philippe skipped first and second grades -- a move that, like Mr. Redstone's experience in a tough boyhood neighborhood, made him adept at standing up to bullies.

''I go to third grade and I'm scared to death,'' Mr. Dauman recalls. ''I'm just 6 years old and the kids are so much bigger than me.''

At 13, he scored a 1,600, then a perfect score, on his SATs. He entered Yale at 16, a foot smaller than everyone else. (That's when he started to go by ''Phil,'' since a foreign-sounding name just made it harder to fit in.) He graduated in 1974, the same year as Jeffrey L. Bewkes, the Time Warner C.E.O. But Mr. Bewkes, with his Connecticut charm, ran with the A-list at Yale, whereas Mr. Dauman didn't quite fit in.

After Mr. Dauman graduated from Columbia Law School, he and his wife, Debbie, lived in Paris for a couple of years before they had their sons, Philippe and Alexandre. Philippe Dauman Jr. works in strategy at Google, which is now defending itself against a $1 billion lawsuit from Viacom that contends YouTube used unauthorized clips of ''The Daily Show'' and ''The Colbert Report.''

''It's the one job on the planet we know he didn't get because of pull,'' the elder Mr. Dauman jokes.

After Mr. Redstone gained control of Viacom in 1987 in a hostile takeover, he rewarded Mr. Dauman with a seat on the board. In 1993, Mr. Dauman, then a partner, quit Shearman & Sterling and became Viacom's general counsel.

Then came other corporate battles, including Mr. Redstone's fight for Paramount and, in 2000, his $39 billion acquisition of CBS. Other acquisitions, like that of Blockbuster in 1994, didn't fare as well.

''He's always motivated himself by fighting the fight,'' Thomas E. Dooley, Viacom's chief operating officer, says of Mr. Redstone. ''It's like 'Apocalypse Now.' He loves the smell of napalm in the morning.''

Mr. Redstone still talks as if he's at war. He praises Mr. Dauman for his handling of a carriage fee dispute with DirecTV in July. After the satellite provider pulled Viacom's channels, Mr. Dauman managed to negotiate a better, more lucrative deal for Viacom.

''I would not want to be at the other end of a debate with him,'' says Frederic V. Salerno, a Viacom director, of Mr. Dauman. ''He has staying power and can outlast mere human beings in sticking to the cogent points of his position.''

Though Mr. Redstone and Mr. Dauman tend to engender fear in opponents, it's hard not to get sentimental about their decades-long bromance. When asked about the other, each gushes with admiration and hyperbole typically reserved for familial relationships or personal publicists.

''I've called Philippe my mentor, and he says 'No, Sumner, you're my mentor,' '' Mr. Redstone says. Mr. Dauman is the first person Mr. Redstone thanked in his autobiography, ''A Passion to Win.''

''I would never think of overruling Philippe,'' Mr. Redstone says.

Mr. Dauman says: ''We pretty much hit it off right away. He's the smartest person I've ever met.''

Mr. Grey at Paramount says, ''It's almost a paternal relationship.''

And yet industry wisdom holds that Sumner Redstone eventually tires of his top managers. He pushed out the chief executives Mel Karmazin, Frank Biondi and Tom Freston.

''None of those were light decisions'' for Mr. Redstone, Mr. Dauman said. He declined to discuss his predecessors but added, ''It's not a popularity contest or whether someone is nice or is not nice in terms of being effective in running the company.''

Mr. Redstone even reluctantly ousted Mr. Dauman as deputy chairman in 1999 to make room for Mr. Karmazin after Viacom's merger with CBS. Mr. Dauman left with $150 million in severance and securities and started a private equity firm.

He stayed on the Viacom board and in frequent contact with Mr. Redstone. In 2006, Mr. Dauman returned to the company to replace Mr. Freston as C.E.O.

The closeness of Mr. Dauman and Mr. Redstone baffles some outsiders. Mr. Karmazin used to turn down Mr. Redstone's dinner invitations. But Philippe and Debbie Dauman often dine with Mr. Redstone at E. Baldi, a restaurant near Mr. Redstone's $14.5 million home in the Beverly Park gated community here.

Redstone lore floats around Viacom's executive offices like mythology associated with a J. J. Abrams Paramount film. At Beverly Hills restaurants, Mr. Redstone has been known to roll up a piece of bread and lob it at the waiter if his food doesn't arrive promptly, according to several dining companions. (But Mr. Dauman says he's a ''very, very generous tipper.'')

Mr. Dooley lets out a belly laugh over breakfast at the Polo Lounge at the Beverly Hills Hotel when he recalls a business trip to Europe in the late 1990s. Going to a meeting, Mr. Redstone reached for his cellphone only to find he'd grabbed the TV remote control instead. Mr. Dooley and Mr. Dauman joked with him and told him to try to make a call.

''He went into a rage and threw the remote against the window,'' Mr. Dooley says. ''If you can laugh it off, he's quite hilarious to be around.''Then there was the time Mr. Redstone yelled at Mr. Dauman and Mr. Dooley so loudly that one of his teeth came loose and flew across the room. Mr. Dooley accidentally stepped on it, drawing even more spittle and rage, according to an executive briefed on the meeting.

Mr. Redstone says, ''I'm not a patient person, and neither is Philippe.''

In many ways, Mr. Dauman is the serene superego that keeps Mr. Redstone's unbridled id swimming. ''Philippe is the counterbalance, an intellectual foil, to Sumner,'' says Mr. Dooley.

IT was a famous ousting that cemented Mr. Dauman's place atop Viacom. It was widely reported at the time that Mr. Redstone dismissed Mr. Dauman's predecessor, Mr. Freston, after eight months on the job for losing an acquisition of Myspace to the News Corporation, run by the longtime Redstone rival Rupert Murdoch. In truth, it was more complicated.

Mr. Redstone says he felt as if the company needed a different direction. He and Mr. Freston had clashed on several decisions before the Myspace deal. ''It was a crying session for both of us when I said, 'Tom, look you've been great, but the board and I have decided Philippe would be the best man to lead the company,' '' Mr. Redstone says. Mr. Freston declined to comment.

On the day Mr. Freston left, several hundred employees rushed to the Viacom lobby to say goodbye. Mr. Freston's office décor of dark blinds, hemp chairs and a surround-sound system loaded with Jamaican music and jazz promptly made way for Mr. Dauman's sparse distingué furnishings of white, taupe and heavy wood.

Then, last year, Judy McGrath, the chairwoman and C.E.O. of MTV Networks and a popular personality in the industry, was squeezed out as Mr. Dauman prepared to revamp the division. The revamping was part of a larger effort to tighten control and slim operations. The newly formed unit, Viacom Media Networks, includes the company's cable channels, whose top executives report directly to him. Ms. McGrath was offered a corporate role but turned it down.

Mr. Dauman says the revamping was also meant to lessen Viacom's dependence on a single creative force. ''I want this company to not be dependent on any one individual or group of individuals but have a life of its own,'' he says.

A former Viacom executive says of Ms. McGrath, ''There's not a quantitative or administration bone in her body, but she was the mother hen in a creative sense.''

Mr. Dauman has a picture of himself with Ms. McGrath and Jon Bon Jovi framed in his office. ''She had a great career with us and helped move the company forward,'' he says. Ms. McGrath declined to comment.

The revamping cut costs and helped the company continue to increase investment in original programming even in lean economic years; Viacom has gone from 13,000 to 10,000 employees and from $2 billion to $3 billion spent on original programming since Mr. Dauman took over in 2006. But the revamping also solidified his control and cemented a company culture shift.

Mr. Dauman's biggest test yet as C.E.O. may be Nickelodeon, whose ratings improved slightly in August after a monthslong plunge.

The problems at Nickelodeon have put Viacom's new corporate structure and Mr. Dauman's leadership under a microscope. ''I've been doing this for 17 years and I'm not sure I've ever seen a major network so steady for so long and a leader in a genre for so long and then collapse so suddenly,'' says Doug Mitchelson, an analyst at Deutsche Bank Securities. ''If the ratings don't come back, I do think people are going to start to question Philippe's ability to execute and create.''

On a recent tour of Nickelodeon's animation studio in Burbank, Mr. Dauman watched animators put the final touches on an episode of the ''Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles'' remake that will start on Sept. 29 on Nickelodeon. Mr. Dauman echoed one of the turtles' morals as his own: ''See? Anger is destructive,'' he said.

But a couple months after that tour, Mr. Dauman replaced the studio's president, Brown Johnson, a 20-year Nickelodeon veteran.

Mr. Dauman says Nickelodeon's ratings decline is partly a result of changes at Nielsen and that he expects the situation to turn around. ''We're going to have about 50 percent more original programming than the same quarter last year and a lot of great new shows,'' he says, ''so I think you'll will see improvement in the very short term.''

BUT others say a lack of brand-defining programming at some Viacom channels is a result of a risk-averse culture.

''They're milking existing assets and carefully buying back shares so they won't disappoint Mr. Redstone and short-term investors,'' says Todd Juenger, an analyst at Sanford C. Bernstein & Company.

He pointed to MTV, Nickelodeon and Comedy Central as relying on still-popular but aging franchises. Other brands like Spike have faltered in ratings, while BET has recently had ratings highs.

Paramount, meanwhile, has increased profitability by homing in on franchises like ''Transformers'' and the much-lower-budget ''Paranormal Activity.'' Coming movies include ''G.I. Joe,'' ''Star Trek'' and ''Top Gun'' sequels. Paramount releases no more than 15 movies a year, significantly less than some competitors.

The investor-focused approach keeps Wall Street bullish on Viacom but raises questions about whether creative executives feel comfortable throwing audacious ideas against the wall.

''You have people who are fearful of their jobs and their livelihood, and the chances of someone taking a chance in that scenario are very small,'' Mr. Juenger, the analyst, says. Or, as a media executive close to Viacom puts it: ''The sense over there is, 'I like the private plane and I don't want to get fired.' ''

Mr. Dauman says he has never ''capriciously'' fired anyone.

GIVEN Mr. Redstone's age, it's little wonder that his health is a source of speculation. The Wall Street Journal read the tea leaves when rumors circulated that Mr. Redstone would not attend Viacom's annual shareholder meeting in New York last March. He attended the meeting.

''I hope you're doing half as well at his age,'' Mr. Dauman joked to an editor from The Journal afterward.

Mr. Redstone is physically weak and often too strong-willed to acknowledge when he needs assistance. But in an interview, his mind and stubbornness were as sharp as ever. He often jokes that he will never die, saying he's prolonged his life by eating ''every antioxidant known to man'' and sunbathing two hours daily to soak up vitamin D.

Mr. Redstone says the terms of his family trust, which would divide his estate among his children, grandchildren and other trustees including Mr. Dauman, are confidential. But he adds that ''Philippe would play an enormous part in the way my estate is run.''

Although the boards of CBS and Viacom would ultimately vote on who assumed Mr. Redstone's role as chairman, Mr. Dauman's ascent means he someday might be senior to both the CBS chief executive, Leslie Moonves, and Mr. Redstone's daughter, Shari, president of National Amusements and vice chairman of CBS and Viacom, who clashed with her father several years ago over corporate governance. (Mr. Redstone says his family is harmonious again.)

''It's a weird waiting game, and it's all anyone talks about,'' one prominent entertainment executive says of how things may eventually play out.

One Viacom executive predicts: ''There will be an epic battle, and Philippe will win.''

Mr. Dauman declines to discuss the subject. ''I don't think it will be dramatic, but to spend my time speculating is an exercise in futility,'' he says. ''I've been involved in estate planning but then you live your life. It's like you write your will and then you put it away and forget about it.''

He and Mr. Moonves have lunch occasionally, but by most accounts are not close. (In an e-mail, Mr. Moonves said: ''I like him. And I know that we're both rooting for each other's companies.'')

Mr. Dauman may not have the natural cool of Mr. Freston or Ms. McGrath, but he works hard to be approachable and personable with employees, and to spread his giddy enthusiasm for the stardust the job brings. At a recent town hall meeting outside Viacom's offices in Santa Monica, food trucks provided free In-N-Out burgers and fries. Mr. Dauman danced with employees in a flash mob to the tune of LMFAO's ''Party Rock Anthem.''

Still, the memory of the circumstances under which he landed the job lingers. At the MTV Movie Awards in June, Mr. Dauman, in bluejeans and a black blazer, strolled with Debbie, in a sequined dress and black boots, onto the red carpet, trailing Channing Tatum and Charlize Theron.

''Who's that?'' a photographer asked as a swarm of paparazzi snapped Mr. Dauman's picture. A fellow photographer responded: ''That's the guy who took over when Sumner fired Tom Freston.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/23/business/media/philippe-dauman-the-man-who-would-be-redstone.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/23/business/media/philippe-dauman-the-man-who-would-be-redstone.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Philippe P. Dauman, top center, the chief executive of Viacom, is facing a huge challenge in reviving the company's revenue, which fell 14 percent in the last quarter. The lord of the Viacom empire, Sumner M. Redstone, shown above before the unveiling of his star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, has chosen Mr. Dauman as his successor. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONICA ALMEIDA/THE NEW YORK TIMES

MARIO ANZUONI/REUTERS) (BU1)

Can Viacom's creative movie and television success continue? It will need more lucrative entertainment properties like, clockwise from top left, ''Transformers

Dark of the Moon,'' featuring the villainous Shockwave

''Jersey Shore,'' which will be ending its run on MTV

''Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles,'' which is joining the Nickelodeon lineup later this month

and ''Mission Impossible -- Ghost Protocol,'' with Tom Cruise and Paula Patton, from Paramount Pictures. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES

JORDAN STRAUSS/INVISION, VIA JORDAN STRAUSS/INVISION/AP

JOE LEDERER/PARAMOUNT PICTURES)

Now that Tom Freston, left, and Judy McGrath are gone from the company, there are questions about Viacom's ability to remain a creative force. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW STAVER/BLOOMBERG NEWS

JESSICA RINALDI/REUTERS) (BU6)

Leslie Moonves is the president and chief executive of the CBS Corporation, which is now controlled by Sumner M. Redstone. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY MOLOSHOK/REUTERS) (BU7)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2012

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[***A Deck, or a Danger to Wetlands?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8400-000P-20G2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Broad Channel Residents Fight Albany on the Environment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8400-000P-20G2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

From their sun-bleached wooden deck, James and Mary Mills watch the tides of Jamaica Bay wash over the mud shoals and marshes. Crabs skitter beneath the reeds and grass. Herons, egrets and gulls swoop over Black Wall Marsh, the Raunt and Yellow Bar Hassock.

In the far distance, on a clear day, the peaks of Manhattan rise to remind the Millses, should the ocean breeze delude them, that they still live in Queens, in New York City.

Now, suddenly, all they relish about their home, and their deck, has become as much a source of frustration as of pleasure -- one that they fear will disrupt the anomalous way of life in Broad Channel as much as the hurricanes and nor'easters that periodically batter the island community.

As part of a newly aggressive preservation campaign, the state's Department of Environmental Conservation has begun notifying dozens of homeowners like the Millses that the decks, docks and bulkheads they have built since 1974 violate a state law protecting tidal wetlands -- a fragile, ever-vanishing natural resource that many New Yorkers do not even realize exists within the city limits.

A National Battle

Already, the state has found 23 violations in Broad Channel, and more are expected soon. It has threatened residents with fines of as much as $10,000 and ordered them to remove the structures, at their cost, and never rebuild them.

In mostly ***working-class*** Broad Channel, where distrust of government runs deeper than the murky bay and some people refer to the rest of the city as "out of town," the crackdown has kindled a battle being fought in coastal regions throughout the nation as states have sought to protect tidal and freshwater wetlands over the objections of property owners who want to develop the land they own.

"I thought it was wonderful that I live on the water," Mrs. Mills said, sitting in a cushioned chair as her three children played on the offending deck. "It's become the pits. This is my property, but the state is trying to take it away from me."

The residents of Broad Channel have challenged the state in court, bombarded their legislators and Gov. Mario M. Cuomo with petitions and letters, and vowed to do whatever it takes to stop what they see as only the latest intrusion into an insular community that has remained astonishingly unchanged for decades.

"We can't have the D.E.C. come down here and destroy our community," said Daniel Tubridy, whose family has lived in Broad Channel for three generations. "If you want to destroy our community, we're going to fight you."

For the environmental agency, though, the issue is not destruction but preservation.

"We have to preserve the wetlands if we're going to prevent New York City from becoming the Dead Sea that some people think it is," said James J. Gilmore Jr., the director of the department's Bureau of Marine Habitat Protection.

Two Years of Enforcement

Tidal wetlands -- the mud flats and marshes that lie between the highest and lowest tides or nearby -- are vital parts of the ecosystem, offering habitat to myriad birds, marine species and wildlife and cleansing the water by absorbing silt and devouring organic pollutants.

In a city where the environment has long struggled against the sprawl of civilization, about 4,500 acres of tidal wetlands have managed to survive along the shores, bays and estuaries on Jamaica Bay, in the Bronx and Staten Island and even along a slice of Inwood Park in upper Manhattan.

In 1974, the State Legislature enacted the Tidal Wetlands Act to preserve and, whenever possible, restore the state's dwindling wetlands. Any land falling within a designated wetlands could not be altered without a permit, which was often withheld.

The law, however, was rarely enforced in New York City until September 1990, when the environmental agency, armed with a larger budget and amendments that increased fines to $10,000, opened a regional enforcement office in Long Island City.

Since then, the department has found 121 violations throughout the city -- from illegal dumping around Saw Mill Creek on Staten Island and Westchester Creek in the Bronx to illegal decks and bulkheads in Mill Basin on the Brooklyn side of Jamaica Bay.

Leases Phased Out

No single community, though, has had as many violations as Broad Channel, where 2,700 people live. "The problem is they are living smack dab in the middle of the wetlands," said Steven E. Goverman, a department lawyer. "They have to realize it's a highly regulated area."

The problem, residents say, is that because of Broad Channel's peculiar history, they did not realize the improvements and additions they made along the wetlands violated the law.

For nearly half a century, the city owned Broad Channel, leasing the land to residents every 10 years. When the residents finally won their long fight to buy the land, the city did not notify them that much of it was wetlands.

"Anybody who's done work on or about their property that abuts the waterfront in the last 18 years could be in violation of these laws," said Daniel Mundy, a retired firefighter who has led the opposition to the department's enforcement campaign.

James and Mary Mills have lived in their bungalow near the end of 18th Road, one of nine streets that protrude like fingers into the bay west of Cross Bay Boulevard, since they bought it from the city in 1984. Mr. Mills, a firefighter and the third generation of his family to live on the Channel, built the wooden deck two years ago.

The deck covers the width of his lot, which is 25 feet wide and 100 feet deep, and extends to the bulkhead and six feet over the wetlands. Last year, he said, an state inspector inspecting a neighbor's bulkhead spotted his deck. In a matter of days, he learned he had violated a law he had never heard of.

Shadows Over the Wetlands

Even though the deck was not built on the wetlands, the department says, it cast a shadow that could impair the habitat. The department threatened the Millses with a $30,000 fine -- not only for the deck, but also for a ramp and a floating dock.

"I don't think I'm hurting the environment," Mr. Mills said. "I'm not killing any fish. I'm not dumping any toxics. I just built a deck for my kids to play on."

As it does in all cases, the department offered to negotiate a settlement: he would be fined only $3,000 if he removed the part of the deck that extended over the water. Otherwise, his case would go before an administrative judge who would recommend a fine to the department, which could accept or deny it.

Instead, Mr. Mills and another resident, Grace Ford, sued.

The lawsuit, filed in State Supreme Court in Queens, challenges the state's interpretation and application of the wetlands law. Robert E. Lee, who represents Mr. Mills and advises the entire community, said the primary issue was that the department had not given residents due process to appeal the department's decisions and had acted with little moderation. Motions in the suit are scheduled for next week.

Meanwhile, the Broad Channel Civic Association has hired an environmental scientist from Long Island, Aram V. Terchunian of the First Coastal Corporation, to study wetlands on the island in an attempt to show that many of the structures the state objects to do little harm.

Half May Face Violations

From his initial survey, he estimated that as much as half of the island may face violations -- something residents say could bankrupt many of the Channel dwellers, some of whom live on pensions near the poverty line.

While many of the offending structures, like the Millses' deck, are recreational, residents maintain that others, especially the bulkheads, are vital to protect homes from the storms like the nor'easter last October that flooded many homes.

The controversy has created a siege mentality in a community that has had its share of fights over the years, including a successful challenge to a City Council redistricting plan that would have split their community into two districts.

When Mr. Gilmore and his staff agreed to explain the law to residents in April, some 1,200 angry people packed the V.F.W. Hall on Shad Creek Road, which itself faces a fine for a wetlands violation.

Residents have become even more suspicious of strangers in cars or boats, fearing they might be enforcement agents searching for more violations.

The residents argue that having lived as they have amid the wetlands, they appreciate them as much as any bureaucrat. They also say they are willing to work with the state as a community, offering, say, to clean large swaths of wetlands elsewhere on Jamaica Bay in exchange for keeping their decks and bulkheads -- something the department has not agreed to.

"From my perspective," Mr. Terchunian said, "there is plenty of room to satisfy what the D.E.C. wants to do to uphold the law and what the community of Broad Channel wants to do, which is to protect their way of life and the environment."

**Graphic**

Photo: "This is my property, but the state is trying to take it away from me," said Mary Mills, shown with her husband, James, and son, Edward, on the deck of their home in Broad Channel, Queens, on Jamaica Bay. The state's Department of Environmental Conservation has begun notifying area homeowners that structures built on or over the water since 1974 violate a state law protecting tidal wetlands. (Steve Hart for The New York Times)

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**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 17

**Length:** 3478 words

**Body**

Movies

Ratings and running times are in parentheses; foreign films have English subtitles. Full reviews of all current releases, movie trailers, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/movies.

- 'Another Year' (PG-13, 2:09) An autumnal gem from Mike Leigh, by turns sweet and abrasive, gentle and sad, about the unequal distribution of happiness in the modern world as experienced by an aging couple (Jim Broadbent and Ruth Sheen) and some of their friends and relations. Lesley Manville, as the most floridly miserable of these, is shockingly good. (A. O. Scott)20110224

'Barney's Version' (R, 2:12) This well-meaning adaptation of Mordecai Richler's last novel, with a sly and energetic Paul Giamatti in the title role, is damaged by its reverence for the source material. A lusty, irreverent chronicle of sex, death, ambition and more sex is made tame and respectable. The excellent cast -- Rosamund Pike and Dustin Hoffman in addition to Mr. Giamatti -- cannot quite save it. (Scott)20110224

'Big Mommas: Like Father Like Son' (PG-13, 1:47) The third installment of Martin Lawrence's cross-dressing comedy-mystery franchise adds another man in drag to the formula -- Big Momma's stepson, played by Brandon T. Jackson -- resulting in an amiable, schlocky update on ''Some Like It Hot'' set mostly in a girls performing-arts school. The best moments belong to Faizon Love in the Joe E. Brown role, as a maintenance man who can't keep his hands off Big Momma. (Mike Hale)20110224

'Biutiful' (R, 2:28, in Spanish) Javier Bardem and Barcelona are both rough and authentic-seeming in Alejandro Gonzalez Inarritu's harsh and not quite convincing melodrama of mortality, sin and redemption. (Scott)20110224

- 'Black Swan' (R, 1:50) A witchy brew of madness and cunning from Darren Aronofsky about a ballerina (a smashing, bruising Natalie Portman) who aches, with battered feet and an increasingly crowded head, to break out of the corps. (Manohla Dargis)20110224

'Blue Valentine' (R, 1:20) Ryan Gosling and Michelle Williams are Dean and Cindy, a young couple coming together and then -- six years later but also, in the film's inventive chronology, at the same time -- coming apart. The emotions are precise and heartbreaking, but Derek Cianfrance's story is bogged down in detail and thematic obviousness. (Scott)20110224

'Carancho' (No rating, 1:47, in Spanish) Set in a featureless corner of Buenos Aires, Pablo Trapero's insinuating thriller introduces the bottom-feeders who profit from vehicular tragedy. Anchored by an unlovely love story between a crooked lawyer (Ricardo Darin) and a troubled young doctor (Martina Gusman), and unfolding on damp night streets and in bouncing ambulances, this morally destitute story brings vivid life to a satellite industry that preys on the vulnerable (1:47). (Jeannette Catsoulis)20110224

- 'Carlos' (No rating, 5:30, in English, French, Spanish, Japanese, German, Arabic, Russian and Hungarian) An excited, exciting, epic dramatization about the international terrorism brand known as Carlos the Jackal (Edgar Ramirez) from the wildly talented French director Olivier Assayas. (Dargis)20110224

- 'Cedar Rapids' (R, 1:27) Ed Helms plays a sweetly naive insurance agent who attends a life-changing convention in this wistful, tender and raunchy comedy of self-discovery directed by Miguel Arteta from a script by Phil Johnston. With John C. Reilly, Isiah Whitlock Jr. and Anne Heche. (Dargis)20110224

- 'Cold Weather' (No rating, 1:37) Four young friends drift into a minor intrigue in this low-key, lovely movie from Aaron Katz, a filmmaker who has created a lived-in world that's so intimate and familiar you might not see its art for its everydayness. (Dargis)20110224

- 'The Company Men' (R, 1:44) This sobering drama from John Wells explores the devastating impact of sudden downsizing on the lives of three corporate executives (Ben Affleck, Tommy Lee Jones and Chris Cooper) who have lived by the treacherous adage, ''You are what you do.'' (Stephen Holden)20110224

'The Dilemma' (PG-13, 1:44) Vince Vaughan and Kevin James are best buds, one of whom discovers that the other one's wife is cheating in this male weepie masquerading as a bromantic comedy and not quite succeeding on either score. The director, Ron Howard, does allow some room for real emotion, though, and Winona Ryder as the straying spouse is unflinching and tough, daring the audience to see things from her point of view. (Scott)20110224

'The Eagle' (PG-13, 1:54) An old-school, muscle-bound sandal epic, set in the northern reaches of the Roman Empire, in which Channing Tatum and Jamie Bell set out to retrieve honor, find glory and relocate a missing golden bird. (Scott)20110224

- 'Even the Rain' (No rating, 1:44, in Spanish) Iciar Bollain's bluntly political film makes pertinent, if heavy-handed comparisons between European imperialism five centuries ago and modern globalization. In particular, it portrays a high-end film made on location in Bolivia as an offshoot of colonial exploitation. (Holden)20110224

- 'The Fighter' (R, 1:55) Working in the familiar, convention-bound genre of the boxing picture, the director David O. Russell turns the true story of Micky Ward (Mark Wahlberg) into a prickly, brutal and often very funny investigation of class struggle, family turmoil and brotherly love. Mr. Wahlberg is solid, and the three major supporting performers -- Christian Bale, Amy Adams and Melissa Leo, as the monstrous movie mother of the year -- are nothing short of superb. (Scott)20110224

'Gnomeo & Juliet' (G, 1:24) Despite its being a discombobulated grab bag of jokes, there are some laughs to be found in this 3-D animated goof on ''Romeo and Juliet'' peopled by talking lawn ornaments. (Holden)20110224

'The Green Hornet' (PG-13, 1:48) Seth Rogen's manic, obnoxious wisecracking and Michel Gondry's visual whimsy do very little to dispel a lingering sense of superhero-action-movie fatigue. (Scott)20110224

'Gulliver's Travels' (PG, 1:25) Yours should be in the other direction. (A.O. Scott)20110224

- 'Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows, Part 1' (PG-13, 2:26) The wizard and his friends begin their final adventure, exiled from Hogwarts and wandering through a bleak and scary British landscape. The atmosphere is more sinister than ever, and the older British actors have stepped aside, leaving the picture in the capable young hands of Emma Watson, Daniel Radcliffe and Rupert Grint. (Scott)20110224

'I Am Number Four' (PG-13, 1:50) Based on the young-adult novel by Pittacus Lore, D. J. Caruso's elaborate puberty metaphor concerns an alien teenager (Alex Pettyfer) hiding out in Ohio from an evil race resembling an apocalyptic biker gang with a bad case of ringworm. Despite the presence of a hot protector (Timothy Olyphant) and a hotter Number Six (Teresa Palmer), this sluggish high-school drama is only marginally more fun than a week's worth of detention. (Jeannette Catsoulis)20110224

'The Illusionist' (PG, 1:30) Sylvain Chomet, working from a script by Jacques Tati, directs this melancholic, gracefully animated story about a magician who, in the late 1950s, keeps the show going and the magic alive with the help of an adoring teenage fan. (Dargis)20110224

'Immigration Tango' (R, 1:30) This predictable and badly acted film works an old idea: marry someone you don't love in order to secure citizenship. Two couples in Miami, best buddies, agree to swap partners so the two who are immigrants don't get sent packing. You can guess the rest. (Neil Genzlinger)20110224

- 'Inside Job' (PG-13, 1:45) Charles Ferguson's anatomy of the 2008 financial disaster is meticulous, informative and infuriating. In a strong year for documentaries, this one is essential viewing. (Scott)20110224

'Just Go With It' (PG-13, 1:50) This remake of the antique sex farce ''Cactus Flower'' stars Adam Sandler as a player played by love, which arrives in the double form of Brooklyn Decker and Jennifer Aniston. An elaborate imposture -- the hero pretends to be married to one woman to win the love of the other -- provides some opportunities for hilarity, and the movie is nowhere near as bad as some of its stars' other recent ventures. (Scott)20110224

'Justin Bieber: Never Say Never' (G, 1:45) At 70 or 80 minutes, reduced to crazy fans, backstage atmosphere and home-movie footage of the 16-year-old pop music sensation Justin Bieber, the documentary ''Never Say Never'' could have been entirely satisfying. At 105 minutes, with perfunctory concert scenes and canned interviews, it's exhausting, even though it has been expertly cut together. (Hale)20110224

'Kaboom' (No rating, 1:26) A campus sex farce, a serial-killer thriller, a paranoid science-fiction apocalyptic freakout, all rolled up in bright colors and insouciant pop attitude by the director Gregg Araki. Less than the sum of its parts, but fun while it lasts. (Scott)20110224

'The King's Speech' (R, 1:58) A very fine Colin Firth plays the stutterer who would be king (as in George VI), and Geoffrey Rush plays his speech therapist in a buddy story directed by Tom Hooper and nearly stolen by a fantastic Guy Pearce as Edward VIII. (Dargis)20110224

'The Last Lions' (PG, 1:28) Directed by Dereck and Beverly Joubert and narrated by Jeremy Irons, this beautifully shot, heart-heavy documentary looks at the dwindling number of lions through a highly dramatized story of an African lioness and her cubs. Be advised that there are some tough scenes, including with a wounded cub. (Dargis)20110224

'Lemmy' (No rating, 1:57) Ian Fraser Kilmister, known as Lemmy, the central piston behind the band Motorhead, is famous in hard rock and heavy metal circles as much for his hard living as his musical influence. This documentary (with an unprintable subtitle) paints a diverting if hagiographic portrait with an overabundance of testimonials from rock luminaries and too few complete song performances. And yet Lemmy, now 65 and diabetic with high blood pressure, remains refreshingly unrepentant and profligate, with a kind of cast-iron integrity. (Andy Webster)20110224

'The Mechanic' (R, 1:32) Jason Statham stars in this redo of a 1972 Charles Bronson film about a hit man who takes on a protege (Ben Foster), one of those body-on-body action flicks where the he-men can't keep their hands off one another. (Dargis)20110224

'Night Catches Us' (R, 1:30) Tanya Hamilton's film, about a former Black Panther militant returning home to Philadelphia in 1976, is a quiet story about a volatile time and an examination of political zeal embedded in personal relationships. Anthony Mackie as the returned exile and Kerry Washington as one of his former comrades anchor the drama and steer it through some awkward passages. (Scott)20110224

'No Strings Attached' (R, 1:50) Natalie Portman and Ashton Kutcher as two lusty young residents of Los Angeles pursuing a sexual relation with, as the title suggests, no further commitment. You can't help believe that this predictably mediocre romantic comedy, directed by Ivan Reitman, should have been better, given the intermittent sharpness of Elizabeth Meriwether's script and a deep supporting cast that includes Kevin Kline, Greta Gerwig, Olivia Thirlby and Mindy Kaling. (Scott)20110224

- '127 Hours' (R, 1:35) The director Danny Boyle (''Slumdog Millionaire'') has turned the true story of Aron Ralston, a mountain climber who was trapped in a canyon with his arm pinned against a boulder, into a wildly kinetic, funny and bracing film -- at once visceral and slyly thought-provoking. James Franco, alone on screen for much of the movie, is in many ways the key to its success. (Scott)20110224

'The Other Woman' (R, 1:42) Another Natalie Portman movie! This one, adapted by Don Roos from Ayelet Waldman's novel ''Love and Other Impossible Pursuits,'' had the potential to be a sharp, funny-sad study of privileged misery. Instead, it is a well-meaning slog through improbable situations and obvious emotions. (Scott)20110224

- 'Poetry' (No rating, 2:19, in Korean) The importance of seeing the world deeply is at the heart of this devastating, humanistic story -- about an older woman (a brilliant Yun Jung-hee) who turns tragedy into the sublime -- from the great South Korean filmmaker Lee Chang-dong. Essential viewing. (Dargis)20110224

- 'Putty Hill' (No rating, 1:27) Matt Porterfield's microbudgeted, semi-improvised indie, set in a ***working-class*** neighborhood on the outskirts of Baltimore, is a moody, elliptical fusion of fiction and documentary. (Holden)20110224

'Rabbit Hole' (PG-13, 1:32) Nicole Kidman and Aaron Eckhart play a couple grieving the death of their young son in this adaptation of David Lindsay-Abaire's play, directed by John Cameron Mitchell. The film is powerful and well acted but also curiously abstract, its characters defined almost entirely in terms of their emotional states. (Scott)20110224

'The Rite' (PG-13, 1:49) Minus head spinning and bilious regurgitation, this B-movie, starring Anthony Hopkins as a priest, is workmanlike pulp that embraces as many of the exorcism subgenre's cliches as a PG-13-rated film could allow. (Holden)20110224

'The Roommate' (PG-13, 1:33) This bloodless rip-off of Barbet Schroeder's deliciously trashy 1992 thriller, ''Single White Female,'' follows a Los Angeles student (Minka Kelly) terrorized by her clingy dorm-room buddy (Leighton Meester). Substituting sex for suspense and pop music for ideas, the director, Christian E. Christiansen, dredges the slasher canon for setups while Ms. Kelly styles as many edgy hat-and-scarf ensembles as the running time will permit. (Catsoulis)20110224

'Sanctum' (R, 1:49) Alister Grierson directs this dreary 3-D fiction about a group of cavers who rappel, swim, climb, crawl and squeeze inside a giant cave system that looks something like a sewer, gurgling murk and all. (Dargis)20110224

'7 Khoon Maaf' (No rating, 2:17, in Hindi) Directed by Vishal Bhardwaj, this meandering black widow tale stars Priyanka Chopra and many doomed guest actors. The picture has some delights (like the musical number ''Darling,'' a Bollywood-Russian folk-song mashup) but none of the emotional resonance of Mr. Bhardwaj's best films. (Rachel Saltz)20110224

- 'The Social Network' (PG-13, 2:00) David Fincher, working from Aaron Sorkin's script, directs a fleet, weirdly funny, exhilarating, alarming, fictionalized look at the boot-up, log-on, plug-in generation and the man (Jesse Eisenberg as Mark Zuckerberg) behind the social-media phenomenon Facebook. Andrew Garfield and Justin Timberlake also star. (Dargis)20110224

- 'Somewhere' (R, 1:37) In her fourth feature, Sofia Coppola steps inside the bubble of entitlement and ennui that cocoons modern celebrities and observes with great subtlety and compassion the relationship between a dissolute movie star (Stephen Dorff) and his young daughter (Elle Fanning). The film is slow and quiet -- one extended, unassuming, taciturn take after another -- but if you pay attention, it will show you everything. (Scott)20110224

- 'Tangled' (PG, 1:32) This retelling of the Rapunzel tale, with the princess kidnapped by the meanest stepmother ever, is a sweet and lively marriage of Disney and Pixar animation styles, with boisterous action sequences, buoyant musical numbers and moments of arresting visual beauty. (Scott)20110224

- 'True Grit' (PG-13, 1:50) The ''one-eyed fat man,'' Rooster Cogburn (Jeff Bridges), is reunited with a memorably tougher Mattie Ross (Hailee Steinfeld) in Joel and Ethan Coen's exceptionally fine adaptation of the Charles Portis novel. (Dargis)20110224

'Unknown' (PG-13, 1:46) Liam Neeson races against time and villainy in a preposterous, amusing thriller about a botanist who wakes up in a Berlin hospital without his papers or wife (January Jones). The director Jaume Collet-Serra certainly likes his car chases, and the silkily smooth duo of Bruno Ganz and Frank Langella steals the show. (Dargis)20110224

'Vanishing on 7th Street' (R, 1:30) Something wicked comes creeping like night and seemingly sucking people out of their clothes, cars and lives in this generally nifty, modest horror flick directed by Brad Anderson. John Leguizamo, Hayden Christensen and Thandie Newton struggle to stay in the light. (Dargis)20110224

'Vidal Sassoon: the Movie' (No rating, 1:34) The snappy, entertaining hagiography of the inventor of the geometric five-point haircut plays like an extended infomercial touting one of the movers and shakers of the swinging '60s. (Holden)20110224

- 'Waste Land' (No rating, 1:38, in English and Portuguese) This inspiring documentary follows the life-changing collaborations between the Brooklyn-based, San Paulo-born artist Vik Muniz and impoverished garbage pickers living in one of the world's largest landfills outside Rio de Janiero. (Holden)20110224

'The Way Back' (PG-13, 2:13) Jim Sturgess, Ed Harris and Colin Farrell star in Peter Weir's sweeping, underinvolving drama about prisoners who escape from a Siberian gulag to struggle, meander and limp 4,000 miles across snow and sand to India. (Dargis)20110224

- 'We Are What We Are' (No rating, 1:29, in Spanish) Unfolding in an impoverished neighborhood in Mexico City, Jorge Michel Grau's macabre debut follows the disintegration of a pod of people eaters when its patriarch expires. Profoundly depressing and entirely pitiless, the film paints social decay with bold, elegant strokes and dizzying camera angles, visualizing a metropolis of shocking callousness and a ghastly scenario of poor preying on poor. (Catsoulis)20110224

'Winter's Bone' (R, 1:40) Debra Granik's flinty Ozark noir follows a teenage girl's search for her missing father, an expert methamphetamine cooker who has fallen afoul of his own outlaw kin. Jennifer Lawrence's lead performance is flawless and helps to lift this film above at least some of the usual independent-movie assumptions about rural poverty in America. (Scott)20110224

'Yogi Bear' (PG, 1:20) The one thing that lives up to the Hanna-Barbera cartoons on which this mostly live-action film is based is Justin Timberlake's charming performance as the voice of Boo Boo. Otherwise it's a handsomely filmed but bland family comedy whose story -- about saving Jellystone Park from being sold by a corrupt politician -- and characterizations are so generic they wouldn't pass muster on Saturday morning television. (Hale)20110224

'Zero Bridge' (No rating, 1:36, in Kashmiri and Urdu) The American-born Tariq Tapa's debut feature is a neo-realist-style drama about a Kashmiri teenager whose dabbling in petty crime accidentally leads to a friendship with an attractive, slightly older woman; both feel trapped in a dead-end environment by poverty and family ties. A slightly threadbare but moving slice of life from a place usually seen only as a backdrop for Bollywood musicals. (Hale)20110224

Film Series

'Alice's Restaurant ' (Monday) The playwright Craig Lucas introduces Arthur Penn's resonant adaptation of Arlo Guthrie's epic chanson as part of the ''QueerArtFilm'' series. At 8 p.m., IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at Third Street, Greenwich Village , (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com; $13. (Dave Kehr)20110224

Bogart and Bacall: Back on the Big Screen (Friday and Saturday) Presented in 35-millimeter at the supremely atmospheric Landmark Loew's Jersey movie palace in Jersey City, three of the four films starring the most glamorous screen couple of the 1940s, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. On Friday at 8 p.m., it's Howard Hawks's 1944 ''To Have and Have Not.'' On Saturday Hawks's ''Big Sleep'' (1946), screens at 6 p.m. and Delmer Daves's ''Dark Passage'' (1947) at 8:30 p.m. Landmark Loew's Jersey Theater, 54 Journal Square , (201) 798-6055, loewsjersey.org; $7. (Kehr)20110224

Documentary Fortnight 2011 (Friday through Monday) The Museum of Modern Art's annual festival of nonfiction film enters its second week with a series of premieres and personal appearances by filmmakers. On Friday, the director Rick Goldsmith presents his 2009 ''The Most Dangerous Man in America: Daniel Ellsberg and the Pentagon Papers'' at 4 p.m. in Theater 2; at 4:30 p.m. in Theater 1, Peter Bo Rappmund introduces his high-definition video ''Pyschohydrography,'' constructed from single-frame images of falling water, followed by Peter Mettler's ''Petropolis: Aerial Perspectives on the Alberta Tar Sands.'' At 7 p.m. in Theater 2, Linda Hoaglund presents her ''ANPO: Art X War,'' about the long tradition of works of art produced in Japan to protest the United States-Japan Mutual Security Treaty. There's some live performance, too: on Sunday at 5 p.m., Dave Cerf and Sam Green interpret three of their ''live documentaries'' combining film, narration and sound effects; on Monday at 7 p.m., Nao Bustamante presents a selection of works involving costuming and gender archetypes. Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, Museum of Modern Art , (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Kehr)20110224

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

PHOTO: BOGART AND BACALL: BACK ON THE BIG SCREEN (Friday and Saturday): Presented in 35-millimeter at the supremely atmospheric Landmark Loew's Jersey movie palace, three of the four films starring the most glamorous screen couple of the 1940s, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. On Friday at 8 p.m., it's Howard Hawks's ''To Have and Have Not,'' from 1944. On Saturday Hawks's ''Big Sleep'' (1946), above, screens at 6 p.m. and Delmer Daves's ''Dark Passage'' (1947) at 8:30 p.m. Landmark Loew's Jersey Theater, 54 Journal Square, Jersey City, (201) 798-6055, loewsjersey .org

$7. (Dave Kehr) (PHOTOGRAPH BY ASSOCIATED PRESS)

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**Body**

From the doorway of his formal-wear shop on Fulton Street in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Mortimer Roett has seen a lot of change in 25 years.

The surrounding streets, once home to crumbling brownstones and empty lots, are lined with freshly painted doorways and small apartment buildings. The old milk-bottling plant across the street has been turned into a six-story commercial complex with a supermarket, banks and a theater. And though many merchants have come and gone from the bodegas and boutiques around him, Mr. Roett and his business have prospered.

He and others discussing the changes in Bedford-Stuyvesant talk about hard work and hurdles overcome. Then they use a word that has long sounded in this central Brooklyn community as a beacon of hope, a symbol of progress: "Restoration."

The Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, founded by Senators Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits in 1967, was born in an era galvanized by the civil rights movement and the specter of riot-torn cities. Hailed as the model for grass-roots community renewal across America, it has provided jobs, housing and low-interest loans to this mostly black neighborhood, serving as an anchor in a sea of urban woe.

Today -- at a time when the rioting in Los Angeles has forced the crisis of America's inner cities back to the center of debate -- Restoration, the nation's oldest community development corporation, will celebrate its 25th anniversary with a ceremony at Restoration Plaza, the former bottling plant. Proceeds from a special commemorative book will be used to start a $10 million campaign to help pay for new programs.

"In a context where urban poverty is becoming more severe, where jobs that allow a family to live above the poverty line are increasingly hard to find and where drugs have mushroomed, stabilizing a neighborhood is a real accomplishment," said Avis Vidal, director of the Community Development Research Center at the New School for Social Research, describing Restoration's work.

Successes and Failures

To some, the recent violence and deepening urban poverty offer evidence that the liberal social programs of the 1960's have failed. In fact, the first 25 years of Restoration have seen both boom and bust.

But the corporation and many others that it spawned have survived, though in less ambitious form. And now its leaders and supporters say the time has come for Restoration to re-establish itself as a force for inner-city change.

Since 1982, when cuts in Federal administration aid devastated its budget, Restoration has been forced to make some changes of its own. No longer the sprawling organization that became the model for more than 2,000 local revival efforts throughout the country, Restoration has trimmed its staff from more than 300 to 36. Self-contained legal, construction and housing advocacy operations are gone. The five community outreach centers were closed. Even youth sports programs have been cut.

"We don't even have the money to do the kind of research that we need to do," said Restoration's president, Rockford Mitchell, a businessman who took over three years ago.

In dozens of interviews, local residents, community and church leaders and urban analysts agreed that Restoration's fight for self-sufficiency -- and survival -- has taken a toll.

"Restoration today is not what it once was," said Ronald Shiffman, director of Pratt Institute's Center for Community and Environmental Development and a member of the New York City Planning Commission. Because of the Federal cuts and stiff competition for private money, he said, "there has been a significant cutback, particularly in organizing."

"Consequently, there has been a diminution of its reputation within the community," he said.

But Mr. Mitchell, whose deliberate diction matches his management style, insists that Restoration is on the verge of a renaissance.

Today, he said, the organization derives most of its income from private sources, real estate and commercial investments. Several contracts have been renegotiated to improve services and profits. And last year, after 15 years of budget deficits, Restoration finished the year with an $81,000 surplus.

Plans include construction next year of another Pathmark supermarket, which will provide 200 jobs. Restoration Safe Haven, an education and drug-prevention program, will serve children ages 6 to 14 and their families. If it can find the money, Restoration will also develop additional housing for low- and moderate-income families and the elderly.

Problems Multiply

Historically, the churches helped hold Bedford-Stuyvesant together.

But by the 1960's, problems were mounting faster than solutions: the level of employment had never fully recovered from the ravages of the Depression; single-family homes were subdivided to accommodate an influx of new arrivals, most of them black; absentee landlords let housing fall into disrepair; and police and sanitation services dwindled as white residents departed for the suburbs.

Though many professional and ***working-class*** families still owned their homes in Bedford-Stuyvesant, the neighborhood acquired a reputation as a ghetto.

But in 1966, inspired by a walk through the neighborhood and the work of local community advocates, Senator Kennedy pledged to try to change things. And in 1967, he and Senator Javits successfully proposed a bipartisan amendment to the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 that would provide the initial public money for Restoration.

Senator Kennedy's backing and the promise of Federal financing soon made Restoration the darling of liberal politicians and business executives across the country.

Influential Leadership

With a cast of influential directors and Franklin A. Thomas, a highly regarded former deputy police commissioner, as Restoration's president, success seemed almost inevitable.

In the years that followed, Restoration built or rehabilitated thousands of housing units using local labor. A Restoration-run mortgage pool provided local residents with more than $80 million in mortgages. After considerable coaxing, I.B.M. built a plant nearby that employs about 400 people. Supermarkets General entered a joint-venture with Restoration to open a Pathmark, the first supermarket in the neighborhood in 20 years.

The bottling plant was transformed into Restoration Plaza, a 300,000-square-foot commercial complex that houses Restoration's headquarters. And a family health center, a Restoration subsidiary, was opened across the street.

But then came the deep Federal cuts. Having relied on the public support for about 70 percent of its budget, Restoration found itself on the brink of bankruptcy, compromised by delinquent mortgage loans and several poorly managed deals.

So, over the protests of many residents and some staff members, Restoration began amputating. Over the next several years, it would close its community outreach centers, sell off several subsidiaries and over $4 million in real estate, and switch from providing mortgage loans to revolving loans for businesses -- all to keep from having to shut down.

Fewer on Public Assistance

Despite such cutbacks, there are few people in Bedford-Stuyvesant, where an estimated 300,000 Caribbean newcomers and long-time residents intermingle, who can say they have not been touched in one way or another by Restoration.

One of Restoration's most enduring legacies may be the emergence of half a dozen other community development groups in the area. And some statistics suggest that Restoration's neighbors may have fared better in recent years than residents of some other poor areas.

According to the New York City Human Resources Administration, the percentage of people citywide living on public assistance rose from 11.6 to 12.8 percent between 1980 and 1990. In central Harlem, the percentage rose as well. In Bedford-Stuyvesant, it dropped from 32.5 to 27.6 percent.

Standing between rows of dresses in his formal-wear shop, Mr. Roett talks of attending free weekly business classes that Restoration offered local merchants in the mid-1970's. On his cluttered desk in the basement are plans to expand his business four-fold in a space rented from Restoration Plaza. "They have been very helpful," he said.

Mary Banks, 58, who owns a fabric store nearby, was not so pleased. She acknowledged that her business has been bolstered by shoppers drawn to Restoration Plaza and that a storefront improvement plan had helped her replace her display window.

But a few years ago, when she went looking for a loan from Restoration, she said she was told she did not have enough money to qualify. "They said I had to have $10,000 before I could get a loan," Ms. Bates said as she whisked through bolts of cotton and rayon prints. "No, they didn't help me at all."

Still, those who walk along Fulton Street, past the Burger King that Restoration helped bring to the area, past the sidewalks filled with local vendors, say that if nothing else, Restoration has brought a sense of permanence.

"They have done a lot for the area," said Queenie Lawrence, a 46-year-old school volunteer, who lives in Bedford-Stuyvesant with her son, Lamont. "It's a nice, safe place. But people still feel oppressed here for the simple reason that they want things for their children and there are no jobs. We all know there is still a long way to go."

**Correction**

An article on Tuesday about the Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation misidentified its president. He is Roderick Mitchell.

**Correction-Date:** May 28, 1992, Thursday

**Graphic**

Photos: "They have been very helpful," said Mortimer Roett as he stood in the Apollo Wedding Center, speaking of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation. (pg. B1); Rockford Mitchell, who became president of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation more than three years ago, insisted that the group, despite severe cutbacks in Federal aid in recent years, is on the verge of a renaissance. He stood in front of the office at Fulton and New York Avenues. (pg. B2) (Angel Franco/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 26, 1992

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[***VETERANS OF VIETNAM GAINING NEW AID TO FIGHT ADDICTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8BJ0-0007-J1NS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 26, 1985, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1456 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BABYLON, L.I.

**Body**

In a yellow clapboard house here on West Main Street, a group of veterans gathers each week to discuss the horrors of their service in Vietnam and the drugs and alcohol they have consumed in the 15 wild and angry years since they returned home.

Bill snorts cocaine because ''it makes it easier to be obnoxious'' when he is overcome by rage and guilt, the residue of a steamy jungle day, he says, when he shot a pregnant woman and her daughter.

Lenny regularly gets picked up for drunken driving, which is what brought him here, to the Long Island Vet Center, where he talks of using alcohol to quiet his clamorous nightmares.

Jim also drinks and sometimes ''gets these rage feelings where I just go nuts,'' injuring himself or ransacking his home.

Jerry used to ''do dope, acid, you name it,'' and started barroom brawls each time somebody asked, ''How did it feel to kill somebody?''

These men are among the 800,000 Vietnam veterans - a quarter of the Americans who served in Southeast Asia - who experts say are still plagued by a host of psychological and behavioral problems associated with their time in combat.

There are no reliable data about how many of them are drug abusers or alcoholics, but experts agree that Vietnam veterans - especially those who saw a great deal of combat - are at special risk for addiction.

The problem is keen enough that Congress recently addressed it in the Veterans Health Care Amendments of 1985, legislation signed earlier this month by President Reagan.

The law includes provisions for more drug and alcohol counseling at 10 of the 186 storefront veterans centers nationwide. It also extends a pilot program requiring Veterans Administration hospitals to refer patients in detoxification wards to community addiction services for follow-up care.

Veterans with histories of substance abuse attribute their problems to several factors associated with the war, including the availability of cheap and powerful drugs in Southeast Asia, the social pressure in certain units where drug use was rampant and the need to blunt the terror of combat.

But these explanations pale, the veterans said, beside the hostility they faced upon returning home during the antiwar protests. In more than a dozen interviews with Vietnam-era combat soldiers who had abused drugs, all of them recalled in excruciating detail the experience of being reviled, sometimes spat upon, in the years after their discharges.

Facing 'Hurting Days'

''In country, we saw horrendous things that I don't think I could have survived without being ripped,'' said Angel Almedina, a former heroin addict who runs the Vet Center at 166 West 75th Street in Manhattan. ''Then we came back to a lot of hurting days and it seemed like the easiest thing to revert to.''

Rick Smith, who runs the drug abuse group on Long Island, describes the Vietnam veteran as ''a setup'' for drug abuse. ''We told ourselves that they weren't accepting us anyway, so what difference did it make,'' said Mr. Smith, who said he hoped to inspire sobriety by sharing stories of the decade he wasted in detoxification wards, jail cells and flophouses.

''Some guys had a worse experience after the war than during the war,'' said John L. Behan, a Republican Assemblyman from Long Island who lost both legs to a Vietnam land mine. ''It was the experience when they came home that almost killed them.''

Many of these same veterans expressed hope that the changed climate of opinion about the men who fought in Da Nang or Quang Tri, evident at parades last spring commemorating the 10th anniversary of the war's end, would ease their recovery.

'Emotional Corrosion'

''That type of catharsis helps,'' said Richard B. Fuller, an aide to Representative Robert W. Edgar, Democrat of Pennsylvania, the sponsor of the recently signed veterans legislation. ''But a lot of emotional corrosion is still there that should have been polished up and straightened out early on.''

Mr. Behan conceded that wounded veterans like himself may have contributed to the emotional problems of their fellow soldiers. ''Until recently, I and people like me had no sympathy for those people, because we didn't like the image they were casting,'' he said.

''Nobody was printing stories about veterans who won office, and everybody was printing stories about crazy addicts who held up gas stations,'' Mr. Behan added. ''I was thinking, 'What's wrong with those guys? They have arms and legs so why can't they get jobs?' Now I understand that it doesn't matter how we are wounded, because we are all wounded.''

Mr. Behan is one of many experts who hesitantly broached the notion that addiction is especially widespead among Vietnam veterans because theirs was a war, more than any other, fought by servicemen who were preponderantly poor and raised in America's slums.

Mr. Smith, who describes himself as a ''***working class*** white'' from the East New York section of Brooklyn, characterized a significant proportion of Vietnam-era veterans as ''society's misfits.''

Checking the History

Dr. Charles Rohrs confronts this question every day as the head of the substance-abuse program at the Veterans Administration Medical Center at First Avenue and 24th Street in Manhattan, where patients in the detoxification ward are overwhelmingly black or Hispanic and in their mid-30's.

''Just about every guy that comes into the unit tells us his problems are related to Vietnam,'' Dr. Rohrs said, ''and everybody wants to buy into that. But if you take a careful history, things don't sound like they were so great before. The more we look, the more we find they were maladaptive before Vietnam, although that's not subject to systematic study.''

''The reality,'' said Dr. Rohrs, who also runs one of the treatment centers at Phoenix House, ''is that they went through a terrible experience that may have contributed to a problem, made a pre-existing problem worse, or initiated a problem. We don't know how to tease out the role of being a veteran. But that doesn't make any difference. If they don't stop using it as an excuse, it will only keep them sick.''

Mr. Almedina, who like many of his fellow veterans resembles a long-haired refugee from the 60's, a grunt-turned-hippie, countered: ''To simplify and say it's over is not that easily done. If you tell me you don't want to hear about the greatest adventure of my life, the therapeutic process is going to break down.''

Abusing Benefit System

Whether they are in treatment with others who served in Vietnam or in more integrated surroundings like Phoenix House, many of these substance-abusing veterans fault the Veterans Administration for a benefits system that, in effect, supports addiction.

Over and over, these veterans described registering for college, but never attending classes, and buying drugs with the tuition money (currently $376 a month for a full-time student) mailed directly to them under the terms of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

In lesser numbers, they also noted that it can be useful for an addict to have his condition characterized as a service-related disorder, which entitles a veteran to disability payments. Depending on the extent of incapacitation, disability payments range from $66 to $1,295 a month.

''It's amazing how negatively creative you can be when you're using drugs,'' said Jacques Crivelli, a heroin and cocaine abuser who, as a condition of probation for charges of burglary, is a patient at Phoenix House.

Dr. Rohrs acknowledged that educational benefits are frequently abused in this way. He also agreed that ''there is a tremendous financial incentive to say the problem is related to Vietnam.''

Difficulty of Crackdown

''It's similar to the welfare situation, with tax-levied money subsidizing use,'' Dr. Rohrs said. He hastened to add, however, that it was ''inflammatory'' and potentially ''dangerous'' to crack down and risk depriving honest veterans of their benefits.

Another common theme among substance-abusing veterans is the fondness they acquired in Vietnam for a life lived on the brink.

In the stories they tell, and in the growing body of literature about their experiences after the war, these veterans routinely describe themselves as feeling ''berserk'' - driving too fast, fighting too often, losing control.

Back home, unemployed or in humdrum jobs, these men say that illegal drugs or alcohol offered both danger and forgetfulness, that their wayward lives mimicked the thrill of war.

''As wretched as the war was it was stimulating to the umpteenth degree,'' said Mr. Smith. ''That's why a lot of vets still live on the edge, either 90 miles or nothing.''

''I want to go to the wall all the time and that's a rough way to be,'' Mr. Almedina agreed. ''I haven't shot heroin in years, but I'm still trying to get straight.''

**Graphic**

photo of Rick Smith (NYT/Tony Jerome) (page B6)

**End of Document**



[***After History of Threats, Man Kills Ex-Girlfriend and Himself***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3P00-0005-G3DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 17, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

**Body**

Slipping past spot-checks by police patrols, a gunman obsessed with a teen-ager barricaded himself in her family's Brooklyn apartment with a dozen hostages yesterday. In a three-hour siege, he shot three captives, pistol-whipped another, then killed his pregnant former girlfriend and himself with bullets to the head as the police stormed in.

Two hostages suffered critical gunshot wounds and a third was seriously wounded, while seven people, including three small children, suffered trauma but escaped injury in the morning of terror and violence in the apartment at 4305 10th Avenue, near 43d Street, in Borough Park, the authorities said. The slain woman's fetus also died.

Officials said the tragedy had its origins in an ill-fated romance involving the assailant, 24-year-old James Parker, and Danielle DiMedici, 18, who over the summer had been abused, beaten and even abducted by the father of her unborn child, and had been given a necklace alarm pendant, a judge's order of protection and an around-the-clock police surveillance team at her door.

But she had not activated the alarm and was generally uncooperative, the police said. In addition, the police were unable to find Mr. Parker, a former convict with a record of assault, burglary and drug offenses who was wanted for jumping bail in July and abducting Ms. DiMedici two weeks ago. The full-time police protection was cut to irregular checks by a patrol car last Friday.

At 7:50 A.M. yesterday, Mr. Parker -- arriving between police checks -- invaded the six-room apartment Ms. DiMedici shared with her extended family in a two-story red-brick row house. Waving a .38-caliber revolver, he barricaded the front door with a dresser and began terrorizing the family; the police said he apparently intended to use threats or force to make Ms. DiMedici resume their relationship.

Witnesses told of terrified screams and repeated volleys of gunfire from the apartment as the assailant shot and critically wounded an uncle and grandmother of Ms. DiMedici, pistol-whipped one of her teen-aged sisters and shot a woman friend of the uncle. Outside, a cordon of police officers -- sharpshooters on rooftops and behind parked cars -- withheld fire as hostage negotiators made contact by telephone with the assailant. At one point, a bloody T-shirt was thrown through a broken front window. Then, shortly after 10 A.M., a woman inside was heard screaming: "You must get in here because he's going to kill everybody!"

Minutes later, the police lobbed five grenade-like diversionary devices through the windows -- bombs that, instead of exploding, set off flashes and loud bangs -- and heavily armed officers rushed up the stairs.

As they did so, survivors told the police, Mr. Parker fatally shot Ms. DiMedici through the head and then shot and killed himself. Elsewhere in the apartment, the police found Ms. DiMedici's grandmother, Barbara Hussey, 54, shot in the head; the girl's uncle, Edward Hussey, 25, shot in the chest, and Lakissa Salansky, 20, who is Mr. Hussey's girlfriend, shot in the leg. Barbara Hussey was in critical condition at Maimonides Medical Center last night, and Edward Hussey was also in critical condition and Ms. Salansky in stable condition, both at Kings County Hospital Center.

The shootings shattered the victims' families and stunned a ***working-class***, ethnically mixed neighborhood shared by Hasidic Jews and black and Hispanic people, some of whom questioned whether the criminal justice system had done enough to protect Ms. DiMedici and her family from a muscular, intimidating man who, by all accounts, had been carried away by his obsession with the teen-ager.

"This is a tragedy that never should have happened," said Eda McNally, a friend of the family. She said the police were aware that Mr. Parker had threatened violence against the family.

But law enforcement officials insisted that the criminal justice system had done all it reasonably could, and that the police protection provided to Ms. DiMedici at her home had been adequate for the circumstances. There is almost no way, they said, to guard against a man determined to kill to get his way.

"It's my professional opinion that no matter what coverage we had there, if this person was bent on committing this type of violence, he would have waited for the opportunity to do so," the First Deputy Police Commissioner, Tosano J. Simonetti, said after the siege.

He said that round-the-clock police protection for the woman had been cut last Friday because there had been no sign of Mr. Parker for weeks. The operational decision, he said, had been made jointly by precinct and borough commanders. "These are decisions that are made every day," he said. "Someone has to make these decisions."

He also insisted that Louis R. Anemone, the Chief of the Police Department, who commanded the police forces at the scene, had done his best to negotiate an end to the siege and had sent armed officers into the apartment at the right time, when he believed that the assailant was about to shoot all the hostages.

"If we had not made the entry at the time we went in, more people would have been shot," Commissioner Simonetti said.

The police said the tragedy played out on 10th Avenue yesterday had its origins in an ill-starred relationship between Mr. Parker and Ms. DiMedici nearly two years ago. Mr. Parker, who served a year and a half in prison in the late 1980's for assaulting another girlfriend, had a record of arrests for burglary and grand larceny and was still on probation for a 1993 drug conviction.

Although Ms. DiMedici became pregnant by Mr. Parker last spring, their relationship had always been rocky and abusive, friends said, and it turned violent last June 28, when Mr. Parker took Ms. DiMedici for a drive on the Belt Parkway and, when an argument developed, halted the car and beat her with a baseball bat.

According to the Brooklyn District Attorney's office, Ms. DiMedici later went to the police and accused Mr. Parker of the beating, and of burning her with cigarettes and holding her in a basement for days. She said she wanted to break off their affair.

Mr. Parker was arrested on July 7 and charged with second-degree assault, unlawful imprisonment and menacing. Arraigned in Criminal Court before Acting State Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Bruno the next day, Mr. Parker was released on $7,500 bail, though the prosecution had asked for $25,000 bail. He did not make a July 12 court appearance and jumped bail, authorities said.

Justice Bruno last night defended the $7,500 bail figure as "pretty high" and "reasonable bail, given when I had in front of me," including information from a criminal justice agency that Mr. Parker worked at a Brooklyn pharmacy and earned $200 a week. He said he had not been told by prosecutors that the previous assault case also involved a girlfriend. "I feel terribly about this lady," Justice Bruno said of Ms. DiMedici.

Although Ms. DiMedici had been given a necklace alarm pendant, a device used by battered women to summon police help with the press of a button, she had never activated it, the police said. However, she did go to court and obtain an order of protection against Mr. Parker.

Still, on Aug. 29 Mr. Parker burst into Ms. DiMedici's apartment with a hammer and an Uzi submachine gun and abducted her. A few days later, she reappeared, apparently unharmed.

An unsuccessful police hunt for Mr. Parker began, and police guards were posted outside her home around the clock on Aug. 31, protection cut to irregular spot checks by patrol cars last Friday.

Yesterday, easily penetrating the light protective shield, Mr. Parker forced his way into the family's apartment and took Ms. DiMedici and 11 other people, including three children under 4 years old, as hostages. Shortly afterward, a woman called 911 and reported the situation. Within minutes, the police had the place surrounded.

A man who lives in a building next door and who declined to disclose his name said he heard frantic screams through a common wall and, from time to time, the sounds of gunfire. The first shot, about 8:30, struck Mr. Hussey in the chest. Mr. Parker also pistol-whipped Ms. DiMedici's sister, Alicia, 13.

A few minutes later, hostage negotiators, who had established telephone contact with a gunman they called irrational, said he threatened to shoot all the hostages unless the police moved out. At 9:20, Mr. Hussey's bloody shirt was hurled from a front window onto the sidewalk; it was the first indication that someone had been injured.

Another shot, at 9:35 A.M., struck Ms. Salansky in the leg, and at 10:05 Mrs. Hussey, the grandmother, was shot in the head. "Please send an ambulance," a woman screamed from inside. "He's shooting everyone!"

"There were three children inside the apartment," Chief Anemone said at a news conference last night. "He was threatening to kill all of them." The chief made the decision to go in, and heavily armed officers rushed up the stairs. As it turned out, they did not fire a shot.

Mr. Parker, who had command of the stairway from a peephole in the front door of the apartment, grabbed Ms. DiMedici, placed his gun to the left side of her head and fired one fatal shot. As she fell, Mr. Parker turned abruptly toward the other hostages.

Denise Hussey Conde, an aunt of the slain girl, thought he was going to shoot her children. She jumped on Mr. Parker's back, the survivors later told the police. Mr. Parker fell under her weight, but as the police reached the door he placed his gun to his head, pulled the trigger and was killed instantly.

**Graphic**

Photos: A relative who was not in the apartment being comforted after the shooting, which killed two people and injured three. (John Sotomayor/The New York Times); Officials from the Medical Examiner's office removing the body of James Parker from his ex-girlfriend's apartment in Borough Park, Brooklyn. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

Map of Brooklyn showing location of the shootings. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** September 17, 1996

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[***BACKTALK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6KY0-000P-229T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mom Was in a League of Her Own***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6KY0-000P-229T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1342 words

**Byline:** Helen Callaghan

By KELLY CANDAELE;

Kelly Candaele is a political consultant for the Los Angeles Federation of Labor and a film maker.

By KELLY CANDAELE;  Kelly Candaele is a political consultant for the Los Angeles Federation of Labor and a film maker.

**Body**

"Why didn't I get her swing?" This is a question I ask myself whenever I look at that old black and white picture of my mother at the plate in 1945. If I had had a choice of any physical attribute my parents were able to pass on to me, I would definitely have taken her swing.

It's the kind of swing you associate with Ted Williams or Will Clark; smooth and sweeping, arms extended, weight shifting from back foot to front at just the right moment, supple wrists that snap the head of the bat through the ball. I imagine the line drives she sent screaming through the middle or deep into the alleys in left or right center.

From that single photo I understand how for five years, my mother made her living playing professional baseball in the All American Girls Professional Baseball League. The league, started in 1943 by the owner of the Chicago Cubs, Phillip K. Wrigley, lasted 10 years. My mom and her sister Margaret were recruited to the league from Canada by one of Branch Rickey's scouts. While it lasted, millions of fans came out to watch the Fort Wayne Daisies, the Rockford Peaches and eight other teams show what they had. For uniforms, they wore tunic dresses to keep, as Wrigley insisted, "the feminine angle" present.

Big Stuff in Little Leagues

I grew up in Lompoc, Calif., with something that no other kid in school had: a mother who played professional baseball. In Little League I would gleefully await the annual "powder-puff" game dreamed up by the city fathers. It was a midseason game in which the kids' mothers took the field to, it was hoped, look silly and make fools of themselves by "playing like girls."

My mother would always put on a display of hitting, throwing, running and catching that made me proud. She was clearly better than any of the men who crowded around to laugh. Kids and their parents would gather round and ask in amazement the same question every year. "Where did your mom learn to play?" I always answered quickly. "She played professional baseball in the 1940's." "You mean softball," they'd say. "No, I mean hardball, overhand, stealing, sliding, real baseball."

And now she and her teammates and the real baseball they played are the focus of a new movie, "A League of Their Own," starring Geena Davis, Tom Hanks and Madonna, to be released on July 1.

Perhaps it is my mother's Irish stubbornness -- in her playing days she was Helen Callaghan -- but I remember her direct and fortifying words whenever our high school team played someone we weren't expected to beat: "You can beat them, they're overrated. . . . You can hit that pitcher. . . . You're as good as he is, no problem. . . . You just have to go out and do it." It strikes me now that the words were said with a kind of populist anger; a ***working-class*** woman's challenge to those who had the gall to think they were better, or to those born with "superior" skills, to those who didn't have to "work" for what they had.

'Try Bunting'

And there was always specific advice. Whenever I was in a hitting slump, which in my case was much of the time, she was there with a suggestion. "Try bunting," she would say with conviction. "When I was in a slump, I always bunted."

My youngest brother, Casey, (there are five boys in our family) plays for the Houston Astros. Casey didn't get my mom's swing either. He got something more important: her determination. He has got that something that makes a guy who is 5 feet 9 inches in boots, who doesn't hit the long ball or run like Tim Raines, ignore the legions of advice-givers who say, "Give it up, kid," or "Start a real career," or "You'll never play in the big leagues."

I was taught, in high school in the late 60's, that women were only then entering forcefully into athletics for "the first time." It was considered a major advance when girls' softball was established on a competitive basis. This "great advance" seemed rather quizzical to me, given my mother's experience. My friend Kim Wilson and I wanted to set history straight. In 1988 after an evening reminiscing with my mother, we decided to make a film documenting the women's pro league.

Our greatest joy in producing our film came at the beginning. We discovered a gold mine of old 16mm film the ex-ballplayers had stashed away in basements and garages.

We shot most of the documentary film at a reunion of the league in Fort Wayne, Ind. My mom played for the Daisies in 1945, '46 and '48, winning the batting crown in 1945 with a solid .299 average. The reporters of her day called her the "feminine Ted Williams."

One More Hit

The highlight of the reunion was the old-timers game in which my mom took the field once again. For five innings I watched her. The snap in the wrists was still there. She still got great jumps on balls hit to the outfield. She made a final lunge while crossing first base to beat out an infield hit. The fire was still there.

Shortly after the documentary, also called "A League of Their Own," aired nationwide on PBS, Kim and I were summoned to the home of the director, Penny Marshall, to talk about a possible feature film based around the league.

In talking with Penny, we knew she understood how important the game and the league were to the women who played. Penny found out later from the players that the women shared a cherished common experience that forever tied them one to another. The men had World War II; these women had the All American Girls Professional Baseball League.

In Hollywood, no baseball movie is really "about baseball." If you want to see just baseball, the producers' logic goes, go to a Dodger game. You can get a bleacher seat for six bucks and Strawberry just might hit one out. So the rule is, you must say the movie is "really about a man's search for meaning," or "two sisters' enduring love for one another." That kind of thing.

So there had to be a story that could sustain the film for two hours in between the hitting, sliding and flailing skirts. A story meeting was set up with scriptwriters Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel. Ganz and Mandel are baseball nuts, the kind of guys who know that the 1930-32 Yankees went 308 games without being shut out.

Ideas Strike Out

I sat on the couch between Ganz and Mandel and listened as the writers literally shouted potential story lines at Marshall on the other side of the room. Nothing seemed to be exciting Marshall, so after about 20 minutes I suggested that perhaps there should be a "big game" toward the end of the movie that resolves some central conflict. It was not for nothing that I've watched 20 years of Hollywood movies. There was dead silence. This was clearly Ganz and Mandel's meeting.

Later, Kim and I worked up a story line that is, I'm happy to say, very close to the end product. It's about, well, two sisters' enduring love for one another.

I've seen the film, and it has got just the right mixture of laughs, tears and darn good baseball.

Casey's Astro teammates kid him all the time now that the film is almost out. My mom used a bigger bat than he does. She stole 114 bases in one season, more than he has in his career. It's lighthearted stuff you say only to someone you respect. But the best incident was when a young would-be starlet accosted him in a St. Louis hotel lounge in a futile attempt to get a tryout for the role that Madonna was eventually picked for. Casey suggested that the place to be discovered was at the corner of Sunset and Vine, not at Busch Stadium.

When the film opens on July 1, I'll be at the Lompoc Theater with my mom. We'll sit in the middle row with a big bag of popcorn, no butter. I'll have one eye on the screen and the other on my mom, just to see if Penny got it right. I'll also be wondering if my mom ever regretted not having a girl, a girl she could have raised to do "girl" things. I doubt it. I think that if my mother had had a girl, she would have wanted her to have had the thrills she had. The kind of high that only comes from getting a great jump on a slow-witted pitcher or cutting down a cocky base runner trying to stretch it to second on a base hit to right.

**Graphic**

Photo: Helen Callaghan, the Ted Williams of women's pro baseball in the 40's, in uniform, above, and with her son, Kelly.

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The Chills! The Thrills! The Profits!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X98-J9W0-00RP-K4M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 30

**Body**

In David Koepp's new film, "Stir of Echoes," opening on Sept. 10, Kevin Bacon plays a ***working-class*** lug from Chicago who begins to have unsettling supernatural visions after being hypnotized. On that same day moviegoers can watch Patricia Arquette experience strange apparitions of her own in Ruben Wainwright's "Stigmata."

Horror, it seems, is hot. First "The Blair Witch Project" came screaming out of cyber-nowhere to become the magazine-cover phenomenon of the summer. Then a little-heralded Bruce Willis creeper called "The Sixth Sense," which did not even highlight its star in its advertising, exploded at the box office and has refused to die, earning $138.9 million in its first 23 days of release and holding onto the No. 1 slot for four consecutive weekends. Has the mass film audience turned some sort of millennium-generated pop-cultural corner, sprouting a sudden and insatiable appetite for dark woods, ghostly visions and psychological horror?

Or is it just a really, really eerie coincidence?

"I feel that what happened is an immense coincidence," said M. Night Shyamalan, a 29-year-old writer, actor and director who sold the "Sixth Sense" screenplay to Disney a couple of years ago for $3 million, then among the highest prices ever paid for a screenplay.

"The surprise indie sleeper film of the summer happened to be a horror film," Mr. Shyamalan said, "and then my film came out right after it only because everyone shoved their movies toward the end of the summer to get away from 'Star Wars' and the new Austin Powers movie."

Coincidence may have been at work, but there is clearly some desire among filmgoers for a good, scary experience, one left untapped by "The Haunting," an earlier summer release that relied heavily on large-scale effects and was overwhelmed by the "Blair Witch" stampede.

"It never really goes away, this appetite for horror films," said Jeanine Basinger, chairwoman of film studies at Wesleyan University in Connecticut. "The millennium is approaching. We have all of these tragedies on our minds. In modern life it's just one damn thing after another, and we seek to explain it to one another. And if there's some experience that gives closure to it, gives an explanation or at least gives us reassurance that we're not the only ones having the scaries, it reassures us."

Robert Sklar, a New York University professor and author of "Movie-Made America," a highly regarded history of American filmmaking, agrees that if the spectacular success of these two recent horror films is more than a coincidence, it might find its roots in unease about the millennium. People, he said, are "spooked by all the things that are coming up at this time."

Mr. Sklar pointed out that the horror genre, one of the oldest in the movies, has always been cyclical, and that its moments of highest popularity have coincided with moments of extreme social and cultural dislocation.

Horror films like Robert Weine's "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in 1919 and F. W. Murnau's "Nosferatu" in 1922 were popular in Europe during the silent era, when the Continent was recovering from World War I. The golden age of Hollywood horror films came in the early 1930's, when Americans were struggling with economic depression. Directors like James Whale ("Frankenstein," "The Invisible Man," "Bride of Frankenstein") and Tod Browning ("Dracula," "Devil Doll") were establishing horror as a dominant genre.

In the 1950's, as Americans were coming to grips with the atomic age and the cold war, fears about annihilation and foreign aggression were played out in "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956) and numerous films about alien invaders, giant bugs and nuclear experiments gone awry.

The cycle, Mr. Sklar said, has always been the same: a burst of serious, creative films that eventually transform into comedies ("Frankenstein," for instance, becomes "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein") before the right cultural moment engenders a revival. Perhaps, he said, the successes of "The Blair Witch Project" and "The Sixth Sense" show that the audience is poised for another such revival.

If so, it is a good thing for the filmmakers. The coming months promise a parade of either flat-out horror films or films with elements of supernatural or psychological unease, including David Fincher's "Fight Club," Martin Scorsese's "Bringing Out the Dead," Frank Darabont's "Green Mile," Tim Burton's "Sleepy Hollow," Peter Hyams's "End of Days" (in which Arnold Schwarzenegger does battle with Satan), Wes Craven's "Scream 3" and a remake of 1959's "House on Haunted Hill," directed by William Malone.

There is even a touch of old-style horror on the home-video front, with the release this month of two classics of the genre, including the original "Dracula," with Bela Lugosi, and George Romero's "Night of the Living Dead."

This sudden resurgence of the psychological horror film -- as opposed to its close cousin, the slasher flick -- has a lot of Hollywood executives asking themselves whether it is a fluke or a fundamental change in audience tastes. The betting seems to be that the back-to-back successes of "Blair Witch" and "Sixth Sense" was more of a quirky tremor than a tectonic shift.

"I think this has been more of a coincidence," said Dick Cook, chairman of the Walt Disney Motion Picture Group. "A few months ago no one had ever heard of 'Blair Witch.' Then all of a sudden it has become a huge, huge phenomenon."

Both Mr. Cook and Mr. Shyamalan acknowledge that they were worried that "Sixth Sense" would get lost in the hype surrounding "Blair Witch."

"That was the scary part," Mr. Cook said. "You certainly are concerned that with the momentum and the mountain of publicity and all that surrounded 'Blair Witch,' would 'Sixth Sense' attract an audience?"

Mr. Shyamalan said he was convinced that he had made a movie that could attract a large audience, perhaps even a huge one, and then "Blair Witch" came out of nowhere to draw all the attention.

"I couldn't believe it, man," he said. "I thought, 'Wait until the world sees we're going to be the big sleeper movie of the year.' There hadn't been a great horror film in years. Then 'Blair Witch' opens, people are going in droves, it's on the cover of Newsweek and Time. 'Oh man,' I thought, 'we're never going to get any box office.' My last two movies, nobody on the planet saw them. I thought, 'I can't believe it's happening again.' "

But "Blair Witch" didn't swallow up the entire horror audience. It seemed to have merely whetted its appetite. "The Sixth Sense" opened solidly in first place and has dropped only slightly over the subsequent weekends. There was also an interesting shift in the demographic makeup of the movie's audience over its four-week run, initially dominated by the 18-to-34-year-olds who are the traditional audience for horror movies and changing in its subsequent weekends to attract more younger and more older viewers, Mr. Cook said.

"There is no marketing you can do to create this kind of sustainability," he said. "Two or three movies a year have this kind of playability, and whenever you have that, you're sure to have some success. Then, once in a while, when all the stars are lined up perfectly, it turns into a cultural phenomenon which makes it into a mega-success."

Much of the success of "Sixth Sense" is attributed to strong word of mouth, since the film did not receive the kind of huge marketing blitz that often generates big summer hits. "People are coming out saying, 'Whoa!' " said Ms. Basinger of Wesleyan. "We don't see that much mature scare stuff. We've been in an era of slasher scare movies. These are schlock.

" 'Scream,' which I love, is winking at the viewer. This one does not wink at you and say, 'Hey, it's really O.K.' This is a movie that scares you down in the center, where it really hurts, a movie that speaks to real fear."

Wes Craven, who directed both "Scream" (1996) and "Scream 2" (1997) and whose "Scream 3" is due out in December, said that the success of "Sixth Sense" indicated not so much a rejection of gory horror as an appetite for all types of horror films, if well executed.

"I've never felt that gore is what makes something scary," he said. "It's all about whether you can intrigue an audience."

Mr. Shyamalan said he was particularly pleased that his film was a greater success this summer than "The Haunting," which in his view relied more on big special effects than on psychological tension and character development.

"Say it was reversed, and 'The Haunting' made $200 million, and we made $50 million," he said. "Studio executives would be saying, 'Well, that's what the audience wants, big special effects more than anything else.' So even if it's just temporary, at the moment people are saying, 'Hey, let's work on the character.' "

But several studio executives said they were reluctant to draw any hard conclusions about the back-to-back successes of "Blair Witch" and "Sixth Sense," which, they said, actually had very little in common outside of a few shared horror elements. Unlike "Blair Witch," "Sixth Sense" was largely uplifting and optimistic. "Any movie that is about death being not so bad or so final usually works," said Amy Pascal, president of Columbia Pictures.

Still, there is always a tendency to read too much into these pop-cultural coincidences, Ms. Basinger said.

"Two or three movies come out, and everybody wants to say: 'Is this a trend? Does it say anything about our society?' " she said. "You know what? Not a hell of a lot. These movies were developed two or three years ago in complete separation. Who knows what it means?"

Does she think moviegoers are turning away from gore and violence in favor of psychological horror and suspense? "You know, that'll be the day," Ms. Basinger said. "I don't think we've ceased to be bloodthirsty just because of Littleton, Colo."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Haley Joel Osment, above right, stars in "The Sixth Sense," which is holding on to the No. 1 spot at the box office. It followed "The Blair Witch Project" into filmgoers' willing nightmares. Forthcoming horror films include "Stir of Echoes," with Kevin Bacon, top, and "Stigmata," above left, with Gabriel Byrne and Patricia Arquette. (Photographs by Michael P. Weinstein (top), Richard Forman Jr. (above left) and Spyglass Entertainment Group (above))(pg. E1); A scary trendsetter: Michael Williams in "The Blair Witch Project." (Artisan Entertainment)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** August 31, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Experience Matters: Creators in Midcareer and Beyond - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JSD-96X0-TW8F-G2H9-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

''DON'T trust anyone over 30'' was the street wisdom I grew up with.

I still find that excellent advice. But my faith in youthful inspiration has been tested recently; by art, of all things, or rather by the art world's fixation on barely-out-of-school talent.

Not that my interest in new art has in any way diminished. It hasn't. Still, these days I find my attention drawn to the not-so-new, to artists who are in midcareer and beyond, sometimes far beyond. Many such artists are in evidence in galleries and museums this month, and I'll mention a handful below, among them a posthumous hero, a poet-turned-artist, an octogenarian debutante. They have one thing in common: their work has developed over time and maintained its presence for a number of years. In a fast-food culture, as capricious in its erasures as in its rewards, that's the vote of confidence that counts.

Midcareer is a flexible category, defined partly by age, partly by time on the job. Sherrie Levine, a New York-based Conceptual artist who has a fine show at Paula Cooper Gallery, qualifies on both counts. Now just shy of 60, she had her first gallery solo in 1974, and came into her own in the 1980's with the wave of East Village ''appropriation art,'' work that lifted images from art history and popular culture to comment on history and culture themselves.

Ms. Levine's initial borrowings were from male modernists. She re-photographed Walker Evans photographs and presented the copies as her own to question what labels like ''original'' and ''classic'' meant, and why they were always applied to art by men. Her references have since expanded to literature and social history. Her shows have become free-associational ensembles, complex, witty, difficult to parse.

The Cooper show, which combines photographs of Spanish colonial religious paintings and Edward S. Curtis shots of Native Americans, with bronze casts of phrenological heads, human jawbones and hunting dog figurines, is no exception. It is at once an extended still life, a personalized collection and an essay on art, myth, politics and devotion. In it, Ms. Levine is doing basically what she was doing 20 years ago. But without changing her signature non-signature style, she has advanced and deepened her range. From questioning the original, she has become an original.

Gary Simmons is on a similar track. At 42, he has already had a midcareer survey, which recently came to the Studio Museum in Harlem. And his art is in the process of subtle, logical change. He is best known for his wall drawings of racially charged cartoon images, done in smudged white chalk on a dark ground. Rude but super-elegant, they're like graffiti art by Tiepolo.

The three new, king-size drawings that make up his solo show at Bohen Foundation, titled ''1964,'' apply the same style to what appears at first to be neutral content. The images depicted -- Philip Johnson's ultra-Modernist Glass House, the New York State Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair in Flushing, Queens; and the repeated form of a swinging chandelier from the Alfred Hitchcock film ''Marnie'' -- are, in Mr. Simmons's view, symbolically related.

Johnson, who had a history of fascist enthusiasms, designed the New York State Pavilion, at the invitation of the fair's president, Robert Moses. Moses was the man responsible for a slash-and-burn redesign of New York that all but destroyed certain ***working-class*** neighborhoods. The swinging chandelier, from a film about deceit and psychic instability, is intended as emblematic of a year that saw both the first stirrings of protest against the war in Vietnam and the murder of civil rights workers in Mississippi. It was also the year Mr. Simmons was born. All that information is burning away on a slow fuse in his art.

Although drawing is the medium of the moment, Mr. Simmons has been a superb draftsman for years, as has another midcareer figure, Manuel Ocampo, now having his first New York solo in some time. Born in the Philippines, he turned out sardonic riffs on Spanish colonial religious art through the 1990's. In his new paintings, which are basically drawings, he turns a satirist's eye on the art world itself in scatological allegories that skewer every value it holds dear. Mr. Ocampo's gallery, Gray Kapernekas, which specializes in artists who first gained notice in the 1980's and 90's, celebrates its first anniversary with his show.

Felix Gonzalez-Torres, another artist from those decades, grows more celebrated by the year, but is not around to enjoy the acclaim. He died of complications from AIDS at 39 in 1996. The honors usually awarded midcareer artists are piling up: he will represent the United States at the 2007 Venice Biennale; a book on him, with an essay by the Biennale's director, Robert Storr, will appear next month; and a retrospective will open in Berlin in September.

New Yorkers can see the beginnings of that retrospective in the slender, scrappy but evocative show ''Felix Gonzalez-Torres: Early Impressions,'' at El Museo del Barrio. Organized by the art historian Elvis Fuentes, it largely presents examples of the work done between 1978, when the Puerto Rican-born Gonzalez-Torres was still in school, and the late 1980's, when he moved to New York. Much of the material is collaborative and ephemeral; almost all of it is politically sharp.

If you know Gonzalez-Torres only from his late installations of candy and lights, you will have the pleasure of meeting the funny, voluble, vampy performer of the early videos. You will also encounter the elegiac artist of absences in a series of photographs of footprints in sand. And you will learn that this piece and others like it were inspired by the populist poster tradition of the artist's island homeland, where he began his creative life as a poet.

''I am a poet by vocation.'' The words might have been his. In fact, they were written in 1963 by Carl Andre, an artist who is closely identified with Minimalist sculpture, but who has always been on a path very much his own. Although his reputation has been somewhat overshadowed by that of his contemporary Donald Judd, Mr. Andre, at 71, remains the darker, more intense, more interesting figure, and you get some sense of that in his current solo show at Paula Cooper's second gallery space.

The show has several new pieces, but the real draw is early work, notably a selection from the 1972 series of poems titled ''Yucatan.'' Arranged in blocky chunks, with words taken from a 19th-century account of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, the poems are fractured, loquacious, the typographical equivalent of stutters and screams. And they find an ideal complement in two of the artist's sectional floor pieces, which seem to spread from corners of the room like oil spills or water from a rising tide. Altogether, they make a persuasive reintroduction to a major but undervalued artist.

Other significant late-career figures are getting fresh introductions. Thomas Bayrle, a Pop-era artist influential in Germany, is having his first American show in a quarter-century at Gavin Brown's Enterprise in the West Village. An early colleague of Sigmar Polke and Gerhard Richter and a teacher of Martin Kippenberger and Tobias Rehberger, Mr. Bayrle has a background in typesetting and weaving, and this comes through in his graphically crisp images of faces (Mao Zedong, Stalin, Orson Welles) and objects (chairs, cars, city buildings) composed of dozens of smaller faces and objects.

Stylistically, the pattern-intensive results look back to M. C. Escher and forward to Andreas Gursky and digital art. They're like products of an ornamental nanotechnology. And the sociopolitical thinking behind the work -- about the interdependence of the individual and the collective, and how positive or perilous that can be -- is almost more interesting than the pictures themselves.

Mitchell Algus Gallery continues its invaluable rescue of overlooked careers with a sampling of work by the Japanese-born, New York-based Takeshi Kawashima. The show isn't large, but it's extensive. It encompasses both Mr. Kawashima's eye-jolting red-and-black paintings from the 1960's and his recent, candy-colored ''Kaleidoscope.'' Both look good, and both are right in line with current trends in a Japanese pop art that has become a global favorite.

Contemporary African art is also gaining international notice. This is the intention behind ''Another Modernity: Works on Paper by Uche Okeke,'' a modest show at the Newark Museum. It's a vivid snapshot of the career of one of Nigeria's most influential senior figures, now in his early 70's.

The show traces his rapid-fire progress from academic realism in the 1950's to a calligraphic style based on indigenous art forms and myths in the nationalist 1960's, to his Expressionist responses to the Biafran civil war of the 1970's. Like many artists with a long-sustained work life, Mr. Okeke has been an important colleague and teacher, and even a partial list of his illustrious associates -- Bruce Onobrakpeya, El Anatsui and Olu Oguibe -- is sufficient to indicate the rich history here.

Mr. Okeke has capped his career with abstract work, though others have consistently worked in that mode. One is the Brooklyn-based Arlington Weithers, who was born in Guyana and had his first solo in 1973. His paintings were high points of ''Open House: Working in Brooklyn'' at the Brooklyn Museum a few years ago, and his new pictures at AFP Galleries, with their gemlike colors and fissured textures, are fabulous.

Among American abstract painters of a still earlier generation, Jack Youngerman, 80, deserves far more attention than he has received. In the 1950's, he lived at Coenties Slip in Lower Manhattan with Ellsworth Kelly and Agnes Martin and produced a body of gorgeous paintings. Suggesting hallucinatory flowers and eruptions of light, they exuded a brushy, European-style sensuousness that was out of favor at the time but looks fresh and attractive now. The 159 small paintings on paper in his current solo at Washburn include just such images, along with other more recent work, demonstrating the consistency and variety of this admirable artist's work over half a century.

A show by Mr. Youngerman's slightly older near-contemporary, Jules Olitski, 84, at Paul Kasmin is, technically, a midcareer event, with work from the 1970's. As one of the art critic Clement Greenberg's pet Color Field artists, Mr. Olitski gained wide exposure with spray-painted abstraction in the 1960's. In the following decade, he changed styles, beefing up his surfaces with slathered-on paint the color of ghee and molasses, and turned his hand to sculptures that looked like Serra's ''Torqued Ellipses'' in the bud. Mr. Olitski was in his 50's at the time. He had done a lot; he would do a lot more. It was a vital moment.

The vital moment came later for Florence Pierce, 88, who is making her New York solo debut at Howard Scott Gallery. Born in Washington, she studied in New Mexico in the 1930's with Emil Bisttram, one of the Taos Transcendentalists. She settled in Albuquerque, raised a family and continued to make art in various media.

It wasn't until the 1990's, when she discovered a technique for using resin on reflective surfaces, that she came to what she considers her mature work: the low-relief abstract paintings, in whites and light-refracting aquamarines, in the show. As Ms. Pierce puts it, it took her a lifetime of activity to arrive at an art about contemplation, and then she did so only by chance.

So wisdom comes with age after all. And what can it tell young artists ready to dash out of school? Don't just do something; sit there. Art takes time. Let your brilliant career have a middle, and a late period, and an end. Let it be long.

Artists Only Better With Age: The Exhibitions

CARL ANDRE, Paula Cooper Gallery, 521 West 21st Street, Chelsea, (212) 255-1105 (through April 29).

'ANOTHER MODERNITY: WORKS ON PAPER BY UCHE OKEKE,' the Newark Museum, 49 Washington Street, Newark, (973) 596-6550; www.newarkmuseum.org (through July 20).

THOMAS BAYRLE, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 620 Greenwich Street, West Village, (212) 627-5258 (through April 29).

'FeLIX GONZaLEZ-TORRES: EARLY IMPRESSIONS,' El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue at 104th Street, (212) 831-7272. www.elmuseo.org. (through May 21).

TAKESHI KAWASHIMA, Mitchell Algus Gallery, 511 West 25th Street, Suite 206, Chelsea, (212) 242-6242 (through April 29).

SHERRIE LEVINE, Paula Cooper Gallery, 534 West 21st Street, Chelsea, (212) 255-1105 (through April 29).

MANUEL OCAMPO, Gray Kapernekas Gallery, 526 West 26th Street., Suite 814, Chelsea, (212) 462-4150 (through April 29).

JULES OLITSKI: 'The 70's, PAINTING AND SCULPTURE,' Paul Kasmin Gallery, 293 10th Avenue, at 27th Street, Chelsea, (212) 563-4474 (through April 29).

FLORENCE PIERCE, Howard Scott Gallery, 529 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (646) 486-7004 (through May 20).

gary simmons, '1964,' Bohen Foundation, 415 West 13th Street, Chelsea, (212) 414-4575 (through May 26).

ARLINGTON WEITHERS, AFP Galleries, 41 East 57th Street, Suite 702, Manhattan, (212) 230-1003 (through April 28).

JACK YOUNGERMAN, Washburn Gallery, 20 West 57th Street, Manhattan, (212) 397- 6780 (through May 6).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Correction**

A review in Weekend yesterday about the work of midcareer artists misstated the birthplace of Felix Gonzalez-Torres, who died in 1996. It was Cuba; he spent several years in Puerto Rico before moving to the United States mainland.

**Correction-Date:** April 22, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: Above, from top, Thomas Bayrle's ''Orson Welles Green'' (1971), silkscreen on paper

and Jack Youngerman's ''Study Blue'' (1955), gouache and cut paper on paper. Mr. Youngerman is now 80 years old. (Photos by from top, Gavin Brown's Enterprise and Washburn Gallery)

Takeshi Kawashima's ''Red and Black'' (1966). Mr. Kawashima's work meets the growing international affinity for pop-influenced Japanese art. (Photo by Mitchell Algus Gallery)(pg. E31)

Gary Simmons's ''Reflection of a Future Past'' (2006) depicts the New York State Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair in Queens. (Photo by Tom Powel Imaging)

A detail from ''Untitled (Sand)'' by Felix Gonzalez-Torres at El Museo del Barrio. (Photo by Peter Muscato/The Felix Gonzalez-Torres Foundation)

''Mazunte: Home Decor'' (2004), by Arlington Weithers. (Photo by AFP Galleries)(pg. E39)

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**End of Document**



[***ALEXANDER'S SHUTS ALL ITS 11 STORES; PLANS LIQUIDATION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8G90-000P-245Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

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**Byline:** By STEPHANIE STROM

By STEPHANIE STROM

**Body**

The death knell rang for another big New York City retailer yesterday as Alexander's Inc. closed its 11 stores and filed for bankruptcy protection. The budget department store company, merchant to successive waves of struggling immigrants since 1928, said it would reopen the stores for a close-out sale, then cease operations.

The company, which has not turned a profit on its retail operations since 1987, will continue to try to sell or lease its stores, some of which occupy prime real estate locations like the one occupied by the flagship store at 58th Street and Lexington Avenue in Manhattan.

Alexander's demise will hurt the New York economy. The 5,200 employees will lose their jobs, and a significant amount of square footage will flood a real estate market already glutted with empty retail space. The Daily News, in which Alexander's was the second-largest advertiser, will also be hard hit.

Shift to Real Estate

Over the last decade, Alexander's managers and owners became more interested in developing the company's real estate and allowed the retailing business to decline, failing to address ever-intensifying competition from new discount stores and price wars that made department-store merchandise less expensive.

At many locations, the Alexander's stores sit in shopping centers where the presence of other large stores may help diffuse the loss. But the damage will be felt strongly in the Fordham Road section of the Bronx, where the Alexander's on the Grand Concourse has anchored a thriving shopping district of smaller shops and ornate movie theaters. Alexander's bought that store, its second, in 1933 and made it the flagship of its chain until the company finally moved into Manhattan in 1963. [Page 27.]

Outposts in the Suburbs

When its customers began moving out of the city, Alexander's moved with them, establishing beachheads in White Plains and Paramus, N.J., offering middle-class shoppers quality goods at bargain prices.

"With its passing, the Bronx loses one of its distinctions, because even though it moved its headquarters to Manhattan, in the minds of many Bronx residents, it was always a Bronx store," said Lloyd Ultan, a professor of history at Fairleigh Dickinson University who has written four books about the Bronx.

The end of Alexander's highlights the extraordinary difficulties the retail industry has had in the New York area. Some of the proudest names in the business have closed in the last decade -- Gimbels, B. Altman and May's, as well as Ohrbach's, S. Klein and E. J. Korvette. Others, including Bloomingdale's and Macy's, filed for bankruptcy, but survived.

"This is not just an individual story about a retailer fallen on hard times but another very sad part of the difficulties of the whole retail scene in New York City," said Samuel M. Ehrenhalt, regional commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, a division of the Labor Department.

In its heyday in the 1930's, the Alexander's at Fordham Road and the Grand Concourse boasted more sales per square foot than any other retailer in the country. It was one of the last department stores to cater to the needs and wallets of New York's struggling immigrant and ***working-class*** shoppers. It served the Jewish, Irish and Italian communities of the Bronx and northern Manhattan until the mid-1960's when the ethnic makeup of the borough began changing.

Its founder, George Farkas, who named the stores for his father, developed the strategy of finding a niche between discount houses selling hardware and housewares and full-service department stores. "Dad went right in between with decor and ambiance, but with style, fashion and price," Robin L. Farkas, the company's chairman, said at the time of his father's death in 1980. "It had not been done that way before."

With the opening of a third store, in White Plains, Mr. Farkas stayed open in the evening, which no other Westchester County department store did at the time.

In Decline Since Mid-1980's

But the company, which sold stock to the public in 1968, has been in decline since the mid-1980's. In its last five years, only when the company sold stores did it have a profit. And sales have dropped to $430 million last fiscal year from $525 million in 1988. Mr. Farkas said losses of the last two years reached $40 million and were expected to continue.

"Alexander's retail business is not viable, and there is little prospect of turning it around," Mr. Farkas said. "It is simply no longer capable of producing the cash flow necessary.

From its unkempt facade to the cheap, no-frills merchandise it sold, Alexander's stood out in the industry, where glitz, glamour and excess predominated.

But in the last decade, the value of real estate increased geometrically, and Alexander's had several pricey pieces of property, including its Roosevelt Field store in Garden City, L.I., and the stores on Lexington Avenue and Fordham Road.

Because high-stakes real estate seemed far sexier and more lucrative than discount retailing, the company neglected retailing. At the same time, an increasing number of competitors -- Kmart, Conway, Conran's and outlet stores -- started chipping away at Alexander's sales.

"For a long time, Alexander's was *the* alternative to the department stores," said James Posner of Posner Associates, a retail consulting firm. "Now people have lots of alternatives, and Alexander's hasn't given them any reason to continue to shop there."

Mayor David N. Dinkins said in a statement, "This is a sad day for New York City." Mr. Dinkins said he was particularly concerned about Alexander's employees, "the vast majority of whom are people of color and half of whom are women."

Alexander's stopped paying its bills in March, when it announced that it could not meet some requirements of its loan agreements. Since then, it has received little new merchandise.

In its filing with the bankruptcy court, Alexander's listed assets of $183.7 million and liabilities of $95.7 million. Bankruptcy experts say the value of Alexander's real estate insures that its banks, suppliers and even its shareholders are likely to recoup their losses in the long run.

"The trade creditors are, of course, sad to see another good retailer leave the New York scene, but our expectation is that the suppliers will receive 100 cents on the dollar," said Andrew H. Tananbaum, president of Century Factors Inc., a financing company that is one of Alexander's creditors.

Despite its difficulties, the company's board had opted to keep the stores open while Financo, an investment house, shopped them around. The company's two largest shareholders, who between them own more than 50 percent of the stock, are Citibank and Interstate Properties, a New Jersey real estate developer.

Too Little Money Coming In

But too little money was coming in, and Alexander's filed for protection under Chapter 11 of the Federal Bankruptcy Code early yesterday morning. The company had been expected to ask for bankruptcy protection last Friday, but the company's directors could not agree on a strategy and delayed the filing.

Investors were not frightened by the prospect of bankruptcy. On Thursday, Alexander's stock closed at its highest price in several months: $12 a share. Trading in the stock was suspended yesterday.

But real estate brokers were wringing their hands yesterday at the thought of hundreds of thousands of feet of more retail space added to the already depressed market. In the heady days of the 1980's, Alexander's was the object of desire for developers like Donald J. Trump, the Bass brothers of Fort Worth and Mr. Roth, who bid its stock up to more than $75 in an effort to buy its properties. The battles these glamorous millionaires fought for control of the proudly plebeian store chain were the top subject of brokers' gossip for years.

"Now who needs that real estate?" said Robert Futterman, senior vice president of Garrick-Aug Associates Store Leasing Inc., a retail real estate company. "When I heard the news first thing this morning, I thought that's the absolute worst thing that could have happened in my market."

The store closings will also swell the ranks of unemployed department store workers in the city. Employment at the city's department stores has dropped 40 percent in the last decade, from 52,000 to 33,000, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The decline has accelerated in five years, when more than 20 percent of the workers in local department stores have lost their jobs.

"I've been involved 34 years in the retail business in this city, and I've never seen it this bad," said Lenore Miller, president of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union. "I don't know where all those people are going to go." Alexander's employees were not represented by a union.

At The Daily News, which is also in bankruptcy, Les Goodstein, vice president of advertising, said the newspaper had been aware of the chain's problems for some time and planned for reduced advertising revenues. "We have budgeted very conservative estimates through the remainder of this year," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: The Alexander's that anchored a shopping district on Grand Concourse in the Bronx was one of 11 closed. (Suzanne DeChillo for The New York Times)

Map of the Tri-state are showing locations of the Alexander's stores. (pg. 27)

**Load-Date:** May 16, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RNR-MVP0-TW8F-G0C4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

ART

Museums and galleries are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of recent art shows: nytimes.com/art.

Museums

HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA: 'FRANCIS AL$(YUML$)S FABIOLA,' through April 6. The first of three collaborations between the Dia Foundation for the Arts and the Hispanic Society of America is an astutely site-specific display of 300 Fabiola paintings collected by the artist Francis Als, who is based in Mexico. Made by devout amateurs worldwide, all are based on a lost original from 1885 and show Fabiola, the fourth-century saint, in profile, wearing a vibrant red veil. Mr. Als's 300 examples pepper dark-wood-paneled galleries with smoldering color and are consistent with the collaborative, subversive and open-ended nature of his art. North Building Galleries on Audubon Terrace, Broadway between 155th and 156th Streets, Washington Heights, (212) 926-2234, diaart.org.

(Roberta Smith)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: 'BRIDGING EAST AND WEST: THE CHINESE DIASPORA AND LIN YUTANG,' through Feb. 10. Focused on a single modern family art collection, this show weaves like a DNA strand through the Met's Chinese painting galleries. The 40 examples of painting and calligraphy belonged to the writer and scholar Lin Yutang (1895-1976) and his descendants, who have divided their time between China and the West. Accumulated over years, the collection has the casual logic of a household photo album, with evidence of shared habits, tastes and temperaments, and of personal interchange between generations. (212) 535-7710, metmuseum.org.

(Holland Cotter)

MORGAN LIBRARY & MUSEUM: 'CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: IRVING PENN PORTRAITS OF ARTISTS AND WRITERS,' through April 13. Last spring, in its first foray into modern photography, the Morgan Library & Museum acquired 67 of Irving Penn's portraits of artists, writers and musicians. (Thirty-five were donated by Mr. Penn.) The entire group is temporarily on view in an exhibition that complements the library's collection of 20th-century drawings, manuscripts, books and musical scores. Organized by a guest curator, Peter Barberie, ''Close Encounters'' encompasses work from the 1940s, when Mr. Penn first started to work for Vogue, through portraits published in The New Yorker in 2006. Mr. Penn's subjects, including Marcel Duchamp, Arthur Miller and Truman Capote, emerged from their portrait sessions with their carefully shaped personas profoundly shaken. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, (212) 685-0008, themorgan.org.

(Karen Rosenberg)

MUSEUM OF ARTS & DESIGN: 'PRICKED: EXTREME EMBROIDERY,' through April 27. The second in a series of exhibitions (following last year's ''Radical Lace and Subversive Knitting''), ''Pricked'' makes another case for needlecraft without the ''craft.'' The show places widely known contemporary artists like Laura Owens and Ghada Amer alongside Elaine Reichek and others who have been working with thread and textiles since the '70s. In the best works historical and technical concerns overlap, just as they do in traditional embroidered samplers. 40 West 53rd Street, Manhattan, (212) 956-3535, madmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART: 'NEW PERSPECTIVES IN LATIN AMERICAN ART, 1930-2006: SELECTIONS FROM A DECADE OF ACQUISITIONS,' through Feb. 25. Collecting Latin American art is a long-standing tradition at MoMA, but it languished a bit in the 1960s and '70s. These recent acquisitions attest to its resurgence in the '90s, with a shift toward various forms of Constructivist-based abstraction that emerged from that region, starting in the postwar period. Unusually oriented toward the body in its emphasis on optical perception and the possibility of function, these selections set the stage for subsequent generations of artists, many of whom are also represented here. The postwar works are especially exceptional, and historically important, but the choices throughout are for the most part excellent. (212) 708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: 'LIFE'S PLEASURES: THE ASHCAN ARTISTS' BRUSH WITH LEISURE, 1895-1925,' through Feb. 10. Artists of the Ashcan School, including Robert Henri, John Sloan, William Glackens and others, were known for painting the poor and ***working-class*** sides of life in early-20th-century New York. They also enjoyed sporting events, the theater, the circus, dining in fancy restaurants and trips to Coney Island, and the paintings they made of these and other recreational subjects make for a lively, engaging exhibition. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, (212) 873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Ken Johnson)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: 'KARA WALKER: MY COMPLEMENT, MY ENEMY, MY OPPRESSOR, MY LOVE,' through Feb. 3. Kara Walker's exquisite, implacable, loose-cannon retrospective at the Whitney Museum is about race, whether in silhouette panoramas cut from black paper, in incendiary drawings or in narrative videos made with shadow puppets. They add up to one of the most important and stirring bodies of art produced by any American in the past 15 years. 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, (212) 570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: SoHo

ALAN SARET: 'GANG DRAWINGS' The gangs referred to in Alan Saret's latest exhibition, the first major show of his work since a 1990 retrospective at P.S. 1, aren't Angels or Outlaws, Bloods or Crips. Instead they are clutched fistfuls of colored pencils scraped, twirled or swept across the page. The earliest examples are from the late 1960s and executed on graph paper. Later Mr. Saret broke free of the grid, stretching out onto larger sheets of paper. Drawings like ''Liquiacoriadance Entering'' or ''The Verg Integranxin Ensoulment'' reveal Mr. Saret's spiritualist bent, but works like ''Triple Cluster'' or ''Three Circles Ruled & Free Sweep'' leave you free to contemplate his draftsmanship without pondering its possible metaphysical functions. The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster Street, (212) 219-2166, drawingcenter.org, through Feb. 7.

(Martha Schwendener)

Galleries: Chelsea

'ACCIDENTAL MODERNISM' As its title suggests, this exhibition meditates on the role of chance in art -- such meditation being a basic strategy, at least since the first collage. The distinctions between accident, randomness and decay are explored in works by Rudolf Stingel, Keith Tyson, Adam McEwen, Josh Smith, Dieter Roth, Ann Craven and Bill Morrison. Exercising the utmost control, Robert Watts and Richard Pettibone pay homage to Marcel Duchamp, the prime mover of chance. Leslie Tonkonow Artworks & Projects, 535 West 22nd Street, (212) 255-8450, tonkonow.com, through Feb. 16. (Smith)

EL ANATSUI: 'ZEBRA CROSSING' Linking together zillions of liquor bottle caps and foil bottleneck wrappers using twists of copper wire, El Anatsui creates enormous, ravishing tapestries. They rightly have made this University of Nigeria sculpture professor an international art star. The danger is that the works could start to seem gimmicky, but for now, they are visually stunning, and the adroitly managed marriage of Pop Art and Social Realism -- i.e., commentary on alcoholism -- is impressive. Jack Shainman Gallery, 513 West 20th Street, (212) 645-1701, jackshainman.com, through Feb. 2. (Johnson)

KAREN KILIMNIK From a distance Karen Kilimnik's blue and green paintings in chandelier-lighted galleries read as romantic minimalism, in contrast to the baroque flourishes evident in her retrospective now at the Aspen Art Museum in Colorado. Look closely at the walls, however, and you will see rebellious smears of white glitter paint. Dating from 2001 to 2007, the works are geographically diffuse but visually coherent. In a series of paintings of mountain peaks, twilight skies and ocean depths, titles specify far-flung locations -- Fiji, the Sahara and Siberia among them -- but the paintings merge into a fantasia of blue, green and purple. Ms. Kilimnik's keen color sense makes these works as haunting as they are precious. 303 Gallery, 525 West 22nd Street, (212) 255-1121, 303gallery.com, through Feb. 23. (Rosenberg)

BERTIEN VAN MANEN: 'A HUNDRED SUMMERS, A HUNDRED WINTERS' Traveling through the former Soviet Union between 1990 and 1994, the Dutch photographer Bertien van Manen used an automatic camera to snap pictures of people in and around their homes. The photographs were collected in a book with the same title as this show (it is now out of print), but they were never exhibited in New York. Viewed today, her portrait of a society in transition is a welcome counterpoint to the oligarch-dominated public image of the New Russia. Ms. van Manen may have undertaken her journey in the spirit of Robert Frank, but the seductive proximity of her photographs is more reminiscent of Nan Goldin. Yancey Richardson, 535 West 22nd Street, (646) 230-9610, yanceyrichardson.com, through Feb. 16. (Rosenberg)

Out of Town

ALJIRA, A CENTER FOR CONTEMPORARY ART: '5 DAYS IN JULY: A VIDEO INSTALLATION,' 'BENDING THE GRID: REST IN PEACE' AND 'REBUILDING NEWARK,' through Feb. 23. The historical centerpiece here is ''5 Days in July,'' a video installation distilling the events of the catastrophic racial disturbances in Newark in 1967. It is complemented by ''Bending the Grid,'' Helen Stummer's tough, beautiful photographs of street memorials created in honor of young people who died violent deaths in the city in the past few years. As to the future, ''Rebuilding Newark'' offers a modest but heartening survey of community development organizations that have materialized over the past 40 years. There are a lot of them, and Aljira should be counted as one. 591 Broad Street, Newark, (973) 622-1600, aljira.org. (Cotter)

Last Chance

ART & PROJECT BULLETINS: 1968-1989 Everyone who was anyone in Conceptual Art was given the run of at least one, and usually several, issues of Art & Project during the 21-year life of its publisher, the Amsterdam gallery of the same name. Each issue was only a single sheet of newsprint folded into four pages, but the format was perfect for photo-documentation, drawings and proposals, as well as for artworks that existed nowhere else. This exhibition of 132 of the 156 issues forms a fascinating line. Specific Object/David Platzker, 601 West 26th Street, Chelsea, (212) 242-6253, specificobject.com; closes on Friday. (Smith)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS: 'THE WORLD OUTSIDE: A SURVEY EXHIBITION 1991-2007' A product of the Cuban avant-garde of the late '80s and now a resident of Santo Domingo, Quisqueya Henriquez has exhibited extensively in solo and group shows in North and South America. In her clever, ideologically pointed sculptures, installations, collages and videos, she aims to deconstruct prejudicial stereotypes about the arts and cultures of Latin America. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, (718) 681-6000, bronxmuseum.org; closes on Sunday. (Johnson)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM: 'INFINITE ISLAND: CONTEMPORARY CARIBBEAN ART' This large show, with 45 artists and a collective of designers, photographers and architects from the Dominican Republic adding to the count, fills two floors of temporary exhibition space, and care has been given to the selection. Several of the most substantial pieces were commissioned for the occasion. Organized by Tumelo Mosaka, associate curator of exhibitions at Brooklyn, it's an in-house job, a labor of love, though an uneven one. Too much work treads ground already covered by other art over the years. But what's good is really good, and the very existence of a show about identity politics, out of mainstream fashion in 2007, is cause for serious reflection. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, (718) 638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org; closes on Sunday. (Cotter)

'THE COMPLEXITY OF THE SIMPLE' This beautiful show mixes works of reductive abstraction and of anti-orthodox insouciance by 19 artists. A pristine black-and-white diptych by Ellsworth Kelly faces off with a wooden chair by Tom Friedman that has been drilled with so many holes that it seems to be dissolving in space. Elsewhere there are a hassock-size cylinder of cast black glass by Roni Horn and a large, gnarly tree limb covered by gold glass beads by Liza Lou. L&M Arts, 45 East 78th Street, (212) 861-0020, lmgallery.com; closes on Thursday. (Johnson) FRICK COLLECTION: GABRIEL DE SAINT-AUBIN 1724-1780 One of 18th-century France's greatest draftsmen, Gabriel de Saint-Aubin drew all the time and everywhere he went. He usually worked small, and in many cases you need one of the magnifying glasses provided at the museum to fully appreciate the subtlety and detail. Nevertheless, he had tremendous range. Whether conjuring epic visions of Ancient Roman history or recording intimate views of domestic quietude, he produced works of nonstop graphic liveliness, extraordinary sensuousness and hypersensitive alertness to perceptual reality. 1 East 70th Street, (212) 288-0700, frick.org; closes on Sunday. (Johnson) \* KAMOINGE: 'REVEALING THE FACE OF KATRINA' The 10 artists in this group show are members of Kamoinge, a collective of African-American photographers founded in 1963. All traveled to different parts of the Gulf region in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina and recorded, in distinctively different ways, what they found: ruined neighborhoods in a panoramic view of the Lower Ninth Ward by Gerald Cyrus; displaced citizens in portraits by Collette V. Fournier, John Pinderhughes, Herb Robinson and Radcliffe Roye; signs and memorials in pictures by Salimah Ali. The individual images are gripping; the cumulative record far more than that. H P Gallery at Calumet Photo, 22 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 989-8500, calumetphoto.com; closes Friday. (Cotter)

MASK The ubiquity of the mask, regardless of time, place or purpose, is the impetus behind this richly textured exhibition, which includes a global sampling dating back to pre-Columbian South America with examples of mask related-contemporary art. Old and older tend to dominate, but while masks may not be what they once were in terms of physical ingenuity or conjuring, the motif remains both powerful and useful to living artists. Masks, after all, are us, as this show proves, one way or another 75 times. James Cohan Gallery, 533 West 26th Street, Chelsea, (212) 714-9500, jamescohan.com; closes Saturday. (Smith)

'MULTIPLE INTERPRETATIONS: CONTEMPORARY PRINTS IN PORTFOLIO' Digitally produced fake mug shots of Bush administration officials by Nora Ligorano and Marshall Reese have stirred up some controversy, but otherwise this is a mild, inoffensive show. Presenting works in various styles by 23 artists added to the New York Public Library's print collection over the past 10 years, the show has a number of highlights, including Thomas Nozkowski's eccentric, abstract etchings; wide-angle views of men trying on suits in a luxurious store, engraved by Andrew Raftery; and funny, absurdly rudimentary cartoons etched by David Shrigley. New York Public Library, (212) 592-7730, nypl.org; closes on Sunday. (Johnson)

'ONE: TEN ARTISTS/TEN MATERIALS, IN MEMORIAM TO SOL LEWITT' A homage to Sol LeWitt organized by the sculptor Dove Bradshaw, this finely tuned show features Minimalist and Conceptualist works by Robert Barry, Marcia Hafif, Jene Highstein and seven others. A piece by Mr. LeWitt is included: a single, roughly horizontal line penciled across one wall according to instructions that read, ''A not straight line from the left side to the right, drawn at a convenient height.'' Bjorn Ressle, 16 East 79th Street, (212) 744-2266, ressleart.com; closes on Saturday. (Johnson)

JASON RHOADES Dense, sprawling, endlessly suggestive, the last environment from a purveyor of industrial-strength scatter art (who died suddenlyin 2006 at 41) overwhelms, but remains diffuse and unresolved. It is festooned with slang terms for vagina that are spelled out in neon, like the word beer in a bar, and crammed with ersatz souvenirs from around the world, and accompanied by tapes of entertainments orchestrated by the artist when the work filled his Los Angeles studio. The art, sex and tourist trades are evoked; an atmosphere at once demonic, exultant and desperate builds. A small, barren, shedlike office in the back corner suggests a vacant loneliness behind all the fulmination. David Zwirner, 525 West 19th Street , Chelsea, (212) 727-2070, davidzwirner.com; closes on Saturday. (Smith)

JIM SHAW: 'DR. GOLDFOOT AND HIS BIKINI BOMBS' His career may span more than 30 years, but this California artist continues to specialize in pranksterish, at times sophomoric art. His latest show is overstuffed with such efforts, but there are a few redeeming moments, especially a large, spooky Photo-Realist-Surrealist canvas that gives the show its title. Metro Pictures, 519 West 24th Street, Chelsea, (212) 206-7100, metropicturesgallery.com; closes on Friday. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Load-Date:** January 25, 2008

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[***TWO YEARS LATER: IMAGES; A Rare View Of Sept. 11, Overlooked***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49G9-K4V0-01KN-20GM-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By JAMES GLANZ

**Body**

They did not even see the pale fleck of the airplane streak across the corner of the video camera's field of view at 8:46 a.m. But the camera, pointed at the twin towers from the passenger seat of an S.U.V. in Brooklyn near the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, kept rolling when the plane disappeared for an instant and then a silent, billowing cloud of smoke and dust slowly emerged from the north tower, as if it had sprung a mysterious kind of leak.

The S.U.V., carrying an immigrant worker from the Czech Republic who was making a video postcard to send home, then entered the mouth of the tunnel and emerged, to the shock of the three men inside the vehicle, nearly at the foot of the now burning tower.

The camera, pointed upward, zoomed in and out, and then, with a roar in the background that built to a piercing screech, it locked on the terrifying image of the second plane as it soared, like some awful bird of prey, almost straight overhead, banking steeply, and blasted into the south tower.

It was not until almost two weeks later that the worker, Pavel Hlava, even realized that he had captured the first plane on video. Even then, Mr. Hlava, who speaks almost no English, did not realize that he had some of the rarest footage collected of the World Trade Center disaster. His is the only videotape known to have recorded both planes on impact, and only the second image of any kind showing the first strike.

The tape -- a kind of accidentally haunting artifact -- has surfaced publicly only now, on the eve of the second anniversary of the attacks, after following the most tortuous and improbable of paths, from an insular circle of Czech-American ***working-class*** friends and drinking buddies.

At one point, a friend of Mr. Hlava's wife traded a copy of the tape to another Czech immigrant for a bar tab at a pub in Ridgewood, Queens. Mr. Hlava and his brother, Josef, who was also in the S.U.V. on Sept. 11, tried at various times to sell the tape, both in New York and in the Czech Republic. But with little sophistication about the news media and no understanding of the tape's significance, the brothers had no success.

Eventually, a woman happened to learn of the tape from the pub deal at a school where one of the Czech immigrants was studying English. She brought it to the attention of a freelance news photographer who doubled as her ballroom dancing partner, and that man, Walter Karling, brought the tape to The New York Times.

For all the tape's imperfections -- the first plane is seen distantly, and Mr. Hlava's hand is understandably far from steady at many points during the hourlong record -- federal investigators who are studying the collapse of the towers say that they are now trying to obtain a copy for the data it may contain. A lack of information on the first strike, for example, has posed a major challenge to engineers trying to understand exactly why the north tower crumbled. The tape could, for example, help investigators pin down the precise speed at which the first plane was moving when it struck the tower.

In an interview on Thursday, Mr. Hlava said through a translator -- David Melichar, who with Mr. Karling now describes himself as Mr. Hlava's agent -- that the language barrier had much to do with why no one beyond his family and friends had seen the tape. Finally, Mr. Hlava said, so much time had passed that he doubted anyone would still be interested.

"All his friends, they told him, 'Hey, you made a mistake. You waited too long.' " Mr. Melichar said.

Mr. Melichar also made it clear that the driver of the S.U.V., a Ford Explorer, had strong objections to releasing the tape. And because the driver, a Russian native named Mike Cohen, is Mr. Hlava's boss on his construction job, that wish carried a certain weight.

"Three thousand people died in that place," Mr. Cohen said when reached on his cell phone on Friday. "I told him the day he's gonna sell that film, he's not gonna work for me anymore." Mr. Karling said yesterday morning that The New York Times had not paid for the tape, and that it had not been sold to any television station. ABC is scheduled to show the tape for the first time on the program "This Week With George Stephanopoulos" at 9 a.m. today. ABC did not pay for the tape, said Tom Bettag, executive producer of the program.

But last night, Mr. Karling, who said he was acting as Mr. Hlava's agent, asserted that ABC did not get the tape from Mr. Hlava and would be violating his copyright if it was broadcast. He warned the network that Mr. Hlava was prepared to take legal action to protect his copyright.

A spokesman for ABC could not be reached for comment early today.

In the months after the attack, the tape bounced around in Mr. Hlava's apartment in Ridgewood. Once, he found it in his daughter's closet, Mr. Hlava said; another time, in a drawer in his living room table.

On one occasion he noticed that his son was playing with the video camera and erasing the tape. Mr. Hlava snatched the camera away before either of the plane impacts had been wiped away.

On the morning of Sept. 11, Mr. Cohen was driving with Mr. Hlava, who was in the passenger seat, to a job site in Pennsylvania. Normally he would have driven around Manhattan. But Mr. Hlava's brother Josef had just arrived from the Czech Republic and was coming along on the trip to Pennsylvania. So, Mr. Cohen recalled, Mr. Hlava asked him if he would drive past the towers -- Josef had never seen them up close.

Mr. Cohen had no objection, and he headed for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. As they drove, he listened to talk radio in English and spoke to the Hlava brothers in Russian, which they understood by virtue of having grown up in a country that was part of the Eastern Bloc. As the brothers spoke to each other in Czech, occasional one- or two-word exchanges in English also punctuated the conversation.

Pavel Hlava also decided to try out a new Sony video camera by recording everything he could see on this trip -- traffic, billboards, the cityscape -- and sending it back to his family in Europe. So, as the S.U.V. drove beneath the Gowanus Expressway toward the tunnel entrance, he zoomed in on the twin towers, which rose up beyond the other side of the East River, northwest of him.

"Now they are beautifully visible," Mr. Hlava narrated in the manner of home movies. "Do you see that? The two tallest buildings in New York: 411 meters."

Several officials at the Czech Center in Manhattan, who listened to the tape and translated portions, said that Mr. Hlava's accent was heavy with the cadences of a depressed mining region centered on a town called Ostrava in the Czech Republic. Mr. Hlava said he spent many years working the mines near Ostrava before losing his job and coming to the United States in 1999.

The S.U.V. continued toward the tunnel. Panning left, above the buses and delivery trucks and cars in the toll plaza, Mr. Hlava zoomed in on a poster for the Arnold Schwarzenegger film "Collateral Damage." A big yawn, presumably by Mr. Hlava, punctuated the tape. Then he panned to the right.

There were the twin towers again, geometric shapes in whites and pale blues against the slightly deeper blue of the sky. The tops of the towers stuck up above a white railing in the foreground, the south tower closer, the north tower with its television antenna behind.

Mr. Hlava would remember that as he zoomed in at that moment, he was looking at the camera's relatively low-resolution LCD display, not through the viewfinder. He did not see the whitish object move nearly parallel to the top of the railing, toward the towers. His camera was jostling around slightly as the object went behind the northeast corner of the north tower.

What looked at first like a sort of avalanche of dust spurting from the tower's side, then a silvery, expanding cloud, appeared in the image, growing until its upper edge reached high above the top of the tower.

American Airlines Flight 11 had struck the north tower, but seemingly no one at the toll plaza had noticed. The traffic crept forward toward the tunnel entrance. Mr. Hlava kept the camera on.

Inside the tunnel, Mr. Cohen heard a radio report that a small private plane had hit the World Trade Center. He warned the Hlava brothers that traffic could slow down, since the towers were straight ahead outside the tunnel.

But when they came into the sunlight, the north tower, looming hugely above them, was bursting with flames, like a giant candlestick. 'Stop, stop, Mike!' one of the brothers shouted in English. 'Oh my God! Oh my God!' another exclaimed. 'Stop, Mike,' the first said again.

They stopped and got out of the S.U.V. Mr. Hlava could not absorb what he was seeing. He gamely tried to continue with his video postcard.

"A short while ago we were camera-ing the twins and they were cool," he said in Czech. "And now they're on fire."

For some reason, Mr. Hlava turned the camera sideways, so in the videotape, the towers appeared to be horizontal. He turned it back.

Next there was the shrieking crescendo of a jet approaching from behind them. The volume of the noise was terrifying, Mr. Hlava later said. The dark shape of the plane shot into view, its right side tilted up so high that the wings seemed to be almost vertical.

The plane dived into the belly of the south tower, an orange fireball burst forth, and papers flew in every direction, fluttering through the air. What looked almost like a dual mushroom cloud crept up a corner of the tower. People were heard screaming on the street. Car alarms went off, like demons released from the earth.

"Mike!" Mr. Hlava shouted. "I got it on tape!"

Someone else, possibly Josef, shouted: "It's an attack, brother. That's not normal."

After a few moments, the reply was "Let's leave or something else will happen, dude."

For a few minutes the brothers looked around for the plane, which seemed to have simply disappeared. In the confusion of the moment, Josef Hlava said he thought that it must have shot through and fallen to the ground.

Equally confused, Mr. Cohen offered the theory, in Russian, that the first plane knocked out crucial communications by disabling the big antenna on top of the north tower; that, he said, left other planes without guidance and one of them had wandered into the south tower accidentally.

In spite of all the chaos, Mr. Hlava still recognized, on some level at least, that he had created an irreplaceable record. "I hope no one takes my camera," he said at one point.

By the time police officers had directed the S.U.V. in a wide circle, first to the western edge of Manhattan, then around its southern tip and north again on the F.D.R. Drive along the East River, Mr. Hlava had regained some of his composure and continued with what had become, perhaps, the strangest and most tragic video postcard of all time.

"Right now I'm under the Brooklyn Bridge and I'm taping," he said as they drove north, still very close to the burning twin towers. "After the Brooklyn Bridge," he said, panning back toward the flames, "comes the catastrophe."

Soon thereafter, his camera was again rolling as the south tower tilted to one side and then fell amid heavy, black smoke. "Mike!" Mr. Hlava shouted again. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"It's falling down!" he said in Czech. Then he shouted in English, "Downstairs, downstairs building," apparently meaning that it had fallen.

They drove on to Pennsylvania.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Seconds after the first plane struck the World Trade Center. (Photo by Pavel Hlava)(pg. 1); In frames taken from a video shot by Pavel Hlava, from left, the first plane appears as a small white spot approaching the north tower; then three frames show the second plane approaching and hitting the south tower. (Photos by The New York Times; Images by Pavel Hlava); Pavel Hlava, left, shot a video of the Sept. 11 attack as he and Mike Cohen were driving into Manhattan. Mr. Hlava was making a video postcard to send to the Czech Republic. The tape has surfaced publicly only now. (Photo by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. 34)

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**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49RB-KJ30-01KN-21XS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 2157 words

**Body**

A selective listing by Times critics of new or noteworthy movies playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film. Ratings and running times are in parentheses.

Now Playing

\* "CASA DE LOS BABYS," starring Maggie Gyllenhaal, Daryl Hannah, Marcia Gay Harden, Susan Lynch, Mary Steenburgen and Lili Taylor. Written and directed by John Sayles (R, 95 minutes). A typical Sayles ensemble piece, the movie follows six white American women, all but one over 30, impatiently waiting out their lengthy residency requirements in an unidentified South American country before picking up their adoptive babies. If some of the jigsaw pieces in this beautifully acted movie are too fragmentary and crowded together, its evenhanded view of two cultures uneasily transacting the most personal business resonates with truth. The movie adheres to the essayistic format of Mr. Sayles's earlier movies, and its attitude is rooted in his understanding of the degree to which money, class and ethnicity determine our points of view (Stephen Holden).

\* "DEMONLOVER." Starring Connie Nielsen, Chloe Sevigny, Gina Gershon and Charles Berling. Directed by Olivier Assayas (unrated, 120 minutes). A tricky and ambitious techno-thriller, "Demonlover" begins as a post-Hitchcockian corporate melodrama involving the fight to control a Japanese pornography company and slowly turns into a cinematic video game. Its enigmatic antiheroine (Ms. Nielsen) is an industrial spy who suggests a female cyberage equivalent of the archetypal Man With No Name. The movie plays head games as relentlessly as she pursues espionage and clashes with other corporate spies, played by Ms. Gershon and Ms. Sevigny. On its way to a nightmarish cul-de-sac, this conceptually audacious but not always successful film makes the same kind of leaps into the irrational as "Mulholland Drive" and "Fight Club" (Holden).

\* "DUPLEX," starring Ben Stiller, Drew Barrymore and Eileen Essell. Directed by Danny DeVito (PG-13, 89 minutes). Mr. Stiller and Ms. Barrymore play Alex and Nancy, a young couple whose dreams of finding real-estate bliss in Brooklyn are complicated by their new tenant, an ancient and annoying woman (Ms. Essell) who annoys them almost to the point of homicide. Mr. DeVito's comedies have often explored the murderous rage that lurks within the hearts of otherwise civilized people, and this one, sharply written by Larry Doyle, turns Alex and Nancy's predicament into a double-edged satire of gentrification, yuppie entitlement and New York real-estate obsession. The old lady, while monstrously manipulative and stubborn, might also represent an indomitable urban life force resisting gentrification (A. O. Scott).

"THE FIGHTING TEMPTATIONS," starring Cuba Gooding Jr. and Beyonce Knowles. Directed by Jonathan Lynn (PG-13, 123 minutes). Mr. Gooding plays Darrin Hill, a slick, dishonest advertising executive who returns to his hometown in Georgia for his aunt's funeral. There, because of a clause in her will, he becomes director of the church choir that banished his mother for singing R&B and has done the same to his boyhood sweetheart, a sultry chanteuse named Lily (Ms. Knowles). The struggle between sacred and profane impulses is an old one in American popular music, and here it is given an interesting contemporary twist. This movie, lumpily directed by Mr. Lynn, was produced by MTV Films, the filmmaking arm of a network not known for its piety. But "The Fighting Temptations" is thoroughly sanctified, presenting a carefully inoffensive story filled with inspirational performances by (in addition to Ms. Knowles) Shirley Caesar, Montel Jordan and, best of all, the O'Jays, who just happen to work at the local barbershop (Scott).

"MATCHSTICK MEN," starring Nicolas Cage, Sam Rockwell and Alison Lohman. Directed by Ridley Scott (PG-13, 105 minutes). Mr. Cage and Mr. Rockwell are Roy and Frank, a mismatched pair of con artists. Frank is an easygoing slob, while Roy is a full-blown obsessive-compulsive neurotic. Just as they are about to embark on an ambitious, long con, Roy's long-lost teenage daughter, Angela (Ms. Lohman), shows up to upend his pathologically ordered universe. Ms. Lohman has a winning naturalness that almost makes you forgive the movie's slick implausibility and emotional bankruptcy. It can be quite enjoyable, if also a little exhausting, to watch Mr. Cage act crazy. What fun there is to be had in "Matchstick Men" comes mainly from the mad syncopation of his performance and from Ms. Lohman's easy charm. But Mr. Scott's way of blending cynicism and sentimentality is itself a smooth, practiced con, and the movie leaves you feeling empty, and perhaps a bit cheated (Scott).

\* "MYSTIC RIVER," starring Sean Penn, Tim Robbins, Kevin Bacon, Laurence Fishburne, Marcia Gay Harden and Laura Linney. Directed by Clint Eastwood (R, 137 minutes). Mr. Eastwood's film, scrupulously faithful to the letter and spirit of Dennis Lehane's novel, has the gritty efficiency of superior crime fiction and the somber weight of tragedy. Set in ***working-class*** Irish Catholic Boston, this film revisits the themes of violence, honor and guilt that have haunted many of Mr. Eastwood's movies; it is among the most humane of his films, but also the most rigorously pessimistic. Mr. Robbins, Mr. Bacon and Mr. Penn play Dave, Sean and Jimmy, boyhood friends who must revisit the traumas of their youth when Jimmy's daughter is murdered. Sean and his partner (Mr. Fishburne) must investigate the killing, which it appears Dave may have committed. The performances are first rate. Ms. Harden, as Dave's wife, Celeste, and Ms. Linney, as her cousin Annabeth, who is married to Jimmy, expand the film's emotional compass, allowing us to see how grief ripples through families and communities. Mr. Penn's volcanic, furiously disciplined performance is surely one of the best pieces of screen acting you'll see this year; it may even be one of the finest ever (Scott).

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO," starring Antonio Banderas, Salma Hayek and Johnny Depp. Written and directed by Robert Rodriguez (R, 110 minutes). The credits inform us that Mr. Rodriguez, mastermind of the "Spy Kids" franchise, shot, chopped and scored this latest bloody, jokey folk ballad about a lone killer (Mr. Banderas) with soulful eyes and a lethal guitar. The digital video cinematography has unusual depth and luster, the action sequences are punchy and inventive, and the music is pretty good, too. Unfortunately, it seems as if the writing and directing, which Mr. Rodriguez also did, were something of an afterthought. There are some witty moments, mostly courtesy of Mr. Depp, who plays a C.I.A. operative messing around in Mexico, and some high-impact, many-gun salutes to the action auteurs Sergio Leone and John Woo. But the mood of tongue-in-cheek, romantic mayhem is spoiled by the picture's incoherence and by its resort to appalling extremes of violence when nothing else is working. Ms. Hayek appears only in flashback, as the hero's cruelly murdered true love. The present tense is devoted to an elaborate maze of double crosses and vendettas involving a drug kingpin's attempt to overthrow the Mexican president (Scott).

"OUT OF TIME," starring Denzel Washington, Eva Mendes, Sanaa Lathan and Dean Cain. Directed by Carl Franklin (PG-13, 106 minutes). After grueling workouts in "Training Day" -- for which he won his first best actor Oscar -- and his directorial debut with "Antwone Fisher," Mr. Washington is on cruise control for this noir film. Although it's briskly directed and enjoyably stylized, "Out of Time" is shallow -- but empty. Mr. Washington, as the small-town Florida police chief Matt Lee Whitlock, steals several hundred thousand dollars in seized drug money to pay for the experimental cancer therapy his mistress, Ann Merai (Ms. Lathan), needs. But when she and her jealous husband, Chris (Mr. Cain), die in a fire -- and all the money mysteriously disappears, while Matt is left the beneficiary of Ann Merai's million-dollar insurance policy -- the clues point to Matt as the murderer. To further crank up Matt's adrenaline level as he looks for evidence to clear himself, the feds want the drug money -- now. Mr. Washington plays the desperation well; it becomes Matt's defining characteristic. And Mr. Franklin keeps "Out of Time" breezy enough to fight the oppressive humidity that his cast is obviously laboring under in the Florida sun (Elvis Mitchell).

\* "SCHOOL OF ROCK," starring Jack Black, Joan Cusack and Mike White. Directed by Richard Linklater (PG-13, 110 minutes). Mr. Black gives a roaring, star-making performance as Dewey Finn, an out-of-work heavy-metal rocker who impersonates a substitute teacher and turns a class of nerdy fifth graders into a rock band. Mr. Black's incandescent comic energy should establish him as the screen's most popular rock-fueled wild man since John Belushi. Under the nose of the prim school principal (Ms. Cusack), Dewey, who knows nothing of academics, preaches the gospel of rock 'n' roll and secretly converts the class from loving Christine Aguilera and the musical "Annie" to cheering Led Zeppelin and AC/DC. This family-friendly movie, which has a big, rousing "Rocky"-style finale and isn't believable for a second, is a hilarious cotton-candy fantasy with a beat. It knows just where to draw the line to avoid becoming too cute, too esoteric or too risque (Holden).

"SECONDHAND LIONS," starring Michael Caine, Robert Duvall and Haley Joel Osment. Written and directed by Tim McCanlies (PG, 107 minutes). In this molasses-drenched coming-of-age movie, Mr. Osment (with a changed voice) is Walter, a 14-year-old left by his mother in the care of two grumpy old uncles (Mr. Caine and Mr. Duvall), the eccentric, reputedly wealthy proprietors of a farm in central Texas. The movie is pure hokum, but at least it spins out a yarn. The core of the film, set in the early 1960's, consists of pulpy visualizations of the brothers' swashbuckling adventures overseas when they were young. And, oh yes, Walter adopts a very tame, very old former circus lion that becomes as loyal as a guard dog (Holden).

\* "THE STATION AGENT," starring Peter Dinklage, Patricia Clarkson, Michelle Williams and Bobby Cannavale. Written and directed by Tom McCarthy (R, 90 minutes). The remote outpost that a dwarf named Fin (Mr. Dinklage) settles into -- a rundown train depot in the wilds of New Jersey -- is such a restful space that it seems perfect for him. Mr. McCarthy has such an appreciation for quiet that it occupies the same space as a character in this film, a delicate, thoughtful and often hilarious take on loneliness. Fin, with his low, rational voice and intense stare, has moved into the small spot after he inherits it. Mr. McCarthy treats Fin's new life as if his protagonist were emerging from underwater and must adjust to the onrush of aural assault. Much of it comes from Joe (Mr. Cannavale), the relentlessly friendly and talky Cuban who pulls up every day in his food truck to run what must be the loneliest retail location not staffed by a Maytag salesman. Hawking coffee and fanning up a cloud of busy, pushy and likable chatter, Joe elbows his way into the taciturn Fin's life. Mr. McCarthy wrings contrasts from the serene, diminutive Mr. Dinklage -- whose dignity seems unassailable until finally ruffled, when he lets loose a thunderbolt of hostility -- and the big, buffed Mr. Cannavale, whose unremitting volubility is sheer charm. Their relationship is goofily enthralling (Mitchell).

"UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN," starring Diane Lane. Written and directed by Audrey Wells (PG-13, 115 minutes). This film adaptation of Frances Mayes's best-selling memoir feels so schematic that only the depressed Frances (Ms. Lane) is surprised by the events as they unfold. The story of self-discovery that Ms. Wells leads Frances, a writer, through is eminently superficial, though the director keeps the movie going with a steady, commanding hand. Ms. Lane initially gives Frances a calm and pleasant sunniness, though she is resigned to never finishing her book. She is attending a book signing early in the movie when she learns of her husband's philandering. When her best friend gives Frances a ticket to Tuscany, she grabs it. The trip is supposed to be pressure free for Frances: it's a gay tour of Italy. She finds a new love, anyway: a villa, Bramasole, which she buys on the spur of the moment. But Tuscany is not the soul-saver that Frances hopes for; the house's promises of romance and a new life in Italy don't burst into bloom like the sunflowers that are often in view. The lesson is that Frances needs to look closer at the big picture, and her avoidance of that raises questions about how perceptive a critic she must have been. Eventually, the movie indicates Frances has suffered enough and slaps on a happy ending like a Post-it note, but it's not earned (Mitchell).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photo: Sean Penn and Marcia Gay Harden in "Mystic River," which explores violence, honor and guilt. (Photo by Merie W. Wallace/Warner Brothers)

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**End of Document**



[***MICHAEL APTED: HE'LL BE CALLING AGAIN IN 1991***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-91B0-0007-J1B5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1370 words

**Byline:** By GEORGIA DULLEA

**Body**

Michael Apted has learned that he can no longer knock on the same 14 doors every seven years and simply say, ''It's me again.'' The last time he knocked, two of the doors were slammed on his melancholy face, his camera crew, his everlasting questions. He fears he may be shut out next time by the remaining 12 in a collection of subjects he chose as children in London. His frank and revealing films of their lives at ages 7, 14, 21 and 28 have appeared so often on British television that people in pubs gossip about ''Suzi, the posh girl,'' ''Tony, the tear-away jockey boy'' and the others, as though they were characters in a soap opera.

The 44-year-old British director, best known in this country for ''Coal Miner's Daughter,'' says he is not sure how subjects see him. ''To them, I'm probably some exotic bird who lives in Hollywood and makes movies and flies in every seven years to catch up on their lives,'' he was saying the other day at breakfast in a midtown hotel.

He regarded a steaming cup of water and lemon juice, took a sip and then turned to another possibility: ''Am I Mephistopheles, and have they made this awful deal with me? God, there I am parading their pasts in front of them every waking minute. I mean I have it on them. I know where the bodies are buried. I know and so does the nation.''

This was hardly the idea in 1964, when as a young researcher at Granada Television, Mr. Apted chose the 14 young stars of ''7 Up,'' a look at the British class system through 7-year-old eyes. The children were rich, poor and middle class. They came from cities, suburbs and farms. Ten boys, four girls. Two were orphans. One was black. All had wonderfully wet faces and fascinating things to say about work, money, class and race relations. After ''7 Up,'' television audiences were curious about how these 14 children fared, and the project took off.

Now their stories have spread beyond Britain. ''7 Up'' and ''28 Up'' produced by Granada Television, were shown last week at the New York Film Festival and will have a two-week run at Film Forum 1, beginning Wednesday. The documentaries have been widely acclaimed by critics both here and in England, where ''28 Up'' won an Academy Award. They have been lauded, too, in teachers' colleges and sociology classes as an indictment of the British class system as well as a look at the mysterious process of growing up.

In ''28 Up,'' Mr. Apted combines footage from the earlier films at 7, 14 and 21. His young subjects bud, unfold and burst into maturity like flowers in stop-motion photography, and the dreams voiced in childhood and adolescence are juxtaposed against the realities of adult life, with some surprising results.

Nevertheless, he does not dwell on the project between the seven-year intervals, preferring to concentrate on other films such as ''Bring On the Night,'' a portrait of the rock singer Sting, to be released next month.

Making feature films has taught him how to present documentary subjects in a way that makes audiences care about them. ''What I've learned in fiction,'' he said, ''is that unless you go for the strength of a person, unless you can win the sympathy of an audience, then you've lost it. There's no point in showing the bizarre or the comic or the commercial side of a character unless you also show what he stands for and how he has changed in seven years and 14 years and so on.''

Mr. Apted admits to a few one-dimensional characterizations in the earlier films. For example, John, who at 7 extols the virtues of private education and frowns upon the poor, is shown fox hunting at 21. ''That was a fairly cheap shot,'' Mr. Apted acknowledged, noting that John was one of the two subjects who refused to be photographed at 28, perhaps understandably so.

But then John, now a barrister, showed up last year at a party for the documentary, along with the other holdout, Charles, now a himself documentary maker. Mr. Apted sees this as a sign that they may return in 1991 for ''35 Up.''

In any case, Mr. Apted suspects that this next part of the story, as the subjects turn 35, may be the most challenging he has filmed to date. This is partly because middle age tends to be humdrum, he says, and partly because the conflict he has always felt between his roles as a film maker and a friend has grown strong over the years.

''You want dramatic things to happen to them to make the film exciting,'' he said. ''On the other hand, how can you wish that? I'm not saying I want one of them to drop dead, but I find myself thinking, God, no one's divorced yet, no one's had a serious bereavement, all of which, in a grotesque way, would make for wonderful film. On the other hand, of course, you don't want their lives to be anything but the best, so there's that awful emotional quandary between the friendship part and the film-making part.''

To preserve the concept of the documentary, the director has so far resisted filming any dramatic event in any particular life if it does not occur during a seventh year. ''Otherwise,'' he explained, ''the project would be even more of an imposition on their lives and take on such an enormous self-consciousness.''

Then, glancing around the restaurant, he fantasized that a telephone was ringing somewhere. Somebody's mother has died and does he want to film the funeral? ''I would say, 'No,' '' he said, firmly, taking another sip of hot water and lemon juice. ''I think that's what I would say.''

Unlike some critics and viewers, who speak of seeing their own childhoods reflected on the screen, Mr. Apted says he is reminded only of his sons, Paul, 18, and James, 12, who attend school in London, and of his successes and failures as a parent.

''Little of what I do is about myself,'' said Mr. Apted, who has been called a director who leaves no fingerprints. ''I tend not to make personal films, which allows me to have an enormous variety in my work. I mean, I put my heart in the stuff, but I've never been drawn to autobiographical material, except in an oblique way.''

Not surprisingly, then, this insurance inspector's son, who drifted into film making after graduating from Cambridge, was properly horrified last year when a London newspaper decided to run a centerfold on him at ages 7, 14, 21, 28. His mother had great fun, sifting through shoeboxes for snapshots of young Michael, he recalled, ''and I hated it, of course, but how could I not do what I've been asking my subjects to do?''

Though he might prefer to relate to his subjects ''with the pure eye of a film maker,'' he said, ''this is no longer possible because they're beginning to demand more of me and they're entitled to it.''

He corresponds several times a year with Neil, a charming and promising child at 7, who dreamed of being an astronaut. Mr. Apted's camera shows Neil, at 28, as a recluse who wanders the Scottish countryside in search of odd jobs to supplement his welfare checks.

Tony is another subject with whom the director keeps in close contact. Tony was a terror at 7, getting into fights and staying out late. After brief and colorful careers as a jockey and a bookie's runner, he appears, at 28, driving a cab, supporting a family, and cashing in on celebrity gained in earlier films to get acting jobs.

When Tony or any of the others telephone him in Los Angeles, Mr. Apted said, ''I don't say I won't take your call because it isn't the seventh year. It's important not to make them feel that I'm just exploiting them for a fast buck. I guess you could say I do that, but I don't think I do.''

Perhaps his most aggressive relationship is to the three ***working-class*** women, Jackie, Lynn and Susan, seen as pictures of contentment at 28. They have solid marriages, healthy children and better homes than the ones they grew up in. But, in an age of possibility for women, Mr. Apted wants more for these three, and he enjoys sparring with them on camera.

''I keep saying there's a big world out there, beyond going to dances and having babies and beer money, and they just have a go at me on camera,'' he said, smiling for perhaps the first time in the interview. ''Then they say, 'Go to hell, we never think about this until you come around every seven years with your questions and your camera.' ''

**Graphic**

Photo of Jackie Basset, Lynn Johnson and Susan Davis

**End of Document**



[***FILM REVIEW; Master of the Boast, King of the Ring, Vision of the Future***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44RW-T3C0-0109-T2F7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Section:** Section E; Column 3; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1832 words

**Byline:**  By ELVIS MITCHELL

**Body**

"Ali" is a breakthrough for its director, Michael Mann. The film, based on the life of Muhammad Ali, is Mr. Mann's first movie with feeling; his overwhelming love of its subject will turn audiences into exuberant, thrilled fight crowds.

That subject is a man whose mesmerizing surfeit of athleticism, beauty and moral and physical courage -- and enchanting lack of humility -- had no modern equivalent. As it follows, for roughly the first hour, Ali from the first Sonny Liston fight in 1964 through the duel with George Foreman in Zaire in 1974, the picture has a quick-moving breathlessness. Instead of soaking the movie in deadpan, minor-key electronica -- even Mr. Mann's directorial debut, "Thief," employed the blue-steel proto-techno of Tangerine Dream -- "Ali" is fired up from the outset with a burst of, well, heat.

We hear the strains of Sam Cooke getting a groove on to "Bring It on Home to Me." But it isn't the velveteen rabbit Sam Cooke from the recordings of the time, muscular but always in control. It's the Sam Cooke heard on the posthumous recording "Live at the Harlem Square Club, 1963." There he unleashed himself from buttery smoothness. Playing to a black audience, he teased the crowd into a frenzy. It's an understanding of soul that one would never have expected from this director, who uses the music as entrance, to build tension, since Ali -- one of the most famous tongues of all times -- is nearly silent for the first 10 minutes or so.

This is a brilliantly considered bit of stage setting; intercut with the song is Ali (Will Smith) jogging through bleak, wintry, nighttime streets, a squad car with a couple of white cops pulling over in front of him. "What you runnin' from, son?" one of them lazily asks, the casual racism colder than the night.

Ali was the first black popular figure to break down the wall between performance for a black audience and for a white audience, which is what Cooke was straining to do, and the first 10 minutes of "Ali" seethe with ambition. Mr. Mann wants to get past the headlines about the most incendiary figure ever to enter the ring, a man whose wit -- both physical and verbal -- was so exciting that the world hung on his every word.

For this reason "Ali," in the abstract, seems like the wrong material for this filmmaker. For Mr. Mann, a man is defined by what he is does: in "Heat," the thief (Robert De Niro) and the detective (Al Pacino), equally dogged, have no lives other than their occupations. And in Mr. Mann's world of existential ***working-class*** drama, a man stripped of his profession is nothing; that's what "The Insider" was all about.

Muhammad Ali inside the ring and Muhammad Ali outside the ring were totally different men; his abrasive, magnetic daring and infectious self-love outside the ring galvanized the world and distracted many from his sniper's precision. He was a heavyweight with the fluttering gracefulness of a middleweight. He so flouted the established protocol of sports behavior that when the world sided with Liston, the scary black man, against Cassius Clay/Ali, the even scarier one, a black Muslim who represented the future, it signaled a paradigm shift.

Ali was the African-American who exulted in saying exactly what he was capable of, and the bouncing-boy braggadocio of hip-hop is impossible to imagine without him. So it makes sense that one of his spiritual children, the sunny-dispositioned rapper turned actor Will Smith, would play him. And Mr. Smith's not short on self-regard either; running through the streets of Miami in Michael Bay's 1995 film "Bad Boys," sweat glistening off the six-pack abs he proudly shows off in slow motion for the camera, he seemed ready to take on the part. For Mr. Smith, who thickened his frame to act Ali, it's a chance to, in the words of one of his songs, "Boom! Shake the Room."

The script has been developed to give Mr. Smith the opportunity to burrow inside Ali. There are moments of the rousing Ali, as he announces his refusal to go to Vietnam or spars with Howard Cosell, played by Jon Voight, whose portrayal is a riveting tribute to his character actor's instincts. Mr. Voight goes beyond impersonation; he makes Cosell a recognizable human being.

Mr. Smith captures Ali's musicality, pausing in midsyllable while ranting and exhaling to punch things up and turn even a joke into something operatic. As written, Ali is reflecting on the world whizzing by him. Away from the media, Ali is solemn, almost melancholy, and his voice is lower, weighed down. This is where Ali becomes a Michael Mann figure: an ascetic dressed in dark clothes.

Mr. Smith is surrounded by a cast that alternately rises and falls; only some of them are up to the challenge. One who is up to it is Jamie Foxx, as Drew (Bundini) Brown, Ali's manager and aide de camp and the phrase-making inventor of "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," who grasps the material hard and gives the performance of a lifetime.

Mr. Foxx, who plumped up like a Ball Park frank, makes Brown a fascinating, open-faced display of vulnerability and machismo. There's a give and take in the relationship between Ali and Brown that can't be found in the rest of film. Ali's penchant for cruelty and his tendency to judge are all directed at Brown. The picture doesn't investigate the most amazing contradiction: during the most flamboyant moments of the black pride movement, the light-skinned Ali ridiculed his three main opponents, Liston, Joe Frazier and George Foreman, all of them dark-skinned men, as big, ugly bears and got away with it.

Ali is depicted as a bystander sometimes, and Mr. Smith is stranded when he has to be contemplative. He springs to life, though, when he works with other actors; he is nuanced and engaged, and like Ali has an instinct for pleasure. And, like Ali, it comes through as he makes others twist in the wind; Mr. Smith's gift for counterpunching is as good as that of the man he's playing.

The movie wants to be a warts-and-all look at the Greatest. Still, it skips through Ali's flaws -- his womanizing, for example -- more than shows them, except in the scenes with Ali and Brown together; there's a complicated friction here, with Ali being both admiring and resentful of Brown. Both actors get at something unnerving. Ali is a more rounded person in these instances: a bullet with butterfly wings.

Ali's luster is further muddied in his interactions with Malcolm X (Mario Van Peebles). After Malcolm is rebuked when his change of heart leads him to deviate from the teachings of the rigid Elijah Muhammad (Albert Hall), Ali abandons him. The movie doesn't shy away from this terrible moment, and Mr. Smith's stricken reaction almost makes up for Mr. Van Peebles's underwhelming turn. (Malcolm's assassination, using another Cooke song, "A Change Is Gonna Come," is uncomfortably close to scenes in Spike Lee's "Malcolm X.") Flaws like the Malcolm X scenes come because Mr. Mann seems to have cast for physical resemblance to the real subjects. Mr. Van Peebles seems like a male model pondering a costume change.

Ali's allegiance to Elijah Muhammad, despite protests from Sonji (Jada Pinkett Smith) and Belinda (Nona Gaye), his first and second wives, is prefigured in a line from the Cooke song that opens the film -- "I will always be your slave, until I'm buried, buried in my grave" -- though early on, that lyric serves as a counterpoint.

"Ali" offers stunning re-creations of bouts Ali fought. In the second Liston fight, the auditorium is underlighted and clouded with fetid cigar smoke, which was why the famous picture of a snarling Ali standing over Liston was so dramatic; indoor arenas are now bright enough to be spotted from Alpha Centauri.

The men playing Liston (Michael Bentt), Foreman (Charles Shufford) and Frazier (James N. Toney) are professional boxers, and they all duplicate the original boxers' styles. During the ring sequences, "Ali" has more fealty to the matches than did the punch-outs of "Raging Bull." The cinematography, by Emmanuel Lubezki, uses the wide screen to paint a number of vistas, with a freewheeling, hand-held vivacity that takes the director back to his documentary roots. The last section is devoted to the 1974 Ali-Foreman battle in Zaire, and it often -- sometimes too often -- evokes "When We Were Kings," Leon Gast's glorious 1996 documentary on events surrounding that fight. (This movie sometimes plays like a more benevolent version of "Ghosts of Manilla," Mark Kram's dissection of the Ali myth.)

"Ali" has to collapse several lifetimes worth of incidents into a manageable running time, which is too bad. Any of the fights and the incidents leading up to them could make a separate film; the movie is bent from ambition, but it doesn't crumple under the weight.

The director's acuity is leavened by his passion, which is beguiling. It's reflected in some wondrous ways: many of the domestic settings, like Elijah Muhammad's home, with the living room furniture wrapped in plastic covers, begin as though captured for photographs, and then come to life as the characters start to speak. This is most evident in the superb scenes with Mr. Smith and Ms. Gaye in their loving but rapidly more troubled home.

Mykelti Williamson surfaces in the Zaire section as Don King, a study in dynamic duplicity. The picture doesn't shy away Ali's impatience with King's perfidy, either.

For "Ali," the question becomes, how do you convey the excitement embodied by Muhammad Ali? The answer is that Mr. Mann wants his movie to do more than that. And more often than not, it does. We see the movie levitate when Ali and Brown chant, "Float like a butterfly," the slogan that takes on a different meaning in each context, starting off as hopeful and spry, finally becoming rueful and pointed. When the film pulls off moments like these, it's breathtaking -- a near great movie.

This movie is rated R (Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian). It has violence inside the ring and out, and strong language and sexual situations that make Ali seem more human than he may have been regarded before.

ALI

Directed by Michael Mann; written by Stephen J. Rivele, Christopher Wilkinson, Eric Roth and Mr. Mann, based on a story by Gregory Allen Howard; director of photography, Emmanuel Lubezki; edited by William Goldenberg, Stephen Rivkin and Lynzee Klingman; music by Lisa Gerrard and Pieter Bourke; production designer, John Myhre; produced by Jon Peters, James Lassiter, Paul Ardaji, Mr. Mann and A. Kitman Ho; released by Columbia Pictures. Running time: 158 minutes. This film is rated R.

WITH: Will Smith (Cassius Clay/Muhammad Ali), Jamie Foxx (Drew Brown), Jon Voight (Howard Cosell), Mario Van Peebles (Malcolm X), Ron Silver (Angelo Dundee), Jeffrey Wright (Howard Bingham), Mykelti Williamson (Don King), Jada Pinkett Smith (Sonji), Nona Gaye (Belinda), Michael Bentt (Sonny Liston), James N. Toney (Joe Frazier), Charles Shufford (George Foreman) and Albert Hall (Elijah Muhammad).

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Will Smith thickened his frame to play Muhammad Ali in Michael Mann's new film, which traces the rise of the legendary boxer. (Photographs by Frank Connor/Columbia Pictures)

**Load-Date:** December 25, 2001

**End of Document**



[***STYLE: THE WAY WE DRIVE NOW; The Pickup, A Love Story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49MT-NJN0-01KN-22KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 28, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 60

**Length:** 2059 words

**Byline:**  By Manny Howard; Manny Howard is a writer in Brooklyn.

**Body**

The bed of a full-size pickup truck stretches as much as 8 feet long and 5 1/2 feet wide. It can carry 2,500 pounds, give or take, as well as tow something a good deal heavier, like a boat. But that's not why Shannen Doherty drives one.

As useful as the bed of a pickup is, for most drivers these days the receptacle over their right shoulders remains untapped potential, a Void filled only by duffel bags and the occasional bag of manure. What's more, the cab of the Platonic pickup -- its single bench seat, more precisely -- is entirely impractical if you wish to travel with company beyond your dog or your best girl. But that's the point: alone, but not lonely, the wellspring of a pickup's iconic appeal in America. The man (and increasingly, the woman) behind the wheel of a pickup is the automotive equivalent of the lone rider loping off into the horizon. It was, after all, for the pickup that the gun rack was invented.

There was a time when pickup-truck enthusiasts described their vehicles by the load they could bear: half ton, three-quarter ton and so on. Or, by extension, the size (in cubic inches) and type (number of cylinders and whether they sit straight or on a slant) of motor that powered it. The six-cylinder engine that powered Ford's 1952 F-series was rated at 101 horsepower. At the time, the engine was considered a marvel.

The list of options included a larger back window. That was it. By comparison, for its 2004 F-150, there are so many options available -- including a rear-seat DVD, black platform cab steps and "Arizona beige" wheel lip moldings -- that more than a million different configurations are possible. This is one of the reasons that Ford now sells more pickup trucks than any other vehicle in its inventory -- or anybody's inventory, for that matter. In 2002, Ford sold 813,701 F-series trucks, nearly twice as many as America's most popular passenger car, the Toyota Camry.

If you sit behind the wheel of a 2004 pickup, it's pretty hard to find the way back to that truck of yesteryear -- with the plywood floors, the two-piece windshield and the hand-crank windows -- the one that America first fell in love with. Dealer lots all over the country twinkle with full-size pickups that taunt us with awesome power that we will, very likely, never need and assuage us with deep pile carpet, countless cup holders, GPS guidance systems and power sunroofs. Truth be told, we would all find a long ride in the ancestral pickup less than enjoyable. But that doesn't mean the roots of the pickup aren't important. In fact, the history is essential to understanding how the pickup has come to represent a perfect marriage of our desire for frontier-style freedom and suburban-style comfort.

Shortly after introducing the Model T in 1908, Henry Ford noticed that farmers were ripping out the trunks of their vehicles and rigging flatbeds to the back to haul hay. So the company started doing this in the factory and saving farmers the trouble. Competitors quickly copied the idea. The origin of the term "pickup" is mysterious, but it was in general use by the middle of the 1920's. Off the farm, these were adopted as service vehicles at gas stations and as industrial-fleet vehicles for the military, mining concerns, delivery companies and the like.

In 1955, Chevrolet developed the first light truck designed to appeal to people with something on their minds other than work. In addition to a 265-cubic-inch V-8 (previously reserved for passenger cars), the Cameo Carrier had a four-speed Hydro-Matic transmission, stylized hubcaps and a dash-controlled passenger heater for the cab. Because the Cameo's body was so intricately sculptured, it was partly fashioned (like the Corvette) from fiberglass. It was pretty, but it wasn't nearly as tough as other trucks. While the going rate for a pickup was about $1,600, the fully loaded Cameo sold for $3,000 -- a harbinger of the pickup's future 50 years later. The Cameo is a sought-after model by collectors and a regular part of automotive-museum collections.

Most pickups, though, retained their rough edges. In the early 60's, the first extended cabs, which had back seats for additional passengers, became available as an option. Ford was the first to offer them widely. Driven almost exclusively by construction crews and power-line workers, these were not refined vehicles. The beds had very primitive suspension systems, making the ride rough and the road noise nearly unbearable. This was how pickups were made; comfort was barely a consideration. "Not so long ago, people would've found it absurd even to have carpeting in the cabs of pickups," says Daniel Hershberger, an automotive historian. "These were strictly utility vehicles."

Of the classic work trucks, Max Berryhill, curator of the Tupelo Automobile Museum, remembers Chevrolet's 1967 C-10 most fondly. "The Air Force had hundreds of the things," says Berryhill, an Air Force vet. "The C-10 had a six-cylinder, which was plenty of engine. Let me just say, those C-10's were lethal in the hands of a military man. Those trucks were real fun to drive."

Slowly, however, a new understanding sank in among American car makers. "Somebody, somewhere, got smart and started making pickups so Mama would drive it," Berryhill says. "As soon as folks weren't afraid to go to church in a truck, that's when they really started selling them. And money was no object."

The transformation from workhorse to church shuttle was, in marketing time, glacial. "Ford had been describing their pickups as appropriate for sport or personal use in the late 70's, but the message didn't really catch until the late 80's," Hershberger says. While there was a boomlet in the truck market in the late 60's around the truck camping craze, the oil crisis in 1973 put a crimp in that and very nearly killed the market for full-size pickups too.

Then, in the early 1980's, Datsun and other foreign manufacturers came along with scrawny, fuel-efficient pickups whose selling point was that if you bought one, you could start your own business. It was a message tailored to the time, directed at people who found themselves out of work. This was not yet the moment to tap into the middle-class fetish of the workingman, but that time was coming.

The west's lone horseman, the yeoman farmer alone in his field, young airmen tearing up empty desert runways -- these are the cultural forebears and the inspirations for what is one of the most effective and long-lived corporate anthems in marketing history: Bob Seger's "Like a Rock," which was licensed by Chevy Trucks in 1991. "We launched 'Like a Rock' when the truckers, guys who used them for work, were still the primary market for pickup trucks," says Bill Ludwig, chief creative officer at Campbell-Ewald, which handles advertising for Chevrolet.

That changed almost immediately. Suburban car shoppers started trading in minivans and station wagons for full-size pickups. Observing this shift, Chevrolet commissioned what Ludwig describes as the first comprehensive anthropological study of car buyers to determine what accounted for the change -- and to see if "Like a Rock" had anything to do with it. "The economic conditions were much the same as they are now: huge economic downturn, people losing white-collar jobs to downsizing, all manner of economic instability," Ludwig says.

What the study indicated, Ludwig says, was that white-collar consumers, feeling anxious about the economy, were drawing inspiration from blue-collar workers (desribed in Campbell-Ewald's study as "Skilled Labor"). Lawyers and doctors and other professionals realized, according to Ludwig, that members of the ***working class*** "have always dealt with this instability. They just pick themselves up, dust themselves off and keep on going."

The white-collar consumers tried to emulate the stoic self-reliance of "Skilled Labor" by purchasing the stuff that they identified with the other half's lives -- not only signifying vehicles like pickups but other items too, like work boots and hunting jackets.

It was just good timing, Ludwig says, that these workingman virtues were the ones expressed in the lyrics of "Like a Rock." Better still, Seger's lyrics could be parceled out to sell particular trucks to specific audiences. Television commercials for the modest S-10, a starter truck, were scored to reach strivers with a self-described inner dignity. Ludwig recited, like the poetry that it is, Seger's second verse to make his point: "I was 18/Didn't have a care/Working for peanuts/Not a dime to spare/But I was lean and solid everywhere/Like a rock."

As the 90's went on, American consumers found themselves with plenty of dimes to spare, though they still retained some dim sense of identification with "Skilled Labor." American car makers refashioned the pickup accordingly. Dodge introduced a sleek design in 1993 and soon manufactured a four-door model, the so-called "extended cab." Meanwhile, the interiors were consistently ramped up to the point where they are now almost indistinguishable from those of luxury sedans. These trucks have been the saving grace of the American car industry; like S.U.V.'s, pickups provide a spectacular profit margin, and they are consistently strong sellers. Ford's F-series is now the nation's highest-selling fleet, contributing $2.4 billion to the company's otherwise sagging bottom line in 2002.

As the pickup became domesticated and popularized, however, it suffered an identity crisis. The bed -- once the vehicle's reason for being -- created a predicament. What ought to go in the Void? How many suburban couples ever have the occasion to haul hay or dirt? Nobody needs that much space for groceries, no matter how many football players are being raised. A tag line of GMC's current advertising campaign for its line of trucks -- "Not more than you need, just more than you're used to" -- is a tacit acknowledgment of a certain self-consciousness that affects some consumers when they realize they are sitting astride more tool than is necessary.

Ford's earliest efforts at addressing the concerns of its broadening market were cheery enough. A television commercial flashed on a coifed woman pulling away from a tidy Connecticut Yankee antique shop with a stately (and expensive) dresser tied into the back of her F-150. But this created something of a credibility gap with Ford's traditional customers, and the commercial had a brief run.

Partly as a response to the question posed by the Void and partly as an experiment to see if they could squeeze still more money from consumers by combining three highly profitable products, American car makers have come out with what they call a "crossover vehicle," a hybrid pickup/S.U.V./luxury sedan. The most famous of these is Cadillac's Escalade EXT; another well-known model is Chevrolet's Avalanche. In each, the bed is covered with hinged fiberglass or plastic, the walk-in closet of car trunks.

Because making the Void disappear might alienate some pickup buyers, there are other solutions. For a mere $50,000 or so, Galpin Motors in North Hills, Calif., customizes an F-150 for use as a luxury tailgate apparatus, complete with televisions, a gas grill, a blender and two beer taps. At first blush, bumper-to-bumper barbecues might not seem to be where Americans expressing their inner Shane would imagine themselves, but there is myth and then there is reality, and on any given Sunday, tens of thousands of Americans are huddled in the shadows of football stadiums, grilling and swilling to their hearts' content.

For most pickup drivers, though, the Void lives on, and it confers meaning. In a new television spot for the GMC Sierra, a guy is stopped by traffic in front of a construction site. As he waits in his brand-new truck, an earth-moving machine dumps a ton or so of soil into his empty bed. The truck's owner is not upset. He glances back, almost contentedly, understanding it as an honest mistake. General Motors wants us to understand that he doesn't mind being mistaken for a member of the construction crew, a genuine working person. In fact, it's one of the residual benefits of driving a real machine. The pickup has always referenced a simpler kind of existence -- one without kids and mortgages, one in which playing with dirt is permitted, even if the dirt is not your own.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: From "Partially Painted Pickup Trucks," part of "American Typologies: 1987/2003," at the Robert Mann Gallery in New York through Oct. 11. (Photographs by Jeff Brouws); The new 2004 Ford F-150 has, no lie, a million option variations. (Photograph by Brian Finke for The New York Times); A Truck in Time From workhorse to errand tractor.; 1928 Ford Model A, Popular, until the Depression.; 1957 Chevrolet Cameo Carrier, First of the glamour pickups.; 1967 Chevrolet C-10 Pickup, A comfortable cab interior.; 1973 Ford F-100, Better suspension, smoother ride.; 1988 Chevrolet C/K Pickup, Clean, sedanlike lines.; 1993 Dodge Ram 350, A roomy club cab.; 1999 Chevrolet Silverado, Tough look with high performance.; 2002 Cadillac Escalade, As much limousine as truck. (Ford Photographs by Ford Motor Company; Chevrolet Photographs by GM Media Archive; Dodge Photographs by DaimlerChrysler Corporate Historical Collection; Cadillac Photograph by General Motors)

**Load-Date:** September 28, 2003

**End of Document**



[***SOAP OPERAS CAST A SPELL OVER INDIA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9FR0-0007-J0DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1985, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section C; Page 18, Column 4; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1465 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN R. WEISMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW DELHI

**Body**

The possibility that Badke, an attractive young social worker, might not marry handsome Dr. Ashwani Kumar alarmed and dismayed the viewers of India's most popular television soap opera last year.

Hundreds of letters poured in demanding that the couple be reunited, and demonstrators marched on the house of the actress who plays the heroine.

This summer the viewers got their wish. On wedding night, stores and shops closed early across India as people rushed home to their sets. It was one of the most widely watched shows in the country's history.

Television, for first time, is challenging motion pictures as India's most popular mass entertainment; soap operas, including Hum Log and Rajani, share loyalty of viewers and have ushered in new era of programming (M)

It was also a milestone for Indian television and its pioneering series, ''Hum Log,'' whose phenomenal success has ushered in a new era of programming and led to a proliferation of television serials. For the first time, television is challenging motion pictures as India's most popular mass entertainment.

A Version of 'Dynasty'

Recently, ''Hum Log'' has shared the loyalty of viewers with a program called ''Rajani,'' about a beautiful and spunky consumer advocate of that name. After Rajani challenged the taxi industry for cheating their customers, a hundred taxi drivers picketed the studio in Bombay.

Also popular is ''Khandaan,'' which means ''Dynasty,'' a steamy melodrama about the Indian jet set with more than an accidental resemblance to its American counterpart. But it is ''Hum Log'' that led the way.

''It has acquired the status of landmark,'' said Harish Khanna, director general of Doordarshan, the Government-owned television network. ''A new generation of writers and actors now want to get into television. The rich new fare we see today is 'Hum Log's' brood.''

''Hum Log,'' which in Hindi means ''We People,'' had something of a rocky beginning. The Government modeled it after a successful television series in Mexico credited with helping to bring down the birth rate there.

The idea was to produce an entertaining but mildly propagandistic program emphasizing family planning and other social issues.

An initial episode of ''Hum Log'' called for a married couple to debate whether the husband should have a vasectomy.

Unexpected Pregnancy in Cast

But in a twist that was itself worthy of a soap opera, the actress playing the wife turned out to be pregnant. Somehow she had neglected to inform the producers beforehand. Out went the script and out went her character.

''I still haven't gotten paid for those scripts,'' said Manohar Shyan Joshi, the show's writer. ''It's a sore subject.''

Nevertheless, ''Hum Log'' has managed to deal with birth control, alcoholism, political corruption, the controversy over dowries and numerous other pressing issues.

In the process, it has become the first long-running Indian television serial to portray a ***working-class*** family suffering the travails of everyday life. Indeed, all year, life for the sprawling extended family of Basheshar Ram has been one disaster after another.

Grandmother is dying of cancer. Father is perpetually drunk. Mother fights with daughter-in-law. A gullible daughter runs off to Bombay to get into the movies but ends up duped and humiliated. A son becomes a suspect after the murder of his girlfriend's father, who is a smuggler.

For comic relief, another son, Lalu, the show's most popular character, always finds his plans going awry. In one episode, he tried to get a job in the Persian Gulf, lost his ticket and got deported back to India.

A Rare Satire of Gandhi

In another, he tried to learn English for a job interview but ended up stammering hilariously through a recitation of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi's new import policies - perhaps the only time such material was deemed suitable for satire.

In recent months, the creators of ''Hum Log'' elevated Lalu's status by moving him out of the house and having him act responsibly. Once again, the viewers protested.

Now Lalu is back to his old ways and his name has become a widely used, endearing term for a foolish bumpkin.

''There are lots of Lalus living in India,'' said Rajesh Puri, a 28-year-old actor who was lured away from a Bombay film career to play the part. ''He's really not that foolish. He means well and people take him to their hearts.''

In many respects, ''Hum Log'' was a concept whose success was inevitable sooner or later.

One obvious factor was the tremendous growth in televisions. Indians own about five million sets, double the number two years ago and half what it is expected to be two years from now. The Government estimates an average of 10 viewers per set.

Fourfold Growth Since 1983

The reach of Doordarshan has also broadened. It now has 180 transmitters across India, more than four times the number in 1983.

Not surprisingly, ''Hum Log'' has a larger audience in northern India, where Hindi is spoken, or at least understood. Lately a few new characters from south India, as well as a few south Indian phrases, were introduced to broaden the appeal.

Until recently, Indian television has been dominated by sports, cultural programs and somnolent documentaries. A typical program might show the Prime Minister dedicating a new agriculture exhibition.

Last year, the Government approached P. Kumar Vasudev, an established Bombay film director, to help put together a soap opera to run two or three times a week - something that had never been tried before.

''At the time, I thought television had no future,'' recalled Mr. Vasudev. ''Suppose the show flopped? My film career would be ruined also.''

Mr. Vasudev, an intense-looking man with a dark mustache, agreed to serve as director provided the Government would give the entire production over to an independent team that would raise the money from a commercial sponsor.

Sponsored by Toothpaste

This, too, was a new concept that set a pattern for Indian television. Today ''Hum Log'' is brought to the viewers by the makers of instant coffee and toothpaste, and there are 10 commercially sponsored series programs. Several more are due in the fall.

''For every time slot, we have 10 offers for new shows from outside producers,'' said S. S. Gill, the Government's Secretary of Information and Broadcasting. ''We have become extremely choosy in what we put on the air.''

Much of the credit for the success of ''Hum Log'' is given to Mr. Joshi, an owlish-looking former journalist who is the sole writer of the series. He savors the fact that even after it started, critics felt the show was too low-brow to find an audience.

When some accused him of stealing ideas from American television, Mr. Joshi cheerfully pleaded guilty, saying he consulted ''The Complete Soap Opera Book'' and many others.

''We have designed it rather cleverly,'' said Mr. Joshi, who has a wry smile that makes him seem perpetually amused by life.

''We created something people can identify with,'' he added. ''There is a strong suggestion that this family has seen better days. They came to the city to improve their lot, and the next generation looks like it may succeed. It's a very typical situation.'' Reflecting a writer's touch for metaphor, the family is in the picture-framing business.

May Influence Cinema

As mass entertainment, ''Hum Log'' is unusual because of the general dominance of escapist fare in the media. Popular Indian movies, as opposed to art films, are famous for their violence, fantasy and torrid romance. Some critics say that cinema may well be influenced by the success of ''Hum Log.''

For now, it has certainly given new vitality to the careers of its cast, most of whom were unknown stage actors or amateurs before the ''Hum Log'' boom. They still are paid only about $40 an episode.

The show, in fact, is produced so cheaply that rehearsals take place in the lounge of a Government guest house. The studio has only three cameras, the lights aren't movable, and shooting has to take place after midnight.

After more than a year, longer than any Indian television show has ever been on the air, the people involved in ''Hum Log'' are getting restless, eager to move on to more lucrative challenges.

There is talk that the show's popularity has peaked and even dipped lately, though the creators say it is as strong as ever. Nonetheless, ''Hum Log'' may come to a conclusion before the end of the year.

Some of the stars may stay in television, some may go on to film, where the pay is better. But handsome -and newlywed - Dr. Ashwani Kumar has another option. In real life, he is Dr. Ashwani Kumar, who is studying for an advanced degree in medicine.

Recently, Dr. Ashwani Kumar had to change his specialty from orthopedics to microbiology. Hundreds of patients were pestering him because they had seen him on television.

**End of Document**



[***HERE COMES NEW JERSEY!***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9360-0007-J4D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 6, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

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**Section:** Section 6; Page 38, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 4727 words

**Byline:** By Randall Rothenberg; Randall Rothenberg is the author of ''The Neoliberals: Creating the New American Politics,'' published by Simon & Schuster.

**Body**

IN ROOM NO. 2458 OF THE RAYBURN BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, the champagne was flowing. Representative Frank J. Guarini, Democrat of Hudson County, and his staff were congratulating themselves on a job well done. Earlier in the day, the House had voted on an amendment, co-sponsored by Guarini, that prohibited funding for Westway, a massive highway project designed to bring development to Manhattan's West Side.

At about the same time, a Federal judge upheld a ruling that blocked its construction for environmental reasons. Westway was dead.

Months earlier, Mayor Ed Koch across the Hudson had warned that the New Jerseyans would ''rue the day'' that they opposed New York on the project. But here they were, celebrating. Despite Guarini's claims that ''everyone is a winner'' in the decision to kill Westway, everyone knew that New Jersey had just claimed a major victory in its continuing border wars with New York.

Nor was this the state's only triumph. Just a few weeks before, native son Bruce Springsteen had returned home on the final leg of a record-breaking worldwide tour. In Manhattan, girls in T-shirts bearing the message ''I'm a Jersey Girl'' boarded buses bound for Jersey. They and 300,000 others were heading for the Giants Stadium in the Meadowlands - not Madison Square Garden, mind you, the Meadowlands - to listen to Springsteen.

Midway through one of the concerts, Springsteen adopted a professorial tone and, pointing to a chalkboard with a drawing of the ancient Middle East, announced: ''For years, we've all thought that the Garden of Eden was in Mesopotamia.'' Flipping the board over, he revealed another map: ''But we now know that the Garden of Eden was actually located 10 miles below Jersey City, just off the New Jersey Turnpike.''

As the audience laughed, the Boss delivered his punch line: ''And that is why they call this the Garden State!'' The high-school kids from Englewood, the balding lawyers from Roseland, the factory workers from nearby Carlstadt - all roared their approval. For a change, they were not laughing at their home state. They were applauding it. WHEN I WAS GROWING up, New Jersey had no meaning for me. At best, it was a joke. At worst - during the racial riots that rocked Newark in the hot summer of 1967 - it was a tragic illustration of urban America's decline. Most of the time, my home state was a cipher.

From the age of 2, I lived in Bergen County. New Jersey was simply a collection of roads that took me places: Route 4 went to Dad's office in ''The City,'' the turnpike led us to our relatives in Philly. It was this orchestration of overpasses and exchanges that led a high-school classmate to suggest that New Jersey's motto be changed from the ''Garden State'' to the ''Interstate.''

But now, to paraphrase Gertrude Stein's description of Oakland, there is a there here. The roads stop at a variety of places that prove to even the most skeptical visitor that New Jersey not only exists, but thrives. There is a new New Jersey that exemplifies the ways America is changing as the nation approaches the 21st century.

New Jersey now claims a positive cultural identity where once ''there was no self-image,'' in the words of Senator Bill Bradley. The Missouri transplant and former basketball star is one of a list of cultural heroes - including Springsteen and the literary journalist John McPhee - who are most responsible for New Jerseyans' new-found assertive pride in their state.

At the same time, New Jersey -long one of the nation's most industrialized states - has become a paradigm of the postindustrial economy. The state ranks fifth among all states in the number of people employed in high-technology industries, and the percentage of its population employed in the service sector is higher than the national average. As the economy has become more decentralized, Jersey, with acre upon acre of greensward just minutes from two of the country's major metropolises, has become home to various businesses that define the ''information age.''

Finally, New Jerseyans are now possessed of an unprecedented appreciation for their state. In a survey taken last year by the Eagleton Institute at Rutgers, the state university, 80 percent polled rated the state a ''good'' or ''excellent'' place to live, up from 62 percent in 1977. Nearly half claimed New Jersey was better than other states, almost double the percentage four years earlier. The poll's results, maintain its authors, suggest that ''the entire state culture has been changing.''

A S THE HELICOPTER AS-cends from a deserted baseball field in rural Somerset County, Gov. Thomas H. Kean is well able to discern the transformation of the state his family has helped lead for more than two centuries. Among the horse farms and estates are dotted office developments shrouded in greenery. As the chopper heads south and east, we can spot the spires of Rutgers and the gleaming new Johnson & Johnson corporate complex in New Brunswick.

The open space below us belies the fact that this is the nation's most densely populated state; wealthy suburbs - some of America's richest -bump up against decaying cities like Newark and Camden. Kean's boundless optimism has enabled New Jerseyans to look beyond festering problems to the changes represented in the landscape, changes that move me to ask: ''With all this, where do New Jersey jokes come from?''

''It was Ben Franklin who said it first,'' replies the Governor. ''New Jersey is 'a barrel tapped at both ends.' ''

New Jersey has long suffered for its proximity to both Philadelphia and New York. Until the 1730's, the state lacked its own governor, sharing a chief executive with New York. To this day, the Garden State, despite a population of just over 7.5 million, is not considered a distinct advertising market by Madison Avenue. Our status as a bastard child of two great cities is continually reaffirmed by the dominance of outside media. Thus, the image of New Jersey has been shaped largely by outsiders, and Jersey jokes, long a staple on the Catskill and Carson circuits, continue to thrive.

The jokesters have been given plenty of ammunition. For decades, newspapers have reported the escapades of Albert (The Executioner) Anastasia of Cliffside Park, Simone (Sam the Plumber) DeCavalcante of Princeton and other assorted mobsters. It is hard to overlook headlines like ''Mob Lifts Millions From Jersey Banks; Several Collapse'' or stories like the 1970 indictment of the entire Old Tappan police department for accepting bribes from Vincent (The Chin) Gigante.

Organized crime's impact on the image of New Jersey is compounded by recurring political corruption, which dates to the 30-year tenure, starting in 1917, of Frank (I Am the Law) Hague as Mayor of Jersey City. Hague amassed a personal fortune of $8 million on an annual salary of $7,500. Two of his successors went to jail and a third was kicked out of office when it was discovered he wasn't an American citizen. Recent events reinforce the old image: the bribery conviction of Senator Harrison A. Williams Jr. in the Abscam investigation and the indictment of the Reagan Administration's former Secretary of Labor, Raymond J. Donovan, a former construction-company executive and native of Hudson County.

But without a doubt, the source of most of the jokes is a stretch of roadway only 118 miles long. ''It's the New Jersey Turnpike's fault,'' confirms the comedian Joe Piscopo. Although a New Jersey native and resident, Piscopo has trafficked in Jersey jokes. The cover of his latest album, entitled ''New Jersey,'' shows him posing in front of an oil refinery. ''If you're going to Delaware, or Virginia, or Washington, and you go through New Jersey, you get the toxic-waste sites and that wonderful smell that only New Jersey can manufacture,'' he says. ''The jokes come from that.''

If humorous to some, the petrochemical odor of Exit 13 in the Elizabeth/Newark area is also a pungent admonition that the state's toxic-waste problem is among the nation's most severe. In New Jersey, there are 98 sites on the Federal Government's Superfund priority list, more than in any other state.

To most residents, the odors along the turnpike are reminders of ecological disasters and near-disasters: the discovery of dioxin in the ground underneath Newark's Ironbound district in 1983; the closing of miles of public beaches last summer when dangerous levels of bacteria were found in the water; the recent discovery of radium contamination of several hundred homes in Essex County.

One could argue that New Jersey's reputation has been unfairly tarnished. Former State Attorney General John Degnan once remarked that ''the only reason people know so much about organized crime in New Jersey is that we've done such a good job at publicly rooting it out.'' I agree. Furthermore, New Jersey's approach to toxic-waste cleanup is a model for the rest of the nation. The state has a stringent disclosure law for companies using dangerous chemicals, and a spill fund to finance toxic-waste removal. New Jersey Congressman James J. Florio is generally regarded as the ''brains'' behind the Federal Superfund.

The condition of New Jersey's cities is not so easy to rationalize. Between 1970 and 1980, Newark lost more than 50,000 people, almost one-seventh of its population; real per capita income declined by more than 30 percent, with 40 percent of residents living below the poverty line. In Camden, the situation was worse: 17 percent of the population left during the 1970's, and real per capita income declined by more than 40 percent.

In fact, a Federal index of ''city distress'' in the 70's named Camden the nation's worst city in terms of decline in real total income; Newark ranked fifth, and three other New Jersey cities - Jersey City, Paterson and East Orange - were among the 15 worst. While some change for the better is evident, notably the revitalization along the Hudson County waterfront, most signs are not encouraging. This August, the national unemployment rate was 7.0 percent, and New Jersey's stood at an exemplary 4.4 percent. In Newark, however, more than 11 percent of the population is out of work, according to the most recent figures; in Camden, it is a tragic 12.6 percent.

Nonetheless, other symbols are molding and affirming a positive image of the state. The new picture is one of vibrant progress painted upon a faded, but determined, heritage. The four symbols most emblematic of the new New Jersey - Bill Bradley, Bruce Springsteen, the Meadowlands and Atlantic City -all boast a thematic consistency, that of the rebirth of ***working-class*** values in a postindustrial world. How else to define a Rhodes Scholar-turned-athlete-turned-Presidential contender, a shore brat converted into ''the future of rock and roll,'' a polluted swamp transformed into a populist entertainment complex, a decaying resort regenerated as a gambler's paradise?

It is this new unity of image and spirit, as much as anything else, that has contributed to New Jersey's renaissance. In the past, our valuable assets remained in the public mind separate and distinct from the state. Who knew that Bell Labs was a New Jersey institution? Did we ever, in high school or college literature courses, stop to consider that the black experience so eloquently limned by the poet Amiri Baraka was part of Newark, Baraka's home? Now, linkages exist that have given residents an idea of the state as one whole.

Of all the examples of change and rebirth, the Meadowlands - opened in 1976 - is, perhaps, the single best. One of the world's largest and most profitable sports facilities, it has acted as an anchor for $1 billion worth of real-estate development. Sixty percent of the respondents in the Eagleton Poll had attended at least one event at the Meadowlands.

Since its opening, each year has brought another affirmation of its importance: the wooing of football's Giants, and later the Jets, across the river from New York, and Heisman Trophy-winner Doug Flutie's signing with the Generals, are instances that leap to mind. These events, inasmuch as they signify a certain cultural maturity, are nevertheless evocative of the state's blue-collar heritage. The Meadowlands is not La Scala, certainly; but if it is true that societies require physical structures to represent their coming of age, then the Meadowlands is New Jersey's cathedral.

There is enormous pride in the fact that the inaugural concert at the Meadowlands' Brendan Byrne Arena was played by Bruce Springsteen. ''If you're looking for a burning bush, a signal of equity with New York, that is a very apt one,'' says Bill Bradley.

Springsteen has, almost singlehandedly, overturned the Jersey joke. ''It's like Polish jokes,'' posits Joe Piscopo. ''They're not funny anymore because the Pope is such a dynamite guy. And now, with the advent of Springsteen, Jersey jokes won't work.'' Indeed, listening to Springsteen croon, ''I'm in love with a Jersey girl,'' I can't help but think that, just as the Beach Boys' song ''California Girls'' served as an anthem for the loose, freewheeling 60's, so does Springsteen's music help define the 80's. The New Jersey experience of the past decade, the legacy of industrial decline and blue-collar despair, is recorded in Springsteen's songs, as is a firm belief in ***working-class*** values and a hope for the future.

While the dominant theme of the New Jersey renaissance is that of Middle American, ***working-class*** values, it would be wrong to emphasize it at the expense of the pastoral image of the state. In fact, the Garden State as garden state - the New Jersey of Princeton, of the Jersey shore, of the Delaware Water Gap - has made a popular reappearance, due in no small measure to John McPhee. Prior to McPhee's 1968 book, ''The Pine Barrens'' (originally published in The New Yorker), the literary image of New Jersey was decidedly urban and rough: William Carlos Williams writing of ''the guys from Paterson [who] beat up the guys from Newark and told them to stay the hell out of their territory,'' or Philip Roth driving ''past Irvington and the packed-in tangle of railroad crossings, switch-men shacks, lumberyards, Dairy Queens and used-car lots.''

McPhee introduced us to the state's rural component. From a fire tower atop Bear Swamp Hill, he noted the dichotomy between the two views of Jersey: ''The picture of New Jersey that most people hold in their minds is so different from this one,'' wrote McPhee, surveying the acres of lakes, bogs and trees, ''that, considered beside it, the Pine Barrens . . . become as incongruous as they are beautiful.'' His celebration of this last bastion of rustic splendor amid the growing eastern megalopolis helped lead to the Federal and state governments' decision to protect the Pinelands from destructive overdevelopment.

John McPhee also introduced New Jerseyans, not to mention the nation, to Bill Bradley. Bradley is something of a transitional figure; he calls to mind the upper-class serenity of Princeton and the middle-class attraction of the Knick's locker room. His political leadership, particularly his reputation as the doyen of tax reform, has made him an object of extreme pride at home, the more so because he has pursued it with the same quiet determination with which he led what he calls his ''previous lives.''

The classic picture of Bradley, drawn by McPhee in his 1965 New Yorker profile, is of a young man putting lead weights in his shoes and blinders around lensless eyeglass frames as he spent five hours a day, every day, every summer, for four years, dribbling and shooting, dribbling and shooting, until he got it right. By all accounts, he has brought the same sort of focused obsessiveness to the Senate.

Of course, symbols alone are not enough to change a state's perception of itself; it is the communication of these symbols that lends them importance. As former Gov. Brendan Byrne told me, ''The fact that entertainers on 'The Tonight Show' say they're playing Atlantic City, and that New York and Philadelphia sportcasters talk about the Jersey Giants and the New Jersey Nets, is more important than anything else.''

New Jersey is the most densely cable-saturated state in the nation, and cable's gains have led to a real, if indeterminate, loss of influence by New York's and Philadelphia's network television affiliates. This fact has not been lost on the state's political leaders. It is on cable that 33-year-old Peter Shapiro broadcast the poltical rock video that garnered for him the Democratic nomination for New Jersey Governor. Tom Kean has consciously turned himself into New Jersey's first media Governor; his tourism commercials with Brooke Shields have made him a star in his own right.

And it has been via television that New Jerseyans have been introduced to what Senator Gary Hart, during his Presidential bid last year, called the ''new reality'' of New Jersey, the transition from an industrial to a high-tech-and-service state.

Manufacturing was painfully, al-beit quickly, swept from the state's employment base beginning with the recession of the early 1970's. Between 1969 and 1984, manufacturing employment fell from 35 percent of the work force to 21 percent. Services, trade and finance now account for 52 percent of all jobs. Says Joseph Seneca, chairman of Rutgers' economics department and of the Governor's Economic Policy Council, ''That purging of manufacturing . . . was so severe that it certainly laid the foundation for what was left to become much more efficient and much more competitive.'' In effect, New Jersey accomplished in 10 years what it took New England nearly half a century to do. And, as in Massachusetts, where the heritage of the Yankee tinkerer was kept in the microchip factory, so in New Jersey much new activity is built upon the state's traditional industrial base.

Consider, for example, Robert L. Curry and William F. Martin, partners in a venture called Medical Publishing Enterprises. Curry, 52, and Martin, 38, have built a flourishing service business firmly on the back of New Jersey's chemical and pharmaceutical industry, which - what with such giants as Hoffman-LaRoche, Schering-Plough and Johnson & Johnson - is the largest such group in the nation. In four years, M.P.E. has grown from a three-person operation to a company with 16 staffers, revenues in excess of $5 million a year and a million-dollar annual payroll. M.P.E. is located in Fair Lawn, once a prototypical bedroom community that now is also a thriving haven for small service businesses that find proximity to New York attractive, but New York costs prohibitive.

As the economy continues to move in the direction of services, which by nature are human-capital-intensive industries, quality-of-life considerations become increasingly critical to business location decisions. The notion that the quality of life, indeed one's identity, is dependent on being in or near a city, has changed.

''The apotheosis of the center-of-the-pork-chop life style is now the . . . minifarm, fostered by the 10-plex movie theater in the shopping center by the Bennigan's bar,'' says Dr. George Sternlieb of Rutgers' Center for Urban Policy Research. ''What you're dealing with is a postindustrial consumer America.'' Thus, as life styles and the economy have become increasingly suburbanized, New Jersey's attractiveness has been enhanced. It is the ultimate suburban state.

Counties such as Cape May, Ocean, Hunterdon and Sussex have registered population increases of 25 percent to 66 percent during the last decade, reflecting a national migratory trend out of the cities. This ''New Jersey Sun Belt'' of rural and shore communities owes its residential growth to the economic development of the former suburbs.

''It's the new 'ring city,' '' explains Sternlieb. ''It's taking the old central-city-to-suburb relationship, and mov-ing it once over. People are now commuting not from the affluent suburbs to the inner city, but from the boonies to the highway that rings the city.''

The growth of the Hudson riverfront provides the most apparent example of change. As of July, developers had announced, or broken ground for, more than 14.6 million square feet of office space between the George Washington Bridge and Bayonne, according to analysts at the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. ''That's equal to one-and-a-half World Trade Centers,'' notes Rosemary Scanlon, the authority's chief economist.

Because of the business expansion, and because residential real estate in Manhattan has grown so expensive, the Hudson's ''rive gauche'' has also experienced a housing boom - the same Jersey City that lost 14 percent of its population in the 70's is now seeing some brownstones selling at seven or eight times the asking price of five years ago.

Although regional economists maintain that the current expansion is natural and inevitable, the movement of businesses across the river caused consternation in New York. A putative border war developed, with New York City officials accusing Jersey City of employing Federal Urban Development Action Grants to steal business, and Jerseyans seeking to block the Westway project. What has upset New Yorkers is not the loss of business from Manhattan - where the office market continues to expand - but the decision of many financial-service firms to locate or relocate their back-office operations in New Jersey, rather than in the city's outer boroughs.

The skirmishes have been nasty, and much of the contentiousness is attributed by New Jersey officials to former New York Deputy Mayor Kenneth Lipper, who tried to prevent Shearson/American Express from moving to Jersey City by informing company executives that the site they had chosen was ''a toxic-waste dump.'' (It is not.) New Yorkers blame the aggressive tactics of former Jersey City Mayor Gerald McCann. Rhetoric has softened considerably since Lipper's resignation in his unsuccessful quest for City Council President and McCann's defeat in his re-election bid last June. But last month, when Mayor Koch and Governor Cuomo announced that they were abandoning hopes of building Westway, they were clearly upset with New Jersey officials who had campaigned against the project. Nor were they mollified when New Jersey's two Senators and several Representatives vowed to support New York in its quest for a full trade-in of allocated funds, and some politicians worry that battles between the two states may escalate.

Others point out, however, that there are many issues other than Westway; in fact, Governor Cuomo has discussed with New Jersey's Governor Kean and Representative Guarini some commonly shared prob-lems with the Reagan Administration's tax proposals.

T HE GROWTH OF Morristown from colonial museum stop to corporate center has also been dramatic. Morristown owes its development to the same phenomenon that led to the explosive growth of White Plains and Stamford, Conn.: the gradual recognition by corporations that inner-city headquarters are no longer imperative. Among the corporate giants based in the area are Crum and Forster, which moved from New York in 1971, and Nabisco Brands, which relocated from New York in 1975. Corporate service firms - particularly New Jersey's major law firms, many of which were, until recently, located in Newark -have also moved to the area.

Morristown is also part of the Communications Corridor, spread along Routes 287 and 78, which cuts through the horse country of Somerset, Hunterdon and Morris counties, and stretches almost to the shore. Here, the presence of A.T.& T. and its subsidiaries (notably Bell Labs) has attracted smaller firms in the telecommunications field.

The development of Route 1 between New Brunswick and Trenton is a more heavily publicized phenomenon. The explosive growth of this 26-mile stretch, anchored by Rutgers and Princeton universities, is both corporate and entrepreneurial. In 1981, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith decided to locate a training center for brokers and an office building here. At the same time, says the Port Authority's Rosemary Scanlon, ''Route 1 is essentially an area for new, high-tech manufacturing.'' Planners estimate that more than 30 million square feet of office space will be built in a seven-mile strip flanking Princeton alone. Route 1 will thus resemble America's best-known ''information archipelagoes'' - California's Silicon Valley, Massachusetts' Route 128 and North Carolina's Research Triangle.

But to me, the economic and demographic changes taking place along the Jersey shore best represent the transition the state is undergoing. In the early 60's, Atlantic City was already close to bottoming out. Further north, Asbury Park's decline was confirmed and hastened by the riots that wracked its poverty-stricken black community in 1970.

Casino gambling is not the panacea some promised it would be when it was approved by voters in 1976; much of Atlantic City's black population still suffers from poverty. And potential new problems abound. Developers have peppered the Pine Barrens and shore area with retirement communities. New Jersey has thus become America's fifth most popular state for retirees; 12 percent of the state's total population is now 65 years old and over. While the senior citizens' presence has improved the economies of many communities, the voting down of school budgets in some municipalities worries officials.

Nonetheless, Atlantic City's direct casino jobs now number more than 30,000, or 1 percent of the state's employment. Up north, office development has been spurred by the presence of Bell Labs in Holmdel and a variety of brokerage houses in Red Bank. Even in Asbury Park, where 20 percent of the residents are on welfare, the outlook is brighter than it has been for decades. The 60-year-old Berkeley-Carteret Hotel, Asbury's long-declining queen, reopened this summer as a luxury hotel with a $14 million renovation.

The residential boom is apparent just south of Asbury Park, across the lake from the aging funhouses, in Ocean Grove, a town founded as a religious summer retreat more than century ago and famed for restrictive blue laws that banned swimming on its beach, even driving within its gates, on Sundays. When I last visited Ocean Grove a decade ago, its boarding houses were decaying; young people were rarely in evidence.

Today, Ocean Grove is virtually unrecognizable. Its gingerbread Victorian houses are under renovation, children walk its streets. The change is owed, in part, to entrepreneurs like 29-year-old Mark Socha, an Ocean Grove native.

''This community is turning over,'' the dark-haired, dark-eyed, bearded Socha explained to me as we toured Ocean Grove in his jeep. He reminded me that Woody Allen filmed ''Stardust Memories'' here in 1981. ''Artists are coming in from New York, putting in studios with skylights.'' We stopped at a century-old house Socha was renovating. Having bought it for $32,500, he had already sold it for $160,000. Five blocks from the beach, the house was ringed with enormous bay windows that Socha fitted himself. Upstairs, he had cut away the attic to turn the master bedroom into a two-story cathedral.

My wife summed up the change as we walked past the rows of freshly painted homes: ''Think of it as Santa Monica East.'' I SEE AN ANALOGY BE-tween Ocean Grove and this state I've lived in all my life and have loved, despite the opprobrium of the outside world. There is a new vigor and optimism in New Jersey. While there is a danger that the euphoria accompanying our renaissance may mask the persistent problems that infect our urban areas, there is also a sense that New Jersey can serve as a beacon for the rest of industrial America.

What's more, the changes have not overwhelmed us. Rather, they have been built on a foundation that keeps Jersey familiar, if not entirely comfortable. For all the telecommunications entrepreneurs setting up shop along Route 1 or the Communications Corridor, the turnpike around Exit 13 still stinks to high heaven. And for all the new roads they build through the Pinelands or to the shore, the old ones are still here. ''The road is very much a part of New Jersey,'' agrees Senator Bill Bradley, who has traveled most of them. ''The road is home.'' And maybe that's the greatest change of all: The road that took people through us now brings them to us.

**Graphic**

Photo of condominiums under construction in Hoboken (F.N. Kinney 2d); Photo of Caesar's Hotel on boardwalk in Atlantic City (Lief Skoogfors/Woodfin Camp); Map of New Jersey (Page 42); Photo of Bruce Springsteen (NYT/Jose Lopez) (Page 68); Photo of the Giants at Meadowlands (Adam J. Stoltman/Duomo) (Page 69)

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[***People's Jitney: No Champagne On This Bus To the Beach;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-40T0-0005-G2K5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***For $2, Air-Conditioned Ride To a Day of Sun and Surf***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-40T0-0005-G2K5-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI

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**Body**

The rattle of the elevated No. 7 train was the only thing that broke the quiet on Roosevelt Avenue early Sunday morning in Woodside, Queens. Expectant storeowners near 61st Street waited for the end of Mass to set the local Irish and Hispanic worshipers free.

But at a lone city bus stop, there was already a queue. Teen-age boys sat along the curb on boogie boards in front of a Dunkin' Donuts. About 20 people stood: toddlers, parents and grandparents, their arms laden with coolers and towels and covered with sunscreen.

The express bus to Rockaway Beach would come in a few minutes.

Demetrio Kontotanis glanced nervously at the growing shorts-and-tank-top line as his wife, Elba Angelica, held onto their 3-year-old niece, Bianca. Cousins from Flushing were meeting them here.

"If they don't come by 10, we'll have to wait half an hour for the next bus," said Mr. Kontotanis, an Argentine immigrant with Greek roots. The cousins arrived just as the bus, the Q-53, pulled up.

To the Hamptons Jitney and its socially aspiring passengers, add the Q-53, the People's Jitney.

Leaving Woodside in northwestern Queens, where old-timers of Irish and Italian descent live with the borough's newcomers, the city bus picks up the beach-bound in the ***working-class***, immigrant strongholds of Jackson Heights, Elmhurst and Rego Park. Then it cuts a beeline south through Woodhaven, Ozone Park and Howard Beach. And after two quick stops on Broad Channel in Jamaica Bay, it delivers its passengers to the Rockaway peninsula.

Linda Giannecchini, a 47-year-old secretary, grew up in Scotland but has been taking the Q-53 to the Rockaways since 1970, first with her mother, then alone. "We live in Woodside, you see, and we're right around the corner from the stop," she said. "It's air-conditioned. It takes only 50 minutes. For $4 round trip, you get a day at the beach."

It may not be "an airline on wheels," as Tom Neely, the Hampton Jitney's marketing vice president, refers to his bus. No one hands out complimentary newspapers or offers a choice of coffee, juice or bottled water with a muffin. No attendant beseeches passengers with laptops to limit their cellular phone calls to three minutes. Aboard the People's Jitney, champagne will never be poured on holidays.

The Hamptons? said James Taylor, 32. "Never been there." But he has listened to his share of Hamptons stories while mixing drinks for customers at the bar where he works on the Upper East Side.

"They've asked me to go over there," Mr. Taylor said. "But I don't want to drive, and I don't like the L.I.R.R."

What about the Hampton Jitney? "What?" he asked. "Oh, yeah. The one on 59th and Lex? But there you're stuck on the L.I.E. for hours."

Sitting up front and looking comfortable in shorts and a green tank top with a Rockaway Beach logo, Mr. Taylor swayed between self-deprecation and resentment in his assessment of his Hamptons-bound patrons.

"They're all snobs," he said, then reconsidered. "Not all of them. You get a few nice ones. The rich people go to the Hamptons. The poor slobs come over here."

But the lure of each destination is not so different.

Mohamed Ahmed, 17, a senior at Aviation High School in Long Island City who was born in Sunnyside to Egyptian immigrants, was propping his short boogie board against the windowpane and sitting cool and listening to Nas, a gangsta rapper. When the bus lurched up to the Woodhaven Boulevard stop, two teen-age girls in shorts and bikini tops hopped in. Mr. Ahmed's eyes followed them to the back of the bus.

"I thought I recognized them," he offered by way of explanation.

Love -- searching for it, mourning its loss, celebrating it -- linked many of the riders that day.

Gloria Martha Napo, 29, and Steven Abad, 24, sat close, very close, in the middle of the bus. A cousin of Ms. Napo had introduced them six weeks before, shortly after she had arrived from Colombia. Mr. Abad, an Ecuadorean immigrant who works 6 days a week, 12 hours a day parking cars on the Upper West Side, sees her only on weekends.

So the night before, after she had told him she dreamed of walking on the beach at night, he had borrowed a friend's 1991 red Honda Accord and chauffeured her, blindfolded, to the Rockaways.

But his friend wanted the car back by midnight. And so this morning, wanting to return to the beach, the couple had taken the Q-53.

"It's $2," Mr. Abad said. "We save some money. We saw boats and some people fishing. It's air-conditioned."

Standing on the boardwalk later in the afternoon, the surf behind them, his arm around her, he said: "We're thankful. We want a family. We want kids. She's the best girl in the world."

Inside the Q-53 as it cruised down Cross Bay Boulevard in Howard Beach, Gerrie Padova, 62, sat alone beside the window, finishing a Danielle Steel paperback, "Lightning." ("Depressing," was her critique. "She writes too many too fast.")

Ms. Padova has been going to the Rockaways all her life and taking the Q-53 as long as she can remember. About 25 years ago, just west of the teen-age crowds and honky-tonk of Beach 116th Street, she met a man who became her longtime boyfriend, though they never married. ("My mother was still alive," she said. "She was afraid of losing me.")

The couple always went to Tobay Beach in Long Island. But after he died 15 years ago, she returned to Rockaway Beach. "I was feeling empty, and I was thinking I'd like to find a female friend," Ms. Padova said.

She met a Yugoslav woman who had just broken off an engagement. "I sort of hesitated at first," recalled Ms. Padova, who is of Swedish and Italian descent and who works as a temporary bookkeeper. "Then I saw her a few times, and I thought she was a nice lady."

This morning, as she has done for the last 10 summers, Ms. Padova was meeting her friend on the beach.

More than 800 people made round trips on 11 buses on the Q-53 line this Sunday, a so-so beach day, with temperatures reaching only the mid-80's.

For three decades after the Q-53 was born in the late 1940's -- back when the Rockaways were dotted with summer bungalows and the Playland amusement park -- up to 50 buses were needed on weekends to transport the crowds, said Stephen J. Eagar, president of the Triboro Coach Corporation, which is contracted by the city to run the buses.

The bus never recovered its popularity after the 55-cent fare started rising in 1972.

"Two dollars each way?" said Mr. Eagar, who oversaw the Q-53 on weekends from 1953 to 1970. "For a man with four children, that's a dent."

Shortly before 6 P.M. on Beach 116th Street, a long, tired line of 100 formed behind the Q-53 sign for the ride home, stretching past the Gourmet Last Stop restaurant, whose windows promised "Breakfast Specials. 2 Eggs. $2.50" and "Sausage + Pepper Hero. $3.75."

In the middle of the line, Roberto Costa, 31, sat on a red cooler with his wife, Maura, 29, beside him. In Astoria, in the restaurants and shops catering to a growing Brazilian enclave, fellow immigrants had told them Rockaway Beach was a common weekend destination.

Aboard the crowded bus, a dozen people had to stand. A boy sat on a blue cooler, sleeping with his mouth open, as his mother stood above him, holding an overhead bar with her right hand and her son's head against her stomach with her left.

In the back, three young women in bikini tops were left undisturbed by weary young men.

Up front, Luis Gonzales sang softly into the ear of his girlfriend, Sara Khaled, as Claudio Olivera slumped in slumber beside them.

Soon, the Q-53 would reach northern Queens, turning languidly around the giant pillars of the el on Roosevelt Avenue, making its last stop a few feet from this morning's pickup spot, where eager beachgoers had been replaced by Dunkin' Donuts garbage bags.

Mr. Olivera's friend, Louis Gebrail, 21, a student at New York University, remembered the Q-53 from his boyhood. It was always crowded, he said, and the fare was always a few dimes above the regular city bus's.

"Neighborhoods have changed," he said. "Woodside has changed. The Rockaways have changed. But when I think about this bus, it's been the same."

**Graphic**

Photos: Steven Abad and Gloria Martha Napo on the boardwalk. Passengers boarding the Q-53 bus at Beach 116th Street in the Rockaways after a day of sun and sand at the beach. A long, tired line of 100 people formed behind the Q-53 sign for the ride home. (Photographs by Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. B4); Oscar Afre, left, and Felipe Eraso, with boogie board in tow for riding the waves at Rockaway Beach. Left to right, Flora Maria Marino, Wendy Granada and Melissa Montero at the end of the day approaching home in Woodside. Luis Gonzales sings into the ear of his girlfriend, Sara Khaled, on the Q-53. Two brothers from Forest Hills who plan to go ocean fishing. (Photographs by Rebecca Cooney for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Map: "A Winding Journey Through Queens"

Leaving Woodside, the Q-53 head through Jackson Heights, Elmhurst and Rego Park. It then goes through Woodhaven, Ozone Park and Howard Beach and finally to Rockaway. (pg. B1)

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[***Inside the Race to Rescue A Health Site, and Obama***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:59YG-2BB1-JBG3-623H-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

WASHINGTON -- As a small coterie of grim-faced advisers shuffled into the Oval Office on the evening of Oct. 15, President Obama's chief domestic accomplishment was falling apart 24 miles away, at a bustling high-tech data center in suburban Virginia.

HealthCare.gov, the $630 million online insurance marketplace, was a disaster after it went live on Oct. 1, with a roster of engineering repairs that would eventually swell to more than 600 items. The private contractors who built it were pointing fingers at one another. And inside the White House, after initially saying too much traffic was to blame, Mr. Obama's closest confidants had few good answers.

The political dangers were clear to everyone in the room: Vice President Joseph R. Biden Jr.; Kathleen Sebelius, the health secretary; Marilyn Tavenner, the Medicare chief; Denis McDonough, the chief of staff; Todd Park, the chief technology officer; and others. For 90 excruciating minutes, a furious and frustrated president peppered his team with questions, drilling into the arcane minutiae of web design as he struggled to understand the scope of a crisis that suddenly threatened his presidency.

''We created this problem we didn't need to create,'' Mr. Obama said, according to one adviser who, like several interviewed, insisted on anonymity to share details of the private session. ''And it's of our own doing, and it's our most important initiative.''

Out of that tense Oval Office meeting grew a frantic effort aimed at rescuing not only the insurance portal and Mr. Obama's credibility, but also the Democratic philosophy that an activist government can solve big, complex social problems. Today, that rescue effort is far from complete.

The website, which the administration promised would ''function smoothly'' for most people by Nov. 30, remains a work in progress. It is more stable, with many more people able to use it simultaneously than just two weeks ago. But it still suffers sporadic crashes, and large parts of the vital ''back end'' that processes enrollment data and transactions with insurers remain unbuilt. The president, who polls showed was now viewed by a majority of Americans as not trustworthy, has conceded that he needs to ''win back'' his credibility.

Another round of hardware upgrades and software fixes was planned for Saturday night. Administration officials say they will give a public update about the site's performance on Sunday morning.

The story of how the administration confronted one of the most perilous moments in Mr. Obama's presidency -- drawn from documents and from interviews with dozens of administration officials, lawmakers, insurance executives and tech experts working inside the HealthCare.gov ''war room'' -- reveals an insular White House that did not initially appreciate the magnitude of its self-inflicted wounds, and sought help from trusted insiders as it scrambled to protect Mr. Obama's image.

After a month of bad publicity and intensifying Republican attacks, the sense of crisis and damage control inside the White House peaked on Oct. 30, as the president's top aides began to fully grasp the breadth of the political challenges they faced. As Ms. Sebelius was grilled by Congressional Republicans that day, Mr. Obama flew to Boston to defend the health law and confront a new accusation: that he had lied about whether people could keep their insurance. Meanwhile, Mr. McDonough huddled at the Democratic National Committee headquarters with a small group of freshman House members whose anxiety was soaring.

The day was a brutal reminder for top White House advisers that fixing the botched health care rollout would be critical to restoring their boss's agenda and legacy. To do that, they would have to take charge of a project that, they would come to discover, had never been fully tested and was flailing in part because of the Medicare agency's decision not to hire a ''systems integrator'' that could coordinate its complex parts. The White House would also have to hold together a fragile alliance of Democratic lawmakers and insurance executives.

''If we don't do that,'' one senior White House adviser recalled, ''it's a very serious threat to the success of the legislation and a very serious threat to him. We get that.''

The urgent race to fix the website -- now playing out behind the locked glass doors of the closely guarded war room in Columbia, Md. -- has exposed a deeply dysfunctional relationship between the Department of Health and Human Services and its technology contractors, and tensions between the White House chief of staff and senior health department officials. It strained relations between the Obama administration and the insurance industry, helped revive a Republican Party battered after the two-week government shutdown and frustrated, even infuriated, Congressional Democrats.

But as the president's team gathered on Oct. 15 -- with a budget deal finally in sight on Capitol Hill -- his difficulties were only just becoming clear to the White House. As aides left the Oval Office that evening, clutching notes filled with what Mr. McDonough called ''do-outs,'' or assignments, political pressure was mounting.

The moment the government reopened, Mr. Obama and his image-makers knew, the news media would turn its attention to the website fiasco; at the Oct. 15 meeting, the president directed aides to make plans for him to tell the public that ''yes, the website is screwed up,'' one said. Within days, Republicans would have front-page evidence that the ''Obamacare train wreck'' they had long predicted had become a reality.

''We knew,'' said Jennifer Palmieri, the White House director of communications, ''that we were a little bit on borrowed time.''

The Rollout

The early reports were encouraging as HealthCare.gov opened for business on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 1.

The long-planned federal web portal -- envisioned as an online marketplace where consumers could shop for plans, compare coverage and determine whether they qualified for subsidies -- was central to Mr. Obama's promise of affordable care. (There are also 14 state-run exchanges.) On the eve of the rollout, Ms. Sebelius, a onetime Kansas governor and former insurance commissioner who had logged countless miles promoting the health law, was ebullient.

''We're about to make some history,'' she said.

The site went live around midnight, monitored by tech teams from Ms. Tavenner's agency, the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services, which supervised its development. In the West Wing, Mr. Park, the technology officer, spent the night in his office keeping tabs on traffic. Later that morning, Mr. McDonough ran into Ms. Palmieri in a White House hallway.

''Did you hear?'' he asked. ''The traffic is really high.''

It was a relief. Mr. McDonough, a 43-year-old former national security aide and one-time high school football defensive back known for his military-speak and sports analogies, had distributed ''enrollment countdown calendars'' to his staff members and warned them that ''no plan survives first contact.'' Yet his primary concern -- that customers would not come -- so far appeared unfounded.

But in Herndon, Va., at the offices of CGI Federal, the American subsidiary of a Montreal-based information technology firm that built the bulk of the site, technicians were frantic. They were beginning to realize what the White House did not: that the exchange's problems involved much more than delays caused by high traffic. Errors were popping up everywhere. Software that assigned identities to enrollees and ensured that they saw only their own personal data, known internally as the EIdM, was being quickly overwhelmed. Customers could not log in to create accounts.

Mr. Park was dispatched to help. A Harvard graduate and a son of Korean immigrants who co-founded a health information technology firm when he was 24, Mr. Park had the job of promoting innovation. Now, he and the software engineers who built the system were desperate to figure out what was wrong.

''They kept looking, looking, looking, but there wasn't anybody moving through the system,'' a person who worked on the project said.

Account creation was the province of Quality Software Services Inc., or QSSI, a company based in Columbia, Md. Its subcontractor, Oracle, flew a high-level team of software engineers to Washington. Experts disagree on what went wrong. But several said that errors in the software code written to stitch the Oracle product into the online system and improperly configured hardware trapped users in endless technological loops. It would take eight days to resolve just that one bottleneck.

Publicly, Mr. Obama had said ''interest way exceeded expectations, and that's the good news.'' But in a meeting in Mr. McDonough's office that first weekend after the start, someone asked the question on everyone's mind: Should we just take the website down altogether for a time so it can be fixed?

No, Mr. Park said, after consulting with the engineers in Herndon -- the website needs to be up to see where the problems are. One senior White House official said they briefly considered scrapping the system altogether. They decided it was fixable.

On Capitol Hill, lawmakers were consumed with another problem: the looming threat of a government default. The House Democratic Caucus gathered in the East Room of the White House on Oct. 9; Mr. Obama, participants said, vowed to hold the line with Republicans on the debt fight and assured nervous Democrats that his team would get the health portal working.

That same day, Mr. McDonough met in his office with Jeffrey D. Zients, a multimillionaire management consultant who had developed a reputation as a troubleshooter while running the Office of Management and Budget and is scheduled to become Mr. Obama's top economic adviser in January. For weeks, aides to Ms. Sebelius had expressed frustration with Mr. McDonough, mocking his ''countdown calendar,'' which they viewed as an example of micromanagement.

Now the chief of staff of a White House known for its insularity was again turning inward, looking to an Obama intimate who had no involvement in the creation of the health care website for what Mr. McDonough called ''independent eyes.''

A Mad Scramble

Chaos and frustration among the engineers was growing as fast in mid-October as the list of problems they were supposed to be fixing. Across the country, insurance executives were alarmed. Almost no one was buying their products.

In Herndon, as engineers tried to come to grips with repeated crashes, a host of problems were becoming apparent: inadequate capacity in its data center and sloppy computer code, partly the result of rushed work amid the rapidly changing specifications issued by the government.

The website had barely been tested before it went live, so a large number of software and hardware defects had not been uncovered. Fixing the account creation software simply exposed other problems; people still could not register to buy insurance. A system intended to handle 50,000 simultaneous users was fundamentally unstable, unable to handle even a tiny fraction of that. As few as 500 users crippled it, according to people involved.

''These are not glitches,'' one insurance executive said at the time, using a word the White House had adopted. ''The extent of the problems is pretty enormous. At the end of our calls, people say, 'It's awful, just awful.' ''

On Sunday, Oct. 13, with many top advisers spending as much as 75 percent of their time on the website, Mr. McDonough added a nightly 7 o'clock meeting in his office to demand updates.

Later that week, after the big damage control meeting in the Oval Office, he and Ms. Sebelius went to meet with the exhausted and disheartened staff at the Medicare agency. Republicans were calling for the health secretary's resignation; aides say she never considered it. In the car on the way back to the White House, Mr. McDonough broached the idea of having an outsider take charge.

''Look,'' he remembered telling Ms. Sebelius, ''we've always recognized that as a management technique you'd always want independent eyes if we ran into a problem. What do you think about Jeff Zients?''

Ms. Sebelius hesitated. ''Let's think about it,'' she said, by Mr. McDonough's account.

It did not take much prodding; by the end of the ride, the secretary had agreed. Within 24 hours, Mr. Zients would assume the responsibility for fixing the website, though his name would not surface publicly until the next week. He began by quietly visiting the federal agencies and contractors. He found a technical and a personnel mess.

Relations between the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services and its prime contractor, CGI Federal, had soured over the summer, well before the website opened on Oct. 1. Contractors responsible for different parts of the portal barely talked to one another, hoping to avoid blame. Among the contractors, rumors were swirling: CGI Federal would be fired. IBM, one of the losing bidders, would take over. The system would be scrapped; it had to be rebuilt from scratch.

Mr. Zients decided the site needed a ''systems integrator,'' a single company that would take charge. On Oct. 24, Ms. Tavenner put Quality Software Services in that new role -- a move that, people familiar with the project say, began to resolve conflicting and contradictory directions from her agency.

The week QSSI took over, HealthCare.gov -- a site Mr. Obama once promised would be as easy to shop on as Amazon.com -- went dark for 10 to 12 hours, unheard of in the online business world. But the bigger problem was organizational.

''People looked like they were busy,'' said Andrew Slavitt, group executive vice president for QSSI and its parent company, Optum, ''but it was hard to tell what they were working on and how it fit in.''

But while the contractors were grateful to Mr. Zients for helping to create order, they saw the administration's ''tech surge'' -- announced by Mr. Obama in the Rose Garden a few days before QSSI took over -- as mostly an exercise in public relations.

The announcement conjured images of an army of software engineers descending on the project. In fact, the surge centered on about a half-dozen people who had taken leave from various technology companies to join the effort. They included Michael Dickerson, a site reliability engineer at Google who had also worked on Mr. Obama's campaign and now draws praise from contractors as someone who is ''actually making a difference,'' one said.

Even so, one person working on the project said, ''Surge was probably an overstatement.''

By late October, the website's problems had become nightly fodder for television satirists, with ''Saturday Night Live'' lampooning Ms. Sebelius's disastrous appearance earlier in the month on ''The Daily Show With Jon Stewart.'' (During a trip to Tennessee by Ms. Sebelius on Nov. 1, a state senator would add insult to injury by presenting her with a copy of ''Websites for Dummies.'')

On Oct. 30, during three and a half hours of grueling testimony before the House Energy and Commerce Committee, Ms. Sebelius apologized. In the hearing room, the HealthCare.gov home page was displayed on a large video screen. ''Please try again later,'' it said. The site had crashed again.

That morning, an aide to the secretary woke up and burst into tears. ''We are taking arrows every day,'' she said.

Insurers Grow Anxious

Karen Ignagni was also feeling the crushing weight of the website's problems.

The longtime chief executive of America's Health Insurance Plans, the insurers' trade association, Ms. Ignagni is one of the most powerful lobbyists in Washington. The daughter of a Rhode Island firefighter who got her start as a health policy analyst for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., she has been alternately tangling with and supporting Mr. Obama on health care since 2009. She risked alienating some of her own members by working toward the law's passage.

With billions of dollars at stake for their industry, insurers voiced apprehensions even before the website's start about the lack of thorough testing, and Ms. Ignagni presented a list of ideas to the Obama administration about what to do if the website malfunctioned. But, an insurance executive briefed on the meeting said, their concerns were waved off.

In the early weeks of October, as the industry's dire predictions came true, the ever-careful Ms. Ignagni held her tongue. But one high-profile insurance executive went public with his concern. ''There's so much wrong, you just don't know what's broken until you get a lot more of it fixed,'' Mark Bertolini, the chief executive of Aetna, said on CNBC.

It was harsh criticism from someone who wanted the health overhaul to work. Mr. Bertolini's ***working-class*** background and personal experiences (his son had lymphoma) had also convinced him of the need for reducing the number of uninsured. And his company, which had invested heavily in preparing for the new law, stood to benefit.

Like his counterparts, the Aetna chief executive had invested heavily in preparing for the new law, hiring hundreds of additional workers and spending tens of millions of dollars to ready his company for the new marketplace. And while other major for-profit companies, such as UnitedHealth and Cigna, have mostly shied away from the online marketplace, Aetna is an active participant, offering plans in numerous markets.

Mr. Bertolini and a dozen other insurance executives were quickly invited to a meeting at the White House. They arrived in the Roosevelt Room on Oct. 23 to find Ms. Sebelius, Mr. McDonough and Valerie Jarrett, the White House liaison to business, among others. The mood, participants said, was one of cooperation, not conflict.

''Everyone was trying to say, let's roll up our sleeves,'' said James Roosevelt Jr., a grandson of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the chief executive of Tufts Health Plan.

But the good feelings evaporated as insurers started informing hundreds of thousands of existing customers that their plans no longer met basic, minimum standards required by the Affordable Care Act. With the website practically unusable, insurers were panicking; their customers could not log onto HealthCare.gov to buy new plans.

Customers ''are not able to piece together the complete story right now,'' one frustrated executive complained at the time.

Mr. Obama, meanwhile, was under assault. After years of telling Americans, ''If you like your insurance plan, you can keep it,'' he was being accused of lying. On the night of Oct. 28, Ms. Jarrett, one of Mr. Obama's closest confidantes and a guardian of his personal credibility, took to Twitter to defend him -- and to shift the blame.

''FACT,'' she wrote. ''Nothing in #Obamacare forces people out of their health plans. No change is required unless insurance companies change existing plans.''

The tweet touched a nerve; it was not the first time the Obama White House had used the insurance industry as a scapegoat. Ms. Ignagni's members were furious. ''Here it comes -- we knew it would happen,'' one executive recalled thinking.

The administration made amends in a very public way. Chris Jennings, a health policy veteran who closed his consulting firm in January to coordinate health care issues for Mr. Obama, wrote an opinion article in USA Today asserting that insurers were not ''cutting people loose,'' but rather offering better, more comprehensive coverage. ''They want to keep current enrollees as well as attract millions more who are currently uninsured,'' he wrote.

Even so, the relationship between the insurers and the White House was once again strained.

'You Can Keep It'

Inside the West Wing, where junior researchers monitor Twitter and other social media, officials knew the political controversy had moved beyond the broken website. Now it was about a broken promise. But for Mr. Obama, the mounting criticism was more than political. It felt personal.

''He was uncomfortable,'' one senior adviser said. He hated the idea that so many Americans had received cancellation letters from their insurance companies and were angry because ''of what the president had said -- that this wouldn't have happened.''

On Oct. 30, the president flew to Boston to talk about the Affordable Care Act at an event in Faneuil Hall, the Colonial-era meeting place where Mitt Romney, then the governor of Massachusetts, signed his own health care overhaul into law in 2006.

In addition to pledging again to fix the website, Mr. Obama for the first time acknowledged that not all people would be able to keep their health insurance. ''For the vast majority of people who have health insurance that works, you can keep it,'' he told the crowd. ''So if you're getting one of those letters,'' he advised, ''just shop around in the new marketplace.''

Aides hoped the admission would cool down the controversy. But back in Washington, the president's adversaries had other ideas.

As senior Republican lawmakers huddled in strategy sessions to take advantage of the website debacle, their constituents began sending stories about having their health insurance canceled suddenly. Their anger at the president was palpable -- and usable.

Bruno Gora, a 61-year-old self-employed promotional products distributor in Henrico, Va., for one, dashed off a note to his congressman, the House Republican leader, Representative Eric Cantor. Mr. Cantor had for years been questioning Mr. Obama's ''If you like your plan, you can keep it'' promise. Now there was tangible proof that the president had been wrong.

Countless letters like that formed the backbone of the new Republican battle plan. The strategists knew that HealthCare.gov would eventually be fixed; it was time, one said, ''to go heavy on the broken promise.''

Senator Mary L. Landrieu of Louisiana, a conservative Democrat who faces a tough re-election campaign in 2014, was one of the first to sense the danger. She quickly drafted legislation to allow consumers to keep their existing plans, with a title that was an unmistakable slap at the president: ''The Keeping the Affordable Care Act Promise Act.''

At the White House, her legislation and a similar bill written by a Republican House member set off alarms among policy aides, who feared that letting consumers keep old plans could further undermine the health care law. Keeping healthier people -- those most likely to have already bought coverage -- out of the new plans could potentially cause premiums to go up sharply in 2015, they said.

On Nov. 6, Ms. Landrieu and the other ''2014ers'' marched to the White House, where they spent two hours in the Roosevelt Room upbraiding the president and his advisers. Aides to Mr. Obama say the meeting was called, in part, to give Democrats a chance to publicly criticize the president -- a message that Vice President Biden delivered to Representative Steny H. Hoyer of Maryland, the Democratic whip, in a separate meeting with several freshman Democrats.

''Just attack us,'' Mr. Biden said, according to one person present. ''Blame us.''

Anxious Democrats increased the pressure. Even former President Bill Clinton casually suggested in an interview on Nov. 12 that Mr. Obama should let people keep their insurance, even if it meant changing the law. And by the next Wednesday, with no change yet announced by Mr. Obama, Democratic lawmakers were in a full-blown panic.

In a closed-door meeting of the House Democratic Caucus, lawmakers excoriated David Simas and Mike Hash, two of Mr. Obama's top health care strategists. ''The administration hasn't shown an ability to solve the problem,'' one lawmaker told them. The two officials promised that the president's team was working on a solution, and that it would come soon.

Despite lingering concerns inside the administration about the long-term impact on the health care law, the president announced his solution the next day: insurers would be allowed to renew old plans for a year. The announcement came just hours before a vote on a Republican bill to let insurers renew old policies and sell similar ones to new customers next year. Insurance executives, who had participated in lengthy conversations with Mr. Jennings and other officials, said they were unprepared for Mr. Obama's about-face.

But the moved satisfied most Democrats. Only 39 voted with Republicans to alter the health law, far fewer than the White House had feared.

The Fix-It Operation

After Mr. Zients arrived, he and Mr. Slavitt moved the technical guts of the rescue operation to QSSI in Columbia, Md. The war room -- a command center known internally as the Exchange Operation Center, or X.O.C. -- takes up the fourth floor of a nondescript office building that sits next to a shopping mall, close enough for frequent food runs to Chick-fil-A or Five Guys Burgers and Fries. The fix would happen here or not at all.

Guarded by thick glass doors that required coded card keys for entry, the room is occupied around the clock, with a ''bridge line'' -- an open speakerphone -- to other technical teams in Herndon and Tysons Corner, Va. At any given moment, about two dozen engineers and programmers cluster around laptops as they tackle one weakness in the system after another.

As the political debate raged on an hour away in Washington last week, the small group of technical experts that Mr. Zients assembled in Maryland focused on a singular task: identifying and fixing the hundreds of software and hardware malfunctions that were bringing down the site and making it inaccessible.

At the outset, the team had made what officials call a very intentional decision to focus their repair effort on making HealthCare.gov work better for consumers. That has meant putting off some ''back-end'' fixes for insurers, who use the site to receive applications and bill the government for subsidy payments.

Amid so much publicity about having a better website by Nov. 30, the administration is expecting a new crush of visitors to HealthCare.gov, raising fears that the site will once again be overwhelmed. The immediate goal in recent days has been to double HealthCare.gov's capacity, so that 50,000 people will be able to log on simultaneously and 800,000 can visit in a single day. To accommodate overflow, the technicians are building a ''waiting room'' where consumers can queue up.

There is a secretive air about the war room -- it is strictly off-limits to photographers and has been closed to reporters until now. Its unofficial manager is Mr. Dickerson, an easygoing 34-year-old who goes by Mikey and has taken a leave from Google to work temporarily for QSSI.

Mr. Dickerson brought with him the experience of someone used to the intense pressure of keeping a high-profile website operational. At Google, he helped maintain the company's advertising servers; every second they were down, the company lost money.

On a cold, rainy night last week as one of the monitors showed 9,852 users logged onto HealthCare.gov, he likened the complex work to road repairs.

''It's very similar to what traffic engineers do,'' he said. ''You can add lanes to the freeway, but maybe that makes commute times better and maybe it doesn't. If everybody backs up on the on ramp, it doesn't matter.''

Throughout late October and November, Mr. Zients had repeated a phrase that became his mantra: HealthCare.gov would ''function smoothly for the vast majority of users'' by the end of November, though he was always unclear about how that would be measured. His public updates each Friday provided snapshots of their technological roller-coaster ride, with metrics about response times and error rates.

But inside the room, 16 oversize Samsung television screens offered real time data, measured in milliseconds, of problems and delays.

When the problems occur -- and they still do -- the command center sees them first, in charts that suddenly spike on the television monitors. The data also serves as a reality check in a hypersensitive media environment. Last month, CNN reported that HealthCare.gov had gone down again. A quick look at the screens made it clear that whatever the problem had been, it was fleeting.

Mr. Zients's metrics, meanwhile, are improving. When the repair effort began, response time -- how long it takes a page to load -- averaged eight seconds; now it is less than one. The error rate -- how often users are unable to click through to the next page -- was 6 percent; now it is 0.75 percent. When Mr. Dickerson announced that the day had ended with no major crashes and no one who could not log in, the engineers erupted in applause.

''That's the job,'' he said. ''When things break, you have to fix them.''

But even as the White House points to its progress, the administration on Wednesday said troubles with HealthCare.gov had forced it to delay, by one year, an online exchange for small business.

Other people working on the project, speaking anonymously because they are not authorized to talk to reporters, say significant challenges remain.

Some of the companies building the system opposed an early decision by the Medicare agency to use database software from a company called MarkLogic, which handles data differently from systems by companies like IBM and Oracle. Some suggest that its unfamiliar nature slowed their work. By mid-November, more than six weeks after the rollout, the MarkLogic database -- essentially the website's virtual filing cabinet and index -- continued to perform below expectations, according to one person who works in the command center.

In interviews, MarkLogic's executives faulted inadequate computing power and instability at the site's data center, as well as the failure to properly integrate their product, problems repeatedly cited by other website vendors.

But perhaps most important, it remains unclear whether the enrollment data being transmitted to insurers is completely accurate. In a worst-case scenario, insurance executives fear that some people may not actually get enrolled in the plans they think they have chosen, or that some people may receive wrong information about the subsidies for which they are eligible.

In recent days, Mr. Zients has sought to lower expectations, telling reporters that repairs will continue -- it is an ''iterative process,'' he likes to say -- and that there will be ''no magic moment when our work is complete.''

In the White House, aides to Mr. Obama know that Republican attacks will keep coming, and that a clearer assessment of the Affordable Care Act will not come until at least the end of March, when the initial sign-up period for enrollment closes. The Congressional Budget Office has projected that seven million people will have signed up for coverage by then, but so far enrollment has been slow. During October, the federal government has reported, just 106,000 people picked new health plans, a vast majority of them through state-run exchanges.

Mr. Obama, meanwhile, is trying to turn the page. After a bruising two months in Washington, he spent the early part of last week on the West Coast, talking about other priorities -- the economy and an immigration overhaul -- raising money for Democrats, and trying at every turn to sound upbeat.

At a closed-door fund-raiser Tuesday night at the Beverly Hills home of the basketball star Magic Johnson, Mr. Obama made only scant reference to the law that he has long hoped will define his presidency. The president, who just two weeks earlier stood before a roomful of reporters in Washington and confessed that he had ''fumbled'' the rollout of his biggest legislative initiative, now confined his remarks about health care to his long-running battle with Republicans.

''I'm absolutely sure we're going to make sure this country provides affordable health care for every single American,'' Mr. Obama told the donors. ''And if I have to fight for another three years to make sure that happens, I will do so.''

He did not mention the website.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/12/01/us/politics/inside-the-race-to-rescue-a-health-site-and-obama.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/12/01/us/politics/inside-the-race-to-rescue-a-health-site-and-obama.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: HEATED RECEPTION: Kathleen Sebelius, the health secretary, faced House Republicans on Oct. 30 after weeks of problems with HealthCare.gov. (PHOTOGRAPH BY GABRIELLA DEMCZUK/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

PHOTOS (A30)

ON THE DEFENSIVE: President Obama went to Boston on Oct. 30 to defend the health law and confront a new accusation: that he had lied about whether people could keep their insurance. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CROWLEY/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

MORE QUESTIONING: Marilyn Tavenner, whose agency supervised development of the website, testified before Congress on Nov. 5. (PHOTOGRAPH BY J. SCOTT APPLEWHITE/ASSOCIATED PRESS) (A31) CHART: The White House: Leading up to the opening of the federal insurance marketplace, President Obama's communications staff was making upbeat presentations on the features of the new website. It was not until the middle of October that the White House fully grasped how widespread the failures were.

Department of Health and Human Services

Center for Medicare and Medicaid Services: The center oversaw the site's contractors. A March report by McKinsey & Company said that the project had no clear leader and that contractors often received conflicting instructions.

Federal Contractors: There were 55 companies involved in building the online exchange, but experts say that their work was poorly coordinated and that testing on the system was inadequate. (A30)

**Load-Date:** December 2, 2013

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[***ESPN Celebrates Big Success in a Small, Grateful Town***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X92-CGP0-00RP-K4FS-00000-00&context=1519360)

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By MIKE ALLEN

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**Body**

Back in 1978, when television sets came with rabbit ears, city leaders here were so proud of the fledgling company they had just landed that they put up a big wooden sign welcoming the "E.S.P. Network."

Even after locals learned that their new neighbor went by ESPN and planned to offer sports, not psychics, the concept of cable and satellites remained exotic. Farmers phoned City Hall to find out if they could charge the new network for air rights over their land, to allow passage of the scores and highlights that would soon be spit heavenward by the big white satellite dishes.

Some people worried that beams from the saucers might fry birds, or even trees. On foggy nights, mischievous residents took visitors down to the squat, brick birthplace of ESPN and tried to convince them that the three lonely satellite dishes were "alien transports."

At 7 P.M. on Sept. 7, 1979, "Sportscenter," television's first daily sports news program, went on the air, followed by ESPN's first live event: a slow-pitch softball doubleheader. The early days also featured such treats as Australian-rules football, tractor pulls, Thai kick boxing, model-plane racing and even a darts match, complete with throw-by-throw commentary.

Twenty years have passed, along with more than 21,000 episodes of "Sportscenter." The 3 satellite dishes now have 22 friends, all lined up along Middle Street like intergalactic catcher's mitts.

And ESPN, which now rakes in well over $1 billion a year and which analysts say is more profitable than the ABC television network, is still here in the woods of central Connecticut, where millionaire athletes arrive by limousine for interviews and then must decide whether to dine at Friendly's or the Ground Round.

Besides serving as the greatest aid to male bonding since the invention of the beer, ESPN is credited with transforming the relationship between America's teams and their fans. No longer stuck with home-team highlights from a local station, the "Sportscenter" generation started following teams all over the country, helping to drive up the value of franchises. Northerners began watching stock car racing, and Southerners tuned in to hockey.

It was all driven from this town of 60,000, with a night life centered on the Bristol Ten Pins, where on Fridays and Saturdays the overhead lights go down and the area's ***working class*** bowls in the spooky flashes of colored lane lamps reflecting off whirring mirror balls.

People in Bristol are not simply grateful that ESPN has stayed put, gobbling up land and adding building after building to accommodate ESPN 2 ("The Deuce," to fans), ESPN Classic, ESPNews, ESPN Radio, ESPN.com, ESPN the Magazine, ESPN the Store, ESPN in Spanish, ESPN in Portuguese and, beginning Sept. 7, a new ESPN pay-per-view and ESPN the promo channel.

They are stunned.

"I'm honored that they're here -- in fact, I'm humbled," Mayor Frank N. Nicastro Sr. said.

The network started with 70 employees and now has 2,100, 1,500 of whom work in Bristol, including the star anchors. ESPN officials say most of their on-air personalities live within 20 minutes of Bristol.

Today, the network began its anniversary celebration by holding mock "N.F.L. 2Night" auditions for guests, who were issued name tags emblazoned "Bristol University," after the network's cheeky football promotions. At 7 P.M. on Sept. 7, the network will broadcast a three-hour 20th anniversary special that will include bloopers, a retrospective of "Sportscenter" fashions and a segment comparing New York and Bristol.

During its heyday in the Industrial Age, Bristol was America's cradle of clock making. After those factories died, Bristol became the bicycle bell manufacturing capital of the world, but eventually those plants closed, too. Now Bristol exports springs -- and "Sportscenter."

Jason Klemyk, 25, an insurance claims analyst who has lived in Bristol all his life, plans to show his gratitude by rounding up his buddies on the night of the anniversary special and heading for the bar at the Radisson Inn, down the road from the Broadcast Center, hoping to run into a Hall of Famer or maybe even a "Sportscenter" anchor.

Who will pay for the drinks?

"I'll hook them up," he said, "just for being here."

ESPN landed here by a fluke. William Rasmussen, a former spokesman for the New England Whalers, a hockey team then based in Hartford, thought it would be neat to transmit Whalers and University of Connecticut games throughout the state.

To pursue his idea, he rented a room in the United Cable office in Plainville, which is next to Bristol. Plainville had an ordinance against satellite dishes, so when United decided to switch to dish reception, it bought a patch of land in Bristol.

Mr. Rasmussen figured that if it was a good spot for United, it would be a good spot for him, and he inquired about the adjoining parcel. The land was owned by the Bristol Redevelopment Agency, which had promised it to a man who planned to build a mini-storage warehouse. Mr. Rasmussen begged the agency to hold on to the land while he tried to scrape together $18,000 to buy it.

Local officials saw his plan as vague and perhaps impractical. "It was a concept that was maybe 10 years ahead of us," said Michael L. Werner, who was Mayor from 1977 to 1984.

Thomas P. O'Brien, a funeral director who was a member of the redevelopment agency's board, recalled, "People thought he was a little eccentric."

Mr. O'Brien said he argued to board members that if Mr. Rasmussen's dream panned out, one day he might become the third biggest taxpayer in town, behind the power company and a ball-bearing plant that has since closed.

By a vote of 5 to 4, ESPN was allowed to set up shop in Bristol. (The network is now, of course, by far the town's largest taxpayer.)

According to network lore, when Mr. Rasmussen plunked down his Mastercard to reserve satellite time, RCA officials pointed out to him that it would be almost as cheap to broadcast to the whole country as to just Connecticut. That was the beginning of the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network, which in 1985 became simply ESPN Inc.

Mr. Rasmussen raised the money by selling an 85 percent interest to Getty Oil. Now ABC Inc., a subsidiary of the Walt Disney Company, owns 80 percent of ESPN, and the rest is held by the Hearst Corporation.

ESPN was two months old when Sports Illustrated ran a withering review titled "The 24 Hours of Plainville." Since then, "Sportscenter" has become so well known for witty, allusion-laced writing that in a column in 1996, George Will described it as "the thinking person's 'World News Tonight.' " Catch phrases like "put the biscuit in the basket" and "Houston -- hello!" ring out in fraternity houses and gyms throughout the land.

Cementing its iconic status, "Sportscenter" has been parodied by "Saturday Night Live," which replicated the set, graphics and urgent "Da! Da-da! Da! Da-da!" theme music. ABC created a whole sitcom, "Sports Night," based on ESPN's signature show.

Sixteen years after the snippy review, Sports Illustrated ran a "To Our Readers" box announcing that it was essentially copying ESPN and joining with Cable News Network to create CNN/SI, a "new 24-hour cable sports network." A "Sportscenter" clone, "Fox Sports News," is broadcast on the regional sports stations that Fox has built into -- go figure -- a 24-hour cable sports network.

Bob Ley, who joined the network on its third day and remains one of its best-known personalities, says the isolation of Bristol helped produce the network's breezy style. "If we had been in L.A., they wouldn't have been hiring 24-year-old kids who could pick up and move in two weeks," Mr. Ley, 44, said in his office, where a silent television monitor was tuned to CNBC. "We were all thrown together here, with nothing else to do."

ESPN officials cite a variety of reasons for staying. Labor and other costs are lower than they would be in a big city. Many members of the young staff that founded the network have married and had children, and now like the idea of raising a family in "bucolic Bristol," as it is sometimes called on-air. And the labyrinth of studios, editing suites, radio booths and satellite dishes has become so complex that moving it would be a mind-boggling undertaking.

Moreover, Bristol officials readily admit that they will do just about anything for ESPN. In the early years, when the network needed a building but had no money, the city bought the building, then leased it to the network. ESPN needed a helicopter pad, so the city built one. City, state and Federal funds are being poured into an $8 million road improvement project around the 43 acres that now make up ESPN Plaza.

When ESPN officials were concerned that traffic noise would mess up segments for the anniversary special that were being taped in front of the Broadcast Center last week, officials closed the road for six hours.

"Here, ESPN is the king," said John J. Leone Jr., executive director of the Greater Bristol Chamber of Commerce. "In New York, ESPN would just be another network."

ESPN's president, George W. Bodenheimer, says he has no plans to move. "I'd be hesitant to disturb something that isn't broken," he said.

The network is branching out. It has the ESPN Zone, a grill and interactive entertainment center, in Baltimore and Chicago, and plans to open one in Times Square on Sept. 14. ESPN also manages some events, including the five-year-old X Games, which showcase extreme sports like sky surfing and snow-motocross.

ESPN stars have occasionally caused a local ruckus by referring to Bristol as Godforsaken, or best viewed in a rear-view mirror.

Gentler Bristol humor is a staple on the network. In a promotion spoofing a spate of team relocations, an ESPN official announces that "Sportscenter" will be moving to "the city of the future -- Bristol, Connecticut," praising its abundance of free parking and "the availability of high-quality fruits and vegetables." A ponytailed local skips up to the huge ESPN complex in knee-high overalls, bearing a basket of produce.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: ESPN was originally envisioned not as a nationwide behemoth, but as an outlet for Hartford Whalers and University of Connecticut games. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. B1); In previous times, Bristol, Conn., was best known for the manufacture of clocks and bicycle bells. Now it is the home of ESPN, where workers checked television images of events sent there by satellite. (George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. B6)

Map of Connecticut highlighting Bristol: Plainville prohibited satellite dishes, so ESPN was set up in Bristol. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1999

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[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: The South;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-92V0-000P-20M1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The 'Bubba' Stereotype Is Vanishing As a Region Becomes More Moderate - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-92V0-000P-20M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



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**Byline:** By By PETER APPLEBOME,

By By PETER APPLEBOME,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, Feb. 29

**Body**

In theory, the battle for Southern voters revolves around the stereotypical white Southerner, usually known as "Bubba," who is partial to country music and conservative politics.

But as Presidential politics move into the states of the Confederacy, the biggest question about Bubba may not be how he will vote but how to find him.

Because of the importance of black voters, an influx of newcomers to the South, a moderating influence on many whites from growing economic strength and modest electoral participation by ***working-class*** whites, primary voting in the South no longer lives up to the stereotypes.

"The main thing about Bubba is that Bubba hasn't been voting much in the Democratic primary or the Republican primary," said Prof. Earl Black, a political scientist at the University of South Carolina. "To the extent he's been voting, it's mostly been in the general election."

South Takes Center Stage

Still, conservative blue-collar whites could be important this year as swing voters who may help decide the course of both the Republican and Democratic races. Their votes could be particularly important to Patrick J. Buchanan on the Republican side and Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas on the Democratic.

Beginning with the primary here in Georgia on Tuesday and the South Carolina primary Saturday, the South dominates the political calendar for the next 10 days. It culminates with Super Tuesday on March 10, when 11 states will vote, including Texas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee in the South, and the border states Oklahoma and Missouri.

Until the last two decades, only one party primary mattered in the South. It was Democratic, and largely reflected the conservative tendencies of the region. But several factors, including the rising importance of black voters, have changed that.

Professor Black's book, "The Vital South," (Harvard University Press, 1992), which he wrote with his brother, Merle Black, a political science professor at Emory University, notes that as late as 1960 there were no black delegates from the South at the Democratic National Convention. In 1968, blacks made up 10 percent of the Southern delegates. By 1988 blacks were a third of Southern delegates, exceeding their share of the total population and reflecting their importance in the primary electorate.

Stereotype Is Void

Polls of voters leaving the polling places after the 1988 Presidential primaries in the South indicated how much Democratic primary voters now differ from the stereotypical Southerner.

In the states with primaries in the next two weeks, only in Tennessee did whites raised in the South account for half of the Democratic primary voters. In Mississippi and Alabama, blacks made up almost half the electorate. In Texas, blacks were 23 percent of the voters and Hispanic people accounted for 11 percent.

Only in Florida and Tennessee did minorities make up less than a third of the electorate, but the dominant group of voters in Florida is one of whites raised outside the South, who accounted for 56 percent of the voters.

The minority vote was inflated somewhat in 1988, when the Rev. Jesse Jackson was in the race, but the basic trends were clear, Professor Earl Black said: the Democratic vote was dominated by blacks and moderate-to-liberal whites.

Widening the Electorate

On the Republican side, party primaries have long been the preserve of the suburban white-collar conservatives, although Professor Black says that Mr. Buchanan has the potential to bring out some blue-collar voters. The potential is particularly strong in states like Georgia, where voters can cast ballots for candidates of either party. "Pat Buchanan is the ideal candidate to bring them out," Professor Black said. "He's throwing out a lot of red meat."

Louisiana and Florida are the only two of the seven Southern states holding primaries in the next two weeks that limit voting by party registration.

But demographic factors, as well as political ones, will determine the electorate.

In Florida, the least typically Southern state in the region, blacks are likely to make up about 15 percent to 25 percent of the Democratic electorate, with Hispanic people probably accounting for another 5 to 10 percent, said George Oster, political director of the Florida Democratic Party.

"Florida's such as diverse state," he said. "There is less of a tendency in Florida for the automatic vote for the Southern candidate than in the rest of the South."

Republicans Near Parity

The growth has made Florida, along with South Carolina, one of two Southern states where the Republican Party is nearing parity with the Democrats. In 1988, 901,000 voters turned out for the Republican primary in Florida and 1.2 million voted in the Democratic one.

Stan Smith, spokesman for the Florida Republican Party, said the people moving from other regions are the backbone of the Republican primary.

"There are communities that will turn out heavily in this primary that literally didn't exist in the last Presidential election," he said.

Presidential primaries have different histories in different states, so it is hard to generalize about turnout.

In Texas, where the primaries once served, in effect, as a general election, with the Democratic victor the sure winner in November, there is a long tradition of primary participation.

Differences Among Primaries

"Until the last 15 or 20 years, the only election that mattered was the Democratic primary," said the Texas Democratic Party Chairman, Bob Slagle. "As a consequence, primaries are regarded much more seriously here."

South Carolina Democrats will be having their first Presidential primary while Mississippi holds only its second this year. Both had caucuses in the past, and the absence of a history of Presidential primaries could help keep the turnout low.

The races are also certain to be affected by the size of the region and the cost of running. President Bush's longtime ties to Texas, where he claims his legal residence would make it a tough state for Mr. Buchanan under any circumstances. But the expense of running there doubles his problem in making a strong showing, said Texas Republican Party Chairman Fred Meyer.

"In New Hampshire, Buchanan spent 40 days and $1.5 million dollars on a million people. "If he had six months and $5 million dollars, he could get the same kind of penetration here and maybe get 30 percent of the vote."

On the Democratic side, a major question is how big a black turnout will be there without Mr. Jackson in the race. Ed Cole, the chairman of the Mississippi Democratic Party, said the size of the black turnout would not necessarily affect the outcome in a state where Bill Clinton was the only candidate with a major presence.

Clinton May Be Hurt

"A small turnout he gets a good vote, a large turnout he gets a good vote," he said. "He's the only one doing anything here."

But a bigger question is what will happen among conservative whites. If they become excited by Mr. Buchanan's message and decide to vote for him, that could hurt Mr. Clinton, as well as Mr. Bush, by taking away the voters Mr. Clinton has been counting on. More in question is what effect David Duke will have, particulary in Mississippi, South Carolina and Louisiana, where he will be competing in the Republican primaries with Mr. Buchanan for the most conservative white voters.

Beyond that, some question whether Mr. Buchanan's abrasive style will work in the South.

"It's like Preparation H ads," Hastings Wyman Jr., publisher of the Southern Political Report, a political newsletter, said of Mr. Buchanan's graphic advertisements accusing Mr. Bush of sanctioning Government support of pornographic art. "A lot of people in the South are going to think that just shouldn't be on televison."

But there are some signs that Mr. Buchanan's conservative campaign may be bringing new voters into the Republican primaries. In Louisiana, he was endorsed by Billy Nungesser, the chairman of the state Republican Party.

And in Tennessee, Tommy Hopper, the chairman of the state Republican Party, said: "Everybody that's involved in his campaign in Tennessee are new people. I've been in the party since I was 11 years old, and I recognize virtually none of the names, which tells me, he's drawing in a lot of new people, and they may increase the primary vote."

\*Georgia, in the same order: 36, 47, 17.

\*Louisiana: 38, 46, 16.

\*Mississippi: 45, 43, 12.

\*Tennessee: 27, 56, 16.

\*Texas: 23, 43, 24, with 11 percent Hispanic voters.

**Correction**

A chart last Sunday showing the racial breakdown of voters in the 1988 primaries for six Southern states carried indistinct shading in most copies, leaving the segments unlabeled. These were the percentages:

\*Florida: black, 17; white and raised in the South, 26; white and raised elsewhere, 56.  
**Correction-Date:** March 8, 1992, Sunday

**Graphic**

Graphs: "Southern States: A Strong Showing of Democrats," shows racial breakdown of the Democratic electorate, and Democrats as a percentage of all primary voters in 1998 primaries for Florida, Georgia, Louisianna, Mississippi, Tennesee and Texas (Sources: New York Times/CBS New Poll of voters in each primary)

**Load-Date:** March 1, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Old Dream and New Issues 40 Years After Rights March***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49CB-2X80-01KN-20BR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 24, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

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**Length:** 1796 words

**Byline:**  By LYNETTE CLEMETSON and STEVEN A. HOLMES

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 23

**Body**

The atmosphere was completely new to Raul Yzaguirre, a college student manning a first aid station at the March on Washington on Aug. 28, 1963. Raised in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas, he had been active in the newly emerging Hispanic rights movement, and the gospel songs filling the air, the messages from the black civil rights leaders booming from the speakers' platform, were all unfamiliar.

He was helping to carry a dehydrated woman on a stretcher when the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. started to speak. "I stopped and asked her, 'Do you mind if I listen?' said Mr. Yzaguirre, 64, president of the National Council of La Raza, the nation's largest Hispanic advocacy organization. "She said no, she didn't mind, so I just put her down, right there, and began listening."

Forty years after the historic march, Mr. Yzaguirre's journey, from peripheral observer to an influential voice for an ethnic group that recently overtook African-Americans as the country's largest minority, is emblematic of the shifting landscape of the civil rights movement.

As civil rights advocates, old and new, gather this weekend to commemorate what many consider the high point of the struggle for equal rights, they are also taking stock of the movement itself -- what it is today, how it got that way, and what it must say, do and become to maintain its relevance. Despite the significance of the anniversary, a rally commemorating the event drew only several thousands. Page 22.

The current movement is made up of a sometimes unwieldy collection of groups with issues and interests inconceivable in 1963. They include women, the disabled, Hispanics, Asians and Native Americans. For the first time since civil rights groups began commemorating the anniversary of the march, major conveners of today's march include the Arab American Institute and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

At the same time, the size and influence of the torch-bearing civil rights organizations behind the historic march has diminished, even as their rhetoric and tactics have been adopted by a host of new and disparate causes. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference, now led by Martin Luther King III, son of the slain civil rights leader, is a mere shadow of its former self. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is gone. Even the N.A.A.C.P nearly went bankrupt in the 1990's.

"It's a whole bevy of people who join what you could still call a movement, but it's something far broader -- less spontaneous maybe, but potentially more powerful," said Washington's delegate to Congress, Eleanor Holmes Norton, who helped organize the 1963 march.

More Voices, More Issues

Still, the resulting conglomeration is rife with contradictions and challenges. It is a movement that is more diverse, yet less integrated. It is desirous of new blood, yet often out of touch with younger people. It is embracing new political causes, yet fighting to maintain its political influence. And many of the issues on the current agenda are far more subtle and complex, less easy to package, than the right to register to vote without fear of injury or death.

A recent public service campaign, about housing discrimination by the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, founded in 1951, highlights the movement's more expansive reach. The radio and television commercials feature a series of prospective renters with strong accents and names like Juan Hernandez, Sanjay Kumar and Tyrone Washington all trying to view an apartment and being turned down on the phone, while the caller who "sounds white" is given an appointment.

"It's necessarily become much more inclusive," Karen Narasaki, executive director of the National Asian Pacific American Legal Consortium, said. "There are many more voices. But there are also more issues."

In 1963 no one considered issues like the racial profiling of Arab-Americans, hate crime legislation for gays and lesbians, or welfare for illegal immigrants.

The broadening of the mandate has not come without tension. "There are some who fear that investing resources in the examination of issues faced by other communities dilutes attention from issues still faced by African-Americans," Ms. Narasaki said.

The movement is also facing a public that is increasingly cool to many of its goals, like affirmative action. In a Gallup poll taken in June, 17 percent of black respondents said they believed that blacks have job opportunities equal to whites. In contrast, 55 percent of whites said they thought blacks and whites had equal chances for employment.

"For many white people, the laws that were passed in the 1960's took care of everything," said Julian Bond, chairman of the N.A.A.C.P. "For them, they just shrug their shoulders and say, 'What's the problem? I don't get it.' "

Even the vocabulary of 40 years ago at times falls short of capturing the complexity of the issues championed today. For instance, said Randall Kennedy, a professor at Harvard Law School, a literal interpretation of the word "discrimination" can obscure the disadvantage brought about by historic inequality. The word "racism" does not capture detrimental attitudes or positions that are based on race or are racist.

"We need new lingo," Mr. Kennedy said. "Maybe what groups are fighting against today is subordination. Wielding the old words often lets people off the hook. It doesn't zero in on what is truly culpable in certain conduct."

An Economic Agend

Some of the seeds of the current struggle for a broadly encompassing but focused message took root around the planning for the 1963 march. Organizers of the 40th-anniversary march promoted it as a march for jobs and freedom.

When they think of the 1963 march, many people today only remember Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I Have a Dream" speech and the calls for racial equality. In fact, access to jobs and eradication of poverty were the initial objectives of the rally. A. Philip Randolph, the influential president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who called for the march, and Bayard Rustin, who organized it, originally conceived of it as a way to do something about the grinding poverty that afflicted not only blacks, but other groups as well.

"This civil rights demonstration is not confined to the Negro; nor is it confined to civil rights; for our white allies know that they cannot be free while we are not," Randolph said in his speech on the National Mall on the day of the march. "We know that we have no future in which six million black and white people are unemployed, and millions more live in poverty."

But the burning racial strife in the South in the early 1960's focused much of the attention during the march and in the years following on the call to end Jim Crow laws.

In the next five years the primary legal goals of the movement were met with the enactment of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and the Fair Housing Act of 1968. But 40 years later, the liberal economic agenda championed by Randolph, Rustin and King remains stalled in the eyes of many.

In many ways the march and the years directly after were the apex for traditional civil rights groups. Later in the 1960's and 70's, white liberals gravitated toward new moral crusades like opposing the Vietnam War, fighting for women's rights and protecting the environment. Black nationalists eschewed the nonviolent strategies of the old-line civil rights organizations.

The economic stagnation of the 70's and 80's made middle- and ***working-class*** whites less supportive of programs to help poor blacks and resentful of efforts like affirmative action that primarily helped middle-class blacks.

"It is one thing to be liberal minded about issues of equality in the 1960's, when the people you're talking about are clearly a subordinate class," said Ron Walters, a political science professor at the University of Maryland. "It is altogether different when the fruits of those efforts usher in a black middle class engaged in social competition for goods."

If the ranks of traditional black civil rights organizations have diminished over the years, it is largely as an outgrowth of their own success. Black intellectuals planned and organized the movements of the 60's. Today they cluster in a slew of black professional organizations, such as those for lawyers, doctors, engineers and journalists, which have sprung up with increasing educational and job possibilities. Others who would lend valuable strategic, financial and marketing skills to the movement are often siphoned off by the much better-paying private sector.

Gaining the right to vote turned the energy of many black people away from the civil rights protests and towards the political arena. In 1970, seven years after the March on Washington, there were 1,469 black elected officials in the United States, according to the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, which studies black-oriented issues. By the year 2000, the number had reached more than 9,000. Some say there are still mass demonstrations of black people seeking to secure rights and advantages. They are now called elections.

"And those are the best kinds of demonstrations to have," Ms. Norton said.

'We Just Acted'

Some veteran civil rights advocates bemoan the lack of involvement in older organizations and causes as apathy born of privilege. "In 1963 we didn't have Web sites, cellular phones or fax machines," said Representative John Lewis of Georgia, 63, who as chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee was the youngest speaker at the march 40 years ago. "We just acted."

Many who came of age after the pivotal years of the movement argue that a change of focus and tactics is only natural. "Success today in motivating people is not necessarily defined by getting 100,000 people out to a march," said Nelson George, 45, an author, film producer and pop culture critic. "For some people it may be about 100,000 hits on a Web site. And that's O.K."

For all the talk of new rhetoric and new strategies, some scholars of the movement say its future lies with people who know little of its origins.

Rogers M. Smith, a professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania and the author of "The Unsteady March: The Rise and Decline of Racial Inequality," said the movement's future would depend largely on how closely new immigrants identify with the goals of the civil rights struggle and how readily the movement embraces them.

"All we need to do, really, is agree to a set of principles and stick to them," Mr. Yzaguirre said. "If a program is for the poor, then it should focus on all poor people. If we're going to have a diversity program, then it should be truly diverse. We can't accept a system anymore where any member is a junior partner."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. at the 1963 march. Yesterday, his son called on listeners to champion his father's causes. (Photo by Reuters); The Rev. Al Sharpton with Coretta Scott King. He urged people to "take down the dream busters."; The rally was organized by an array of groups and kicked off a 15-month voter registration drive.; Crowds at the Lincoln Memorial on Saturday. The rally was part of a series of events commemorating the 40th anniversary of the March on Washington. (Photographs by Stephen Crowley/The New York Times)(pg. 22) Chart: "Four Decades: Gauging Progress"How blacks have fared by some indicators since the 1963 March on Washington. Graph tracks median household income adjusted for inflation in 2001 dollars.(Data not available before 1967.) Graph tracks percentage in poverty(data not available from 1960 to 1965) Graph tracks percentage completing four years of college Age 25 and over. Graph tracks percentage of blacks in selected professions: (laywers and judges, doctors, managers and owners, and all occupations.) All aforementioned graphs track both blacks and whites from 1960-2000. Graph tracks blacks in federal and state legislatures from 1960-2000.(data not available before 1970.) (Sources by Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies; Census Bureau; "Black Americans: A Statistical Yearbook," 2003 edition)(pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** August 24, 2003

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[***BASEBALL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6MY0-000P-234C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Paranoid in Pinstripes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6MY0-000P-234C-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 1468 words

**Byline:** Billy Martin

By George F. Will;

George F. Will, the political columnist, is the author of "Men at Work: The Craft of Baseball."

By George F. Will;  George F. Will, the political columnist, is the author of "Men at Work: The Craft of Baseball."

**Body**

THE LAST YANKEE

*The Turbulent Life of Billy Martin.*

*By David Falkner.*

*Illustrated. 349 pp. New York:*

*Simon & Schuster.*

*$22.*

Billy Martin's baseball life, at once lurid and monotonous, wasn't one damn thing after another, it was the same damn thing over and over. David Falkner's meticulously reported biography, "The Last Yankee: The Turbulent Life of Billy Martin," begins, appropriately, in a men's room in a Texas bar where the 60-year-old Martin gets into a 2 A.M. brawl and nearly has an ear torn off. Forty stitches repaired the ear. Nothing could repair his career, which had long since been hurtling out of control.

Mr. Falkner, the author of "The Short Season" and "Nine Sides of the Diamond," subscribes to the "as the twig is bent" school of biography. Martin was born in 1928 into a brawling family in ***working-class*** Berkeley, Calif., and was reared in a milieu of domestic violence, pugnacious ignorance and alcoholism. Some years later, Casey Stengel, then managing in the minor leagues, took a shine to Martin and, after becoming manager of the Yankees, brought him to New York. There Martin, a marginal player on a team brimming with talent, became obsessed with Yankee glamour. But eventually he became emblematic of the team's decline.

It is fitting that as a player Martin is most famous for saving the seventh game of the 1952 World Series by catching a wind-blown infield pop-up that, if it had dropped, would have given the Dodgers the lead. It was not a deed on a heroic scale, but it was useful. A .257 career hitter, he hit .333 in five World Series. Adrenaline and fury could carry him to heights where he really didn't belong. Similarly, as a manager he could briefly energize his teams, eliciting bursts of success. But they were not sustainable.

Martin became the chimerical solution for various owners (such as the Oakland Athletics' Charles Finley and the Yankees' George Steinbrenner) who lacked the patience that is an indispensable ingredient for any franchise to be successful season after season. Martin was the quick fix for teams in too much of a hurry to rely on the slow, steady development of young players, the formulation of real baseball success.

Mr. Falkner never really explains his book's peculiar title. "The Last Yankee"? In what sense? Martin was indeed among the last people connected with the Yankees' glory years, but that fact is linked with this one: The Yankees fell from glory because they fell into the 10-thumbed hands of the buccaneer Steinbrenner, who knows so little about baseball that he thought Martin was a winner.

Martin wasn't, on the field or off. "Turbulent" is altogether too pallid an adjective to describe his life. Try "tawdry," "squalid" and "loathsome." He was an appalling parent, a monster of marital infidelity (the day after his second wedding he flew off to see the woman who would be his third wife), an infantile boor (he and Mickey Mantle, Mr. Falkner tells us, enjoyed sneaking around to the other's apartment to catch a peek of the other copulating). He became increasingly paranoid and destructive of himself and all those around him. And he was a bad manager.

It is an old baseball axiom that any team will win a third of its games and lose a third of its games, and that the point of the season is to settle the middle third. Actually, the best team will probably lose more than a third. The average of the best winning percentages in each of the last 25 years is .630. In this sport of the long season, leaving the field beaten just 65 times is excellence. So in order to win you must know how to lose. That is, losing must not destroy the emotional equilibrium, the blend of concentration and relaxation that baseball requires of individuals and of teams that live and travel together from March through September.

Baseball, said a sage, is not a game you can play with your teeth clenched. Martin, as a manager, his teeth, fists and soul clenched, annihilated the poise teams need in order to prosper for more than a short spurt.

Mr. Falkner does not go into much detail about what made Martin distinctive as a baseball tactician. But, then, nothing much did. Martin was a rheostat who could turn up a club's energy level. He enriched his teams' menus of offensive options with bunts, base stealing and other measures that make opponents edgy and error-prone. But he hardly pioneered the revival of such baseball. A decade before Martin became a manager, the plodding, station-to-station game of the 1950's -- get two men on base and send Godzilla to the plate -- was passing.

In 1959, 10 years before Martin's first managerial job, with Minnesota, the "go-go" White Sox won a pennant with an attack, if it can be called that, built around two small middle infielders, Nellie Fox and Luis Aparicio. They lost the World Series to the Dodgers, who were in transition from the muscular 1950's teams of Duke Snider, Gil Hodges, Carl Furillo and Roy Campanella to the Maury Wills-Willie Davis spray-hitting speed merchants.

Martin's tactics did make opponents tense and distracted, but no more so than his personality made his own players. "There is," Mr. Falkner notes, "a numbing sameness to the fate of Billy Martin's teams" -- an initial rocketlike surge, but then the burn would falter, "the result of overload, too much stress and strain. The rocket ultimately nose-dived, crashing back to earth. . . . The team seemed to slip away from him, worn out either from having to continually play over its head or from simply having to deal with Billy Martin on a daily basis."

Nevertheless, for years there always was another owner who thought the crashes could be avoided. George Steinbrenner was a slow learner -- no, a nonlearner -- who hired Martin five times.

Mr. Falkner ends oddly by saying that Martin "was the best manager of his era, possibly of many eras. . . . A manager's job is to win. Billy won. In sixteen big-league seasons, there were only two seasons when teams of his had losing records." Mr. Falkner bases his conclusion, which the rest of his book refutes, on a statistical formula concocted by the number crunchers at the Elias Sports Bureau. The formula purports to reveal which managers' teams won more games than they were reasonably expected to win. Well, now.

THE Elias Bureau is baseball's Homer, telling the sport's story magnificently in the annual volumes of "Baseball Analyst." These books constitute a continuing epic. But Homer nods.

In fact, "The Last Yankee" might usefully be made required reading for graduate students in the social sciences and all others who need to be immunized against the seduction of numbers. To read Mr. Falkner's absorbing narrative, and then his wildly discordant conclusion, is to be cured of misplaced confidence in quantification. There are limits -- and Mr. Falkner's reporting shows that Elias passed them regarding Martin -- to the ability to capture messy reality in tidy formulas. Only the fetishism of numbers, to which all baseball fans are susceptible, leads a good student of the game like Mr. Falkner to contradict his own common-sense findings.

Martin, as Mr. Falkner acutely says, had a "powerful core energy, like the interior of a highly volatile, unstable atom," right up to the moment in 1989 when he skidded to his death in a pickup truck. Staying with the language of physics, I would say that Mr. Falkner has written a memorable account of Martin's long meltdown.

THE 10TH MAN

Long before he began working on his biography of Billy Martin, David Falkner was haunted by the mercurial baseball manager.

"Billy made me start puzzling over what was the effect of a manager on a major league team," Mr. Falkner said during a telephone interview from his home in the Bronx. "He changed the course of so many games that I watched. He was like a 10th man on the field."

In "The Last Yankee," Mr. Falkner argues that Martin's combative personality was the key to his short-term success and long-term failure as a manager. However, "Billy was an elusive character" for a biographer, Mr. Falkner said, because Martin's abrasiveness coexisted with a charming sweetness.

"I found myself alternately being turned off by him and liking him," the 56-year-old author said. "Billy struck so many people so deeply that the interviewing process was almost as schizoid as the subject." He recalled one umpire bursting into tears when discussing Martin, while another, in the same room at the same time, vulgarly castigated the manager.

Mr. Falkner himself met Martin in a bar in Scottsdale, Ariz., in the early 1980's. "I sat around with him for a couple of hours," the author recalled. "He was very soft-spoken, terribly vulnerable. He struck me as a guy who was enormously lonely. Billy the battler didn't match this other guy, who was a really lost person." -- MICHAEL ANDERSON

**Graphic**

Photo: Billy Martin arguing with an umpire in 1983. (Larry Morris/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1992

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**Body**

Last May, Robert Frank, the world's pre-eminent living photographer, returned to Zurich, the orderly Swiss banking city, cosseted by lake and mountain, where he grew up. When an artist who made his reputation by leaving returns home, mixed feelings are inevitable, and that was especially true for Frank, whose iconic American pictures are notable for their deep understanding of human complication. ''I know this town, but I certainly feel like a stranger here,'' he said.

As he walked through the immaculate Zurich city center, with its many statues, gilded shop signs and fountains, Frank was ''just amazed how well organized everything is, how perfect everything is.'' The Swiss, he explained, do not throw coins into fountains, because ''they have everything they need. They don't believe in wishing wells. Only the poor have to hope.'' Deciding he wanted to ride a streetcar, Frank surveyed the different lines. ''I usually don't get a ticket on the tram,'' he explained. ''This town is rich enough.'' He said he never worried about being caught by inspectors, and he didn't seem worried. He seemed the way he typically did -- fully present and yet filled with personal mystery. ''I don't know where that one goes, so we'll take it,'' he said, and was soon bound for a ***working-class*** district of the city.

Frank has always been a picture-maker unconcerned with his own appearance, and sitting quietly beside the streetcar window, he wore the usual faded work shirt, frayed pants and one too many mornings of stubble. A sturdy man who never uses socks, a winter hat or gloves, Frank is now 90, and in the cool Swiss air, he had on a new blue down coat. His melancholy eyes rarely betray anything, but as he gazed out at the city of his youth, there was the sense of a man wary, defended, skeptical, yet willing to be engaged. In his pocket he carried an Olympus camera.

Frank had come to Switzerland to receive the Roswitha Haftmann Prize for lifetime achievement, Europe's most lucrative fine-arts award, though he doesn't need the money. His photographs command steep prices, and nothing about his current way of living is much different from his days as a young man, when, he says, ''I decided if I swore off socks, I had more money for books.'' Several years ago, Frank sold the paintings given to him in the 1940s by an impoverished friend, Sanyu, who became a renowned modern Chinese painter. Frank received millions of dollars, but wealth so discomfited him he used it to create a foundation and gave it away.

Acclaim was likewise anathema. By the 1960s, just as his work was gaining a following, Frank abruptly moved on from still photography to become an underground filmmaker. Ten years later, with all the glories of the art world calling to him, Frank fled New York, moving to a barren hillside far in the Canadian north. Over the years, when museums asked to exhibit his work, when universities like Yale sought to award him honorary degrees, he would think, Let someone else have it, and decline. ''He never crossed over into celebrity,'' says the photographer Nan Goldin. ''He's famous because he made a mark. He collected the world.''

The tram entered a scruffy immigrant neighborhood not far from where Frank's father, Hermann, had his business importing radios and record players, for which Hermann himself designed cabinets that Frank describes as ''horrible.'' Frank carried two rolls of film, but all the way out he only gazed out the window. He could have been anybody. Back in the 1950s, when Frank was making what amounted to private photographic studies in public places, one of his skills was remaining inconspicuous in casinos, restrooms and elevators. Here, near the end of the tram line, suddenly the camera appeared. There was a single click. Nothing beyond the window looked unusual. Then Frank pointed to a construction crane, its boom passing below a church steeple clock. ''This is Zurich,'' he explained. ''The crane. The clock. The church. Functional.'' It was the one picture of the day.

Sixty years ago, at the height of his powers, Frank left New York in a secondhand Ford and began the epic yearlong road trip that would become ''The Americans,'' a photographic survey of the inner life of the country that Peter Schjeldahl, art critic at The New Yorker, considers ''one of the basic American masterpieces of any medium.'' Frank hoped to express the emotional rhythms of the United States, to portray underlying realities and misgivings -- how it felt to be wealthy, to be poor, to be in love, to be alone, to be young or old, to be black or white, to live along a country road or to walk a crowded sidewalk, to be overworked or sleeping in parks, to be a swaggering Southern couple or to be young and gay in New York, to be politicking or at prayer.

The book begins with a white woman at her window hidden behind a flag. That announcement -- here are the American unseen -- the Harvard photography historian Robin Kelsey likens to the splash of snare drum at the beginning of Bob Dylan's ''Like a Rolling Stone'': ''It flaps you right away.'' The images that follow -- a smoking industrial landscape in Butte, Mont.; a black nurse holding a porcelain-white baby or an unwatched black infant rolling off its blanket on the floor of a bar in South Carolina -- were all different jolts of the same current. That is the miracle of great socially committed art: It addresses our sources of deepest unease, helps us to confront what we cannot organize or explain by making all of it unforgettable. ''I think people like the book because it shows what people think about but don't discuss,'' Frank says. ''It shows what's on the edge of their mind.''

On a trip upstate, Frank visited a Fourth of July celebration in rural Jay, N.Y., and photographed two girls in white dresses skipping beneath a huge, diaphanous American flag. ''Something I really like is a big flag,'' Frank says. ''Here, people are so proud of it. In other countries you don't feel they're so proud of their flag.'' Like most things with Frank, that cuts two ways. Foreign, uncompromisingly independent, Frank loathed the provincial prevarications of nostalgia. At closer inspection, the flag is torn, while along the photograph's edge is the only visible face: a sneering boy. That the flag is transparent means that in ''The Americans,'' a reader looks, in effect, through the cloth to the image on the next page -- to segregated New Orleans, where Frank made his best-known picture.

Frank passed through the city in 1955 and took a photograph of a row of passengers on a Canal Street trolley -- whites in front, blacks in back. In the moment, life stilled into such clarity that Frank's shutter needed to move only once. What he says attracted him then was something filmic: ''Five people sitting, each occupying a frame.'' But it's a black man, his forehead creased, whose complex expression makes the picture. ''He's looked at that street many times,'' Frank says. Plenty of photographs were taken during Jim Crow. Frank's gift was to transcend reportage and tell you something about the condition -- how oppression felt.

When Frank began his expedition upriver into the heart of American ambivalence, photography remained, as Walker Evans said, ''a disdained medium.'' Only a few American art museums collected photographs. Most of the published images portrayed figures of status. One notable exception was the work of Dorothea Lange. Frank respected her compassion but considered her Dust Bowl pictures maudlin -- triumphalist takes on adversity. ''I photographed people who were held back, who never could step over a certain line,'' he says. ''My mother asked me, 'Why do you always take pictures of poor people?' It wasn't true, but my sympathies were with people who struggled. There was also my mistrust of people who made the rules.'' That impulse seems particularly potent today, during our charged national moment -- our time of belated reckoning with how violent, enraged, unbalanced and unjust the United States often still is. To look again at the photographs Frank made before Selma, Vietnam and Stonewall, before income inequality, iPhones and ''I can't breathe,'' is to realize he recognized us before we recognized ourselves.

Frank grew up in ''a sad household.'' In the 1930s, Zurich radio was full of Hitler. ''That voice cursing the Jews,'' he says. ''You couldn't turn off the voice.'' Hermann Frank had been an excellent Sunday photographer, but securing the material comforts of Persian carpets and fine goose liver was his priority. ''My father married my mother because of money. It became the most important thing in order for them to feel good. If my father had a good day, dinner would end and my father would take out his wallet and give my mother 100 Swiss francs.'' Frank was repelled: ''I was driven by negative influence. I wanted to get away.''

In 1947, family friends who lived in Queens met the boat that carried Frank to the United States. The next day, they showed him Times Square: ''The crowd! The crowd! I never was used to such a big crowd, and they were so enthusiastic about being there. It was America! Those big signs!'' At a coffee shop, Frank encountered a waitress who flung everyone's silverware onto the table. In that moment of democratic informality, Frank knew New York was where he wanted to be. ''In Paris you'd see African people on the subway, and they were African. Here in America they are Americans. There is no other place like this.''

The sheer diversity and scale of the United States thrilled Frank. ''It's a big country,'' he says. ''Coming from Switzerland, it's vast.'' Because there was such freedom of mobility, he could go many places, and in all of them he saw heightened experience -- including, to his surprise, the masses of people who ''looked desperate.'' Some, like him, were getting by, but for many others the American promise never took. Early on in New York he met a former soldier who ''would wear his uniform from the Marines every day. Even though he was not in the Marines anymore. He asked me to rent a place with him. I did for a few months. He didn't have a job. Nice man. Lost. They get lost.''

Frank got commercial photography assignments from magazines like Harper's Bazaar while also roaming around New York, following ''my own feelings.'' His way of living resisted convention --''I never worried about insurance''-- as did his work. For American photographers at the time, the professional apotheosis was Life magazine. Henry Luce, the publisher, favored linear, neatly partisan narratives, and Life's editors repeatedly rejected Frank. Frank's photographs suggested life was more fraught: ''I leave it up to you,'' he says. ''They don't have an end or a beginning. They're a piece of the middle.''

Frank was also passed over by Magnum, the elite consortium of photographers led by Robert Capa: ''Capa said my pictures were too horizontal, and magazines were vertical.'' The photographer Elliott Erwitt knew Frank then and says, ''It was the beginning of that kind of photography that Robert did, seemingly sloppy, but not -- and very emotional. The acceptable pictures then were sharp and technically excellent. But the pictures of Robert Frank were very different.'' To Frank, the French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson's idea of a ''decisive moment'' in photography seemed reductive. Frank was in search of ''some moment I couldn't explain,'' and periodically went off on his own to make pictures of Peruvian farmers, Welsh miners and French street children. His unwillingness to compromise led to breaks with friends like Erwitt. ''I became a professional doing what people expected from me,'' Erwitt says. ''We all respected Robert's talent and ability and knew he was difficult and fought with everyone -- could be quite vindictive with some. We just dissolved the friendship. I felt he felt I'd gone the wrong way, the nonartist way.''

In the late 1940s, Frank met a teenage dance and art student named Mary Lockspeiser, whose pale eyes and luminous complexion were perhaps especially compelling to a man who saw the world in black and white. ''She was young, but I thought, Why not?'' says Frank, who was nine years older. ''She was alive for everything.'' They married, and had two children: Pablo, named, he says, after the cellist Pablo Casals, and Andrea -- ''She was named for a boat that sank.'' His sense of humor is just black enough that you wonder when he's joking.

The family lived, as Mary put it in an interview with the Smithsonian Institution, ''very chaotically in every way.'' They scavenged the sidewalks for furnishings and inhabited desolate, formerly industrial downtown neighborhoods. The Franks were young artists, and struggled as parents; Pablo and Andrea were often left to themselves. ''I felt we weren't made for it,'' Frank says. Mary was ''a young woman who wanted to work, and I was running after my career,'' he says, adding that ''it was very, very hard, almost impossible to live with me.''

Frank absorbed artistic influences all over New York. Edward Hopper's moody office-scapes, restaurant interiors and gas pumps were not in fashion when Frank discovered the painter: ''So clear and so decisive. The human form in it. You look twice -- what's this guy waiting for? What's he looking at? The simplicity of two facing each other. A man in a chair.'' Frank's creative day to day was informed by the Abstract Expressionist painters he lived among. Through his window, Frank studied Willem de Kooning pacing his studio in his underwear, pausing at his easel and then walking the floor some more. ''I was a very silent unobserved watcher of this man at work. It meant a lot to me. It encouraged me to pace up and down and struggle.'' He also saw the downside of an artist's life: ''I used to watch de Kooning work, and then I'd walk down the street and see him drinking and lying in the gutter. Somebody's bringing him upstairs. You drink because you have doubts. Things seem to crumble around you.''

Since there ''weren't so many artists in photography to meet,'' Frank says, he became interested in the work of only one photographer: Walker Evans. Evans's images of battered roadside prewar America were, as the photographer Tod Papageorge writes, Frank's ''sourcebook'' for his own rendition of the American scene. Frank sought Evans out, and soon the older man was inviting Frank to his Upper East Side apartment to help him photograph objects like tools arranged on a table. ''If I put a piece of cheese on the table and said, 'Photograph it,' '' Frank says, ''his would be different from my piece of cheese. His pictures were more careful. I was fast. Hurry! Hurry! Life goes fast.''

Evans wore English shoes and patrician airs. Frank had become close to raffish Beats like the poet Allen Ginsberg, and when Evans was hospitalized, he asked Frank not to bring ''any of those friends of yours up here.'' Frank believed that despite the humanity in his pictures, Evans ''felt he was better than other people. That was something I couldn't stand.''

Evans admired talent, and he became Frank's champion, encouraging him to complete a Guggenheim application to support the photographic journey that would become ''The Americans.'' Evans wrote him a recommendation, calling him ''a born artist,'' and helped plan his itinerary.

Frank left his family behind in 1955 and went off to see Miami, Los Angeles and 10,000 miles in between through the windshield of a black Ford Business Coupe. He packed two cameras, many boxes of film (kept in a bag to protect them from the sun), trunks, French brandy (''Sometimes you need a little drink; it changes your attitude''), AAA road atlases and one book, which was really a map of another kind, Evans's ''American Photographs.'' Evans and others had suggested destinations like the Gullah communities of the south Atlantic coast, but Frank was often spontaneous.

The first destination was Michigan. ''I went to Detroit to photograph the Ford factories, and then it was clear to me I wanted to do this. It was summer and so loud. So much noise. So much heat. It was hell. So much screaming.''

As Frank searched for pictures, he stayed in cheap motels: ''You'd always find them down by the river.'' The first stop in a new town was usually a Woolworth's department store. His favored shooting settings were public -- sidewalks, political rallies, drive-ins, churches, parks. He wanted to find the men and women others would consider unremarkable, as well as the symbols and objects that defined them. Falling into a place-to-place rhythm, he took pictures of bystanders, vagrants, newlyweds, Christian crosses, jukeboxes, mailboxes, coffins, televisions, many cars, and those many flags.

It was an investigation, and in every frame there is pent-up atmosphere, pressure in the air, a sense of somebody's impending exposure -- maybe Frank's. ''Photography can reveal so much. It's the invasion of the privacy of the people.'' Accordingly, there was an element of tradecraft. ''I felt like a detective or a spy. Yes! Often I had uncomfortable moments. Nobody gave me a hard time, because I had a talent for not being noticed.''

He was neither tall nor short, did not appear to maintain regular relations with razors, scissors or blankets and dressed in a way that brought to mind the bottom of a suitcase -- ''I didn't change clothes too much.'' The Ford fit the man. ''I loved that car. It was like any car, inconspicuous,'' he says. ''I called it Luce -- the only connection I ever had with Mr. Henry Luce.''

Years later, the photographer and curator Philip Brookman learned just how committed Frank was to making pictures. The two men were visiting Frank's troubled son Pablo on Thanksgiving at a psychiatric hospital. Many families were there. At one point a patient sang a very clear and beautiful song she called ''Sad Movie.'' Brookman, moved, crept his hand toward his camera, but he worried that taking a photo would be inappropriate. As the moment passed, he heard a familiar, gruff voice: ''You should have taken it.''

When Frank raised his camera and shot, the process was blurry quick, meaning he could capture what he saw as he perceived it. People, Frank says, ''don't like to be caught in private moments. I think private moments make the interesting picture.'' It says something about Frank that his favorite ''Americans'' photograph shows the only people who caught him in the act. A black couple resting on the grass in a San Francisco park looks toward the lens in outrage. Beyond them are white city buildings. What is conveyed is how it feels to be violated wherever you go.

Frank says he was most drawn to blacks: the bare-chested boy in the back of a convertible; the woman relaxing beside a field in sunny Carolina cotton country; the dignified men outside the funeral of a South Carolina undertaker, who uncannily bring to mind the day President Obama eulogized Clementa Pinckney. At first, the South was to him ''very exotic -- a life I knew nothing about.'' Then, in November 1955, Frank was traversing the Arkansas side of the Mississippi River, ''just whistling my song and driving on,'' as he says, when a patrol car pulled him over outside McGehee. The policemen's report noted that Frank needed a bath and that ''subject talked with a foreign accent.'' Also suspicious were the contents of the car: cameras, foreign liquor. Frank was on his way to photograph oil refineries in Louisiana. ''Are you a Commie?'' he was asked.

Ten weeks earlier, Emmett Till was murdered a hundred miles away. ''In Arkansas,'' Frank recalls, ''the cops pulled me in. They locked me in a cell. I thought, Jesus Christ, nobody knows I'm here. They can do anything. They were primitive.'' Across the room, Frank could see ''a young black girl sitting there watching. Very wonderful face. You see in her eyes she's thinking, What are they gonna do?'' Because his camera had been confiscated, Frank considers the girl his missing ''Americans'' photograph. Around midnight a policeman told Frank he had 10 minutes to get across the river. ''That trip I got to like black people so much more than white people.''

Coming to America after growing up listening to tyranny on the radio, Frank had been foremost a grateful émigré, and early pictures suggested it. Now, through a lens, the country darkened, and Frank became, the photographer Eugene Richards says, ''a loaded gun.'' Four days later, in New Orleans, Frank photographed the line of faces looking through the trolley windows. Once he saw that girl in McGehee, he says, he knew what to look for.

As he drove, Frank was in the grip-flow of his imagination, finding pictures everywhere, so many pictures that he now says of the period: ''You don't have it that good all the time. I was on the case.'' Occasional hitchhikers advised Frank where to go next and spelled him behind the wheel while he slept in the back seat or quietly raised up and snapped their pictures, as he did on U.S. 91 outside Blackfoot, Idaho. Sometimes he gave people rides -- workers, prostitutes -- but Frank did not seek personal connections. ''The people in 'The Americans,' I watched,'' he said, adding, ''I wanted to take the picture and walk away.''

One ''Americans'' photograph came from a dimly lit New Mexico gutbucket: ''It was a tough bar. You had to shoot from your hip.'' In Elko, Nev., Frank photographed the play at a gaming table: ''It's very seldom you get a picture of people gambling. The management and the gamblers don't want you to take pictures because they have wives. Or mothers! Or grandmothers! Or daughters!'' At political gatherings, where credentials were required for admission, Frank was not above filching some from a stranger's jacket.

You could operate that way if you were on your own, but Frank was married, and those years were hard on the family. In photographs from the 1950s, the children are inevitably bright-eyed, Mary is distantly aglow and Frank grim. From the road Frank wrote to Mary, ''Your letters are often sad.'' When they all met up in Texas and drove west for a few weeks, Frank found it ''stressful. You go out, you're gone. You come back, you're tired. You've hunted for pictures. You want peace.'' His family became the subject of his book's wistful last photograph. Taken from in front of the car through the windshield, weary, overwhelmed faces and half the Ford are visible. ''It's personal, it's melancholy, it's sentimentality -- all the things you try to stay away from. Also, I'm the person who's not there. This is what it takes, the picture says.''

Frank took more than 27,000 photographs. Returning to New York, he sequenced the best 83 into what he thought of as a film on paper. Walker Evans wrote him an introduction to help place it. But who would publish images of groping teenagers, drifters, cross-dressers, poor blacks, a harassed mother? At first, only Robert Delpire in Paris would. Frank's inability to find an American publisher frustrated him. He came to feel he needed a more like-minded advocate. So, Frank says, ''I turned to Kerouac.''

It was early September 1957 when Frank heard about ''On the Road,'' a novel that had just been praised in The New York Times as ''the most important utterance yet made by the generation.'' Frank ''liked the speed of it, taking you back and forth across the country, his descriptions of the landscape in the morning, the little towns, which he describes with such exquisite beauty -- the love for America.''

He found Kerouac ''at a New York party where poets and Beatniks were. Some painters. Everything happened downtown.'' When Frank showed the writer his pictures, Frank says he was empathetic. ''Kerouac personified what I hoped I'd find here in America. He was interested in outsiders. He wasn't interested in walking the middle of the road.'' Seizing the moment, Frank asked if Kerouac would introduce ''The Americans.'' ''Sure,'' Kerouac said. ''I'll write something.''

One reason many other artists believe, as Nan Goldin says, that Frank ''has never taken a false step'' is that Frank always puts art above sentiment. ''I try to get out of sentiment's way when it comes near me. A few steps backward and to the left and don't look back.'' Frank says there was no hesitation about jilting Evans for Kerouac, but informing his mentor that he was forsaking him for Kerouac ''was a difficult moment.'' He says Evans's essay was ''too flowery and made no sense,'' adding, ''The friendship survived, but that was it. Never mentioned again.'' Their relationship became ''colder and more distant.''

Frank admired Kerouac's propulsive methods: ''He lay on the floor all evening long. He'd write 20 pages about it the next morning.'' Introducing ''The Americans,'' Kerouac told a reader nothing about Frank's biography. Instead, he supplied an ecstasy of overture: ''With one hand he sucked a sad poem of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world.''

Yet ''The Americans'' was initially unappreciated in the United States. The editors of Popular Photography derided Frank's ''warped,'' ''wart-covered'' ''images of hate.'' That the photographs were blurry, asymmetrical, shot at oblique angles and deliberately informal attracted more screeds. The problem was, as the critic Janet Malcolm would later explain, ''no one had ever made pictures like that before.''

At first, it was other American artists who were enthralled. Out in Los Angeles, Ed Ruscha was sitting in an art-student cafe when a classmate brought in a brand-new copy of the book. Suddenly ''there weren't enough chairs for everyone; we were craning our necks, looking at it page by page. It's like -- You know where you were when John F. Kennedy was shot? I know where I was when I saw 'The Americans.' '' For Ruscha, in Frank's hands the camera became a new kind of machine. ''I was aware of Walker Evans's work. But I felt like those were still lives. Robert's work was life in motion.''

Frank was not yet well known, but he and Mary were a glamorous couple at the crossroads of the New York arts scene. He personally was a camera, a tough, sensual receptor with an enticing remove that made others draw near. The people Frank admired were judgmental, unpredictable artists who satisfied his need for heightened experience. The jazz musician Ornette Coleman ''didn't like many things -- a very hard critic,'' while the filmmaker and musicologist Harry Smith lived to insult people, lit fires, yelled ''Heil Hitler'' in Jewish restaurants and yet was ''the only genius I ever met. He was open to how people could reveal something for other people,'' Frank says. ''He lived uptown like a hermit, all alone with all his windows closed.''

Among photographers, Frank considered Diane Arbus ''a special woman! I went to her house. She was eating something. She said, 'Do you want some?' I said, 'Sure.' I took a bite. Almost impossible to eat. She said, 'Yeah, I put too much salt in.' She wanted to see my reaction. Why not? I liked her work. You could say, This is Diane Arbus.''

Frank was closest to Ginsberg, Kerouac and their circle, and says he was inspired by Ginsberg's relationship with the poet Peter Orlovsky: ''Of course they were lovers, but he learned a lot about freedom from Orlovsky. They could live on the edge of society, the edge of American behavior. They made me want to be freer.'' Frank would sit clothed in a room full of naked, stoned men as Ginsberg read from poems like ''Kaddish.'' ''It's wonderful to fall in with a group like that. You watch them live, and it's so different from what you'd seen. Their art, their sexual lives, what truth they believed and preached and wrote. Ginsberg was a real prophet. He saw a different, more accepting America.''

Frank once chauffeured Kerouac and his mother from Florida to Long Island; the author of ''On The Road'' didn't drive. ''It's a better way to find out about the world if you don't. He was true talent. He had a sad end. He couldn't handle his fame. It drove him into a corner, made him drink, want to forget.'' Frank found closer personal understanding with James Agee than he did with Evans, Agee's collaborator on ''Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,'' and yet, Agee, too, was ''always sweating and drinking, always a bottle close by. He was one of the saddest people I met, one of the suffering men.''

When he wasn't interested in someone, Frank could be pitiless. ''I'm friendlier now. I had no patience.'' He roiled with brutal standards: ''In Provincetown, a guy showed me his pictures and asked me what I thought. I tore them up. Now I hate myself for that. Then I had to.''

One day the painter Mark Rothko invited Frank to his studio for a talk. It was a dark space with only a row of windows on the ceiling because, Frank says, Rothko ''liked the light to come in different colors. He had a daughter he worried about. He asked for advice on young people. I said I couldn't help him.''

Being an artist, husband and father continued to be arduous for Frank. During the '60s, he seemed tired, angry and beaten-down to friends like the filmmaker Jonas Mekas, who recalls Mary once stopping him on the street to ask if she could borrow a dollar for groceries. The marriage struggled. But at the same time, Frank's achievement was slowly becoming understood, a momentum that continues. The best photographers today, like Paul Graham, consider it still revelatory that someone could shape the endless onrush of American experience into a full portrait of the country. Frank's book, Graham says, ''expresses a yearning in us all to find meaning and a pattern, a form to life.''

Among the many qualities that enabled Frank to achieve something so ambitious was his profound ambivalence. He was always that way personally, and it was how he could locate the full spectrum of any given feeling in the inscrutable faces of strangers. Critics like W.S. Di Piero believe his genius for expressing emotional complication came from an artistic innocence, the ability to look at the world as a child does -- without the intrusions of experience. When June Leaf, Frank's wife of 40 years, discussed with me this way of her husband's seeing, she described being shown by his aunt a picture of Frank as little boy. ''I looked at it, and I thought to myself, That's exactly the same expression he has now: 'What is going on here?' That's the secret of his perception of the world. And that's 'The Americans.' That marvelous perception comes into the room. It's 'What is going on here?' None of us know until he takes a photograph. Other than the photograph, he doesn't know what is going on.''

Over the years, ''The Americans'' would follow the trajectory of experimental American classics like ''Moby-Dick'' and ''Citizen Kane'' -- works that grew slowly in stature until it was as if they had always been there. To Bruce Springsteen, who keeps copies of ''The Americans'' around his home for songwriting motivation, ''the photographs are still shocking. It created an entire American identity, that single book. To me, it's Dylan's 'Highway 61,' the visual equivalent of that record. It's an 83-picture book that has 27,000 pictures in it. That's why 'Highway 61' is powerful. It's nine songs with 12,000 songs in them. We're all in the business of catching things. Sometimes we catch something. He just caught all of it.''

As ''The Americans'' thrived, Frank's success weighed on him. In the early 1970s, his friend the photographer Edward Grazda received a piece of mail from Frank written on a scrap of ledger paper. The postmark was the remote mining village in Nova Scotia where Frank and his new companion, Leaf, had escaped the admirers clamoring outside his New York door. ''Ed, I'm famous,'' it read. ''Now what?''

Rare is the great figure -- Marcel Duchamp, Jim Brown -- who departs at the top of his game. That the man who made ''The Americans'' would leave photography was such a shocking decision that people in the arts still speculate about it. ''He was painfully compassionate,'' Peter Schjeldahl says. ''Maybe he didn't want the pain anymore.''

Frank put it this way in 1969: ''Once respectability and success become a part of it, then it was time to look for a new mistress.'' He says now that the issue was creative fulfillment: ''I didn't want to repeat myself. It's too easy. It's a struggle, such a struggle to make something good, to satisfy yourself. That was relatively easy for me in photography. It's immediate recompense. You've achieved what you set out to achieve.'' The composer David Amram, a friend of Frank's, says, ''The last thing he wanted to be was what Miles Davis called a human jukebox -- always be what made him popular.''

In 1959, even as Barney Rosset, the American publisher of literary renegades like Henry Miller and D.H. Lawrence, released ''The Americans,'' Frank decided to ''put my Leica in the cupboard'' and began filming a silent movie with his downtown neighbor, the painter Alfred Leslie. ''Pull My Daisy'' adapts a scene from Kerouac's never-finished play, ''The Beat Generation,'' into a proto-''Seinfeld'' shaggy-dog story. A railway brakeman and his artist wife host a church bishop for dinner, which is disrupted by a visit from a group of fizzed-up hipster impresarios who settle in to riff the night away.

Leslie's loft was used as a set; their friends were the actors: Ginsberg, painters like Larry Rivers and Alice Neel and a cameo for the adorable Pablo Frank. Amram, who composed the music, recalls the shoots as ''an insane party; everybody being juvenile and nuts. Leslie was a hostage negotiator -- 'Allen, if you'd please put your pants back on!' '' Frank remembers Kerouac filling up on applejack and carrying on until he fell asleep. Later he ad-libbed the narration in three increasingly inebriated takes.

''Pull My Daisy'' was indie cinema before indie existed, the pure underground. There was scarcely any budget; the paychecks are still in the mail; only college students and avant-garde cineastes knew the film existed. But it endures as a cultural document -- here were the Beats -- and because nobody had ever seen anything like it. ''If that came out of 'The Americans,' that's a giant step,'' Ed Ruscha says. ''It's almost totally different. I felt like it was guys on a hijinx. Films were usually professional enterprises done in Hollywood. This was choppy and crude and gutsy.'' When Frank invited friends to a screening, he says, ''they were happy somebody looked at the world in a different way.'' Viewers still feel similarly, which pleases Frank, ''especially because people didn't really like my later films.''

Across the next 40 years, Frank would release 31 mostly short, genre-eluding, quasi-documentary movies that met with even less success than ''Pull My Daisy.'' He says that working outside the studio system, operating ''completely against the rules of how you made a film,'' was challenging. And yet he filmed work that was, Jonas Mekas says, ''very important. Same as Andy Warhol, he comes with his own world, his own sensibility, his own style.'' The projects attracted a range of actors (Christopher Walken, Joseph Chaikin, Joe Strummer) and co-writers (Sam Shepard, Rudy Wurlitzer). Frank's subjects were recondite: a book signing for a writer who never turns up; a day in the life of a country letter carrier. Another, about indigenous American music, strayed and became a film about Frank. As Laura Israel, Frank's longtime film editor, says, ''He's all about the detour.''

Frank also made a series of jagged, strangely absorbing personal films about friends and family that were so unlike anything preceding them that collectively they constituted a small documentary wave of their own. Three were about Pablo, a fragile, tortured adult whose life was increasingly derailed by schizophrenia. Another film, ''Me and My Brother,'' began as an adaptation of Ginsberg's poem ''Kaddish'' and then, following the familiar digressive pattern, became an account of Peter Orlovsky's relationship with his schizophrenic brother, Julius. Frank explains that he was always drawn to extremes: ''There can be good extremes, but I had more connection with the other half.'' And Julius, Frank felt, ''was on the edge of something. I felt he would calm down and tell what it was like to be in this place.'' Frank considered his filmmaking career ''a failure,'' because ''often I don't want to reveal. But because it wasn't going well it kept me going.'' Defeat perversely encouraged Frank; he liked what he couldn't do. Except that he could.

Frank's most celebrated turn as a filmmaker came in 1972 when the Rolling Stones, in Los Angeles completing their album ''Exile on Main Street,'' invited him to photograph them for the cover. The musician who most influenced Frank's work was Bob Dylan, who so frequently reinvented himself: ''Dylan has the talents to move on.'' But Keith Richards, Mick Jagger and the rest of the Stones were the world's most celebrated outsiders, unregenerate avatars for collecting transgressive impulses into hits. At a fleabag Los Angeles inn, Frank recalls, they were instantly themselves. ''Jagger said, 'Let's rent a room.' I sat them down in chairs and made them use hotel furniture. That's their life. Hotel rooms. Hotel rooms and polish.''

The band was soon to go on tour, and they invited Frank and his Super-8 along. In the resulting film, ''[expletive] Blues,'' the band and its entourage are becalmed travelers ordering room service, gargling, masturbating, getting it on with drugs and groupies, moving through places they have no connection to, looking for ways to overcome lethargy and longueur. Frank now says of the experience: ''I didn't care about the music. I cared about them. It was great to watch them -- the excitement. But my job was after the show. What I was photographing was a kind of boredom. It's so difficult being famous. It's a horrendous life. Everyone wants to get something from you.''

Frank showed Jagger a rough cut. ''He looked at it and then he said, 'Richards came out better than me.' Probably was right.'' Richards agrees, of course: ''One of Mick's hangups is himself. Robert made the better man win! It's a very true documentation of what went down.''

The Stones' lawyers worried that the explicitness would create problems and forbade screening it unless Frank was in attendance. As a result, the all-but-unavailable ''Blues'' is a celluloid apparition. The novelist Don DeLillo watched a cheap bootleg reproduction. He'd admired Frank's photographs for the way they ''imply a story or a sociology,'' but the film, De­Lillo thought, was different. ''There's nothing behind it. There's something pure.'' In DeLillo's ''Underworld,'' as characters view the film, De­Lillo describes at length its crepuscular, edge-of-time feeling.

Since the 1970s, Frank's subversive approach has made him a godfather to young filmmakers. ''The strength of his films is in what he says is problematic,'' Jim Jarmusch says. ''The beauty is they don't satisfy certain narrative conventions.'' Out in Texas in 1995, Richard Linklater was just beginning his film career when he staged a Frank retrospective at a theater in Austin. ''If Robert Frank weren't so acclaimed as one of the most influential photographers of all time, he'd have a much larger profile as an American indie filmmaking icon,'' Linklater says. ''It seems our culture struggles with the idea that someone could be that groundbreaking in more than one area. If it were just the films, I think he'd be credited as a founding father of the personal film.'' He adds: ''Beyond that, there's this tremendous range of a restless, searching artist pushing the boundaries of the documentary, experimental and more traditional narrative forms.''

During his 1969 short documentary, ''Conversations in Vermont,'' Frank portrays Pablo and Andrea confronting their youth spent growing up with a mother and father who put their art first. ''You always said you wanted normal parents,'' Frank challenges his children. That same year, Frank and Mary separated and Frank immediately began life with Mary's friend June Leaf.

Overwhelmed in New York, craving ''peace,'' Frank asked Leaf to go to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, to find them a home. It was winter. She bought a pair of thick boots and flew north: ''He knew I'd do anything for him,'' she says now.

They moved to Mabou, where the March wind was so strong you had to walk backward. They knew nobody, and the house they'd purchased overlooking the sea was, in the local expression, ''after falling down.'' As a young woman, Leaf was given a prestigious Paris studio to work in, and now in Mabou, she found she had sufficient inner creative stamina to make art in what her husband calls ''a sad landscape'' where ''the sheep ate all the trees.''

Rebuilding the house became their creative collaboration. ''You learned a completely different rhythm of life,'' Frank says. ''It has to do with keeping warm and getting your food. That occupies most of your time. It's severe. With time we found two friends.''

Soon came devastation. Frank's daughter, Andrea, aspired to become a teacher and a midwife. She was radiant, with flashing, dark eyes that infatuated Frank's young photographer friends. Leaf likens her to Frank himself: ''marvelous, like him. She intimidated people because she made everybody want her to love them. She was so similar to him -- stern, critical, sexy, tough. Very tough. She was interested in life!'' In 1974, Andrea died in a plane crash. She was 20.

Frank went immediately to the United States, leaving Leaf alone and wretched on a Nova Scotia island in winter, frightened that Frank would no longer love her because she could not fully share his grief.

Within a year of Andrea's death, Pablo had cancer as well as schizophrenia. ''Pablo,'' Leaf says, ''was a bird, a butterfly. The drugs he later took and the death of his sister pushed him over the edge into illness. That changed Robert incredibly, slowly, agonizingly. He became a sweet father to Pablo, where before he'd been explosive. Very critical, dictatorial, authoritarian, like many European fathers. Pablo was so ethereal, funny, charming, sweet. The illness made Robert a better father. He had to be.''

For many years after leaving New York, Frank remained relentlessly productive; he made films and resumed taking photographs, personal images of a very different style from street photography. In 1972, a Japanese first-time publisher named Kazuhiko Motomura collaborated with Frank on ''The Lines of My Hand.'' An expanded American edition was published in 1989, and became a book crucial to American photographers. Jim Goldberg describes it as ''a road map for the rest of us.'' Many of the most powerful pictures are of Pablo, his face ravaged by illness. Photographs are distressed, dripping with tears of paint, rived with scratched-out messages. Of his son, Frank writes: ''What a hard life we have together. I can't take it.''

In and out of institutions, Pablo committed suicide in 1994. ''Robert was always attracted to mad people like Julius Orlovsky,'' Leaf says, ''because he had nothing of that in him. So it's fate, isn't it, Pablo.'' Eventually, Frank gave in to grief. ''It takes concentration for me to work and the wish to succeed,'' Frank says. ''I didn't have it anymore.'' With such loss, he said, ''you have to cope every day, and it doesn't go away. You try hard to find some peace and acceptance.''

Frank dislikes talking about any of it: ''It's not good to look back too much. It's often sad. Better to look forward.'' I felt I should ask him about Leaf's descriptions of his children. He didn't disagree with anything she'd said. Then he sighed: ''I could've helped him. He would've needed another family. A real mother, a real father to take care of him. I think about that too often, because it's too late.''

Frank and Leaf now live most of the year in a building off the Bowery that has open hearths and rough surfaces and feels like a vertical farmhouse, a Manhattan version of Mabou. In a neighborhood now awash in tony boîtes and boutiques, Frank and Leaf are remnants of vanished bohemian New York. In Frank's musty basement studio, amid a jumble of contact sheets, Camus novels, toy crocodiles and checkerboards, ''EAT'' is scrawled on the wall in yellow. ''Patti Smith wrote that,'' he says.

Visitors are always stopping by. Leaf receives them bright-eyed -- ''I'm a bouncy!'' Frank watches warily, but with an eyebrow raised. ''He's always waiting for something extraordinary,'' Leaf says. Frank and Leaf married in 1975, while passing through Reno, Nev., an echo to the eloping couple in ''The Americans.'' Over the years Leaf has developed what she calls ''a bad habit of studying Robert.'' Once she asked me, ''Do you think Robert's elusive?'' Instead, Frank answered: ''I used to be. I didn't like to explain anything.''

''You still don't,'' she said, ''and you don't like things to be explained, and I'm a great explainer. It's a miracle we lasted this long!'' At 85, Leaf has a grave, mystical face that resembles Georgia O'Keeffe's. She sees her husband clearly -- ''You have no idea how mean Robert can be'' -- and with delight. In Philip Brookman's 1986 documentary on Frank, ''Fire in the East,'' Leaf says: ''He goes through life in this wonderful secret way, in the water, under the water. And things just come to him. So he's like a fish, a beautiful fish in the dark, lighting up the water.''

Although Frank still retains a certain Swiss civility, he enjoys provocation in others. He refers to the French celebrity photographer Francois-Marie Banier, notorious for insinuating himself into the affections of wealthy older women, as ''the bad-man friend of mine.'' Onstage at Lincoln Center, when his chosen interviewer, Charlie LeDuff, asked about the state of Frank's rectum, Frank was amused at the general mortification.

Some days Frank is a steel door; others he is impish, a trickster. Not long after he renounced his Leica, word circulated among other photographers that he was entering photo contests under assumed names and winning. Ask him how he is, and Frank may reply, ''Fifty percent!'' What does that mean? ''If it goes below 50 percent, my red light goes on!'' One day, he loves crowds. Another day, crowds are ''impossible.'' A third pass, and the dark eyes gleam, and there's nothing like ''a medium-size crowd.'' His terse style of speaking sometimes produces epigrams: ''It's the misinformation that's important.''

''Take that seriously,'' warns Brookman, who has known Frank since the 1970s. ''He loves misleading people.'' When Frank is feeling affectionate, his puckish banter is seductive to younger artists -- especially photographers. Many men have felt for a time like a second son to Frank, only to abruptly find that some sort of personal fission has occurred, the focus of Frank's guarded eyes has moved on and they've been purged. His longtime gallerist Peter MacGill has grown accustomed to offering consolation: ''Robert hurts the people he's closest to.'' One photographer, in an anticipatory gambit, stopped talking with Frank for more than two years. When I met MacGill, he warned me, ''Everybody who knows him gets periodically fired.''

''It's that you're not a contestant anymore for something extraordinary,'' Leaf says. ''We all fall short. It's the way a man desires a woman. This is the one! He's always hoping somebody will change the view of the world.'' The personal quality Frank perhaps values most is autonomy, and when others want too much from him, he gets prickly and feels exploited; it's time to leave. ''It was always important to him to remain independent of Switzerland, his family, Life magazine, Cartier-Bresson, Evans and go forward, keep pushing,'' Brookman says.

There have been unbroken bonds. Sarah Greenough, senior curator of photographs at the National Gallery, says Frank and Motomura always ''were devoted, even though Robert didn't speak Japanese and Motomura didn't speak English.'' Another person on whom the door has never closed is Peter Kasovitz, the gregarious owner of K&M Camera in New York. Many in Frank's community wonder why Kasovitz should be spared. Frank, whose father sold electronics, says Kasovitz is the consummate independent operator: ''He doesn't go by others' rules. He just runs things in a way he believes.''

For decades, Frank refused honors and exhibitions. He once skipped a private celebration for the Museum of Modern Art's new photography curator because he wanted to test the set of tires he'd just acquired for his Subaru. But lately, he attends his openings; this summer he accepted an honorary degree from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design.

Frank retains the spontaneous enthusiasm of a much younger man. In his tenth decade, he is still a free-form outsider seeking untried situations, fresh leaps -- and nothing pleases him more than picking up on the scent of something exceptional. Last year, after receiving intriguing letters postmarked North Carolina from an itinerant laborer named Gustavo, Frank set off to find him. He discovered Gustavo in Winston-Salem painting a house, he says, but ''I was disappointed in him. He was ordinary. He seemed not to be possessed by anything. He just drifts.''

A more satisfactory result came after an unannounced knock on the door from a California family. The father, Leaf says, ''was a junk collector looking for a masterpiece.'' Recently he'd purchased three pictures. ''One looked like it was from Woolworth's, and he thought it was a Boucher. The second was the worst thing you ever saw. He thought it was a de Kooning. The third, somebody tells him it's a Sanyu. He looks it up and sees Robert knows him.'' So the family crossed the country by car to show Frank the painting possibly by Sanyu. ''You don't have to open your eyes to see it's not a Sanyu painting,'' Leaf says. ''He doesn't mind. He's a speculator! He's happy!'' Eventually, Leaf and Frank had to go out. ''What do you want to do?'' Leaf asked their visitors.

''Nothing,'' came the answer. ''We came to see you.'' The family made their hosts tortillas from scratch and drove off for Louisiana to surprise an aunt.

Frank found all of this immensely satisfying. ''I liked his directness. Completely direct. I could tell them about Sanyu. They had no interest in June or in my photographs.'' And so Frank decided that the father should have his masterpiece after all. ''I sent them two of my photographs. I wonder if they found out what people pay for a print like that.''

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[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/07/05/magazine/robert-franks-america.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/07/05/magazine/robert-franks-america.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Robert Frank in 1958. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COHEN/L. PARKER STEPHENSON

GETTY IMAGES) (MM38)

''Fourth of July -- Jay, New York,'' 1954, by Frank. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM39)

Frank in Mabou, Nova Scotia, in June (PHOTOGRAPH BY KATY GRANNAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41)

''Trolley -- New Orleans,'' 1955. The photo, part of Frank's groundbreaking volume ''The Americans,'' was taken four days after an encounter with the police in Arkansas that darkened his artistic viewpoint. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM42)

Frank, left, with Jack Kerouac on the set of the film ''Pull My Daisy'' in 1959. The film adapts a scene from Kerouac's never-finished play, ''The Beat Generation,'' into a proto-''Seinfeld'' shaggy-dog story, indie cinema before the idea existed. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COHEN/L. PARKER STEPHENSON

GETTY IMAGES) (MM44)

Frank in 1956, looking at negatives in California while photographing ''The Americans.'' (PHOTOGRAPH BY WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM PHOTOS) (MM46)

''U.S. 90, En Route to Del Rio, Texas,'' 1955. The final photo in ''The Americans,'' showing Frank's wife Mary and his son, Pablo. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM47)

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By ROBIN TONER

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**Body**

The main road into this northern Alabama town winds past Bevill State Community College, the Bevill Industrial Park, and, of course, the Walker County airport, Bevill Field.

At the center of town, in the Federal building in the courthouse square, sits Representative Tom Bevill himself, the pride of Jasper, a country lawyer who went to Congress 30 years ago, rose to a powerful position on the Appropriations Committee and brought home the largesse of the Federal Government to the grateful, ***working-class*** Fourth District of Alabama. It was the old style of Southern politics, one-party, Democratic politics, creating incumbents whose power and seniority seemed self-perpetuating. In 1994, when the Republicans were mounting a revolution in the rest of the country, none of them even bothered to file against Tom Bevill.

But the 75-year-old Mr. Bevill has decided to "come home" this year, as he puts it with a trace of sadness, joining a wave of Democratic retirements from the House that is particularly pronounced in the South. Many are well-known, senior legislators whose canny politics of traditional values and Democratic economics allowed them to survive in a region that is increasingly realigning toward the Republicans. The question is whether the Democratic Party can hold onto their seats, and it could well determine whether Democrats regain control of the House this November.

"Each party has its Achilles' heel in this election," said Charles Cook, an independent analyst of House races. "The freshmen are the weakness for the Republicans. The Southern open seats are the weakness for the Democrats."

The long-term trend is not auspicious for the Democrats: In 1960, the party held 94 percent of the House seats from the 11 states of the Southern Confederacy. By 1994, that had dropped to 49 percent. Many of those Republican gains came when longtime Democratic incumbents like Mr. Bevill retired, and Republican candidates could compete on a level playing field.

This year, retirements and other forms of attrition, such as the decision to run for other offices, have opened 28 seats now held by Democrats, 17 in the South. (The Republicans have 22 open seats, five in the South.) Adding to the Democrats' vulnerability is that some districts have only small percentages of black voters, who remain a reliable source of Democratic support.

The fundamental struggle in this region is over the votes of Southern whites, and Alabama's Fourth, which is 93 percent white, is a microcosm of it. Can the Bevill way of politics outlast Mr. Bevill? Mr. Bevill argues that it can.

"I don't think it's going to be any problem," he said, unflappably, one brutally hot afternoon this week, when all of Jasper seemed driven indoors to their air-conditioning. "In this century we have never had a Republican representing this Congressional district, with one two-year exception, one term, and that was during what we call down here the Goldwater sweep."

Republicans, though, argue that this district is sliding inexorably toward the new, suburbanized Republican South. "This district, for the past 20 years, has not supported a Democrat Presidential candidate," said Robert Aderholt, the 30-year-old Republican nominee trying to replace Mr. Bevill. "The people of the Fourth District do not identify with the Democratic Party as much today as they did 30 or 40 years ago."

Like many Southern races in recent years, it may well turn on who captures the right mix of "family values" and economic populism.

Bob Wilson Jr., the 40-year-old Democratic nominee, acknowledges that times have changed in Alabama, but argues that its voters still want a leader "in the Tom Bevill tradition," who can make sure that the district gets its share of road money and other economic development projects, while representing their conservative values. "I want to continue the tradition of strong, conservative Democratic leadership in Alabama, of looking out for the working families of the Fourth District," he says.

Though he won the Democratic nomination in something of an upset, Mr. Wilson is no political novice; he is the scion of a deeply political family here in Jasper, and grew up on the idiosyncratic brew of Alabama Democratic politics. His father, a power in the State Legislature, delivered the nominating speech for George Wallace at the 1972 Democratic National Convention. The younger Mr. Wilson was elected to the State Senate in 1990, but was defeated in 1994 after redistricting.

The new Democratic nominee touts his commitment to "family values" in his advertising and is a member of the National Rifle Association. He says he would have voted against the ban on assault weapons and for the ban on a late-term abortion procedure that President Clinton vetoed earlier this year.

Mr. Wilson's advisers say they take heart from some of the demographics of this district: It has a strong populist history, a sizable union population for a Southern state and was carried by President Bush in 1992 by just 1 percent of the vote. Moreover, it is a district that has not exactly been averse to an activist Federal Government doing big things in the region. Fred Yang, a pollster for Mr. Wilson, argues, "If Democrats can't hold a seat like this, or at least be very competitive, then the South is gone."

But the Republicans say it is just the kind of seat that changes parties when a beloved incumbent retires. Mr. Aderholt, a municipal judge and former legal adviser to Gov. Fob James Jr., pays careful tribute to Mr. Bevill -- "I think he did a lot for this district," he says -- but maintains that Bob Wilson Jr. is no Tom Bevill.

Republicans note that Mr. Bevill's power was a function of seniority and the Democrats' majority status -- neither of which a Democratic successor can count on. Moreover, Mr. Aderholt argues, American politics has simply entered a new era, which even Mr. Clinton has acknowledged. "I think the Government of big spending is probably over, to some extent," Mr. Aderholt said in an interview in his hometown of Haleyville, just up the highway from Jasper. "I think the people of this district are interested in more take-home pay and less taxes."

He quickly added, though, "I'm going to fight for what we ought to get in this district."

Mr. Aderholt, who is the son of a circuit judge, said he planned to center his campaign on values. "We want to go to Washington to deliver a message, and that is, don't mess with our traditional family values," he said, citing as examples school prayer and a constitutional ban on abortion, except to save the life of the mother. He brushes aside Mr. Wilson's efforts to present himself as a supporter of traditional values, arguing that the real measure is the stand of the national party.

Mr. Wilson says on abortion: "Depending on the particular wording of a constitutional amendment that would restrict abortion for birth control, I could support it. However, I think a woman's right to choose when her health is endangered, or in cases of rape and incest, should not be interfered with."

Neither candidate, at the moment, seems to be scrambling to distance himself from his national ticket. Mr. Wilson says he is "comfortable" running with Mr. Clinton at the top of the ticket, although he notes, in the way of Southern Democrats: "When I come across some of the things in the Democratic Party I don't like, and from time to time I do, I speak out about them."

Mr. Aderholt shows no inclination to distance himself from Speaker Newt Gingrich, whose standing has plummeted in the polls over the last eight months. "I don't know that Newt's numbers are that low down here," he said. "I'm hoping that he'll come down and do a fund-raiser." The young Republican said he thought the Speaker and the 73 Republican freshmen did "a good job" in the 104th Congress. He also said he would have voted for last year's Republican budget, including a $270 billion reduction in projected Medicare spending over seven years.

This district, at the moment, is widely considered a tossup. Both national parties are watching it and other Southern races closely, with Mr. Aderholt being invited to a meeting with Mr. Gingrich and other Republican leaders this week. Charles Cook, the Congressional analyst, said the interest revolves around the magic number of 218, a House majority. "Can you get to 218 without the South? It's very, very difficult," he said. "Can you hold it for any time without the South? No, you can't."

The only person who seemed immune to the suspense was Mr. Bevill. Toting up a lifetime of 35 campaigns, in primaries and general elections, looking back on the proud history of a district once represented by the Speaker of the House, William B. Bankhead (Tallulah's father), Mr. Bevill maintained that the weight of history was on the Democrats' side.

"We have these unusual periods from time to time, but I think things will get back to normal next year," he said with a small smile. "The Democrats will take back the House, in my judgment."

The weight of history looked very different to 30-year-old Robert Aderholt, confident and excited and just back from a meeting with Newt Gingrich.

**Graphic**

Photos: Bob Wilson Jr. says Democrats still fit with Alabama voters. Last week, Diane Cheatam measured him for a tuxedo for his July wedding.; Robert Aderholt, a Republican candidate for Congress, says political shifts in the South are working in his favor in Alabama's Fourth District. (Photographs by Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times) (pg. 12)

Graph/Map: "AT A GLANCE: Alabama's Fourth District" shows the demographics along with 1992 Presidential election voting record. (Sources: Congressional Quarterly's Congressional Districts in the 1990's; Almanac of American Politics 1996) (pg. 12)

Map of the United States showing the number of Democratic seats in the House that will be open this year due to a Representative retiring, per state. (Source: The Cook Political Report) (pg. 12)

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[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9C70-0007-J1HX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'CROSSOVER DREAMS': A SHOESTRING SUCCESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9C70-0007-J1HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By Vincent Canby

**Body**

If the box-office response to the ebullient comedy ''Crossover Dreams'' approximates the enthusiasm of the reviewers, this could turn out to be the year of crossover film makers.

Susan Seidelman, who attracted attention with her small, independently financed ''Smithereens'' several years ago, has made the leap into the big time - her idiosyncracies intact - with the extremely popular ''Desperately Seeking Susan.''

In 1981, Hector Babenco, the Brazilian director, stunned audiences at the New Directors/New Films Festival with a tough, neo-realist film about street kids, ''Pixote,'' which went on to have a successful run in commercial theaters. From that comparatively modest beginning, Mr. Babenco has gone on to make the equally stunning but very different ''Kiss of the Spider Woman,'' based on Manuel Puig's novel and starring two major American actors, William Hurt and Raul Julia.

Another discovery of the New Directors/New Films Festival, which is sponsored by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Museum of Modern Art's Film Department, is Wayne Wang, who caught all of us off guard three years ago with his funny, ironic ''Chan Is Missing.'' Today Mr. Wang, whose ''Chan'' cost about $25,000, is back on New York screens with the somewhat more costly (but still less than $1 million) ''Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart,'' a gentle comedy about Chinese-American life in San Francisco.

What is significant about these success stories is that they all involve film makers who were initially working on the farthest fringes of the motion-picture establishment. They weren't picked up from prime-time television after having made a track record turning out segments for shows like ''Dynasty'' or ''Dallas.''

They are people committed to a personal kind of cinema that is not easily accommodated by the Hollywood system or by television. They know how to work efficiently - you don't make a movie for $25,000 and hire limousines to take the actors to and from the set. These directors work at their own speed, on properties that concern them, not on movies based on formulas concocted to please the huge mass audience that loves Burt Reynolds in one movie and turns its back on him in his next.

''Crossover Dreams,'' about the rise, fall and redemption of a ''New Yorican'' musician and singer in Spanish Harlem, is another film that might not have been made if the New Directors/New Films Festival did not exist. Leon Ichaso, its director, and Manuel Arce, who produced the film and collaborated with Mr. Ichaso on the screenplay, collaborated in 1979 (with Orlando Jimenez-Leal) on ''El Super,'' the rueful, wise comedy about ***working-class*** Cubans trying to cope with exile in New York after fleeing the Castro revolution.

On the basis of the critical success of ''El Super,'' which, like ''Crossover Dreams,'' received its first New York showing at a New Directors/New Films Festival, Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce were picked up by Universal to ''develop'' a film set in Miami. Though I suspect Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce are the kind of people who would prefer to ''make'' movies rather than develop them, they went ahead to develop a project, titled ''A Short Vacation'' and described as a screwball comedy, which was ultimately dropped by the studio.

Independent once more, though all rights to ''A Short Vacation'' remained with Universal, they finally made ''Crossover Dreams,'' in which Rudy Veloz, played with great charm and humor by the Panamanian-born salsa star Ruben Blades, attempts to climb out of what he sees to be the ghetto of Latin music to become a full-fledged star on the American music scene.

Like their fictional Rudy Veloz, Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce are looking to cross over from films of a particular ethnicity to films that speak to the general American audience, which, I think, they've already done.

If a film is good enough - and I'm hard put to define what ''good enough'' means in any general way - it will appeal to all kinds of audiences. ''Psycho'' would have died rather quickly had its only audience been young men with psychotic fixations on their mothers. It's not what a film is about that determines its fate, though it's true that certain subjects may seem to be self-limiting.

No matter that a film concerns Eskimos, coal miners or extraterrestrials, it can cross over to general audiences - from audiences composed exclusively of Eskimos, coal miners or extraterrestrials - if it finds the universal within the particular. This doesn't mean ignoring the particular. Just the opposite. It means capitalizing on it in such a way that the particular becomes comprehensible.

You might think that a love story about a good-natured lug, whose business happens to be murder, and a beautiful woman in the same profession would have a fairly narrow appeal until seeing ''Prizzi's Honor.'' John Huston's movie finds the perfect, mockingly romantic tone, which allows the audience to enter a world as strange as the various galaxies in ''Star Wars.''

It's not only their talent and intelligence that make the work of Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce so special, it's also their particular experiences as emigres (from Cuba), which enables them to interpret, for better and worse, aspects of our culture that have become invisible to the rest of us.

As played by Mr. Blades, the Rudy Veloz of ''Crossover Dreams'' is not a conventionally nice guy, but his nervy ambition is completely, comically understandable. Given what seems to be a lucrative contract and a chance to cut a record album designed for the English-speaking, American music market, Rudy doesn't hesitate to dump his old associates and even his faithful, apprehensive girlfriend, Liz (Elizabeth Pena). Rudy is the sort of fellow who says, when Liz reminds him that she has only him, ''You're a very lucky person.'' His self-confidence is boundless and, in light of what happens, unwarranted.

''Crossover Dreams'' was first conceived with a downbeat ending: Rudy Veloz, having failed in his attempt to break out of the ghetto of Latin music, allows himself to become involved in a cocaine-trafficking deal that leaves him full of bullets on a Miami street.

I'm not sure whether this ending was actually photographed, but I can't imagine that it could have been adequately supported by what has gone before in the movie. This is not because Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce are necessarily incapable of melodrama but, as demonstrated by ''El Super'' and by the way in which they define Rudy Veloz's rise and fall in ''Crossover Dreams,'' they are benign satirists. The murder of Rudy Veloz would have had the effect of overstating the obvious and of freighting the movie with the sort of political and sociological baggage better suited to something about Sacco and Vanzetti.

Rudy Veloz is not a tragic hero. He's a comically, humanely fallible man whose salsa music is as much a definition of his character - ironic and extravagant with a tendency toward optimism even under the most humiliating circumstances - as it is an expression of the society that bred him.

In addition to being a salsa recording star, Mr. Blades, now in his mid-30's, has law degrees from the University of Panama and Harvard and plans eventually to go into politics. Something of his own gravity and sense of purpose illuminates Mr. Blades's performance. He has fun with Rudy Veloz without condescending to him.

There's a comic, self-absorbed earnestness about Rudy Veloz that is shared by virtually every other character in the film, from the abandoned Liz to Lou Rose (extremely well played by Tom Signorelli), a fast-talking, hustling promoter who's even less likely to realize his dreams of success than Rudy.

It's understandable that Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce might want to make films that go beyond the immediate experience of this country's Hispanic population. However, they've shown in ''El Super'' and in ''Crossover Dreams'' that they have a singular understanding of an important segment of our society that has, so far, been largely ignored by other film makers. With these two films, Mr. Ichaso and Mr. Arce provide a bridge that allows us to cross over to a world that surrounds us every day, though we seldom take the trouble to see it.

**Graphic**

Photo of Ruben Blades and Ray Soto in scene from ''Crossover Dreams''

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[***MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X2W-4TD0-00RP-K3KY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Smart, Lyrical, Even Genteel, But Is It Rock?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X2W-4TD0-00RP-K3KY-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By ERIC WEISBARD;

Eric Weisbard is a contributor to the Village Voice and a senior contributing writer at Spin Magazine.

By ERIC WEISBARD; Eric Weisbard is a contributor to the Village Voice and a senior contributing writer at Spin Magazine.

**Body**

FOR one breed of rock fan, last year's most important album was probably Lucinda Williams's "Car Wheels on a Gravel Road," a dozen perfectly turned roots songs with novelistically precise lyrics. This year's ambitious projects include "The Soft Bulletin," on which the Flaming Lips expect listeners to hear their studio effects as a commentary on the tunes and vice versa. Even more celebrated is "Play," the latest CD by the techno artist Moby, who brings a composer's awareness to bear as he anchors dance grooves in ethnic field recordings.

All well and good. Still, when did it become possible to enter the pantheon alongside Elvis, the Rolling Stones, the Sex Pistols and Nirvana without ever getting your hands dirty?

Rock may have been spawned by the Devil, but lately an ever more significant strand of it has been joining jazz, classical and cabaret as just another listening option for the urban sophisticate. Needless to say, more confrontational styles continue to hold sway elsewhere. But as teen idols and rappers hog the pop charts, as alternative rock's commercial successes become both rarer and less artistically memorable, musicians who grew up inside rock are rebelling. Conceding their commercial irrelevance, they're unashamedly pursuing a highbrow audience.

The richness of much of this genteel rock can't obscure the cost. Rock's most glorious works have generally been accessible or, as with punk, raw, intensified versions of the mainstream. The recent movement by smart artists away from the popular has created a schism: alternative and harder-edged rock gets more inane while subtler musicians rock less and less. To the latter, rock's riotous impulses seem suspect, one more vulgar marketing ploy.

Unlike the spurious "art rock" of 1970's acts like Genesis and Yes, this new cultural elevation takes many forms. Songwriters aspire to the formal nuance of literary fiction. Instrumental experimentalists borrow ideas from free jazz, contemporary classical and conceptual art. Undergrounds pride themselves on their global connections. Punk rockers stop challenging from the margins and embrace sounds whose complexity welcomes marginality. But all share a common desire to steer rock away from the lowest common denominator.

A sign of rock's gentrification is evident in the acts that appear on the weekly PBS show "Sessions at West 54th Street," which not coincidentally receives sponsorship from IBM, BMW and DirecTV. To the rootsy likes of Ms. Williams and Steve Earle, Sessions adds arty rockers (P. J. Harvey, Tricky), world musicians (Virginia Rodrigues, Afro-Cuban All Stars), jazz figures with rock appeal (Medeski, Martin and Wood, Jimmy Scott), and high-aiming songwriters (Vic Chesnutt, Rufus Wainwright). David Byrne, the show's host, has himself performed on the show with the Balanescu Quartet.

In many regards, "Sessions" is a kind of sifting mechanism for fans who accord popular music a place within the serious arts but are baffled by all the detritus. Seriousness, however, is a dangerous base on which to build a new rock canon. Lou Reed, for example, has talked with Mr. Byrne on the show about Mr. Reed's collaborations with the avant-garde director Robert Wilson and the novelist and filmmaker Paul Auster. But punk's Uncle Lou also has junkie exploits and drag queens in his past. When music lovers make judgments based on high-flown associations rather than grit, the aura of Music Appreciation starts to hang over an innately unruly form.

Meanwhile, the rock underground creates its own exclusivity. Recently, a young Scottish group, Belle and Sebastian, taped a "Sessions" segment that was subsequently rejected as "too unprofessional," as the band's record-company publicists put it. Such a putdown actually sounds promising next to the show's usual polish. Yet the problem was very likely the music's wispy boarding school insularity, not the aggressiveness that one might have hoped for. But Belle and Sebastian can cut loose, as it did in April and will likely again next September. The group sells tickets on line to fans around the world for a cozy weekend of shows at the seaside English town of Bowlie. Tennis, anyone?

Admittedly, for well over a generation collegiate audiences have embraced willfully difficult rock performers like the Velvet Underground and Brian Eno. That cultishness took more substantive form in the mid-1980's, after punk flamed out. Local scenes and independent record labels promoted underground rock with the refreshing message that popular bands weren't necessarily the best ones. Unfortunately, that stance quickly degenerated into a repressive formula: popularity equaled puerility.

By the early 90's, Nirvana's success had led most of the coolest bands to major labels, on which some rose to the challenge but many struggled. Then Kurt Cobain killed himself, an act that those distrustful of success viewed as the death-knell of alternative rock as a progressive force. Fans and musicians reached for new reference points: electronica, lounge music, French and Brazilian pop, minimalist drones.

The result is evident is record stores: an explosion of the obscure. There are now so many thriving subgenres, such a network of arcana, both new and reissued, that any sense of pop as a common conversation has been lost. The added costs of imported CD's and separately sold remixes has made the underground a pursuit of the well-to-do.

New York's most celebrated record store for the outlandish bills itself as Other Music. But what sort of other? Not alienated youth from ***working class*** backgrounds, like Kurt Cobain or Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day, who found a home in punk just as an earlier generation had in classic rock. It's hard to imagine a genre with the name Intelligent Dance Music having the same effect. When the outre becomes genteel, something is lost.

The career of Sonic Youth is illustrative. Downtown New York noise radicals in the early 1980's, elders of alternative rock who presided over the Lollapalooza festival in 1995, the band these days has given up on the kids. It is more often to be found resurrecting the pioneering free jazz New York Art Quartet or headlining Lincoln Center than playing a local arena. A younger version of Cobain, who idolized Sonic Youth, is hardly likely to be listening.

When those on the rock fringe do reach out now, it's to people like themselves, who just happen to live in other countries. Nouveau cabaret acts like Momus in London, Kahimi Karie in Tokyo and the French-singing April March in Los Angeles use their sophistication to make common cause across national boundaries. Similarly, what's been called a "global free noise network" allows a sound scientist in Germany to easily trade drones and bleeps via the Internet and other means with a counterpart in Brooklyn. Such alliances supersede the need for a local scene and offer an alternative, albeit a deliberately small one, to the planetwide media presence of a Celine Dion or Puff Daddy. Yet the worldliness these performers manifest inevitably promotes an ideal of affluent cosmopolitanism.

Rock seems crude by comparison, and those who might have formed its intelligentsia are now indifferent to the genre. Even popular, self-aware bands like Barenaked Ladies and Ben Folds Five goof around defensively, sharing in the indie conviction that rocking out has become a mindless joke. "I m not the sharpest tool in the shed," the actually quite witty Smash Mouth sings on the single "All Star." There hasn't been a new rock scene, above or below ground, since the riot grrrl movement at the start of the decade, that has managed to let out anger in public without appearing cartoonish -- consciously (Prodigy, Atari Teen-Age Riot) or not so consciously (Korn, Limp Bizkit).

Part of the collective flinching from rock's rambunctious side has been a shift in the music's iconography. Rather than those bad boys the Rolling Stones, it's Bob Dylan, an enigmatic singer-songwriter, who has stolen the center. Similar recognition has been accorded the Dylans of other countries: France's Serge Gainsbourg, Brazil's Caetano Veloso.

Captain Beefheart, the yelping blues Dadaist who gained notoriety in the late 60's, is receiving major retrospective treatment from three different record labels this year. That's a lot of attention for a confirmed hermit. The music writer Lester Bangs was told by his Rolling Stone magazine editor in 1970 that Grand Funk Railroad, then a stadium-shaking band, "will be more important to the history of rock-and-roll than Captain Beefheart." Now Grand Funk is part of the history of schlock on VH1's "Behind the Music" series. It's Captain Beefheart who represents real rock-and-roll.

THIS turnabout is a triumph of taste, no question, but the danger of presenting arty recluses as the public face of rock should be obvious. In contrast, one has only to look at the world of hip-hop, which continually produces new performers who are smart, funny, ticked-off and proudly visible. Indeed, 1999's brightest new rockers are two white multiplatinum rappers: Eminem and Kid Rock.

Eminem, the artist of the two, writes gross-out lyrics, but they're deceptively complex; he uses humor, sharp observations and an ingrained surrealism to create monsters as powerful as the ones his threadbare upbringing left eating at him from the inside. The song on which he raps baby talk to his daughter about why he had to murder her mother, sampling his own infant's voice, is pure rock-and-roll, pushing limits I never realized existed. Gentrify that.

The obvious rejoinder is that rock is a lot older than hip-hop, and adopting a comfy estheticism is a better way to spend one's middle age than trying to act young forever. Maybe so, but rock has reached a lot more people than jazz or swing ever has, and it won't be vanishing from youth culture anytime soon. Anyhow, the real question isn't whether hip-hop or rave is the new rock. It's why even if they were, so many artists and fans wouldn't care. There has been a loss of faith in a cultural populism rooted in brash sounds that inspire across social divides.

The genteel pleasures of maturity, erudition and suaveness all have a place in pop. But it's long past time for thoughtful people to remember the rock virtues: unresolved angst, risky leaps and cheap thrills. As Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols once sang, "Anger is an energy." Admittedly, that reminder came after he had cleaned up his act and renamed himself John Lydon. And before he went to work for VH1.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: The techno artist Moby, left, and Lucinda Williams performing on the television show "Sessions at West 54th" last year. (Corinne Day and Caroline McNamara); The Flaming Lips: from left, Wayne Coyne, Michael Ivins and Steven Drowdz. (The Flaming Lips/Warner Brothers)(pg. 29); Stuart Murdock and Isobel Campbell of the Scottish group rock Belle and Sebastian. (Ronnie Black/Matador Records)(pg. 35)

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[***WOMEN AND STRESS ON JOB AND AT HOME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9JS0-0007-J0M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By NINA DARNTON

**Body**

WHAT makes a woman's work stressful? When researchers first began to study stress in men they looked at occupational factors, theorizing that high-powered, demanding jobs were a cause of strain and might even be linked to illnesses such as heart disease. In some recent studies of women, however, it has emerged that the job, especially when it is a high-powered job, may be the least stressful element in a woman's life.

Housewives, especially those with young children at home, are significantly more anxious and depressed than working husbands, according to sociologists at the Wellesley Center for Reseach on Women, Columbia University and elsewhere. Psychological well-being in women is often enhanced by involvement in an interesting occupation and the most stressful experiences for women concern their family roles rather than problems on the job, they report. The positive effects of a job do not necessarily apply to women in lower socioeconomic groups, however, or to those who work primarily for the money to support a family.

In general, however, the findings seem to challenge the classic American assumption that the competitive work place is a jungle of tension and psychological pressure and the home a sanctuary of escape.

Article on research indicating that mothers with enjoyable jobs are emotionally healthier than homemakers who feel they are 'captive' to small children or women with low-paying unfulfilling jobs and unsatisfactory child-care arrangements; Dr Grace Baruch notes stress levels have not increased, and may have decreased, since women entered marketplace, since life at home was never unstressful; Drs Denise Kandel and Peggy Thoits find women with multiple roles function best, although not mothers who are also sole providers (M)

''The prediction was that women would have coronaries at the same rate as men when they joined the work force,'' said Dr. Grace Baruch, a sociologist at the Wellesley Center for Research on Women. ''That didn't come true. Why not? Because it turns out that it was never so unstressful at home. The stress the women experienced didn't increase when they joined the marketplace. It may even have decreased.''

Heart disease is not the actual index researchers such as Dr. Baruch use to measure stress.

Social scientists studying stress define it as the cause or catalyst of psychological symptoms such as anxiety, depression or psychosomatic illness. The stress is measured indirectly by recording the reported frequency of the symptoms.

In a recent review of the literature on stress and women, sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Baruch found that an interesting occupation seems to provide gratification to many women that may act as a shield against pressures at home. She also noted, from studies on groups of women who are either workers, mothers or both, that women between the ages of 25 and 55 find problems with being a mother and homemaker significantly more stressful than work problems.

Since the 1950's, research has consistently established that women report more mental health problems than men, including severe depression and anxiety. The suicide attempt rate, based on studies done in the last five years, is believed to be three to four times higher for women than for men. Studies on occupational and family stress have tried to find explanations for these findings. In the early 1970's, William Gove did a study that examined the different rates of mental illness in men and women and concluded that the traditional roles played by women in society, limited to that of wife and mother, put them at a psychological disadvantage.

Now sociologists are finding that the more roles a woman plays, the better her mental state may be. Women who play multiple roles - wives, mothers, providers, students, members or leaders of religious, social or civic organizations - seem to function better than women who have fewer roles, according to a study by Dr. Denise Kandel, a sociologist in the department of public health at Columbia University. ''What is hard to know,'' said Dr. Kandel, ''is whether women with the highest level of psychological functioning self-select themselves - whether they are much healthier to begin with and so continue to be healthier even with the added stress of their multiple roles, or whether these additional obligations shield a woman from family problems so that the stress she experiences in one situation is compensated for by other things. If someone has trouble with her marriage, for example, the added job may help.''

Dr. Peggy Thoits, a sociologist at Princeton University who has been comparing stress levels in men and women finds that both the number and the nature of the roles have an effect on mental health. According to her research, which largely supports Dr. Kandel's, women who have up to five roles function better than women with less roles to play; more than five seems to produce an overload, and the functioning deteriorates. A woman with five roles might be someone who is married and has children, works at a part-time job while studying for an advanced degree, and is a member of the parent-teacher association.

A recent as yet unpublished study by Dr. Thoits indicates, however, that if a woman has only three roles, and they are wife, mother and provider, the anxiety level goes up significantly. According to her study, working women with children experience much higher levels of anxiety than their male counterparts.

''Those particular three roles in combination are an exception to the usual higher functioning we see in busy active women with many roles, probably because of different expectations - the extra anxiety of super-moms, which exerts heavy demands on women,'' Dr. Thoits said. She points out that the roles of father and mother in our society are not equal, since it is usually the mother's role to bear a much greater share of the responsibilities for home and family.

''If you compare housewives, especially those with young children, to working husbands and fathers there is little question that housewives suffer more anxiety and depression,'' she says. ''In other words,'' she added, in an observation that would not come as a great revelation to many mothers, ''little kids can drive you crazy.''

''But if you compare housewives to working wives, the research is contradictory,'' Dr. Thoits said. ''It is just not clear who is more distressed. It is still not established whether work serves a protective function or puts women at higher risk.''

Dr. Leonard Pearlin, a sociologist in the Department of Human Development and Aging at the University of California-San Francisco, has done several studies measuring the stress and strains of everyday life on women, especially those with young children. ''There have been many efforts to explain the higher rate of mental illness in women,'' he said. ''There was an assumption that one of the critical factors was that women were kept out of the marketplace, but when you compare employed women with homemakers, you don't find significant differences.'' Dr. Pearlin said that it seems apparent that it is not so much what the women do that makes the difference, but the quality of these experiences. ''There are many working women who would prefer to be at home and many homemakers who would prefer outside employment,'' he said. ''When there is a discrepancy between what you want and what you do, then you get the most depression and anxiety.''

Women who are bound to the home and who feel themselves victims of what Dr. Pearlin calls ''role captivity,'' suffer the strongest psychological symptoms, partly because they feel helpless and unable to change their lives. In this way their situation is comparable to the depression and anxiety often felt by ***working-class*** mothers who say they would prefer to be taking care of their children but are forced by economic circumstances to bring in a salary.

''There is a difference between a job and a career,'' Dr. Pearlin said. ''The symptoms intensify if the woman is unable to make satisfactory arrangements for child care, if she has less money. Also a career-oriented woman imposes a trajectory on her life - it may be very rough for four or five years until the child can get to school, but after that she sees clearer sailing. This life course prospective eases the strains. We know that people withstand stress more easily when they see it as temporary.''

Dr. Pearlin points out that women in lower economic groups, doing dreary jobs that don't interest them, feel trapped, forced away from their children often with unsatisfactory mother substitutes to care for them. They don't see life getting better. ''Role captives'' who are staying at home because it is expected of them rather than because they want to feel similarly trapped, with little chance of an improved future, these are the women who suffer the most, he said..

**Graphic**

drawing

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[***Open Vote Policy Puts Mexico Leader in Quandary***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X33-6410-00RP-K48P-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:** By SAM DILLON and JULIA PRESTON

By SAM DILLON and JULIA PRESTON

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, Aug. 1

**Body**

Shortly after taking office, President Ernesto Zedillo sought to prove his credentials as a reformer by ousting a brash young Governor-elect, Roberto Madrazo Pintado, who was accused of winning a Gulf Coast statehouse through blatant ballot fraud.

But Mr. Madrazo refused to go. Instead, he incited a virtual insurrection in his state, Tabasco, forcing the President to swallow hard and recognize Mr. Madrazo's governorship.

Five years later, Mr. Madrazo is seeking the governing party's presidential nomination, and his candidacy is developing into a new showdown with Mr. Zedillo. Mr. Madrazo has surged so rapidly in opinion polls that the primary campaign, which began formally today, has already effectively boiled down to a two-man contest between him and a former Interior Minister, who is Mr. Zedillo's preferred candidate. In fact, polls showed Mr. Madrazo in the lead.

Mr. Madrazo's rise has given him a fighting chance of winning the nomination and the presidency, a stunning development in a country where 10 consecutive presidents from the same governing party have hand-picked their successors.

He has urged increases in social spending, even at the expense of a balanced budget, a policy that has alarmed some international investors. That raises once again the prospect of financial turmoil during the presidential succession for a neighbor of the United States and one of its top trading partners.

Mr. Madrazo's strength has been particularly irritating to the President because the candidate's recent speeches have been piercing attacks on Mr. Zedillo's tight-money, export-oriented economic policies, which are popular in business circles but not in the streets.

"I'm in total disagreement with a policy that has brought great results for a few but few results for a great majority," Mr. Madrazo said in one fiery speech recently that drew roars of approval from a crowd of ***working class*** party members.

In March, when Mr. Zedillo renounced the tradition under which Mexican presidents have picked the candidate of the Institutional Revolutionary Party, known as the PRI, skeptics predicted that the President's sympathies would help the Interior Minister, Francisco Labastida Ochoa, to win the nomination easily. But Mr. Madrazo's surprising success means that Mr. Zedillo may soon have to choose whether to honor his pledge to open up the nominating process or reassert his powers to block a longtime nemesis.

"This has emerged as an all-out battle for the heart of the PRI, and what's extraordinary is that the President's candidate could be defeated," said Jesus Silva-Herzog Marquez, a law professor with family ties to the party.

The party was founded in 1929 in the ashes of the Mexican Revolution but has been dominated for two decades by Ivy League-trained economists, including Mr. Zedillo, known here as technocrats.

"Madrazo is the first governor in 60 years to defy the president, survive, and come back to claim vengeance," said Federico Estevez, a political science professor here. "This is terribly attractive to PRI members who believe the technocrats have been scooting them around with a broom, making them the brunt of whatever policies the President wants to impose."

Mr. Madrazo captured the mood in Mexico with a series of national television ads he ran starting last year while he was Governor of Tabasco, before the governing party had even set the rules for its primary.

"Who says we can't do it? Yes we can!" runs the slogan of Mr. Madrazo's ads. The jingle distills the conviction that Mexicans do not lack for determination but have been kept down by bad government.

Mr. Madrazo has also stolen the President's thunder on electoral reform, portraying himself as a maverick bent on opening up a party dominated by presidential control. His father, Carlos A. Madrazo, was an early advocate of internal party democracy. When he died in a mysterious plane crash in 1969, he earned a place in party lore as a martyr to reform. His son Roberto portrays himself as an heir to that legacy.

But it is an ambiguous stance, since Mr. Madrazo's career is clouded by charges of vote-rigging and recurrent questions about the origin of his campaign funds. After his 1994 election, federal investigators determined that he had spent $36.8 million on the campaign in his state, 10 times the legal limit, most of it recorded as anonymous cash donations.

So far, Mr. Labastida, a courtly gentleman who at 56 is nine years older than Mr. Madrazo, has preferred to hint at his rival's checkered ethical record but not to attack it head on. In a ceremony today at party headquarters kicking off the primary campaign, Mr. Labastida condemned those who accept "shameful campaign funds," an obvious swipe at Mr. Madrazo's use this year of state funds and anonymous donations to finance his television commercials that ended in May.

"I arrive at this campaign with clean hands after a life of public service that lets me hold my head high," Mr. Labastida said.

Mr. Labastida's backers are even more direct. After one recent Mexico City rally, Tabasco residents who support him crowded around a reporter, asserting that Mr. Madrazo had ruled his tropical state with a hard hand, repressing critics even within his own party.

Four politicians have been campaigning for the governing party's nomination for months. But since May, party rules have prohibited them from broadcasting television commercials. That ban ended today. The primary vote is scheduled for Nov. 7, and the presidential balloting for July 2 of next year.

A nationwide survey by the Indemerc Louis Harris polling firm last week showed Mr. Madrazo favored by 52 percent of voters polled who said they intended to cast ballots in the primary, while 42 percent favored Mr. Labastida. Other polls have had similar results. The margin of error was 2.5 percent.

Some politicians say Mr. Madrazo's lead in surveys is deceptive because under the primary rules, the winner must attract a majority of votes in the largest number of Mexico's 300 electoral districts, rather than a simple majority of all votes cast.

Mr. Labastida's support is better-distributed across the entire country. That nationwide backing reflects the almost universal belief that Mr. Labastida is President Zedillo's favorite, but the candidate denies it.

"I tell you, I don't represent the current administration," Mr. Labastida said in an interview last week. But he has not criticized Mr. Zedillo's record aggressively on any issue. "I don't think you should change things just to change them," he said.

Fueling the perception that he represents the establishment is the all-star campaign team he has assembled.

"Fix your tie," Mr. Labastida was admonished as he sat in his office, smiling into a photographer's circling lens. The fashion advice came from Alejandro Valenzuela, a senior official at Mexico's central bank, who stepped down last month to work on the Labastida campaign, joining a parade of other influential officials.

To some, Mr. Labastida seems an unlikely standard bearer because after his term as Governor of the western state of Sinaloa ended in 1992, his career declined. In the first days of the Zedillo presidency, he occupied a second-tier post, director of roads and bridges, joining the Cabinet only belatedly.

Analysts describe Mr. Labastida as a compromise candidate, the one senior official whose cordial ties to Mr. Zedillo's technocrats and to the populists whose current champion is Mr. Madrazo could prevent a rupture in the party that would probably bring defeat next year.

The threat of a split, based in the simmering resentment felt by grass-roots party members, has been clear since the conflict that followed Mr. Madrazo's election as Governor in November 1994.

A leftist opposition party accused Mr. Madrazo of vote counting fraud, paralyzing Tabasco with protests, and an independent investigation ordered by Mr. Zedillo confirmed their charges. Mr. Zedillo responded by boycotting Mr. Madrazo's inauguration and by pressing him to step down. Instead, Mr. Madrazo's supporters took to the streets, beating leftist protesters and threatening to declare Tabasco an independent territory if Mr. Madrazo's governorship were not recognized.

Mr. Zedillo, distracted by an economic crisis, backed down, ending the pressure on Mr. Madrazo and later traveling to Tabasco to embrace him publicly. By dint of tenacious legal maneuvers, the Governor avoided sanctions for fraud or for spending 10 times the legal campaign spending limit. Many of his mysterious donors have never been identified.

But he acknowledges ties to some of the party's most autocratic, even tainted leaders. Last week he defended Mario Villanueva Madrid, a former Governor who is a fugitive wanted on drug charges. And in an interview, Mr. Madrazo described as a "great privilege" his 30-year friendship with Carlos Hank Gonzalez, who became a multimillionaire while serving as Mayor of Mexico City and in other posts.

Mr. Madrazo insisted that his donors are middle class and poor Mexicans, but he is barnstorming Mexico in a Lear jet.

His television campaign began in July 1998, and it ran on prime time the for next nine months. The ads, which he contends were intended only to promote his programs in Tabasco, were financed by Tabasco's legislature, which is controlled by his party. Mr. Madrazo said they cost $6.2 million, all from public funds, but critics have offered far higher estimates.

The ads made his face and slogan an instant national phenomenon. In a strange twist, the slogan was written by Carlos Alazraki, an advertising consultant who devised Mr. Zedillo's own 1994 television campaign.

As Mr. Madrazo paraded down cobblestone streets in the state of Queretaro last week, followers opened their doors to greet him shouting, "Yes we can!"

Mr. Madrazo, who is trim at 47, managed to look at once casual and well-groomed in a leather jacket and starched shirt as he addressed a welcoming crowd of townspeople.

"You need a policy that puts people, not economics, first!" he said, following up with promises of new subsidies for Mexicans who resent United States competition under the North American Free Trade Agreement. He has pledged to conduct a review of the treaty.

He slams Mr. Zedillo's policies, but not the President himself. Half praising Mr. Zedillo and half defying him to keep his word, he said, "I really don't believe the President has a favorite candidate."

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: Roberto Madrazo Pintado campaigning in the tiny village of Puerto de Marquez for the presidential nomination of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party. He leads in polls and is a rival of President Ernesto Zedillo, who has pledged to be the first incumbent not to choose a successor but favors the Interior Minister, Francisco Labastida Ochoa, shown in his campaign headquarters. (Photographs by Wesley Bocxe for The New York Times)(pg. A6)

Map of Mexico highlighting Tabasco: From Tabasco State comes a headache for Mexico's President.(pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** August 2, 1999

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[***The Man Who Saw America***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:607G-2J21-DXY4-X3K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Highlight:** Looking back with Robert Frank, the most influential photographer alive.

**Body**

Last May, Robert Frank, the world’s pre-eminent living photographer, returned to Zurich, the orderly Swiss banking city, cosseted by lake and mountain, where he grew up. When an artist who made his reputation by leaving returns home, mixed feelings are inevitable, and that was especially true for Frank, whose iconic American pictures are notable for their deep understanding of human complication. ‘‘I know this town, but I certainly feel like a stranger here,’’ he said.

As he walked through the immaculate Zurich city center, with its many statues, gilded shop signs and fountains, Frank was ‘‘just amazed how well organized everything is, how perfect everything is.’’ The Swiss, he explained, do not throw coins into fountains, because ‘‘they have everything they need. They don’t believe in wishing wells. Only the poor have to hope.’’ Deciding he wanted to ride a streetcar, Frank surveyed the different lines. ‘‘I usually don’t get a ticket on the tram,’’ he explained. ‘‘This town is rich enough.’’ He said he never worried about being caught by inspectors, and he didn’t seem worried. He seemed the way he typically did — fully present and yet filled with personal mystery. ‘‘I don’t know where that one goes, so we’ll take it,’’ he said, and was soon bound for a ***working-class*** district of the city.

Frank has always been a picture-maker unconcerned with his own appearance, and sitting quietly beside the streetcar window, he wore the usual faded work shirt, frayed pants and one too many mornings of stubble. A sturdy man who never uses socks, a winter hat or gloves, Frank is now 90, and in the cool Swiss air, he had on a new blue down coat. His melancholy eyes rarely betray anything, but as he gazed out at the city of his youth, there was the sense of a man wary, defended, skeptical, yet willing to be engaged. In his pocket he carried an Olympus camera.

Frank had come to Switzerland to receive the Roswitha Haftmann Prize for lifetime achievement, Europe’s most lucrative fine-arts award, though he doesn’t need the money. His photographs command steep prices, and nothing about his current way of living is much different from his days as a young man, when, he says, ‘‘I decided if I swore off socks, I had more money for books.’’ Several years ago, Frank sold the paintings given to him in the 1940s by an impoverished friend, Sanyu, who became a renowned modern Chinese painter. Frank received millions of dollars, but wealth so discomfited him he used it to create a foundation and gave it away.

Acclaim was likewise anathema. By the 1960s, just as his work was gaining a following, Frank abruptly moved on from still photography to become an underground filmmaker. Ten years later, with all the glories of the art world calling to him, Frank fled New York, moving to a barren hillside far in the Canadian north. Over the years, when museums asked to exhibit his work, when universities like Yale sought to award him honorary degrees, he would think, Let someone else have it, and decline. ‘‘He never crossed over into celebrity,’’ says the photographer Nan Goldin. ‘‘He’s famous because he made a mark. He collected the world.’’

The tram entered a scruffy immigrant neighborhood not far from where Frank’s father, Hermann, had his business importing radios and record players, for which Hermann himself designed cabinets that Frank describes as ‘‘horrible.’’ Frank carried two rolls of film, but all the way out he only gazed out the window. He could have been anybody. Back in the 1950s, when Frank was making what amounted to private photographic studies in public places, one of his skills was remaining inconspicuous in casinos, restrooms and elevators. Here, near the end of the tram line, suddenly the camera appeared. There was a single click. Nothing beyond the window looked unusual. Then Frank pointed to a construction crane, its boom passing below a church steeple clock. ‘‘This is Zurich,’’ he explained. ‘‘The crane. The clock. The church. Functional.’’ It was the one picture of the day.

Sixty years ago, at the height of his powers, Frank left New York in a secondhand Ford and began the epic yearlong road trip that would become ‘‘The Americans,’’ a photographic survey of the inner life of the country that Peter Schjeldahl, art critic at The New Yorker, considers ‘‘one of the basic American masterpieces of any medium.’’ Frank hoped to express the emotional rhythms of the United States, to portray underlying realities and misgivings — how it felt to be wealthy, to be poor, to be in love, to be alone, to be young or old, to be black or white, to live along a country road or to walk a crowded sidewalk, to be overworked or sleeping in parks, to be a swaggering Southern couple or to be young and gay in New York, to be politicking or at prayer.

The book begins with a white woman at her window hidden behind a flag. That announcement — here are the American unseen — the Harvard photography historian Robin Kelsey likens to the splash of snare drum at the beginning of Bob Dylan’s ‘‘Like a Rolling Stone’’: ‘‘It flaps you right away.’’ The images that follow — a smoking industrial landscape in Butte, Mont.; a black nurse holding a porcelain-white baby or an unwatched black infant rolling off its blanket on the floor of a bar in South Carolina — were all different jolts of the same current. That is the miracle of great socially committed art: It addresses our sources of deepest unease, helps us to confront what we cannot organize or explain by making all of it unforgettable. ‘‘I think people like the book because it shows what people think about but don’t discuss,’’ Frank says. ‘‘It shows what’s on the edge of their mind.’’

On a trip upstate, Frank visited a Fourth of July celebration in rural Jay, N.Y., and photographed two girls in white dresses skipping beneath a huge, diaphanous American flag. ‘‘Something I really like is a big flag,’’ Frank says. ‘‘Here, people are so proud of it. In other countries you don’t feel they’re so proud of their flag.’’ Like most things with Frank, that cuts two ways. Foreign, uncompromisingly independent, Frank loathed the provincial prevarications of nostalgia. At closer inspection, the flag is torn, while along the photograph’s edge is the only visible face: a sneering boy. That the flag is transparent means that in ‘‘The Americans,’’ a reader looks, in effect, through the cloth to the image on the next page — to segregated New Orleans, where Frank made his best-known picture.

Frank passed through the city in 1955 and took a photograph of a row of passengers on a Canal Street trolley — whites in front, blacks in back. In the moment, life stilled into such clarity that Frank’s shutter needed to move only once. What he says attracted him then was something filmic: ‘‘Five people sitting, each occupying a frame.’’ But it’s a black man, his forehead creased, whose complex expression makes the picture. ‘‘He’s looked at that street many times,’’ Frank says. Plenty of photographs were taken during Jim Crow. Frank’s gift was to transcend reportage and tell you something about the condition — how oppression felt.

When Frank began his expedition upriver into the heart of American ambivalence, photography remained, as Walker Evans said, ‘‘a disdained medium.’’ Only a few American art museums collected photographs. Most of the published images portrayed figures of status. One notable exception was the work of Dorothea Lange. Frank respected her compassion but considered her Dust Bowl pictures maudlin — triumphalist takes on adversity. ‘‘I photographed people who were held back, who never could step over a certain line,’’ he says. ‘‘My mother asked me, ‘Why do you always take pictures of poor people?’ It wasn’t true, but my sympathies were with people who struggled. There was also my mistrust of people who made the rules.’’ That impulse seems particularly potent today, during our charged national moment — our time of belated reckoning with how violent, enraged, unbalanced and unjust the United States often still is. To look again at the photographs Frank made before Selma, Vietnam and Stonewall, before income inequality, iPhones and ‘‘I can’t breathe,’’ is to realize he recognized us before we recognized ourselves.

Frank grew up in ‘‘a sad household.’’ In the 1930s, Zurich radio was full of Hitler. ‘‘That voice cursing the Jews,’’ he says. ‘‘You couldn’t turn off the voice.’’ Hermann Frank had been an excellent Sunday photographer, but securing the material comforts of Persian carpets and fine goose liver was his priority. ‘‘My father married my mother because of money. It became the most important thing in order for them to feel good. If my father had a good day, dinner would end and my father would take out his wallet and give my mother 100 Swiss francs.’’ Frank was repelled: ‘‘I was driven by negative influence. I wanted to get away.’’

In 1947, family friends who lived in Queens met the boat that carried Frank to the United States. The next day, they showed him Times Square: ‘‘The crowd! The crowd! I never was used to such a big crowd, and they were so enthusiastic about being there. It was America! Those big signs!’’ At a coffee shop, Frank encountered a waitress who flung everyone’s silverware onto the table. In that moment of democratic informality, Frank knew New York was where he wanted to be. ‘‘In Paris you’d see African people on the subway, and they were African. Here in America they are Americans. There is no other place like this.’’

The sheer diversity and scale of the United States thrilled Frank. ‘‘It’s a big country,’’ he says. ‘‘Coming from Switzerland, it’s vast.’’ Because there was such freedom of mobility, he could go many places, and in all of them he saw heightened experience — including, to his surprise, the masses of people who ‘‘looked desperate.’’ Some, like him, were getting by, but for many others the American promise never took. Early on in New York he met a former soldier who ‘‘would wear his uniform from the Marines every day. Even though he was not in the Marines anymore. He asked me to rent a place with him. I did for a few months. He didn’t have a job. Nice man. Lost. They get lost.’’

Frank got commercial photography assignments from magazines like Harper’s Bazaar while also roaming around New York, following ‘‘my own feelings.’’ His way of living resisted convention —‘‘I never worried about insurance’’— as did his work. For American photographers at the time, the professional apotheosis was Life magazine. Henry Luce, the publisher, favored linear, neatly partisan narratives, and Life’s editors repeatedly rejected Frank. Frank’s photographs suggested life was more fraught: ‘‘I leave it up to you,’’ he says. ‘‘They don’t have an end or a beginning. They’re a piece of the middle.’’

Frank was also passed over by Magnum, the elite consortium of photographers led by Robert Capa: ‘‘Capa said my pictures were too horizontal, and magazines were vertical.’’ The photographer Elliott Erwitt knew Frank then and says, ‘‘It was the beginning of that kind of photography that Robert did, seemingly sloppy, but not — and very emotional. The acceptable pictures then were sharp and technically excellent. But the pictures of Robert Frank were very different.’’ To Frank, the French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson’s idea of a ‘‘decisive moment’’ in photography seemed reductive. Frank was in search of ‘‘some moment I couldn’t explain,’’ and periodically went off on his own to make pictures of Peruvian farmers, Welsh miners and French street children. His unwillingness to compromise led to breaks with friends like Erwitt. ‘‘I became a professional doing what people expected from me,’’ Erwitt says. ‘‘We all respected Robert’s talent and ability and knew he was difficult and fought with everyone — could be quite vindictive with some. We just dissolved the friendship. I felt he felt I’d gone the wrong way, the nonartist way.’’

In the late 1940s, Frank met a teenage dance and art student named Mary Lockspeiser, whose pale eyes and luminous complexion were perhaps especially compelling to a man who saw the world in black and white. ‘‘She was young, but I thought, Why not?’’ says Frank, who was nine years older. ‘‘She was alive for everything.’’ They married, and had two children: Pablo, named, he says, after the cellist Pablo Casals, and Andrea — ‘‘She was named for a boat that sank.’’ His sense of humor is just black enough that you wonder when he’s joking.

The family lived, as Mary put it in an interview with the Smithsonian Institution, ‘‘very chaotically in every way.’’ They scavenged the sidewalks for furnishings and inhabited desolate, formerly industrial downtown neighborhoods. The Franks were young artists, and struggled as parents; Pablo and Andrea were often left to themselves. ‘‘I felt we weren’t made for it,” Frank says. Mary was ‘‘a young woman who wanted to work, and I was running after my career,” he says, adding that ‘‘it was very, very hard, almost impossible to live with me.’’

Frank absorbed artistic influences all over New York. Edward Hopper’s moody office-scapes, restaurant interiors and gas pumps were not in fashion when Frank discovered the painter: ‘‘So clear and so decisive. The human form in it. You look twice — what’s this guy waiting for? What’s he looking at? The simplicity of two facing each other. A man in a chair.’’ Frank’s creative day to day was informed by the Abstract Expressionist painters he lived among. Through his window, Frank studied Willem de Kooning pacing his studio in his underwear, pausing at his easel and then walking the floor some more. ‘‘I was a very silent unobserved watcher of this man at work. It meant a lot to me. It encouraged me to pace up and down and struggle.’’ He also saw the downside of an artist’s life: ‘‘I used to watch de Kooning work, and then I’d walk down the street and see him drinking and lying in the gutter. Somebody’s bringing him upstairs. You drink because you have doubts. Things seem to crumble around you.’’

Since there ‘‘weren’t so many artists in photography to meet,’’ Frank says, he became interested in the work of only one photographer: Walker Evans. Evans’s images of battered roadside prewar America were, as the photographer Tod Papageorge writes, Frank’s ‘‘sourcebook’’ for his own rendition of the American scene. Frank sought Evans out, and soon the older man was inviting Frank to his Upper East Side apartment to help him photograph objects like tools arranged on a table. ‘‘If I put a piece of cheese on the table and said, ‘Photograph it,’ ’’ Frank says, ‘‘his would be different from my piece of cheese. His pictures were more careful. I was fast. Hurry! Hurry! Life goes fast.’’

Evans wore English shoes and patrician airs. Frank had become close to raffish Beats like the poet Allen Ginsberg, and when Evans was hospitalized, he asked Frank not to bring ‘‘any of those friends of yours up here.’’ Frank believed that despite the humanity in his pictures, Evans ‘‘felt he was better than other people. That was something I couldn’t stand.’’

Evans admired talent, and he became Frank’s champion, encouraging him to complete a Guggenheim application to support the photographic journey that would become ‘‘The Americans.’’ Evans wrote him a recommendation, calling him ‘‘a born artist,’’ and helped plan his itinerary.

Frank left his family behind in 1955 and went off to see Miami, Los Angeles and 10,000 miles in between through the windshield of a black Ford Business Coupe. He packed two cameras, many boxes of film (kept in a bag to protect them from the sun), trunks, French brandy (‘‘Sometimes you need a little drink; it changes your attitude’’), AAA road atlases and one book, which was really a map of another kind, Evans’s ‘‘American Photographs.’’ Evans and others had suggested destinations like the Gullah communities of the south Atlantic coast, but Frank was often spontaneous.

The first destination was Michigan. ‘‘I went to Detroit to photograph the Ford factories, and then it was clear to me I wanted to do this. It was summer and so loud. So much noise. So much heat. It was hell. So much screaming.’’

As Frank searched for pictures, he stayed in cheap motels: ‘‘You’d always find them down by the river.’’ The first stop in a new town was usually a Woolworth’s department store. His favored shooting settings were public — sidewalks, political rallies, drive-ins, churches, parks. He wanted to find the men and women others would consider unremarkable, as well as the symbols and objects that defined them. Falling into a place-to-place rhythm, he took pictures of bystanders, vagrants, newlyweds, Christian crosses, jukeboxes, mailboxes, coffins, televisions, many cars, and those many flags.

It was an investigation, and in every frame there is pent-up atmosphere, pressure in the air, a sense of somebody’s impending exposure — maybe Frank’s. ‘‘Photography can reveal so much. It’s the invasion of the privacy of the people.’’ Accordingly, there was an element of tradecraft. ‘‘I felt like a detective or a spy. Yes! Often I had uncomfortable moments. Nobody gave me a hard time, because I had a talent for not being noticed.’’

He was neither tall nor short, did not appear to maintain regular relations with razors, scissors or blankets and dressed in a way that brought to mind the bottom of a suitcase — ‘‘I didn’t change clothes too much.’’ The Ford fit the man. ‘‘I loved that car. It was like any car, inconspicuous,’’ he says. ‘‘I called it Luce — the only connection I ever had with Mr. Henry Luce.’’

Years later, the photographer and curator Philip Brookman learned just how committed Frank was to making pictures. The two men were visiting Frank’s troubled son Pablo on Thanksgiving at a psychiatric hospital. Many families were there. At one point a patient sang a very clear and beautiful song she called ‘‘Sad Movie.’’ Brookman, moved, crept his hand toward his camera, but he worried that taking a photo would be inappropriate. As the moment passed, he heard a familiar, gruff voice: ‘‘You should have taken it.’’

When Frank raised his camera and shot, the process was blurry quick, meaning he could capture what he saw as he perceived it. People, Frank says, ‘‘don’t like to be caught in private moments. I think private moments make the interesting picture.’’ It says something about Frank that his favorite ‘‘Americans’’ photograph shows the only people who caught him in the act. A black couple resting on the grass in a San Francisco park looks toward the lens in outrage. Beyond them are white city buildings. What is conveyed is how it feels to be violated wherever you go.

Frank says he was most drawn to blacks: the bare-chested boy in the back of a convertible; the woman relaxing beside a field in sunny Carolina cotton country; the dignified men outside the funeral of a South Carolina undertaker, who uncannily bring to mind the day President Obama eulogized Clementa Pinckney. At first, the South was to him ‘‘very exotic — a life I knew nothing about.’’ Then, in November 1955, Frank was traversing the Arkansas side of the Mississippi River, ‘‘just whistling my song and driving on,’’ as he says, when a patrol car pulled him over outside McGehee. The policemen’s report noted that Frank needed a bath and that ‘‘subject talked with a foreign accent.’’ Also suspicious were the contents of the car: cameras, foreign liquor. Frank was on his way to photograph oil refineries in Louisiana. ‘‘Are you a Commie?’’ he was asked.

Ten weeks earlier, Emmett Till was murdered a hundred miles away. ‘‘In Arkansas,’’ Frank recalls, ‘‘the cops pulled me in. They locked me in a cell. I thought, Jesus Christ, nobody knows I’m here. They can do anything. They were primitive.’’ Across the room, Frank could see ‘‘a young black girl sitting there watching. Very wonderful face. You see in her eyes she’s thinking, What are they gonna do?’’ Because his camera had been confiscated, Frank considers the girl his missing ‘‘Americans’’ photograph. Around midnight a policeman told Frank he had 10 minutes to get across the river. ‘‘That trip I got to like black people so much more than white people.’’

Coming to America after growing up listening to tyranny on the radio, Frank had been foremost a grateful émigré, and early pictures suggested it. Now, through a lens, the country darkened, and Frank became, the photographer Eugene Richards says, ‘‘a loaded gun.’’ Four days later, in New Orleans, Frank photographed the line of faces looking through the trolley windows. Once he saw that girl in McGehee, he says, he knew what to look for.

As he drove, Frank was in the grip-flow of his imagination, finding pictures everywhere, so many pictures that he now says of the period: ‘‘You don’t have it that good all the time. I was on the case.’’ Occasional hitchhikers advised Frank where to go next and spelled him behind the wheel while he slept in the back seat or quietly raised up and snapped their pictures, as he did on U.S. 91 outside Blackfoot, Idaho. Sometimes he gave people rides — workers, prostitutes — but Frank did not seek personal connections. ‘‘The people in ‘The Americans,’ I watched,” he said, adding, ‘‘I wanted to take the picture and walk away.’’

One ‘‘Americans’’ photograph came from a dimly lit New Mexico gutbucket: ‘‘It was a tough bar. You had to shoot from your hip.’’ In Elko, Nev., Frank photographed the play at a gaming table: ‘‘It’s very seldom you get a picture of people gambling. The management and the gamblers don’t want you to take pictures because they have wives. Or mothers! Or grandmothers! Or daughters!’’ At political gatherings, where credentials were required for admission, Frank was not above filching some from a stranger’s jacket.

You could operate that way if you were on your own, but Frank was married, and those years were hard on the family. In photographs from the 1950s, the children are inevitably bright-eyed, Mary is distantly aglow and Frank grim. From the road Frank wrote to Mary, ‘‘Your letters are often sad.’’ When they all met up in Texas and drove west for a few weeks, Frank found it ‘‘stressful. You go out, you’re gone. You come back, you’re tired. You’ve hunted for pictures. You want peace.’’ His family became the subject of his book’s wistful last photograph. Taken from in front of the car through the windshield, weary, overwhelmed faces and half the Ford are visible. ‘‘It’s personal, it’s melancholy, it’s sentimentality — all the things you try to stay away from. Also, I’m the person who’s not there. This is what it takes, the picture says.’’

Frank took more than 27,000 photographs. Returning to New York, he sequenced the best 83 into what he thought of as a film on paper. Walker Evans wrote him an introduction to help place it. But who would publish images of groping teenagers, drifters, cross-dressers, poor blacks, a harassed mother? At first, only Robert Delpire in Paris would. Frank’s inability to find an American publisher frustrated him. He came to feel he needed a more like-minded advocate. So, Frank says, ‘‘I turned to Kerouac.’’

It was early September 1957 when Frank heard about ‘‘On the Road,’’ a novel that had just been praised in The New York Times as ‘‘the most important utterance yet made by the generation.’’ Frank ‘‘liked the speed of it, taking you back and forth across the country, his descriptions of the landscape in the morning, the little towns, which he describes with such exquisite beauty — the love for America.’’

He found Kerouac ‘‘at a New York party where poets and Beatniks were. Some painters. Everything happened downtown.’’ When Frank showed the writer his pictures, Frank says he was empathetic. ‘‘Kerouac personified what I hoped I’d find here in America. He was interested in outsiders. He wasn’t interested in walking the middle of the road.’’ Seizing the moment, Frank asked if Kerouac would introduce ‘‘The Americans.’’ ‘‘Sure,’’ Kerouac said. ‘‘I’ll write something.’’

One reason many other artists believe, as Nan Goldin says, that Frank ‘‘has never taken a false step’’ is that Frank always puts art above sentiment. ‘‘I try to get out of sentiment’s way when it comes near me. A few steps backward and to the left and don’t look back.’’ Frank says there was no hesitation about jilting Evans for Kerouac, but informing his mentor that he was forsaking him for Kerouac ‘‘was a difficult moment.’’ He says Evans’s essay was ‘‘too flowery and made no sense,’’ adding, ‘‘The friendship survived, but that was it. Never mentioned again.’’ Their relationship became ‘‘colder and more distant.’’

Frank admired Kerouac’s propulsive methods: ‘‘He lay on the floor all evening long. He’d write 20 pages about it the next morning.’’ Introducing ‘‘The Americans,’’ Kerouac told a reader nothing about Frank’s biography. Instead, he supplied an ecstasy of overture: ‘‘With one hand he sucked a sad poem of America onto film, taking rank among the tragic poets of the world.’’

Yet ‘‘The Americans’’ was initially unappreciated in the United States. The editors of Popular Photography derided Frank’s ‘‘warped,’’ ‘‘wart-covered’’ ‘‘images of hate.’’ That the photographs were blurry, asymmetrical, shot at oblique angles and deliberately informal attracted more screeds. The problem was, as the critic Janet Malcolm would later explain, ‘‘no one had ever made pictures like that before.’’

At first, it was other American artists who were enthralled. Out in Los Angeles, Ed Ruscha was sitting in an art-student cafe when a classmate brought in a brand-new copy of the book. Suddenly ‘‘there weren’t enough chairs for everyone; we were craning our necks, looking at it page by page. It’s like — You know where you were when John F. Kennedy was shot? I know where I was when I saw ‘The Americans.’ ’’ For Ruscha, in Frank’s hands the camera became a new kind of machine. ‘‘I was aware of Walker Evans’s work. But I felt like those were still lives. Robert’s work was life in motion.’’

Frank was not yet well known, but he and Mary were a glamorous couple at the crossroads of the New York arts scene. He personally was a camera, a tough, sensual receptor with an enticing remove that made others draw near. The people Frank admired were judgmental, unpredictable artists who satisfied his need for heightened experience. The jazz musician Ornette Coleman ‘‘didn’t like many things — a very hard critic,’’ while the filmmaker and musicologist Harry Smith lived to insult people, lit fires, yelled ‘‘Heil Hitler’’ in Jewish restaurants and yet was ‘‘the only genius I ever met. He was open to how people could reveal something for other people,’’ Frank says. ‘‘He lived uptown like a hermit, all alone with all his windows closed.’’

Among photographers, Frank considered Diane Arbus ‘‘a special woman! I went to her house. She was eating something. She said, ‘Do you want some?’ I said, ‘Sure.’ I took a bite. Almost impossible to eat. She said, ‘Yeah, I put too much salt in.’ She wanted to see my reaction. Why not? I liked her work. You could say, This is Diane Arbus.’’

Frank was closest to Ginsberg, Kerouac and their circle, and says he was inspired by Ginsberg’s relationship with the poet Peter Orlovsky: ‘‘Of course they were lovers, but he learned a lot about freedom from Orlovsky. They could live on the edge of society, the edge of American behavior. They made me want to be freer.’’ Frank would sit clothed in a room full of naked, stoned men as Ginsberg read from poems like ‘‘Kaddish.’’ ‘‘It’s wonderful to fall in with a group like that. You watch them live, and it’s so different from what you’d seen. Their art, their sexual lives, what truth they believed and preached and wrote. Ginsberg was a real prophet. He saw a different, more accepting America.’’

Frank once chauffeured Kerouac and his mother from Florida to Long Island; the author of ‘‘On The Road’’ didn’t drive. ‘‘It’s a better way to find out about the world if you don’t. He was true talent. He had a sad end. He couldn’t handle his fame. It drove him into a corner, made him drink, want to forget.’’ Frank found closer personal understanding with James Agee than he did with Evans, Agee’s collaborator on ‘‘Let Us Now Praise Famous Men,’’ and yet, Agee, too, was ‘‘always sweating and drinking, always a bottle close by. He was one of the saddest people I met, one of the suffering men.’’

When he wasn’t interested in someone, Frank could be pitiless. ‘‘I’m friendlier now. I had no patience.’’ He roiled with brutal standards: ‘‘In Provincetown, a guy showed me his pictures and asked me what I thought. I tore them up. Now I hate myself for that. Then I had to.’’

One day the painter Mark Rothko invited Frank to his studio for a talk. It was a dark space with only a row of windows on the ceiling because, Frank says, Rothko ‘‘liked the light to come in different colors. He had a daughter he worried about. He asked for advice on young people. I said I couldn’t help him.’’

Being an artist, husband and father continued to be arduous for Frank. During the ’60s, he seemed tired, angry and beaten-down to friends like the filmmaker Jonas Mekas, who recalls Mary once stopping him on the street to ask if she could borrow a dollar for groceries. The marriage struggled. But at the same time, Frank’s achievement was slowly becoming understood, a momentum that continues. The best photographers today, like Paul Graham, consider it still revelatory that someone could shape the endless onrush of American experience into a full portrait of the country. Frank’s book, Graham says, ‘‘expresses a yearning in us all to find meaning and a pattern, a form to life.’’

Among the many qualities that enabled Frank to achieve something so ambitious was his profound ambivalence. He was always that way personally, and it was how he could locate the full spectrum of any given feeling in the inscrutable faces of strangers. Critics like W.S. Di Piero believe his genius for expressing emotional complication came from an artistic innocence, the ability to look at the world as a child does — without the intrusions of experience. When June Leaf, Frank’s wife of 40 years, discussed with me this way of her husband’s seeing, she described being shown by his aunt a picture of Frank as little boy. ‘‘I looked at it, and I thought to myself, That’s exactly the same expression he has now: ‘What is going on here?’ That’s the secret of his perception of the world. And that’s ‘The Americans.’ That marvelous perception comes into the room. It’s ‘What is going on here?’ None of us know until he takes a photograph. Other than the photograph, he doesn’t know what is going on.’’

Over the years, ‘‘The Americans’’ would follow the trajectory of experimental American classics like ‘‘Moby-Dick’’ and ‘‘Citizen Kane’’ — works that grew slowly in stature until it was as if they had always been there. To Bruce Springsteen, who keeps copies of ‘‘The Americans’’ around his home for songwriting motivation, ‘‘the photographs are still shocking. It created an entire American identity, that single book. To me, it’s Dylan’s ‘Highway 61,’ the visual equivalent of that record. It’s an 83-picture book that has 27,000 pictures in it. That’s why ‘Highway 61’ is powerful. It’s nine songs with 12,000 songs in them. We’re all in the business of catching things. Sometimes we catch something. He just caught all of it.’’

As ‘‘The Americans’’ thrived, Frank’s success weighed on him. In the early 1970s, his friend the photographer Edward Grazda received a piece of mail from Frank written on a scrap of ledger paper. The postmark was the remote mining village in Nova Scotia where Frank and his new companion, Leaf, had escaped the admirers clamoring outside his New York door. ‘‘Ed, I’m famous,’’ it read. ‘‘Now what?’’

Rare is the great figure — Marcel Duchamp, Jim Brown — who departs at the top of his game. That the man who made ‘‘The Americans’’ would leave photography was such a shocking decision that people in the arts still speculate about it. ‘‘He was painfully compassionate,’’ Peter Schjeldahl says. ‘‘Maybe he didn’t want the pain anymore.’’

Frank put it this way in 1969: ‘‘Once respectability and success become a part of it, then it was time to look for a new mistress.’’ He says now that the issue was creative fulfillment: ‘‘I didn’t want to repeat myself. It’s too easy. It’s a struggle, such a struggle to make something good, to satisfy yourself. That was relatively easy for me in photography. It’s immediate recompense. You’ve achieved what you set out to achieve.’’ The composer David Amram, a friend of Frank’s, says, ‘‘The last thing he wanted to be was what Miles Davis called a human jukebox — always be what made him popular.’’

In 1959, even as Barney Rosset, the American publisher of literary renegades like Henry Miller and D.H. Lawrence, released ‘‘The Americans,’’ Frank decided to ‘‘put my Leica in the cupboard’’ and began filming a silent movie with his downtown neighbor, the painter Alfred Leslie. ‘‘Pull My Daisy’’ adapts a scene from Kerouac’s never-finished play, ‘‘The Beat Generation,’’ into a proto-‘‘Seinfeld’’ shaggy-dog story. A railway brakeman and his artist wife host a church bishop for dinner, which is disrupted by a visit from a group of fizzed-up hipster impresarios who settle in to riff the night away.

Leslie’s loft was used as a set; their friends were the actors: Ginsberg, painters like Larry Rivers and Alice Neel and a cameo for the adorable Pablo Frank. Amram, who composed the music, recalls the shoots as ‘‘an insane party; everybody being juvenile and nuts. Leslie was a hostage negotiator — ‘Allen, if you’d please put your pants back on!’ ’’ Frank remembers Kerouac filling up on applejack and carrying on until he fell asleep. Later he ad-libbed the narration in three increasingly inebriated takes.

‘‘Pull My Daisy’’ was indie cinema before indie existed, the pure underground. There was scarcely any budget; the paychecks are still in the mail; only college students and avant-garde cineastes knew the film existed. But it endures as a cultural document — here were the Beats — and because nobody had ever seen anything like it. ‘‘If that came out of ‘The Americans,’ that’s a giant step,’’ Ed Ruscha says. ‘‘It’s almost totally different. I felt like it was guys on a hijinx. Films were usually professional enterprises done in Hollywood. This was choppy and crude and gutsy.’’ When Frank invited friends to a screening, he says, ‘‘they were happy somebody looked at the world in a different way.’’ Viewers still feel similarly, which pleases Frank, ‘‘especially because people didn’t really like my later films.’’

Across the next 40 years, Frank would release 31 mostly short, genre-eluding, quasi-documentary movies that met with even less success than ‘‘Pull My Daisy.’’ He says that working outside the studio system, operating ‘‘completely against the rules of how you made a film,’’ was challenging. And yet he filmed work that was, Jonas Mekas says, ‘‘very important. Same as Andy Warhol, he comes with his own world, his own sensibility, his own style.’’ The projects attracted a range of actors (Christopher Walken, Joseph Chaikin, Joe Strummer) and co-writers (Sam Shepard, Rudy Wurlitzer). Frank’s subjects were recondite: a book signing for a writer who never turns up; a day in the life of a country letter carrier. Another, about indigenous American music, strayed and became a film about Frank. As Laura Israel, Frank’s longtime film editor, says, ‘‘He’s all about the detour.’’

Frank also made a series of jagged, strangely absorbing personal films about friends and family that were so unlike anything preceding them that collectively they constituted a small documentary wave of their own. Three were about Pablo, a fragile, tortured adult whose life was increasingly derailed by schizophrenia. Another film, ‘‘Me and My Brother,’’ began as an adaptation of Ginsberg’s poem ‘‘Kaddish’’ and then, following the familiar digressive pattern, became an account of Peter Orlovsky’s relationship with his schizophrenic brother, Julius. Frank explains that he was always drawn to extremes: ‘‘There can be good extremes, but I had more connection with the other half.’’ And Julius, Frank felt, ‘‘was on the edge of something. I felt he would calm down and tell what it was like to be in this place.’’ Frank considered his filmmaking career ‘‘a failure,’’ because ‘‘often I don’t want to reveal. But because it wasn’t going well it kept me going.’’ Defeat perversely encouraged Frank; he liked what he couldn’t do. Except that he could.

Frank’s most celebrated turn as a filmmaker came in 1972 when the Rolling Stones, in Los Angeles completing their album ‘‘Exile on Main Street,’’ invited him to photograph them for the cover. The musician who most influenced Frank’s work was Bob Dylan, who so frequently reinvented himself: ‘‘Dylan has the talents to move on.’’ But Keith Richards, Mick Jagger and the rest of the Stones were the world’s most celebrated outsiders, unregenerate avatars for collecting transgressive impulses into hits. At a fleabag Los Angeles inn, Frank recalls, they were instantly themselves. ‘‘Jagger said, ‘Let’s rent a room.’ I sat them down in chairs and made them use hotel furniture. That’s their life. Hotel rooms. Hotel rooms and polish.’’

The band was soon to go on tour, and they invited Frank and his Super-8 along. In the resulting film, ‘‘[expletive] Blues,’’ the band and its entourage are becalmed travelers ordering room service, gargling, masturbating, getting it on with drugs and groupies, moving through places they have no connection to, looking for ways to overcome lethargy and longueur. Frank now says of the experience: ‘‘I didn’t care about the music. I cared about them. It was great to watch them — the excitement. But my job was after the show. What I was photographing was a kind of boredom. It’s so difficult being famous. It’s a horrendous life. Everyone wants to get something from you.’’

Frank showed Jagger a rough cut. ‘‘He looked at it and then he said, ‘Richards came out better than me.’ Probably was right.’’ Richards agrees, of course: ‘‘One of Mick’s hangups is himself. Robert made the better man win! It’s a very true documentation of what went down.’’

The Stones’ lawyers worried that the explicitness would create problems and forbade screening it unless Frank was in attendance. As a result, the all-but-unavailable ‘‘Blues’’ is a celluloid apparition. The novelist Don DeLillo watched a cheap bootleg reproduction. He’d admired Frank’s photographs for the way they ‘‘imply a story or a sociology,’’ but the film, DeLillo thought, was different. ‘‘There’s nothing behind it. There’s something pure.’’ In DeLillo’s ‘‘Underworld,’’ as characters view the film, DeLillo describes at length its crepuscular, edge-of-time feeling.

Since the 1970s, Frank’s subversive approach has made him a godfather to young filmmakers. ‘‘The strength of his films is in what he says is problematic,’’ Jim Jarmusch says. ‘‘The beauty is they don’t satisfy certain narrative conventions.’’ Out in Texas in 1995, Richard Linklater was just beginning his film career when he staged a Frank retrospective at a theater in Austin. ‘‘If Robert Frank weren’t so acclaimed as one of the most influential photographers of all time, he’d have a much larger profile as an American indie filmmaking icon,’’ Linklater says. ‘‘It seems our culture struggles with the idea that someone could be that groundbreaking in more than one area. If it were just the films, I think he’d be credited as a founding father of the personal film.’’ He adds: ‘‘Beyond that, there’s this tremendous range of a restless, searching artist pushing the boundaries of the documentary, experimental and more traditional narrative forms.’’

During his 1969 short documentary, ‘‘Conversations in Vermont,’’ Frank portrays Pablo and Andrea confronting their youth spent growing up with a mother and father who put their art first. ‘‘You always said you wanted normal parents,’’ Frank challenges his children. That same year, Frank and Mary separated and Frank immediately began life with Mary’s friend June Leaf.

Overwhelmed in New York, craving ‘‘peace,’’ Frank asked Leaf to go to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, to find them a home. It was winter. She bought a pair of thick boots and flew north: ‘‘He knew I’d do anything for him,’’ she says now.

They moved to Mabou, where the March wind was so strong you had to walk backward. They knew nobody, and the house they’d purchased overlooking the sea was, in the local expression, ‘‘after falling down.’’ As a young woman, Leaf was given a prestigious Paris studio to work in, and now in Mabou, she found she had sufficient inner creative stamina to make art in what her husband calls ‘‘a sad landscape’’ where ‘‘the sheep ate all the trees.’’

Rebuilding the house became their creative collaboration. ‘‘You learned a completely different rhythm of life,’’ Frank says. ‘‘It has to do with keeping warm and getting your food. That occupies most of your time. It’s severe. With time we found two friends.’’

Soon came devastation. Frank’s daughter, Andrea, aspired to become a teacher and a midwife. She was radiant, with flashing, dark eyes that infatuated Frank’s young photographer friends. Leaf likens her to Frank himself: ‘‘marvelous, like him. She intimidated people because she made everybody want her to love them. She was so similar to him — stern, critical, sexy, tough. Very tough. She was interested in life!’’ In 1974, Andrea died in a plane crash. She was 20.

Frank went immediately to the United States, leaving Leaf alone and wretched on a Nova Scotia island in winter, frightened that Frank would no longer love her because she could not fully share his grief.

Within a year of Andrea’s death, Pablo had cancer as well as schizophrenia. ‘‘Pablo,’’ Leaf says, ‘‘was a bird, a butterfly. The drugs he later took and the death of his sister pushed him over the edge into illness. That changed Robert incredibly, slowly, agonizingly. He became a sweet father to Pablo, where before he’d been explosive. Very critical, dictatorial, authoritarian, like many European fathers. Pablo was so ethereal, funny, charming, sweet. The illness made Robert a better father. He had to be.’’

For many years after leaving New York, Frank remained relentlessly productive; he made films and resumed taking photographs, personal images of a very different style from street photography. In 1972, a Japanese first-time publisher named Kazuhiko Motomura collaborated with Frank on ‘‘The Lines of My Hand.’’ An expanded American edition was published in 1989, and became a book crucial to American photographers. Jim Goldberg describes it as ‘‘a road map for the rest of us.’’ Many of the most powerful pictures are of Pablo, his face ravaged by illness. Photographs are distressed, dripping with tears of paint, rived with scratched-out messages. Of his son, Frank writes: ‘‘What a hard life we have together. I can’t take it.’’

In and out of institutions, Pablo committed suicide in 1994. ‘‘Robert was always attracted to mad people like Julius Orlovsky,’’ Leaf says, ‘‘because he had nothing of that in him. So it’s fate, isn’t it, Pablo.’’ Eventually, Frank gave in to grief. ‘‘It takes concentration for me to work and the wish to succeed,’’ Frank says. ‘‘I didn’t have it anymore.’’ With such loss, he said, ‘‘you have to cope every day, and it doesn’t go away. You try hard to find some peace and acceptance.’’

Frank dislikes talking about any of it: ‘‘It’s not good to look back too much. It’s often sad. Better to look forward.’’ I felt I should ask him about Leaf’s descriptions of his children. He didn’t disagree with anything she’d said. Then he sighed: ‘‘I could’ve helped him. He would’ve needed another family. A real mother, a real father to take care of him. I think about that too often, because it’s too late.’’

Frank and Leaf now live most of the year in a building off the Bowery that has open hearths and rough surfaces and feels like a vertical farmhouse, a Manhattan version of Mabou. In a neighborhood now awash in tony boîtes and boutiques, Frank and Leaf are remnants of vanished bohemian New York. In Frank’s musty basement studio, amid a jumble of contact sheets, Camus novels, toy crocodiles and checkerboards, ‘‘EAT’’ is scrawled on the wall in yellow. ‘‘Patti Smith wrote that,’’ he says.

Visitors are always stopping by. Leaf receives them bright-eyed — ‘‘I’m a bouncy!’’ Frank watches warily, but with an eyebrow raised. ‘‘He’s always waiting for something extraordinary,’’ Leaf says. Frank and Leaf married in 1975, while passing through Reno, Nev., an echo to the eloping couple in ‘‘The Americans.’’ Over the years Leaf has developed what she calls ‘‘a bad habit of studying Robert.’’ Once she asked me, ‘‘Do you think Robert’s elusive?’’ Instead, Frank answered: ‘‘I used to be. I didn’t like to explain anything.’’

‘‘You still don’t,’’ she said, ‘‘and you don’t like things to be explained, and I’m a great explainer. It’s a miracle we lasted this long!’’ At 85, Leaf has a grave, mystical face that resembles Georgia O’Keeffe’s. She sees her husband clearly — ‘‘You have no idea how mean Robert can be’’ — and with delight. In Philip Brookman’s 1986 documentary on Frank, ‘‘Fire in the East,’’ Leaf says: ‘‘He goes through life in this wonderful secret way, in the water, under the water. And things just come to him. So he’s like a fish, a beautiful fish in the dark, lighting up the water.’’

Although Frank still retains a certain Swiss civility, he enjoys provocation in others. He refers to the French celebrity photographer Francois-Marie Banier, notorious for insinuating himself into the affections of wealthy older women, as ‘‘the bad-man friend of mine.’’ Onstage at Lincoln Center, when his chosen interviewer, Charlie LeDuff, asked about the state of Frank’s rectum, Frank was amused at the general mortification.

Some days Frank is a steel door; others he is impish, a trickster. Not long after he renounced his Leica, word circulated among other photographers that he was entering photo contests under assumed names and winning. Ask him how he is, and Frank may reply, ‘‘Fifty percent!’’ What does that mean? ‘‘If it goes below 50 percent, my red light goes on!’’ One day, he loves crowds. Another day, crowds are ‘‘impossible.’’ A third pass, and the dark eyes gleam, and there’s nothing like ‘‘a medium-size crowd.’’ His terse style of speaking sometimes produces epigrams: ‘‘It’s the misinformation that’s important.’’

‘‘Take that seriously,’’ warns Brookman, who has known Frank since the 1970s. ‘‘He loves misleading people.’’ When Frank is feeling affectionate, his puckish banter is seductive to younger artists — especially photographers. Many men have felt for a time like a second son to Frank, only to abruptly find that some sort of personal fission has occurred, the focus of Frank’s guarded eyes has moved on and they’ve been purged. His longtime gallerist Peter MacGill has grown accustomed to offering consolation: ‘‘Robert hurts the people he’s closest to.’’ One photographer, in an anticipatory gambit, stopped talking with Frank for more than two years. When I met MacGill, he warned me, ‘‘Everybody who knows him gets periodically fired.’’

‘‘It’s that you’re not a contestant anymore for something extraordinary,’’ Leaf says. ‘‘We all fall short. It’s the way a man desires a woman. This is the one! He’s always hoping somebody will change the view of the world.’’ The personal quality Frank perhaps values most is autonomy, and when others want too much from him, he gets prickly and feels exploited; it’s time to leave. ‘‘It was always important to him to remain independent of Switzerland, his family, Life magazine, Cartier-Bresson, Evans and go forward, keep pushing,’’ Brookman says.

There have been unbroken bonds. Sarah Greenough, senior curator of photographs at the National Gallery, says Frank and Motomura always ‘‘were devoted, even though Robert didn’t speak Japanese and Motomura didn’t speak English.’’ Another person on whom the door has never closed is Peter Kasovitz, the gregarious owner of K&amp;M Camera in New York. Many in Frank’s community wonder why Kasovitz should be spared. Frank, whose father sold electronics, says Kasovitz is the consummate independent operator: ‘‘He doesn’t go by others’ rules. He just runs things in a way he believes.’’

For decades, Frank refused honors and exhibitions. He once skipped a private celebration for the Museum of Modern Art’s new photography curator because he wanted to test the set of tires he’d just acquired for his Subaru. But lately, he attends his openings; this summer he accepted an honorary degree from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design.

Frank retains the spontaneous enthusiasm of a much younger man. In his tenth decade, he is still a free-form outsider seeking untried situations, fresh leaps — and nothing pleases him more than picking up on the scent of something exceptional. Last year, after receiving intriguing letters postmarked North Carolina from an itinerant laborer named Gustavo, Frank set off to find him. He discovered Gustavo in Winston-Salem painting a house, he says, but ‘‘I was disappointed in him. He was ordinary. He seemed not to be possessed by anything. He just drifts.’’

A more satisfactory result came after an unannounced knock on the door from a California family. The father, Leaf says, ‘‘was a junk collector looking for a masterpiece.’’ Recently he’d purchased three pictures. ‘‘One looked like it was from Woolworth’s, and he thought it was a Boucher. The second was the worst thing you ever saw. He thought it was a de Kooning. The third, somebody tells him it’s a Sanyu. He looks it up and sees Robert knows him.’’ So the family crossed the country by car to show Frank the painting possibly by Sanyu. ‘‘You don’t have to open your eyes to see it’s not a Sanyu painting,’’ Leaf says. ‘‘He doesn’t mind. He’s a speculator! He’s happy!’’ Eventually, Leaf and Frank had to go out. ‘‘What do you want to do?’’ Leaf asked their visitors.

‘‘Nothing,’’ came the answer. ‘‘We came to see you.’’ The family made their hosts tortillas from scratch and drove off for Louisiana to surprise an aunt.

Frank found all of this immensely satisfying. ‘‘I liked his directness. Completely direct. I could tell them about Sanyu. They had no interest in June or in my photographs.’’ And so Frank decided that the father should have his masterpiece after all. ‘‘I sent them two of my photographs. I wonder if they found out what people pay for a print like that.’’

Nicholas Dawidoff is the author of five books, most recently ‘‘Collision Low Crossers,’’ an investigation of the inner life of the New York Jets that was a finalist for the 2014 PEN/ESPN Award for Literary Sports Writing.

PHOTOS: Robert Frank in 1958. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COHEN/L. PARKER STEPHENSON; GETTY IMAGES) (MM38); ‘‘Fourth of July — Jay, New York,’’ 1954, by Frank. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM39); Frank in Mabou, Nova Scotia, in June (PHOTOGRAPH BY KATY GRANNAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM41); ‘‘Trolley — New Orleans,’’ 1955. The photo, part of Frank’s groundbreaking volume ‘‘The Americans,’’ was taken four days after an encounter with the police in Arkansas that darkened his artistic viewpoint. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM42); Frank, left, with Jack Kerouac on the set of the film ‘‘Pull My Daisy’’ in 1959. The film adapts a scene from Kerouac’s never-finished play, ‘‘The Beat Generation,’’ into a proto-‘‘Seinfeld’’ shaggy-dog story, indie cinema before the idea existed. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COHEN/L. PARKER STEPHENSON; GETTY IMAGES) (MM44); Frank in 1956, looking at negatives in California while photographing “The Americans.” (PHOTOGRAPH BY WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM PHOTOS) (MM46); “U.S. 90, En Route to Del Rio, Texas,’’ 1955. The final photo in ‘‘The Americans,’’ showing Frank’s wife Mary and his son, Pablo. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FRANK VIA PACE/MACGILL GALLERY) (MM47)

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[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Cinematic Surprises, Refreshing As Real Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49DD-01V0-01KN-2217-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

FUNNY about reality in entertainment: as hard as it may be to pin down what's true to life in the movies and on television, you know it when you see it. Even when that reality is disturbing, to acknowledge its truthfulness can feel as rejuvenating as a gulp of fresh air.

As the most dismal movie summer in memory draws to a close, the indifferent commercial and critical receptions that have greeted more than the usual number of would-be blockbusters suggest Hollywood's desperate need for some fresh air. The dreammakers and franchise-builders who have pushed reality to the outer margins of the movies face some nagging questions. Has the moviegoing public finally been force-fed more recycled popcorn than it can stomach? And where might reality fit into an entertainment matrix based on superheroes and Cinderellas?

Failure in Hollywood is a relative thing, but the tiniest whiff of box office depression can stir up waves of panic. The season's collapsing tent poles have forced Hollywood to question whether its surefire formulas are as foolproof as was once hoped.

For every runaway hit like "Finding Nemo" (easily the best and most humane big-studio movie of the summer), there has been a disappointing sequel whose tepid reception shows that putting a number after a franchise and throwing millions of marketing dollars at it is no guarantee of success. Ask Lara Croft or Charlie's Angels.

As for the irresistible box-office lure of romantic star chemistry, Jennifer Lopez and Ben Affleck, the lovebirds of "Gigli," which died with a sickening thud, learned the hard way about the hubris and payback of overexposure.

But just below the radar that tracks the commercial fates of every $100 million gamble, a rebellion has been churning up. At a moment when the very word reality has been corrupted by reality television's Orwellian perversion of the concept, a thirst for something resembling truthfulness seems to be deepening. And the art-house popularity of thorny, disturbing films like "American Splendor," "Thirteen" and "Capturing the Friedmans," to name three independent movies that became sleeper hits this summer, suggests that a culture of dissent has begun to coalesce.

Take "American Splendor," the offbeat screen biography of the cult cartoonist Harvey Pekar. For more than 25 years, Mr. Pekar has been plugging away at the comic book series (illustrated by others) of his unglamorous life as a ***working-class*** schlub in Cleveland. The film, written and directed by Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini, is so antithetical to the usual hit formulas that it could almost be seen as a methodical deconstruction of many of the values Hollywood holds dear.

Its morose, middle-aged subject, whose wry autobiographical comics recount the small indignities he suffers in his treadmill existence as a file clerk in a veterans hospital, is the furthest thing from a buffed-up Hollywood action hero, teenage dreamboat or even an aging lion. Mr. Pekar, a slovenly pessimist with a wonderfully retentive ear for the nuances of American speech, resembles a Marty for the new millennium.

Attached to the movie, the very name of his long-running comic book series, "American Splendor," could be taken as a sly affront to Hollywood's embedded taste for gung-ho movie titles that exploit the adjective American for a bogus patriotic frisson. And at a moment when live action and animated movies are threatening to blend into a computer-driven soup of special effects, "American Splendor" pointedly creates a dialogue between live action and animation, instead of trying to forge a synthesis.

The movie is really a multimedia collage that juxtaposes animated sequences and cartoon-balloon language (and a tart jazz score) with documentary clips of Mr. Pekar as he is today. Running through the film is a realistic fictional re-creation of scenes from his life and work, with Paul Giamatti playing the sad-sack cartoonist in his younger days and Hope Davis (unrecognizable in a black wig with bangs and oversize tortoiseshell glasses) as his spunky, health-obsessed wife, Joyce.

The ultimate joke of the movie may be that its true story of a lonely guy who finds his soul mate, beats a potentially fatal illness and creates a family with an adopted daughter is in its own screwball way the kind of story Hollywood embraces, but here none of the warts have been airbrushed out.

The Curse of Pop Culture

The riveting "Thirteen," inspired by real life, could also be viewed as a deconstruction of standard Hollywood fantasy. Its vision of one girl's hellish puberty, sunk in reckless experimentation with sex, drugs, body piercing and shoplifting, presents a graphic critique of modern teenage life corrupted by an omnivorous popular culture. The story of an angry 13-year-old named Tracy (played with phenomenal ferocity by Evan Rachel Wood), led astray by her precociously sophisticated and toxic new best friend, Evie (Nikki Reed, who collaborated on the screenplay based on her adventures when she was younger), opens with a shocking scene of the two girls, high on drugs, taking turns slugging each other in the face and laughing.

Directed by Catherine Hardwicke, the cautionary tale unfolds in a frenetic, vertiginous style that captures the racing metabolism and raw, roller-coaster emotions of teenage life. As the camera surveys an urban environment (Los Angeles, but it could be anywhere) plastered with giant, sexy billboards, the movie feels like a scream of protest at a consumer culture obsessed with youth. This is what you get, it warns, when your marketing works too well.

An Abuse Case, Close Up

The surprise success of Andrew Jarecki's documentary "Capturing the Friedmans" is all the more remarkable in light of what it has to say about the terrors percolating under the manicured facade of suburban affluence. In tracing one family's disintegration after a sex scandal, the documentary offers an intimate portrait of a Long Island family (including home movies) whose nebbishy breadwinner was arrested after the post office discovered he was receiving pedophilic erotica. On the damning statements of the neighborhood boys who attended the father's computer classes, he and his 18-year-old son were pressured to plead guilty to sexual abuse even though there was no physical evidence that rapes and molestations had occurred.

What's most disturbing about the film is what it says about the hysteria surrounding sex and children in American culture. Great Neck, where the events took place in the 1980's, is a town of affluent professionals, not a fundamentalist backwater cowering in fear of Satan. Yet the community uproar surrounding the Friedmans smacks of a witch hunt, and its consequences are tragic.

Dentists, Nuns and Organ-Selling

These selected independent movies still playing push the boundaries in various ways and waft fresh air into a cinematic atmosphere reeking of stale junk food and rancid grease.

"SWIMMING POOL." After the cutesy drawing-room camp of his musical detective story "8 Women," the French director Francois Ozon has bounced back with his first English-language movie, a sleek, sexy Hitchcockian thriller about a successful British mystery writer (Charlotte Rampling) whose summer sojourn in her editor's French country house involves a possible murder. Ms. Rampling, with her narrowed cat eyes and deep, resonant voice, has never been more tantalizingly enigmatic. If the story's hide-and-seek game of is-it-real or is-it-fiction culminates much too bluntly for comfort, the voluptuous, sun-drenched film still provides a delightful reminder of the hot-and-cold thrills of "Vertigo," "Rear Window" and other Hitchcock films.

"THE SECRET LIVES OF DENTISTS." Suburban middle-class family life as it really is, with all its mess, uncertainty and harried nerves. Campbell Scott and Hope Davis are married dentists (with three little girls) whose relationship is tested when Mr. Scott's character suspects his wife of having an affair. Directed by Alan Rudolph from Craig Lucas's masterly screen adaptation of a Jane Smiley novella, the beautifully acted film traces the minute emotional sea changes of a loving relationship that has outlasted its honeymoon stage. In the wittiest sequence, a stomach ailment makes the rounds of the family, leaving one member after another bedridden.

"DIRTY PRETTY THINGS." The story of beleaguered illegal immigrants in contemporary London revisits some of the territory that its director, Stephen Frears, covered in his 1985 breakthrough movie, "My Beautiful Laundrette." This time the central character is an earnest, sleep-deprived Nigerian doctor forced to work two jobs, as a cabdriver by day and a hotel desk clerk by night. Pressured into a scheme to remove vital organs from poor immigrants desperate for visas and passports, he devises a way out for himself and his Turkish immigrant roommate (Audrey Tautou, breaking away from her gamine stereotype). Anchoring the melodrama is a magnificent central performance by Chiwetel Ejiofor as the noble, underemployed physician who engineers one of the most satisfying (if not the most credible) paybacks to the bad guys.

"THE MAGDALENE SISTERS." Peter Mullan's fact-based expose and horror movie, which conjures a shameful chapter in Irish history that ended less than a decade ago, follows several unfortunate young women to one of the Magdalene Asylums, prisonlike laundries where "bad girls" were exiled by their families. There they toiled, often for years, as slave labor in enforced silence under the punishing eyes of the nuns in charge. Being bad didn't necessarily mean a woman was promiscuous or pregnant, only that her youthful sexual energy was too provocative to be tolerated. Geraldine McEwan gives a scary, hard-edged performance as the nightmarish Sister Bridget, the sadistic Nurse Ratched of this expertly crafted melodrama.

"SPELLBOUND." Jeffrey Blitz's documentary, which culminates at the 1999 National Spelling Bee, follows five girls and three boys from different ethnic backgrounds and social classes to the competition. Uplifting without turning mawkish, and frequently witty, the movie celebrates nerd power and pluck. As we meet the contestants' families (some of the parents are very pushy), the documentary becomes a reflection on cultural assimilation and the mastery of the American language, even though the competitors will never again encounter most of the words they're asked to spell.

"MADAME SATA." Set in the early 1930's, "Madame Sata" is the true story of a black, gay street fighter and male prostitute in the seedy Lapa district of Rio de Janeiro who transformed himself into a glittering transvestite entertainer. The violent world of "Madame Sata" recalls Jean Genet's outlaw world. And Lazaro Ramos's fiery performance, full of sexual heat and dripping with sweat, brings it startlingly to life.

"BUFFALO SOLDIERS." Because it portrays American soldiers in Berlin in the last days of the Berlin Wall as shiftless, drug dealing wheeler-dealers, the film, which owes a lot to "MASH," may be the most subversive movie in release. Joaquin Phoenix plays a gleefully amoral Army supply clerk who supervises the secret manufacture of heroin, among other rackets. He is brought up short by a new top sergeant (Scott Glenn), whose daredevil daughter (Anna Paquin) he has the temerity to date. The film's cynical, absurdist view of the military is as familiar as "Catch-22." But what might have been a scalding satire has structural flaws and too little underlying humanity.

"CAMP." In its own messy, hysterical way, this musical comedy about a summer camp for teenagers with Broadway stars in their eyes is groundbreaking as well as fun. Like many of the contestants in "Spellbound," most of the campers (especially the boys, all but one of whom are gay) are misfits who are blissfully at home in a hothouse climate where Stephen Sondheim, not Eminem, is the reigning cultural hero. The parade of mismatched performers fervently belting Broadway warhorses is a hoot.

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**Graphic**

Photos: Hope Davis in "The Secret Lives of Dentists," directed by Alan Rudolph. (Photo by Manhattan Pictures International); Anne Kendrick, left, Joanna Chilcoat, Robin De Jesus and Sasha Allen, pursuing musical theater dreams in "Camp." (Photo by Dennis Yeandle/IFC Films); Dorothy Duffy, Nora-Jane Noone and Anne-Marie Duff, following a nun in the prisonlike laundry of "The Magdalene Sisters." (Photo by Miramax Films); Lazaro Ramos, center, in the title role of "Madame Sata," the true story of a gay street fighter and male prostitute in Rio de Janeiro. (Photo by Wellspring); Chiwetel Ejiofor and Audrey Tautou in "Dirty Pretty Things," about immigrants in London involved in an organ-selling ring. (Photo by Laurie Sparham/Miramax Films)(pg. E24); Top, Evan Rachel Wood, (left) and Nikki Reed in "Thirteen." Above, Paul Giamatti and Sylvia Kauders in "American Splendor." Left, Jean-Marie Lamour, Charlotte Rampling (center) and Ludivine Sagnier in "Swimming Pool." (Photos by Top, Fox Searchlight Pictures; above, HBO and Fine Line Features; left, Focus Features)(pg. E1)

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[***A Biracial Candidate Walks His Own Fine Line***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RG0-64Y0-TW8F-G0BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Length:** 2507 words

**Byline:** By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

The 2006 Democratic primary campaign for the presidency of the Cook County Board of Commissioners was vintage Chicago politics.

The incumbent was an aging party loyalist, mayoral confederate and institution in black Chicago. His opponent was younger and white, a reform-minded independent Democrat who had helped Barack Obama in his Senate race two years earlier.

Both sides wanted the support of Mr. Obama, a vote magnet in Chicago. The challenger, Forrest Claypool, 48, had the backing of the major newspapers and a couple of liberal members of Congress. The incumbent, John Stroger, 76, had the party organization, many of the city's blacks and Mr. Obama's political benefactor, the State Senate president, Emil Jones.

So Mr. Obama remained neutral. He was blasted in blogs and newspapers for hedging rather than risk alienating people he needed, though others said he had made the only shrewd choice.

''Those relationships are complex,'' said Mr. Claypool, who lost the primary race to Mr. Stroger (who never served because of illness) and is now working on Mr. Obama's presidential campaign. ''No politician takes important relationships for granted.''

Much of Mr. Obama's success as a politician has come from walking a fine line -- as an independent Democrat and a progressive in a state dominated by the party organization and the political machine, and as a biracial American whose political ambitions require that he appeal to whites while still satisfying the hopes and expectations of blacks.

Like others of his generation, he is a member of a new class of black politicians. Too young to have experienced segregation, he has thrived in white institutions. His style is more conciliatory than confrontational, more technocrat than preacher. Compared with many older politicians, he tends to speak about race indirectly or implicitly, when he speaks about it at all.

After Hurricane Katrina, he did not attribute the lumbering federal response to the race of most of the storm's victims. ''The incompetence was color-blind,'' he said. adding that the real stumbling block was indifference to the problems of the poor. After six black teenagers were charged with attempted murder in the beating of a white schoolmate in the ''Jena Six'' case in Louisiana, he said the criminal justice system needed fixing to ensure equal justice ''regardless of race, wealth or circumstances.''

And when Mr. Obama announced his candidacy in February, he chose the steps of the Old State Capitol in Springfield, Ill., a place imbued with the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. He spoke of his work in ''Chicago's poorest neighborhoods'' and of ending poverty; race came up only glancingly, as in, ''Beneath all the differences of race and region, faith and station, we are one people.''

But the postracial style has its pitfalls.

'Acting Like He's White'

Earlier this fall, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, an Obama supporter who ran for president twice, was quoted by a reporter as saying Mr. Obama ''needs to stop acting like he's white'' (words that Mr. Jackson has variously said that he would never say and that were taken out of context).

He added, ''If I were a candidate, I'd be all over Jena.''

More recently, Mr. Jackson accused the Democratic candidates except for John Edwards of having ''virtually ignored'' the plight of blacks. (His son, Representative Jesse Jackson Jr., a national co-chairman of the Obama campaign, fired back in an op-ed column in The Chicago Sun-Times under the headline, ''You're wrong on Obama, Dad.'')

''A black candidate doesn't want to look like he's only a black candidate,'' the Rev. Al Sharpton, the civil rights activist, who ran for president in 2004, said in an interview about Mr. Obama. ''If he overidentifies with Sharpton, he looks like he's only a black candidate. A white candidate reaches out to a Sharpton and looks like they have the ability to reach out. It looks like they're presidential. That's the dichotomy.''

In a telephone interview, Mr. Obama denied that he had spoken less about race issues than other candidates. But he said he focused when possible on ''the universal issues that all Americans care about.'' His aim, he said, is ''to build broader coalitions that can actually deliver health care for all people or jobs that pay a living wage or all the issues that face not only black Americans but Americans generally.''

He suggested that his critics were comparing him not with Mr. Edwards or Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton but with Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sharpton. ''That comparison is one that isn't appropriate,'' he said. ''Because neither Reverend Jackson nor Reverend Sharpton is running for president of the United States. They are serving an important role as activists and catalysts but they're not trying to build a coalition to actually govern.''

Mr. Obama's legislative record does not diverge sharply from that of other black legislators, some who have studied it say. For example, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which grades members of Congress on their support for its agenda, gave Mr. Obama a 100 percent score. The difference between him and some others lies more in life experience, approach to politics and style.

And while Mr. Obama's advisers say he is entirely comfortable with his identity -- as he has said, proud to be an African-American but not limited by that -- he carries a peculiar burden as a presidential candidate: whether or not he calibrates his words, blacks as well as whites are likely to parse them for anything they might signal about racial issues.

''There is a special expectation and opportunity that we have to talk about the ways race works in America,'' said Gov. Deval Patrick, a friend of Mr. Obama and the first black to lead Massachusetts.

But, Mr. Patrick said, ''sometimes I think advocates want one note from us. I think our experience in our lives and in our politics has been that there's much more than the one note -- and sometimes a cacophony.''

There was a time when black politicians had little in common with white politicians. They had been educated in segregated schools and historically black colleges; many had entered politics through the civil rights movement, social activism or the black church. Their districts and constituents were overwhelmingly African-American. They were ''race men'' who had built their careers advocating for blacks.

Winning a Mixed District

They tended to be more liberal and militant than the Democratic Party as a whole, said Michael C. Dawson, a University of Chicago political scientist. They opposed rising military budgets and military intervention abroad, favored economic redistribution and were willing to consider such things as demands for reparation for slavery.

Hanes Walton Jr., a University of Michigan political scientist, said, ''Once you got African-American elected officials in the 1960s and 1970s, there was huge demand from the black community about getting things done. Some of these elected officials came on with fairly rough edges because they were making consistent and hard demands. In many ways, that couldn't be escaped. These elected officials knew that they were elected from the black community.''

Mr. Obama, by contrast, grew up in Hawaii and Indonesia, far from any center of black life. He graduated from a private prep school in Honolulu, Columbia College and Harvard Law School. Though he has belonged to the Trinity United Church of Christ in Chicago since 1987, he was not raised in the traditions of the black church, which Ange-Marie Hancock, a Yale political scientist, says ''nurtured generations of black politicians'' and ''that almost exclusive emphasis on race -- and race in a black/white framework.''

Mr. Obama was elected to the Illinois Senate in 1996 -- not from an overwhelmingly black district like those that elected early black legislators but from a racially and economically mixed neighborhood, Hyde Park, home of the University of Chicago. In a state where Irish-American dynasties dominate Democratic Party politics, he sprang up as an outsider -- a former community organizer without party or machine support.

Mr. Obama never fit any easily recognizable model of a black politician during his seven years in Springfield. He was a progressive Democrat who worked with Republicans; a black man whose weekly poker-game partners were white; an independent Democrat whose mentor, Mr. Jones, was one of the most powerful black politicians in the state and supported by the Chicago machine.

In his 2006 book, ''The Audacity of Hope,'' Mr. Obama recalls sitting with a white, liberal Democrat in the Senate and listening to a black, inner-city legislator, whom he identified only as John Doe, speechifying on how the elimination of a particular program was blatant racism. The white colleague turned to Mr. Obama and said, ''You know what the problem is with John? Whenever I hear him, he makes me feel more white.''

Mr. Obama finds a lesson in that moment: White guilt has exhausted itself. Even fair-minded whites resist suggestions of racial victimization. Proposals that benefit minorities alone cannot be a basis for the broad coalitions needed to transform the country, he concluded. Only ''universal appeals'' for approaches that help all Americans, he wrote in his book, ''schools that teach, jobs that pay, health care for everyone who needs it'' can do that, ''even if such strategies disproportionately help all Americans.''

Mr. Obama has never had difficulty appealing to whites. In his ill-fated 1999 campaign against Representative Bobby L. Rush, a four-term Democratic congressman and former Black Panther, Mr. Obama won the white vote but lost the black vote in a district that was overwhelmingly black. Abner J. Mikva, a former Illinois congressman and longtime supporter, said, ''It took him a while to realize that it's a vote that has to be courted.''

Hermene Hartman, the publisher of N'Digo, a weekly newspaper in Chicago, recalls advising Mr. Obama to talk less about his experience as the first African-American editor of the Harvard Law Review. ''What I was saying early on was, 'Harvard Review will play at the University of Chicago, it won't play on 55th and King Drive,''' Ms. Hartman said.

Mr. Mikva says Mr. Obama learned to campaign in different ways without changing the substance of what he was saying. He learned to use rhythms, analogies, ''quotes that resonate better.'' Others say he simply worked hard at becoming better known, consolidating his support among black elected officials, black ministers, labor organizations and community groups, skating nimbly among factions.

Straddling Interests

Mr. Obama's relationship with Mr. Jackson extends back at least to the early 1990s. Mr. Jackson's daughter, Santita, was a friend of Mr. Obama's wife, Michelle, and was a bridesmaid at their wedding. The Congressional district of Representative Jackson included Mr. Obama's State Senate district; they have worked together on issues, endorsed some of the same reform-minded candidates against the party slate and sought each other's advice.

At the same time, Mr. Obama has remained close to his longtime mentor, Mr. Jones -- an old antagonist of Representative Jackson, who defeated him for Congress in 1995. Alan Gitelson, a political scientist at Loyola University in Chicago, said, ''The skill of Obama is that he's been able to straddle the two major factions among blacks in Illinois.''

Mr. Obama has also cultivated a working relationship with Mayor Richard M. Daley. Mr. Daley, who backed an opponent of Mr. Obama in the 2004 Senate primary, this year endorsed Mr. Obama for president -- around the time that Mr. Obama endorsed Mr. Daley for re-election, annoying some supporters and passing over two black candidates considered unlikely to win.

''I can tell you, having worked for both of them, they are both pragmatists who want to get things done,'' said David Axelrod, Mr. Obama's chief strategist and a longtime consultant to Mr. Daley.

By the time Mr. Obama began running for the United States Senate, he ''didn't have to run as a black candidate,'' said Don Rose, a longtime political consultant in Chicago. Illinois had already elected one black senator, Carol Moseley Braun, and Mr. Obama had nailed down overwhelming black support. According to Mr. Axelrod, he ended up with 92 percent of the black vote in a competitive field.

Yet race was a subtext of a television advertisement widely believed to have helped Mr. Obama win, Mr. Rose believes. The advertisement featured Sheila Simon, the daughter of former Senator Paul Simon, a Democrat who was a revered figure in Illinois politics, lionized by white progressives and admired by some conservatives. Mr. Simon, who had worked with Mr. Obama on ethics reform, had intended to endorse him but had died unexpectedly after heart surgery in 2003.

So Mr. Axelrod had asked Ms. Simon to make an advertisement about the similarities between her father and Mr. Obama. He said the commercial might help explain Mr. Obama's unexpected success in white, ***working class*** neighborhoods on Chicago's Northwest Side, which had been hostile to black candidates in the past. Mr. Rose believes that the advertisement's subtext, intentionally or not, was gender and race: ''It is saying, 'People, I'm a white woman, and I'm not afraid of him.'''

Dining With Sharpton

In Washington, Mr. Obama made it clear almost immediately that his career would not be defined by his race. One of the first acts of the new Congress was to certify the results of the Electoral College. Some members of the Congressional Black Caucus moved to contest the certification of the Ohio votes. Mr. Obama did not join them. In a hastily arranged maiden speech, he said he was convinced that President Bush had won but he also urged Congress to address the need for voting reform.

In his office, he hung paintings of Lincoln, Gandhi and the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., all of whom he calls his heroes.

In recent weeks, Mr. Obama has turned some of his attention to courting black voters. Nine months into his campaign, he held his first fund-raiser in Harlem, at the Apollo Theater, where he said, among other things, he was in the race because he was ''tired of reading about Jena.'' Then he went on tour with Oprah Winfrey, whom he had gotten to know when she interviewed him after his speech at the Democratic National Convention in 2004.

Mr. Sharpton, who has yet to endorse anyone, says Mr. Obama began his campaign as ''the alternative to guys like me.'' But in recent months, Mr. Sharpton said, ''he's been calling us.''

Mr. Obama also arranged to dine with Mr. Sharpton, in the presence of a herd of reporters, before his appearance at the Apollo.

''A portion of black voters want Obama to give them some raw meat,'' said Julian Bond, chairman of the board of the N.A.A.C.P. ''Because they want so badly to have their concerns addressed and highlighted, and they expect it of him because he's black.''

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**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Senator Barack Obama in a light moment after meeting in June with the Rev. Jesse Jackson. (PHOTOGRAPH BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A1)

LOOKING FOR SUPPORT Senator Obama, seeking an endorsement he has yet to win, appeared with the Rev. Al Sharpton in New York last April. (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES REX ARBOGAST/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

COURTING A CONSTITUENCY: Barack Obama, campaigning for the Democratic nomination, met with black voters at a fund-raising event at the Apollo Theater in Harlem in November. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIHO FUKADA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A14)

**Load-Date:** December 29, 2007

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[***JOURNEYS; Solitude, And No Need To Pack A Hair Dryer***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:497X-FV70-01KN-24X7-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Byline:**  By DEIRDRE FANNING

**Body**

A FEW weeks ago, I sat with a handful of other passengers in the stern of a small mail boat surrounded by packages, mail and other cargo -- all of us bound from Stonington, Me., to Isle au Haut, a pristine 6,900-acre island some seven miles off the coast of Deer Isle. As we pulled out of Stonington's picturesque harbor, one small island after another drifted by, each covered in the dark spruce forests and granite ledges so distinctive of Down East Maine. While the late afternoon sun hovered in the sky, the haze turned the distant islands of Merchant's Row into dark, shimmering mirages.

Some 45 minutes later the mail boat rounded the northeastern tip of Kimball Island and we slowly headed toward the tiny town dock of Isle au Haut. A stunned silence hung over the boat as we took in our first glimpse of this beautiful and utterly tranquil island. The island's fir-tipped landscape is dotted with a combination of grand old shingled cottages, battered lobster shacks and prim, neatly painted Cape Cod houses set into verdant green meadows rolling down to the ocean.

With about half the island -- some 3,000 acres -- owned and operated by Acadia National Park, Isle au Haut is part national park, part wealthy summer community and part ***working-class*** fishing village (with approximately 40 year-round residents). In these ways it is not unlike its larger and more populous sibling island to the north, Mount Desert Island, but that is where the similarities end; Isle au Hauters are fiercely protective of their privacy and make no bones about the fact that they do perfectly well without hordes of tourists. Even the name they call their island is assertively independent: islanders pronounce it "eye-la-HOE," to differentiate themselves from visitors who often use the "EEL-a-hoe." As the author Linda Greenlaw, the fishing-boat captain portrayed in Sebastian Junger's "The Perfect Storm" and perhaps the island's most famous resident, says in "The Lobster Chronicles," her recent book about Isle au Haut, "If by any chance, in the course of reading this book, you should fall in love with, or become consumed with curiosity about Maine island life, I promise you that visiting Mount Desert Island, Bailey Island, or Monhegan will surely satisfy both lust and curiosity. People there welcome tourism. They have hotels and restaurants. We have nothing."

Nothing, that is, except Ms. Greenlaw's own childhood summer home, now an inn known as the Keeper's House, and Bel's Inn, a smaller bed-and-breakfast. The mail deposited safely at the town dock, we moved on to the boat's last stop, the dock at the Keeper's House. Again a collective hush fell over the boat as first the spare, white-washed lighthouse and then the inn, a large Victorian house behind the lighthouse, sprang into view atop a cliff.

Within the first five minutes of checking into the Keeper's House (which really was the lighthouse keeper's home several generations ago), I was reminded by the innkeeper, Judi Burke, a thin, middle-aged woman with a kindly, weather-beaten face, that there were no electricity or telephones in the bedrooms, no locks on the door, no private bathrooms and, oh yes, the water was brown. "It's fine for brushing your teeth," Ms. Burke said cheerfully as she led me upstairs to my pretty, simply furnished pink bedroom. "But just don't drink it."

I had known the inn lacked telephones and electricity. Ms. Burke and her husband, Jeff, the couple who bought the keeper's house in 1986 from Linda Greenlaw's family and turned it into an inn, are careful to mention it when reservations are booked. But now the inescapable reality that I was alone on a remote island with strangers, in an unlocked room with no light or phone, threatened to erase all the good island karma I had soaked up on my boat ride over.

Yet one look out the window at the wide open, glimmering ocean just below me and a surge of something -- was it hysteria? perhaps elation? -- propelled me down the stairs and out the inn's door. Hopping on one of the inn's bicycles, I rode down the hilly dirt drive through silent spruce woods, onto the island's lone road, which runs for 12 miles around its perimeter. I saw a wild turkey and swerved to avoid two deer, but I didn't see any people. I found the "town," which mainly consists of its dock, a small general store, a Congregational church, a stone town hall and library, and a tiny shed that serves as the post office, deserted but for a lone lobsterman tinkering with his traps on the dock.

Somewhat nonplused by the lack of crowds -- this is, after all, part of a popular national park -- I ditched my bike by the side of the road and wandered down into an inviting meadow containing an ancient cemetery and farther on, to a tiny sand beach covered with mussels and seaweed. Two weathered benches sat just above the beach facing Kimball Island, and I fell into one.

What happened next is a bit hard to describe because for a full hour and a half I sat perfectly still and did -- well -- nothing. Oh, I listened to the wind brush through the firs. And I watched the waves lap the shore of my little beach. I saw gulls bearing mussels in their beaks drop them on rocks to smash them open, and I marveled as a seal gamboled about in the water right in front of me. With the exception of an occasional "island car," usually a beat-up pickup truck without license plates, passing slowly on the road behind me, I heard nothing but the wondrous, hypnotic sounds of island life. For me, a mother of two wildly boisterous young children (home with their father in Portland), it was like being given an opiate, only the drug was solitude and the more I got, the more I craved.

It was with great reluctance that I dragged myself up off the bench and back onto my bike for the ride back to dinner, which Ms. Burke had told me was served promptly at 7. Dinner was a communal affair: a young couple from Boston, post-doctoral students at Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology respectively, were the only other guests that night, and together in the tiny dining room, lighted by an oil lamp and overlooking the sea, we ate a delicious meal of swordfish and grilled lamb. They had stumbled on to the Keeper's House Web site when making plans last winter to tour the Deer Isle archipelago in their double kayak.

AFTER dinner we retired to our candlelit rooms. Mine, which had seemed Shaker-simple by day, with its painted floors, spartan dresser, small wood-burning stove and rather stiff settee, took on a warm glow by candlelight: the comfortable queen-sized brass bed was piled high with warm quilts and cotton blankets, and thanks to the brisk salt air and other sensory overload, I was so exhausted I fell sound asleep almost instantly. I awakened the next morning to the smell of baking oatmeal cookies and stumbled downstairs to a homemade breakfast of granola, French toast, coffee and fruit. Ms. Burke handed us all brown-bag lunches, passed out maps of the island and said goodbye for the day: she and Mr. Burke were going out to work on their boat.

I thought about going hiking. Acadia is famous for its hiking trails and Isle au Haut has some of the most spectacular of all: mossy trails winding deep into the woods and ending atop cliffs with breathtaking views of the ocean. I considered exploring the island's public campground, also part of the national park. But I was feeling lazy, so I walked up along the top of the cliffs next to the lighthouse, found a sheltered rock and sat down with a book. Again the hours flew past; I watched seals, loons and cormorants fishing in the sparkling water before me and listened to the sounds of the water and wind.

On an afternoon walk into town, I finally met an islander. She was a slim woman with gray hair swept up into a messy bun, and she was walking in the opposite direction. Unbidden, she turned around to join me without missing a beat and we walked on together like two old friends. I never knew her name -- it seemed intrusive and unnecessary to ask -- but as we walked down the road she told me all I wanted to know about Isle au Haut. I learned the island runs a one-room schoolhouse with some 10 students through the eighth grade. I heard about Isle au Haut's struggle to attract young families -- the lifeblood of an all-year-round island fishing community -- to live and work on its barren shores. I learned why there were no ugly mini-mansions: there are no big pieces of land for sale and the island is too hard to get to. I even learned where Ms. Greenlaw lives, although I swore an oath never to reveal her driveway entrance to any other tourist. Most striking of all, for this appendage of Acadia National Park, I learned that the islanders' greatest fear is that their beautiful, jagged rock of an island will one day become, in the words of my new friend, "another Monhegan," meaning yet another beautiful remote Maine island overrun by camera-toting tourists.

"Thank goodness we have the mail boat for a ferry," my new friend shuddered. "People won't come if they can't get here." Or stay here, since the island has fewer than a dozen guest rooms.

And despite my rising shame at being one of the very tourists she derided, I found myself seized by a sudden protective anxiety for the future of Isle au Haut's beauty and serenity. We said our goodbyes and I returned to the Keeper's House to catch my ferry home to Deer Isle and the mainland.

Days later, when friends asked me how my trip had been and where exactly I had gone, I was amazed to hear myself say casually, "Oh, just some inn on an island you never heard of. You wouldn't like it." You can't use a hair dryer. Or surf the Web. You have to share a bathroom. And did I mention the water's brown?

IF YOU GO

Just Off the Coast, Yet a World Apart

THE beauty of Isle au Haut is that it is hard to get to. And the problem with Isle au Haut is -- you guessed it -- it's hard to get to. But once you are there, you should have no trouble finding things to do. Rangers in the Acadia National Park portion of the island can offer tips on hikes as well as information on flora and fauna.

Getting There

You can fly to Boston and rent a car; it is about a six-hour drive to the ferry at Stonington, Me. You can fly to Portland and drive three and a half hours to the ferry. Or you can fly to Bangor and drive an hour and a half. The schedule for the ferry, run by the Isle au Haut Boat Company, varies by season. Through Sept. 6 ferries leave Stonington for the Isle au Haut town dock and Keeper's House four times a day. From Sept. 8 through Oct. 11, ferries make three round trips a day. After that, it's two trips a day, to the town dock only. There is also direct ferry service from Stonington to an Acadia National Park campground at Duck Harbor on Isle au Haut, a few miles to the south of the main harbor, running twice a day through Sept. 6. To check, the ferry has a Web site: [*www.isleauhaut.com*](http://www.isleauhaut.com).

Where to Stay

The Keeper's House (207-460-0257; [*www.keepershouse.com*](http://www.keepershouse.com)) has five guest rooms at prices from $300 to $375. It closes on Oct. 23 this year and is to reopen in late May.

Bel's Inn (612 Seaside Harbor, 207-335-2201) is a private home beside the town landing with two rooms at $250 to $265 a night. It closes for the season on Nov. 15 and is to reopen in mid-May.

Acadia National Park allows overnight camping at its public campground in Duck Harbor on Isle au Haut; reservations must be booked in advance through the National Park lottery system.

There is no restaurant on the island.

[*http://www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com)

**Graphic**

Photos: PLACID WATERS -- The Isle au Haut public landing. (Photo by Bob DeLong for The New York Times)(pg. F1); REPOSE -- Joan Porta, an innkeeper from South Casco, Me., relaxed in the sunny solitude of Isle au Haut, near Acadia National Park.; RUSH HOUR -- A vintage car along a road on Isle au Haut, where traffic is no bother. (Photographs by Bob DeLong for The New York Times)(pg. F2) Map of Maine highlighting Isle au Haut. (pg. F2)

**Load-Date:** August 8, 2003

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[***'Mr. President, How Can We Help You Evolve More Quickly?'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5C19-TF01-DXY4-X54M-00000-00&context=1519360)

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**Body**

By presidential fund-raising standards, the dinner at the St. Regis hotel in Washington in April 2011 was an intimate one. President Obama made the rounds, moving among the dozens of people in attendance, including Chad Griffin, a 37-year-old political operative known for his ability to raise money in Hollywood and for his work on trying to legalize same-sex marriage. It was Griffin who persuaded the conservative lawyer Theodore B. Olson and the liberal attorney David Boies, adversaries in the 2000 Bush v. Gore case, to bring a federal lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of California's Proposition 8, the amendment banning same-sex marriage that voters approved in 2008.

Griffin and a team of veteran political operatives were using the litigation to mount a campaign intended to frame same-sex marriage as a civil right. They were working to create a political climate that would make the Supreme Court, which was disinclined to get too far out in front of public opinion, comfortable enough to rule in their favor. But the president was standing in their way. His opposition to same-sex marriage had been cited repeatedly by Proposition 8's defenders as evidence that people who wanted to retain the traditional definition of marriage were not motivated by prejudice. Though Obama had recently taken to saying that his views on the matter were ''evolving,'' Griffin worried that they were moving too slowly to help with his cause.

For Griffin, who grew up in Arkansas and struggled to come out as gay, the legal fight was about more than just the ability to wed. Bans like Proposition 8 sent a signal that there was something inherently wrong with gay men and lesbians and, in his view, amounted to a kind of state sanctioning of a host of ills, from schoolyard bullying to hate crimes to statistics that showed that gay teenagers were far more likely than their straight counterparts to contemplate suicide. As he watched the president move from table to table at the St. Regis, chatting and smiling and taking questions, Griffin waited for his turn. When Obama finally arrived, he willed himself to be direct.

''Mr. President,'' he said, ''how can we help you evolve more quickly?''

When I spoke with Griffin a few days later, he recalled Obama's saying, ''I think you can tell from what I have done so far the direction that I am headed.'' The president was referring to his successful push to repeal the military's ''don't ask, don't tell'' policy, which prohibited openly gay men and lesbians from serving, and his administration's decision to stop supporting in federal court the Defense of Marriage Act, a Clinton-era law known as DOMA that denied federal spousal benefits to gay couples who married where it was already legal, in five states and the District of Columbia.

''The sense I got from him,'' Griffin said, ''was, 'Give me credit -- look what I have already done.' '' But Obama's campaign for a second term was in full swing, and he was not going to be pushed any further on the issue. A few months later at a fund-raiser in Los Angeles, Griffin had a private conversation with Michelle Obama, in which she indicated that her husband had given as much support as he could at the time.

Her message, he told his team, was clear: ''Hang in there with us, and we'll be with you after the election.''

Despite the president's stated opposition, even his top advisers didn't believe that he truly opposed allowing gay couples to marry. ''He has never been comfortable with his position,'' David Axelrod, then one of his closest aides, told me.

Indeed, long before Obama publicly stated that he was against same-sex marriage, he was on the record supporting it. As an Illinois State Senate candidate from Chicago's liberal Hyde Park enclave, Obama signed a questionnaire in 1996 saying, ''I favor legalizing same-sex marriages, and would fight efforts to prohibit such marriages.'' But as his ambitions grew, and with them the need to appeal to a more politically diverse electorate, his position shifted.

In the course of an unsuccessful run for a House seat in 2000, he said he was ''undecided'' on the question. By the time he campaigned for the presidency, he had staked out an even safer political position: Citing his Christian faith, he said he believed marriage to be the sacred union of a man and a woman.

The assumption going into the 2012 campaign was that there was little to be gained politically from the president's coming down firmly in favor of same-sex marriage. In particular, his political advisers were worried that his endorsement could splinter the coalition needed to win a second term, depressing turnout among socially conservative African-Americans, Latinos and white ***working-class*** Catholics in battleground states.

But by November 2011, it was becoming increasingly clear that continuing to sidestep the issue came with its own set of costs. The campaign's internal polling revealed that the issue was a touchstone for likely Obama voters under 30. The campaign needed those voters to turn out in the record numbers they had four years earlier, and the biggest impediment was Obama's refusal to say he favored allowing gay couples to wed.

''We understood that this would be galvanizing to some voters and be difficult with other voters,'' said Jim Messina, the manager of Obama's 2012 campaign.

Caught between countervailing political forces, Obama called his top aides together and said that if asked again for his position, he both wanted and needed to drop the pretense and tell people where he really stood.

''The politics of authenticity -- not just the politics, but his own sense of authenticity -- required that he finally step forward,'' Axelrod said. ''And the president understood that.''

But if he was really contemplating an endorsement of same-sex marriage, his advisers urged him to do it in a manner that caused minimal political damage. David Plouffe, a mastermind of the 2008 victory and a senior adviser to the president, reached out to Ken Mehlman for advice. The previous year, Mehlman, a former chairman of the Republican National Committee who engineered President George W. Bush's re-election, came out as gay and began working with the foundation Griffin set up to fund the Proposition 8 lawsuit, attracting well-known G.O.P. donors, strategists and officials to the cause. Mehlman had already met with Obama over lunch at the White House and told him that people voted for him in 2008 because they viewed him as an idealist who would put politics aside and do what was right. Endorsing same-sex marriage would remind voters that he was still that man. ''The notion that politically this is going to kill you -- I don't buy it,'' Mehlman recalled saying.

He told Plouffe that voters were far more likely to be supportive once they understood that gay couples wanted to marry for the same reason straight people did: It was a matter of love and commitment. Polling indicated that voters would best respond if the issue was framed around shared American values: the country's fundamental promise of equality; voters' antipathy toward government intrusion into their private lives; and the religious principle of treating others the way one would like to be treated.

Mehlman surveyed 5,000 Republicans and Republican-leaning independents and found that a majority supported some form of legal recognition of gay relationships. Generally, marriage was not a top priority for most Republicans, meaning that a presidential endorsement was unlikely to motivate the G.O.P. base or attract the kind of full-throated Republican criticism it might have in years past.

On Nov. 10, 2011, Mehlman sent Plouffe an email suggesting that the president announce his support for same-sex marriage in a TV interview with a female host. He also laid out specific language for Obama to use. Explain that this was a family decision and not a political one, he advised: ''Michelle and I have been having a similar conversation in our family that lots of American families have been having on marriage equality.I fully understand that some will agree, while others will disagree, with where our family has come down on this.'' Mehlman advised Obama to talk about his daughters -- ''as Michelle and I have been thinking through what we teach Sasha and Malia about America's greatness'' -- and about religious liberty and fairness to all. ''When you're president, you're president of all Americans. And all includes gays and lesbians -- men and women who are serving across this country -- firefighters, doctors, teachers, courageous soldiers who serve and protect the rest of us.''

Plouffe responded to the email immediately: ''Thanks for this.''

But then nothing happened. A cardinal rule of politics is that if an issue has the potential to cause problems for a candidate, it is best to deal with it well before the election so the dust has time to settle. Yet months went by without Obama making any kind of announcement.

Inside the White House, the first lady urged her husband to declare his support for same-sex marriage. The Obamas had a number of gay friends, and though the White House kept it quiet, the first lady attended a wedding celebration for her hairdresser when he married his husband. She felt strongly that her husband had the power to transform the national conversation on marriage equality. And it was not lost on the president that his failure so far to do that was ''a source of disappointment to people who otherwise appreciated him,'' Axelrod said. Valerie Jarrett, a longtime friend of the Obamas and a top adviser who served as the president's liaison to gay voters, also encouraged him to go public. This is consistent with who you are, she told him.

That winter, national polls showed that support for same-sex marriage was beginning to exceed opposition to it. A clear majority of Democrats favored allowing gay couples to wed. Forty-eight major American companies had signed on to a legal brief arguing that the Defense of Marriage Act negatively affected their businesses, and corporate leaders, including the chief executive of Starbucks and the chairman of Goldman Sachs, had come down on the side of marriage equality. The list of Republicans publicly supporting same-sex marriage now included the former first lady Laura Bush; Steve Schmidt, who helped run Senator John McCain's presidential campaign against Obama in 2008; McCain's wife and daughter; and Grover Norquist, the conservative anti-tax activist.

But for all the political and corporate cover, Obama's political advisers remained worried that the costs outweighed the benefits -- a fear that intensified as it became clear that North Carolina, a battleground state that Obama narrowly won in 2008, was poised to easily pass a constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage.

''This was so past the sell-by date,'' one senior administration official said of the timing of an announcement by the president, ''yet there was still no real plan in place. It just shows you how scared everyone was of this issue.''

On April 19, 2012, Chad Griffin was at the Los Angeles home of Michael Lombardo, an HBO executive, and his husband, Sonny Ward, an architect, waiting for the guest of honor to arrive. Vice President Joseph R. Biden Jr. was scheduled to meet a group of prominent gay Democrats whom Griffin had helped gather at the request of the Obama campaign.

Mehlman's exchange with Plouffe had briefly raised Griffin's hopes that the president would embrace the same-sex marriage cause. But now, with the election looming and nothing to indicate that Obama was willing to heed the advice, he had all but given up on the White House.

Griffin considered asking Biden about the administration's position on the issue but decided not to bother -- he already knew the answer. But as he watched the hosts' two children, ages 5 and 7, press flowers and a note into Biden's hand, he changed his mind. They were in the home of two married men and their family. The Obama campaign wanted the support of the gay people in this room. The vice president should have to answer to them. When it was Griffin's turn to speak, he said: ''When you came in tonight, you met Michael and Sonny and their two beautiful kids. And I wonder if you can just sort of talk in a frank, honest way about your own personal views as it relates to equality, but specifically as it relates to marriage equality.''

It was clear from Biden's body language that the question made him uncomfortable. His public position was no different from the president's. As a senator, Biden voted for the Defense of Marriage Act. As a presidential candidate himself, he said he supported civil unions. And as the vice president, he had studiously toed the administration's shifting line.

Biden stood up, flipped his bar stool around so that the back was between him and the rest of the guests and then straddled it. He looked almost pained, Griffin said.

''I look at those two beautiful kids,'' Biden began. ''I wish everybody could see this. All you got to do is look in the eyes of those kids. And no one can wonder, no one can wonder whether or not they are cared for and nurtured and loved and reinforced. And folks, what's happening is, everybody is beginning to see it.

''Things are changing so rapidly, it's going to become a political liability in the near term for an individual to say, 'I oppose gay marriage.' Mark my words.''

Having started down this road, he seemed incapable of stopping. People his children's age could not understand why gay couples should not be allowed to marry, he said. '' 'I mean, what's the problem, Dad?'

''And my job -- our job -- is to keep this momentum rolling to the inevitable.''

The answer stunned everyone in the room, even top aides who were used to the gaffe-prone vice president's habit of going off script.

''He'd been answering that question the same way for years,'' one said. ''But being in that house, seeing that couple with their kids, the switch flipped. It was like his hard drive got erased.''

Sitting in his West Wing office more than a year and a half later, the vice president told me that he could still picture that day ''like it was 10 minutes ago.''

''It was one of the most poignant questions I had ever been asked in my life,'' Biden said. ''It ranks up there with when this little girl in Afghanistan was looking at me about two weeks after the Taliban fell, and I was in Kabul, and she looked at me with those beautiful hazel eyes. And I said, 'Well, I have to leave now.' And she said: 'You can't. You can't. America can't leave. I want to be a doctor.' ''

Griffin was standing against the wall at the Los Angeles gathering, Biden recalled, when he looked at him and said, essentially, '' 'Well, let me just ask you, Mr. Vice President, what do you think of us?' And it was like, wow, whoa.''

Biden said it reminded him of a summer afternoon when he was in his 20s. He was sitting on the beach in Delaware with his father and some friends when an older gay couple walked over to say hello. His father, a Realtor, had sold them their apartment in a building nearby. The elder Biden hugged both men and said, ''Let me introduce you to my family.'' One of the younger Biden's buddies made a derogatory remark about the couple, and his father's reaction to it stayed with him all these years.

''He says: 'As soon as they get in the apartment, you go up to the ninth floor. You walk up and knock on the door, and you apologize to them.' '' When his friend refused, his father said, ''Well, goddamn it, you're not welcome in my house anymore.''

Biden then described another day, years later, when his own young son looked up at him quizzically after seeing two men headed off to work kiss each other goodbye on a busy street corner. ''I said, 'They love each other, honey,' and that was it. So it was never anything that was a struggle in my mind.''

The truth was, Biden said, other than being concerned as a Catholic that churches not be forced to perform ceremonies for gay couples, ''I didn't see a problem with it,'' and he never had. ''It wasn't like I had an epiphany, as we Catholics say -- one day, 'Oh, my God, I guess there should be gay marriage.' '' So when Griffin posed that question to him, in the privacy of that home in Los Angeles, Biden decided to say what he actually thought.

Two weeks later, Biden sat down with David Gregory of ''Meet the Press.'' Gregory asked the vice president whether his outlook on same-sex marriage had changed. With the Los Angeles encounter fresh in his mind, Biden talked about the couple he recently met and the question he was asked, and then he gave pretty much the same answer.

''What this is all about is a simple proposition,'' he told Gregory. ''Who do you love, and will you be loyal to the person you love? And that's what people are finding out is what all marriages at their root are about.''

''And you're comfortable with same-sex marriage now?'' Gregory pressed.

''I, I -- look -- I am vice president of the United States. The president sets the policy. I am absolutely comfortable with the fact that men marrying men, women marrying women and heterosexual men and women marrying one another are entitled to the same exact rights, all the civil rights, all the civil liberties.''

The interview, which took place on a Friday, was scheduled to be broadcast to the nation that Sunday. In the limousine back from the studio, Shailagh­ Murray, Biden's communications director, worried as she replayed the interview in her head. Turning to Biden, she said, ''I think you may have just gotten in front of the president on gay marriage.''

Political commentators immediately began to speculate that Biden's remarks were either intended as a trial balloon or had specifically been cleared by the White House to mollify gay voters without the president's having to take a position. Neither was the case. When the White House press team received a transcript of the interview, tempers flared. Jarrett, who was still hoping that Obama might make a groundbreaking pre-election announcement, accused Biden through an intermediary of disloyalty. Campaign officials were also agitated. ''They felt they already were vulnerable,'' one White House official told me, ''and they had not fully resolved yet what they wanted to do.''

The White House quickly tried to walk back Biden's comments. ''What VP said -- that all married couples should have exactly the same legal rights -- is precisely POTUS's position,'' Axelrod tweeted on Sunday, May 6, the day Biden's interview aired. Biden's office was told to put out a ''clarification'' echoing that sentiment: ''The vice president was expressing that he too is evolving on the issue,'' it said.

Though the statements were greeted with outright disbelief by many gay activists, the episode nevertheless seemed ''headed into the category of Joe Biden-isms, where the vice president accidentally speaks the truth,'' one White House official said. ''But then [Education Secretary] Arne Duncan was asked on Monday for his position and answered that he supported same-sex marriage. And then it was like, oh, they are going to ask every single cabinet member.''

Griffin's question had inadvertently set off a chain reaction. Obama and his team knew that he had to take a stand, soon, or risk looking as if he were ''leading from behind,'' a portrayal the White House hated.

On Tuesday, the White House hastily offered Robin Roberts of ''Good Morning America'' an exclusive interview with the president the next day. She was a woman, as Mehlman had suggested, and the White House liked her conversational style. She was also African-American, which provided a chance to reach out to black voters.

Some of Obama's top advisers urged him to take Biden to task for forcing his hand, but he refused. The first lady saw the whole thing as a blessing in disguise. The endless debate was over. You don't have to dance around this issue anymore, she told her husband over breakfast on Wednesday, in a conversation she relayed afterward to several top White House officials.

''Enjoy this day,'' she said as he headed off for his interview. ''You are free.''

But sitting with Roberts in the White House Cabinet Room, Obama did not sound like a man who'd been liberated to say what he truly believed. Even as he made history, he offered what amounted to a carefully calibrated and incremental endorsement, one that had something for both opponents and supporters of same-sex marriage.

North Carolina had, as predicted, recently enshrined a ban on same-sex marriage into its State Constitution, becoming the 30th state to do so. Mindful of the voters there and in other swing states with similar bans, the president emphasized that he had no desire to ''nationalize'' what he called the ''healthy debate'' taking place across the country.

''I continue to believe that this is an issue that is going to be worked out at the local level, because historically this has not been a federal issue, what's recognized as a marriage.''

But as a personal matter, he said, he now believed that gay couples should be able to marry. He told Roberts that he would have ''probably'' endorsed same-sex marriage before the election, and that the vice president just ''got out a little bit over his skis.''

In explaining how his thinking had ''evolved,'' he hit on many of the poll-tested talking points that Mehlman outlined in the memo he sent months earlier to Plouffe. He brought up Malia and Sasha, and talked about how ''it doesn't make sense to them'' that the law treats gay parents of their friends differently from their own. He spoke of the need to respect religious liberty, but said that for him, as a practicing Christian, his faith was rooted ''not only [in] Christ sacrificing himself on our behalf, but it's also the golden rule.'' He spoke about the ''soldiers or airmen or Marines or sailors who are out there fighting on my behalf and yet feel constrained, even now that 'don't ask, don't tell' is gone, because they're not able to commit themselves in a marriage.'' And he said that while he respected the views of those who disagreed with him, ''I think it's important to say that in this country, we've always been about fairness and treating everybody as equals. I actually think that, you know, it's consistent with our best and in some cases our most conservative values, sort of the foundation of what made this country great.''

In the months after the announcement, the coalition that Obama needed to win a second term did not crumble. To the campaign's surprise, Election Day exit polls showed that endorsing same-sex marriage did not hurt him among key constituencies -- Catholics and Latinos, for instance, supported it. And the backing motivated Obama's progressive base, including voters ages 18 to 30, who broke decisively his way. In addition, voters in three states for the first time approved ballot measures legalizing same-sex marriage, while those in a fourth voted down a ban. Mehlman was correct in predicting that it would do little to drive Republican turnout.

As Dan Pfeiffer, the White House communications director at the time, put it: ''It was the bomb that didn't go off.''

In his Inaugural Address on Jan. 21, 2013, Obama drew a straight line from the civil rights fights based on race and gender to the current struggle for marriage equality.

''Our journey is not complete until our gay brothers and sisters are treated like anyone else under the law,'' the president said, ''for if we are truly created equal, then surely the love we commit to one another must be equal as well.''

Listening, Griffin grew emotional, sensing that, finally, history was bending toward his cause. Like the Federal District Court before it, the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit had struck down Proposition 8 as unconstitutional, and the appeal was scheduled to be argued before the Supreme Court that March.

But Griffin's optimism quickly gave way the next day when Charles J. Cooper, the Washington-based lawyer charged with defending the constitutionality of Proposition 8, filed an opening brief with the Supreme Court, citing the president's interview with Robin Roberts to argue that bans like Proposition 8 were not motivated by impermissible prejudice. Cooper's brief quoted Obama as saying that those who opposed same-sex marriage were not coming at it ''from a meanspirited perspective,'' and it used Obama's ''healthy debate'' language to argue that this was a matter for voters and legislatures to decide, not the courts. Later, when Jay Carney, the White House press secretary, was asked whether Obama's inaugural speech indicated a shift from his position that states should be left to chart their own course on marriage, he said it did not.

Furious, Griffin fired off a sharply worded news release criticizing the statement. He also privately arranged for him and Boies to meet with Jarrett and Kathryn Ruemmler, the White House counsel. Boies and Olson felt it was imperative that Obama take one final step in his evolution, by having his solicitor general file a brief with the Supreme Court clearly stating that the administration believed that bans like Proposition 8 were not just bad policy, but they also violated the Constitution.

In preparing for the White House meeting, Olson encouraged Boies and Griffin to emphasize the importance of the case to Obama's legacy. But when Griffin asked his friend and former business partner Kristina Schake, who was now the first lady's communications director, about that strategy, she discouraged it: The president is capable of assessing his legacy without your input, she told him. Focus on the law, she said, and why bringing in the solicitor general would make a difference legally.

At the meeting, Boies did just that, discussing Obama's inaugural speech in the context of their legal strategy. Now that Obama had said what he said, Boies argued, ''silence would not be considered neutral.'' It would, in fact, be deeply harmful, signaling that even someone as friendly to gay voters as Obama considered their argument a bridge too far. It could cost them the case.

''It's already being used against us,'' Boies said, citing Cooper's brief.

Both women seemed impressed by their pleas. But before they left, Boies said, Jarrett made it clear that further lobbying via the press would not be helpful. This was now a legal decision, she said, not a political one.

It would have been unusual for the solicitor general's office to file a brief in a case like Proposition 8 that did not involve a challenge to a federal law. But Olson had already met with Donald B. Verrilli Jr., the solicitor general, who is responsible for representing the federal government before the Supreme Court, and argued that it was not unprecedented. In the landmark Brown v. Board of Education, the solicitor general's office filed a brief arguing that state segregation laws were unconstitutional. Olson insisted that there was no less a moral imperative in the Proposition 8 case. ''This is one of those 'What did Daddy do in the war?' moments,'' participants in the meeting recalled him saying.

For Verrilli, the easiest course would have been to sit out the Proposition 8 case. His office had already filed a brief in the federal case on the Defense of Marriage Act, asking the Supreme Court to strike down the law. The justices could find DOMA unconstitutional without declaring a nationwide right for gay couples to marry. The remedy was relatively uncontroversial: Already-married couples would simply start receiving benefits.

But if Verrilli simultaneously argued that gay couples had a fundamental right to marry, he would be pressing the court to strike down bans nationwide, which would complicate the administration's DOMA strategy. In particular, if Justice Anthony M. Kennedy, whom everyone presumed would cast the deciding vote in the DOMA case, became convinced that the only way he could strike down DOMA was to adopt a rule of law that would force every state in the nation to allow gay couples to wed, he might get cold feet. ''We potentially run the risk of losing him,'' Attorney General Eric H. Holder Jr. told me, reflecting on his concerns at the time.

But as he reviewed his options, Verrilli was struck by a memo Olson's team had put together outlining the similarities between the arguments used more than a century ago defending bans on interracial marriage and those being used today opposing same-sex marriage. The supporters of Proposition 8 contended, for example, that allowing gay couples to wed could harm traditional marriages. The Alabama Supreme Court in 1877 opined that the state must ''guard'' against the ''disturbances'' that interracial marriage would produce. Defenders of Proposition 8 also argued that the impact of allowing gay couples to marry was unknown. The commonwealth made the same argument in Loving v. Virginia, which struck down a law prohibiting interracial marriage, saying the court should defer to the wisdom of the states given the ''conflicting scientific opinion upon the effects of interracial marriage.'' It also mentioned the state's interest in promoting an optimal child-rearing environment, an argument that Proposition 8 proponents were now making.

Verrilli also turned to the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s ''Letter From Birmingham Jail,'' which responded to criticism by white clergymen that King's demands were premature and ill timed. King's words, about how you can fight a ''degenerating sense of 'nobodiness' '' for only so long before ''the cup of endurance runs over,'' resonated. Verrilli studied suicide statistics that reflected the despair felt by many gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender teenagers. When he was finished with his research, he shared his recommendation with Holder: Whatever the risk to the DOMA case, the government should take a stand on Proposition 8.

Holder agreed. In charting the administration's course forward, he could not help thinking about the past. ''The way a gay boy or young gay girl views themselves is similar, again, to the way African-Americans in 1953, '52, saw themselves when they had to deal with this notion of 'separate but equal,' '' he told me. ''Staying out was just not consistent with where we wanted to be tactically, legally or morally.''

Holder and Verrilli then met with the president and Ruemmler, his White House counsel, and Denis McDonough, his chief of staff, for more than an hour in the Oval Office to go over the Justice Department's recommendation. ''This was not a briefing,'' Holder recalled. ''This was a meeting of equals in terms of knowledge of the facts, knowledge of the law.''

The president did not need to be persuaded on the larger moral question; whatever he may have said in the past, he, too, saw the marriage debate through the prism of civil rights, according to Ruemmler and Holder. But Obama wanted to offer Kennedy and the rest of the justices an incremental way to decide the Proposition 8 case that would not force them to overturn bans across the country, a position that he worried the court would find untenable. They arrived at what they referred to as the ''eight-state solution.'' States needed a justification when they singled out a class of citizens for differential treatment. The plan was to file a brief with the Supreme Court arguing that in states that recognized same-sex domestic partnerships, it was particularly irrational to ban marriage because doing so could not be said to further any governmental interest. In addition to California, that argument would cover Delaware, Hawaii, Illinois, Nevada, New Jersey, Oregon and Rhode Island. ''By the time we leave'' that meeting, Holder recalled, ''we know what position we're taking, what our strategy is.''

Shortly before the administration's brief was filed at 6:30 p.m. on Feb. 28, Ruemmler called Griffin: When the two couples he recruited to challenge Proposition 8 stood before the justices, they would not be standing alone, she said. Standing with them would be the United States government. ''The next time I see you will be at the Supreme Court,'' she told him. Griffin had no way of knowing that in June, the justices would strike down a central part of DOMA while declining to decide the Proposition 8 case on the merits, effectively permitting same-sex marriages in California. But he did know that his chances had significantly improved.

After hanging up with Ruemmler, he thought back to May 2009, the day he announced the Proposition 8 lawsuit at a news conference in Los Angeles. Afterward, he drove across town to an Obama fund-raiser. When it was his turn to shake the president's hand, he used the opportunity to begin what would become his mission to win Obama's support.

''Mr. President, we just filed a case challenging the constitutionality of California's ban on same-sex marriage,'' he recalled saying. ''We certainly hope you will be with us on this.'' It had taken four years and a profound shift in public opinion, but the president was, at last, with them.

This article is adapted from ''Forcing the Spring: Inside the Fight for Marriage Equality,'' to be published this month by Penguin Press.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/magazine/how-the-president-got-to-i-do-on-same-sex-marriage.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/20/magazine/how-the-president-got-to-i-do-on-same-sex-marriage.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY JEWEL SAMAD/AFP/GETTY IMAGES) (MM21)

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAAN BRAND FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM23

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